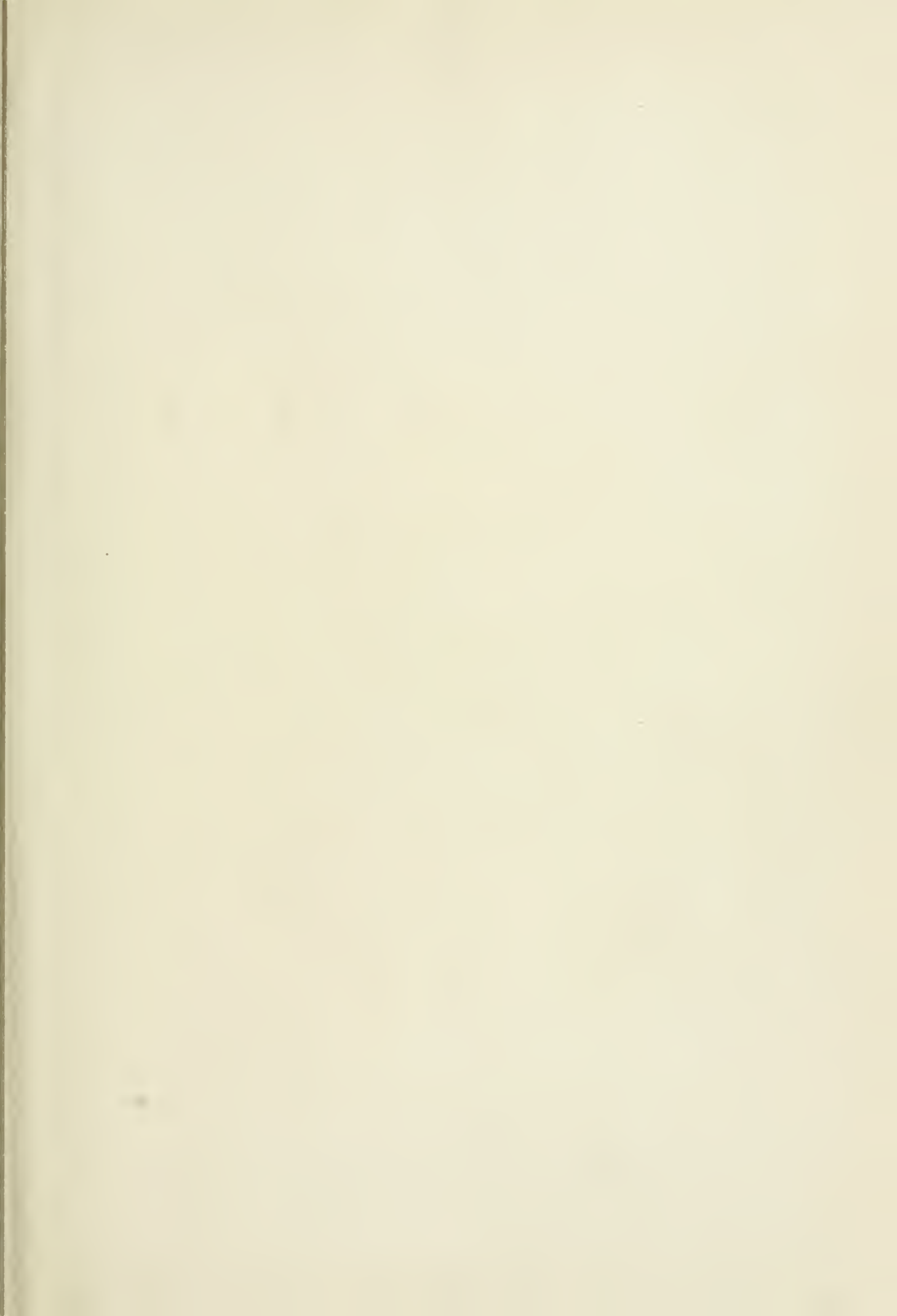




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CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VII.

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THE VOICE OF THE SELKIRKS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

What is the meaning and trend of their motion,
These fevered and restless things at our feet?
They wander and fret like the waves of an ocean,
With their rage as vain and their hours as fleet.

Trampled and torn by the hooves of disaster,
O'ertaken by thirsts and hungers and fears,
Defiant of torrents no daring shall master,
They hurl their wills in the face of the years.

They come as the rainfall, and go as the river;
We listen impassive and wonder and wait,
Abiding the hour that our womb shall deliver
The passionless silence of ultimate fate.

'Tis we who have known not of tumult and fever,
'Tis we who are patient and measured and sure,
'Tis we who are done with desires for ever,
'Tis we who are passive, *shall live and endure.*

'Tis we who are silent and changeless and quail not,
'Tis we who persist through immovable peace,
'Tis we who have seen that their efforts avail not,
Exult, and survive, *and never shall cease!*



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

The Story of the Play, see page 59

FLORA ZABELLE

CANADA WEST MONTHLY

VOLUME VII.

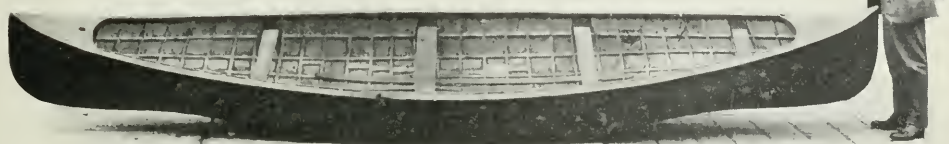
LONDON, NOVEMBER

NUMBER 1

A FORELOPER IN THE NORTH

BY J. B. TYRRELL, M.A., F.G.S., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



MR. TYRRELL AND THE PETERBOROUGH CANOE IN WHICH HE EXPLORED THE HUDSON BAY COAST

This article ought to be called "The Explorer's Easy Chair." It is of a rare quality, for very seldom have men who found out wildernesses been able to write of what civilization has done for the wilderness. Mr. Tyrrell began exploring in western Canada in 1883. He was with Dr. Dawson of the Geological survey at the discovery of the Crow's Nest coal deposits. He made the first thorough scientific examination of the Saskatchewan Valley. The only adequate surveys of Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegosis are his. He spent summers surveying the rich territory watered by the Churchill River. During two summers he explored new territory from Lake Athabasca north of Chesterfield Inlet, and from Cumberland House up the unmapped Kazan River. He twice came down the coast of Hudson Bay to Fort Churchill in a Peterborough canoe in the month of October. For years he lived in the Yukon. He has been honored by the greatest geographical and scientific societies and was a notable figure at the recent meeting of the British Association of Science. We feel we are doubly fortunate in inducing such a man to write of a trip through the Swan River country twenty years after he originally explored it for the Dominion Geological Survey.—EDITOR.

THE other day a lady told me I was one of the prehistoric men of Canada. When I looked surprised,—possibly pained,—she said the remark was intended to be complimentary, which was more surprising still, until she explained that

prehistoric meant one who had preceded white settlement, and who had something to do with the nomenclature of the country, or with spreading a knowledge of it.

The lady was very kind, and her questions and suggestions about what

she called my prehistoric wanderings have led me to attempt something, for which I have always supposed neither Providence nor experience had fitted me—that is, to write what my fair friend was pleased to describe as a humanized appendix to a series of reports to the geological survey. Therefore this.

In 1887, 1888, and 1889, with able assistance, I made a survey of part of northwestern Manitoba, and of the contiguous territory of Assiniboia, which has since become the province of Saskatchewan. I did not see that country again until August, 1908, and when one thinks of what has happened during the intervening years, one does feel rather a prehistoric character, whose interest is transferred from the

me that at the time I was examining the country west of Lake Winnipegosis, his firm would not have dreamed of selling a binder for anything less than spot cash to any man who might have proposed settling in that neighborhood. They believed the land to be poor, and the climate atrocious. But now—well, what did I think of Dauphin and Gilbert Plains?

This was his way of reminding me that away back in 1887 many excellent people regarded me as a very foolish young man for saying there was magnificent farming country around the Duck, Riding and Porcupine Mountains. But homesteaders began to follow my trail; and when I completed my work in northwestern Manitoba in 1889 there was a shack on the



YORK FACTORY. THE "OCEAN NYMPH" OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FLEET AT ANCHOR

past to the future, with a curious temptation to prophesy what the next twenty years will bring forth.

In the days when I was an all-summer visitant in western Canada, I did not hear the toot of the locomotive from the beginning of work in the spring until the frosts and snows of November sent me back to civilization, to sort out and piece together the knowledge that had been gained, "for the general advantage of Canada." In those far-off days information about northwestern Manitoba was interred in a few blue books, of which the general public knew nothing, and which the politicians had not taken the trouble to master. Not long ago a maker of agricultural implements told

Vermilion River, about nine miles west of Lake Dauphin. When next I passed that way the shack had become a town of three thousand people; the uncertain trail was superseded by the main line of a great railway system; and close to where I had camped stood big wheat elevators, and the round-house and shops of a divisional point, that must have cost seventy thousand dollars.

But like a true prehistoric, I am beginning at the wrong end, for I entered northwestern Manitoba this time from the west, having come from Prince Albert over the Canadian Northern to Swan river, and thence south to Dauphin. Prince Albert, when I was last there, had railway connection with



MR. TYRRELL AND FATHER GIROUX

the south, but it was just a struggling outpost of civilization; and the bishop's palace was still a notable building. I last came up the Saskatchewan from Cumberland House, after a season's work in the field, because that was the quickest way out of the country around Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis. This year I saw a very different Prince Albert—a city, if you please, the home of two bishops, the seat of five saw-mills (one of them with an output of 2,500,000 feet of lumber in a week), big banks, fine hotels, a great steel bridge under construction over the river; and on the Sunday I was there silk hats and frock coats that made you feel older every time you saw them.

The next time I am at Cumberland House silk hats may be visible there. Who knows? For the incredible has happened. You can travel by train from Prince Albert to the Pas, almost eighty miles farther down the river than Cumberland House, and the Pas is only 470 miles from Fort Churchill; and therefore only a paltry two hundred miles farther from Liverpool than New York is.

It is a rare and delightful experience in contrasts—to toil up the Saskatchewan against the mighty, muddy current, in a Peterborough canoe, and then to traverse in a perfectly equipped sleeping car the country you cannot see from the tracker's level. It used to be a twelve days' haul up stream from the Pas to Prince Albert. From Prince Albert to the Pas by the Canadian Northern is about two hundred and fifty miles, and that by taking two sides of a triangle. For the first ninety miles the railroad passes through as fine a mixed farming district as you would wish to see—rolling, wooded, well-watered prairie. For the first fifteen miles you are in the nose of land that narrows for twenty miles eastward to the confluence of the north



HERE THE NEW EXTENSION TO HUDSON BAY LEAVES THE MAIN LINE

and south branches of the Saskatchewan; and then you cross the south branch by the Fenton bridge. East of the big river the country is pretty well settled. Post offices are scattered over the townships, north and south. Beyond Tisdale there is continuous forest, with lumber mills here and there.

I was specially interested in Hudson Bay Junction, in the heart of the bush, and if there had been a convenient train I would have gone up to the Pas, for old acquaintance sake. But Providence—in this case the railroad—was no more on my side than was the factor in charge of Fort Churchill in 1894, when I wanted him to supply me with dogs with which to walk en route for Winnipeg, over two hundred miles of unexplored territory to Split Lake, which lies between Fort Churchill and the Pas. At that time something was to be gained by pacing the unknown two hundred miles in midwinter, and the Hudson's Bay factor notwithstanding, I got the dogs and a courageous Indian, and made the trip to Split Lake. But nothing was to be gained by waiting for a problematical freight to the Pas, and I decided to postpone renewal of acquaintance with the Lower Saskatchewan till a passenger service is inaugurated with wide-berthed sleeping-cars.

That time cannot be very far off. As I happen to have made the surveys of the lakes and rivers which must govern the rail route to Churchill, I hazard the conjecture that the government party

of locators that has gone in there will find a continuation of the line already built to the Pas to be the best method of access to Hudson Bay. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had pledged himself to the immediate construction of the road to the Bay, so Split lake will be more easily reached than it was aforesaid.

But the site of Hudson Bay Junction is just within range of the work of 1887-8-9, recollection of which brought me into these methodless musings. The junction has superseded Etoimami siding. It is about three miles north of the confluence of the Etoimami with the Red Deer river. In 1889 I came to this confluence over an old trail from the east, and then turned down the Red Deer to Red Deer lake, taking the ancient Hudson's Bay Company's trail, cut through the bush alongside the river. They used to bring goods from London to York Factory by ship up the Nelson river to Lake Winnipeg, and thence into Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis by a horribly circuitous route from Lake Winnipegosis into Red Deer Lake, and then up the river as far as it was navigable for York boats. The route had been abandoned long before I went over the Red Deer section of it. The venerable trading post was in ruins. As a centre of commerce it has been superseded by Erwood, where the railway crosses the river—a doubly modern place, inasmuch as it is named after Mr. E. R. Wood, one of a group of alert Toronto financiers.

. . I suppose an ingenious writer might



ONE OF THE OLD TRADING POSTS

find quite a theme in the names of the natural features and towns of western Canada. As I have no expertness in weaving romantic suggestions around ordinary place names, but have been compelled to christen many rivers, lakes and islands for the hydrographer, I will explain the origin of a few that belong to the district between Dauphin and Hudson Bay Junction on the Canadian Northern railway.

The course of this railway for a hundred miles, say from Cowan, is Z shaped, because it follows, broadly, the shore of Lake Agassiz, which formerly occupied the Valley of Red

for bands of redskins. A few miles east of what is now Erwood I came to a place which bore signs of former habitation, and my Indians told me it was known as Smoking Tent—which explains the appearance of Smoking Tent river on the map. Rightly understood, perhaps, Smoking Tent river should be Council House river, or Club river; for the smoking tent was that in which the varied junctions of a parliament and a club were performed.

Next to the Smoking Tent, redolent of the unspoiled Indian, is the Armitt, reminiscent to me of one of the whitest white men I have known. Mr. David Armitt was in charge of Manitoba House on Lake Manitoba, the head post of the Hudson's Bay Company for that region during the years that I was surveying Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipegosis and the country thereabouts. He was good to me in every way, and especially when I was stricken with typhoid fever, and had to be forwarded to the Winnipeg hospital.

And so

River and the big lakes of Manitoba. This primeval beach, skirted by the Duck and Porcupine Mountains, remains in the form of one

or more gravel ridges, as admirably adapted for travel in Red River cart days as they were subsequently found to be for the building of a railroad. But fur-traders and Indians did not talk much of "travel." In a country where they camped in tents they discussed the fortunes of "pitching," and the ancient beaches of Lake Agassiz they called "pitching ridges." In seasons of excessive rainfall the "pitching ridges" were used more or less as permanent locations

there is an Armitt river, and an Armitt Lake. I couldn't do much

more in acknowledgment of all Mr. Armitt's kindness to me than the individual who promised to pray earnestly for the heaviest of many creditors. But I did what I could.

Last year a friend just returned from a commercial excursion to Lake Winnipeg told me he had been hearing about me from Kematch, who, he said, retains his reputation as the most sagacious guide in the Swan river and Swan lake country. Kematch worked for me during one season, and was then as good an Indian as I had ever known. His name persists in the Kematch river. Another Indian who was fam-



MR. TYRRELL'S INKSTAND

Made of an insulator and wire from the abandoned telegraph system, a buffalo horn and an Indian stone weapon



INDIANS STILL USE THE "PITCHING RIDGES" AS CAMPS

ous in my time as a canoe bowsman, who had become Bowsman by name as well as by nature, is commemorated in the Bowsman river, and the village of Bowsman, ten miles north of Swan river town.

It is when I come to Swan river that the pleasant notion that I am prehistoric utterly fails; for the Canadian Pacific Railway was there before me—and was gone. Prehistoric remains included telegraph poles and wires, as interesting in their way as those which were erected away up in the Caribou country of British Columbia, as part of the scheme to build an overland telegraph system from New York to Europe via Alaska, the Aleutian Islands and Siberia—a scheme destroyed by the Atlantic cable.

Then later Mr. Simon Dawson wrote: "There the Swan river winds about in a fine valley, the banks of which rise to a height of eighty or a hundred feet. Beyond these, an apparently unbroken level extends to one side for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to the Porcupine Hills, and for an equal distance on the other, to a high table land called the Duck Mountain. From this southward to Thunder Mountain the country is the finest I have ever seen in a state of nature."

Ten years before my time Mr. G. C. Cunningham wrote: "Its extent is about sixty miles in length, by about twenty miles in width; the soil is remarkably rich and productive. Throughout, it consists of large plains clothed with tall succulent grass, alternating with strips, and admirably

adapted for building purposes. Near Swan lake may be seen spruce, tamarac, oak, elm, maple, birch and poplar, each species being represented by trees of very considerable growth."

Indeed, the Swan river valley was for generations the great highway of the western plains, the land route to Hudson Bay, with Fort Pelly as the great distributing point for western Manitoba, and about half of the present province of Saskatchewan. At the post on Swan river, about fifteen miles from its outlet into Swan lake, the cargoes of the boats that came from York factory were unloaded, and put on the excellent trail, which, except for short distances through the timber—at one place the Five Mile Woods had to be traversed—needed no preparation for the cart-trains. When the furs went down in the spring, and the merchandise came back in the late summer, the Swan river trail was alive. But in the late eighties it was deserted. The railways to the south had put the ancient channels of commerce out of business. For years, whenever I contemplated the inkstand made out of one of the insulators of the defunct telegraph system, I wondered how long it would be before the valley would be properly appreciated. I knew that time must come, because the first time I was there I met a rancher from somewhere beyond Yorkton, who in face of a scarcity of hay near his home had just decided to winter his cattle near Thunder Hill, where there was a measureless plenty of long, succulent grass. In this con-

nection, in August, I had a curious illustration among many others, of how mystery may come to surround a recent occurrence. I was visiting Mr. Cotton, the best known of the Swan river farmers, who drove me over the once familiar country—now so modernly caparisoned, that only the river and traces of the old trail, between the wheat fields, reminded me of what it once had been. We talked over the former times, and I told him of my meeting with the Yorkton rancher. Mr. Cotton said he never heard of the man; but near Thunder Hill were some rough buildings whose origin had always been a puzzle to him, and their appearance indicated that they had served just such a purpose as the Yorktonian's. For Cotton, therefore, the log structures were prehistoric remains. For me they were modern confirmations of historical associations.

Thunder Hill was as familiar as a household word to the old Swan river travelers, because it was near the trail. But just as smaller rivers were to them either unknown or negligible as to names, so other features of the country that were not conspicuous for long distances, were comparatively unnoticed. Fifteen miles east of where the trail passed in sight of Thunder Hill is another eminence, that has a certain similarity to the kopjes of South Africa. The Indians, I found, called the hill *Minitonas*—the hill that stands by itself—and *Minitonas* it has ever since been on the map. The railroad people named their nearest town after it. But there is a curious difference between the ancient and modern pronunciation of the name. The Indian said "*Minit-o-nas*," with emphasis on "it," and especially "nas". The station agent, et al, say "*Min-i-to-nas*," with emphasis only on "to".

The delver into western nomenclature will marvel at the extent to which all sorts of histories are appropriated by the railroad man. *Minitonas* is not so far from *Mafeking*. Near the Thunder Hill branch is Pretoria Postoffice. All the stations from Selkirk (Winnipeg was not to be on the main line) to Battleford were named. The difference between nam-

ing stations before the line is built and deferring baptism till after the construction gangs have gone home is that there is a noble sequence in the first method, and a cosmopolitan bravado about the second. I think that in western Manitoba stations that did not materialize I detect the cultured hand of Sir Sanford Fleming, the first chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific. What do you think of these, listed within a hundred miles: *Poh-trencourt*, *Vandyck*, *Blackwood*, *Longueville*, *Petrouka*, *Northcote*, *Hennepin*, *Coleridge*, *Erskine*, *Stalhold* and *Doyle*?

Well, the expectations of Dawson and Cunningham about what the Swan river valley would soon be, were not realized. But the day of achievement was only postponed. When I saw the transformation that has come over the valley, I felt that after all a prophet may, in his own country, be entitled to some respect.

I remember camping one night on the trail on the north side of the river at the spot I was able to locate about a mile from Mr. Cotton's farm. To write effectively, I suppose I ought also to recollect some coyote's howl, or the noises of some black-tailed deer, scared out of the nearest bluff by my intrusion upon a terrible privacy; and then I ought to contrast it with the miles of wheat stacks, the fine buildings and all the paraphernalia of modern prosperous agriculture, so dear to the heart of the twentieth century westerner. But I remember nothing except that we camped there, and I can't go into ecstasies about wheat, though I'd like to. That story had better be left to photographs. It is only what I expected, and what anybody would expect who has seen, as I have, fine garden stuff growing three hundred miles north of the Swan river. If an insufficient interest in Mr. Cotton's spring and fall wheat does injustice to a farming ancestry, I would fain atone by saying that Mr. Cotton's flower garden was the most wonderful display of its kind I have ever seen. Here were over a hundred varieties of blooms that for size, coloring and fragrance would provoke the most skilful Ontario gardener to envious praise.

Western Manitoba is not in need of prophesy any more, even though its day of achievement is not yet fully come. Some extravagant hopes have been falsified, as they were bound to be. I have been asked whether there are not vast oil deposits around the Riding, Duck and Porcupine mountains, and when I have said "No," have been told that Mr. Carlisle, farmer, ten miles from Dauphin, has skimmed enough oil from the top of a spring in a little muskey to lubricate his wagon. It is equally true that more than twenty years ago enough oil was found in this region to lubricate costly boring apparatus over hundreds of miles of trail, and to sink two holes that are holes yet—for the money that was put into them. One is where Snake creek runs into Swan river about twelve miles north of Fort Pelly. It was 501 feet deep. The other is alongside the Vermilion river, about fifteen miles above Dauphin. The Manitoba Oil Company put it down 743 feet before abandoning the prospect. There *is* oil in the shale, some of it is leaking out, and it may yet become a commercial asset.

But there is a liquid asset of the Winnipegosis region not ten miles from the railway, which might surely be turned to account with little delay and less risk. I mean the salt springs near the shore of Dawson Bay, straight east of Baden.

Indeed, I found on referring to the Annual Report of the Geological Survey for 1890-1891, that fifteen places are given as the principal points at which brine springs have been observed. Three miles north of where the Bell river flows into Lake Winnipegosis, I found a small brook flowing sixty gallons a minute, the water containing about six-sevenths of a pound of common salt to the gallon. It was therefore discharging about thirty-seven tons of salt for every twenty-four hours.

It will be news to most readers to be told that salt was produced from the Winnipegosis brine fifty years ago. James Monkman made salt at Swan river, Duck river, and at Salt Springs, four hundred yards from the lake.

Many years ago the Hudson's Bay Company profitably manufactured salt at Swan river, when on the Red river the price of salt was twelve shillings a bushel—or one hundred weight of flour.

Monkman's works were of the most primitive description. When he found a spring he dug a hole five feet across and five feet deep with a couple of rough stone walls alongside, and a chimney at one end. On this construction he set his shallow kettles, and ladled in the brine to be evaporated by the wood fire below. When winter came the kettles were turned upside down where they were, and left there until business was resumed in the spring.

Professor Hind found that Monkman knew nothing of the use of the pump or of solar evaporation. The Winnipegosis brines are not so strong as those which come from the rock salt of Cheshire, and at present the cheapening of transportation to the prairies may have rendered them, for the time being, unprofitable. But I should not be surprised any day to learn that some enterprising manufacturer has appealed to the Government for the protection of a native product, with a view to satisfying Manitoba's needs from Manitoba's supplies.

In the salt country, too, there are rocks almost ideally suited for the manufacture of cement, and I found a large deposit of gypsum, from which presently, no doubt, the cornices of elegant homes will be manufactured.

On the banks of the Saskatchewan, near Lake Winnipeg, I found a beach, ten per cent. of the material of which was amber, of a good quality—not enough to make fortunes out of, so long as it is not convenient for transportation, but good enough to talk about and good enough to use.

I am often asked what I think of the mineral possibilities of the region beyond the Saskatchewan. The question is not susceptible to off-hand answer. The whole country should be thoroughly prospected. But that is matter for scientific discourse that is so much like work that I won't attempt it—at the end of a purely reminiscent talk.



ALESQUIRE

"YOU KNOW, WILLIE," SAID HELEN, "A FELLOW CAN'T TRAVEL ON HIS SIZE IN HIS OWN FAMILY"

PAPA DODDS, SALESMAN

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESQUIRE

AS A matter of fact, Willie Fairchild was a decent enough sort of fellow personally and even if he had happened to have had a pull with the stork and been born rich, there was no particular reason why that should have counted against him. But it did. Papa Dodds, who in Willie's mind figured merely as the father of Helen Dodds and who, from the same standpoint, was a crude, uncultured sort of creature, had been rude enough to insinuate to his daughter that he didn't want any loafer "snoopin'" around after her and that Willie might as well make up his mind to get out before he was kicked out.

As for Willie, he felt as if he had come to the end of the world and was looking over. He could not deny the insinuation that he did nothing; yet, underneath it all, he knew that with half a chance he would have amounted to something on his own will instead of on his father's.

"You know, Willie," was the way Helen expressed it when she told him about it, "a fellow can't travel on his size in his own family. I stuck up for you hard and told papa that you were far better than most young men and religious and all that sort of thing; but he wouldn't pay any attention. He said he guessed your religious convictions consisted principally in attending church teas and that you'd have to do something before he would listen to you."

"Well," replied Willie manfully, "it seems to be up to me to toe in and pull some. Here's where I begin."

The following morning, Papa Dodds received a surprise. Just as he finished opening his mail, the boy brought him in a card. It bore the name of Willie Fairchild and a moment later was followed by Willie in person. With mind full of suspicion, Papa Dodds immediately steeled his heart for the coming interview.

"What is it?" he questioned coldly.

"I wanted to ask you,—I—er—I—that is," floundered Willie hopelessly.

"Of course you did," replied Papa Dodds in frosty accents. "Of course you did. And why don't you?"

Papa Dodds was quite certain that he knew what Willie wanted and was amused rather than otherwise at his efforts to get it out.

"Well, it's just this," finished Willie, at last recovering his voice, "I want a job,—to work at, you know,—a position, don't you see?"

Papa Dodds looked at him over his spectacles.

"Why," he ejaculated at last, "you haven't lost your money, have you?"

"No," said Willie. "But Helen said,—that is, you said,—I'd,—er—have to go to work you know; so I was just going to make a start right here with you." Willie finished with such a bland expression of satisfied innocence that Papa Dodds had not the heart to deceive him.

"Um, um, um," he said slowly. Then, more gruffly he asked: "What can you do and how much do you want?"

Willie was puzzled.

"I don't know," he admitted candidly, replying to both questions with one answer. "I thought I'd like to go on the road and sell things for you. You see," he added apologetically, "I don't know much about office work."

Papa Dodds made a comment under his breath. Willie decided in his own mind that he was telling himself something that was not very nice.

"I'll give you six dollars a week, if you like," said Papa Dodds aloud.

And thus it was that Willie Fairchild went to sell teas, coffees and spices for Dodds & Co.

To give the devil his due, Willie worked hard. Of course, that is not saying that he sold much goods or that he did exceptionally well; but the times he fell down—and they were in the majority—were because of a lack of the necessary training and the fact that he was unused to the buffets of the cold, hard world. Incidentally, Dodds & Co. did not give him their very best

customers to work on—not by a long shot; good customers are not to be trifled with thus.

Looking deeper, however, Papa Dodds noted the disposition that Willie showed and was secretly inclined to make allowance. But, although he had this sneaking respect for the effort Willie was making, he had no idea of letting it show on the surface.

At the end of two weeks, Papa Dodds who was a self made man himself, came to have a genuine admiration for the sturdy efforts of the youth who had called his bluff, and, at the close of the fortnight, came to the conclusion that Willie ought to have a fighting chance at least.

"For," mused Papa Dodds, "without anyone to help him, he is certainly up against the real thing now."

The consequence was that one Saturday afternoon, he called Willie into his private office.

"Fairchild," said Papa Dodds, "I don't think you are making as much progress as you might with a little instruction. For instance, I think perhaps you don't adopt just the correct method in going after customers and it seems to me that a little lesson in the proper way to approach a prospective buyer, might not be a bad thing. Therefore, on Monday morning when you come down, I want you to come right into my private office and canvass me hard,—hard, mind you. See if you can get my order for a good big amount. You needn't be afraid that I'll be too easy," he added, his eyes twinkling; "I'll give you all the customary objections and perhaps a few more."

When Willie awakened on Monday morning, it was with a feeling that trouble was brewing somewhere and the first idea that occurred to him was that a whiskey sour would steady his nerves. Then he remembered that Papa Dodds was the trouble he had to face and it suddenly occurred to him that he might be as well off without the Dutch courage. Hastily slipping out of bed, he dressed and started for the office.

Without a word to any of the clerks, he walked right into Papa Dodds' private sanctum.

Papa Dodds looked at him over his spectacles. Then he remembered his instructions of the Saturday previous and started to smile. But alas for poor Willie's hopes! Hardly had Papa Dodds put three questions to him before he was properly floored and at a loss to know what argument to use next. Papa Dodds, familiar with all the customers' quirks and evasions of the buyer, took the wind so completely out of his sails that it made him look like a balloon hitched to a suction pump.

"Now," said Papa Dodds when he had completely nonplussed Willie, "this is to be a lesson, you know, and just to show you how to do it right, you are going to be the buyer for a few minutes and I the salesman. It's a good many years since I have been on the road myself; but I guess I still know a few of the old tricks."



PAPA DODDS DIDN'T WANT ANY LOAFER "SNOOPIN"
AROUND AFTER HIS DAUGHTER

Papa Dodds took off his hat and stood up. Willie sank languidly into the leather cushioned chair.

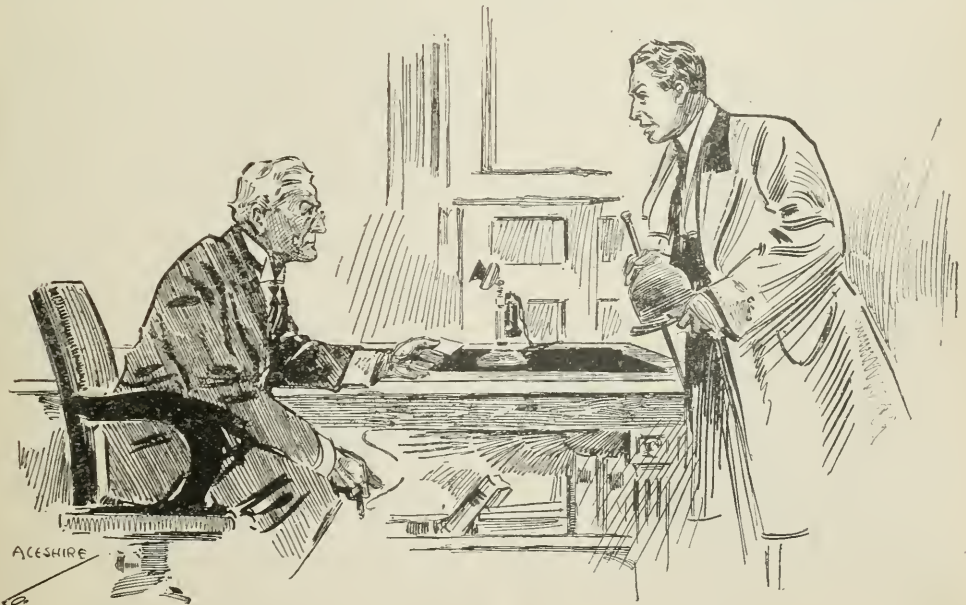
"Mr. Fairchild?" interrogated Papa Dodds briskly.

Willie placed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat and swelled up like a pompous buyer whom he had approached a few days before.

"I'm the man," he assented grandly, in much the same manner that he might have announced that he was "it".

"Anything in my line for you to-day?" continued Papa Dodds.

Willie paused and surveyed him meditatively. Then, while he was making up his mind to give Papa Dodds the customary "no," he was suddenly seized with the great idea of his life. Strange to say, he at once recognized it as the great idea of his life. Some men there are to whom opportunity comes and gets away before they can



WILLIE WALKED RIGHT INTO PAPA DODDS' PRIVATE SANCTUM

seize her; but not so Willie—he was meeting Opportunity face to face and intuition introduced him to her without saying a word.

For a moment, he was half appalled by the enormity of his thought and then, quickly making up his mind, he resolved to take a sporting chance and see what would come of it.

"I think there is," he said at last. "Yes," he went on, "I think so,—something directly in your line."

"Indeed!" Papa Dodds was disconcerted at this method of attack.

"What will it be?"

"Do you guarantee all your products?" questioned Willie.

"Absolutely," said Papa Dodds.

"I was thinking of taking—" Willie stared thoughtfully out of the window.

"Yes?" said Papa Dodds, shortly. "Of taking what?" He strove to speak pleasantly in his assumed character of salesman; but try as he would, his voice was a trifle sharp. This thing was going beyond a joke.

"Your daughter!" Willie's tone was positively dreamy.

Papa Dodds suddenly sat down and then rose again as quickly as though he had discovered himself to be located on the business end of a tack.

"What!" The way Papa Dodds said it was more of a roar than anything else.

Realizing at last what he had done, Willie never turned a hair. Afterward he told Helen about it.

"I saw that the game was open before I knew it," he said, "and as I had only a small pair, I had to stand pat. If I drew cards, your father would have called my bluff and I would have lost the pot."

Papa Dodds was striding up and down the office.

"Yes," said Willie quietly, "we never buy anything but the best and I really don't know of anything better you have to offer. Of course, you understand, I am acting personally,—not on behalf of my firm."

Papa Dodds looked black and glared at Willie. Willie whipped out a cigarette and coolly lighted it.

"A joke's a joke, young man," said Papa Dodds angrily. "You're carrying things a little too far." He also said several other things which would not look very nice in print.

Willie never budged from his position. It was sink or swim now and he prepared for a sturdy effort to reach the shore.

"Mr. Dodds," he said slowly, "I'm not joking; I was never more serious in my life. I want to marry Helen. I've never told you this before,—partly because I knew you knew it and partly, I guess, because I was afraid. Besides, you know, Helen has told me what you think of me and—"

"I still think it," interjected Papa Dodds.

"No you don't, sir," smiled Willie pleasantly. "Not altogether. You may still say I don't do anything and all that sort of thing, don't you know; but you can't say any longer that I'm lacking in push and nerve."

Papa Dodds still glared. Willie had ceased smiling and had grown serious.

"I want her, sir," he said simply. "I don't suppose the showing I've made here prepossesses you any more in my favor; but if there's anything I can do to convince you, all you have to do is to say the word."

Papa Dodds stopped where he was walking. The anger had died out of his face and his eyes were half twinkling.

"Well," he said, playing the salesman again, "the price you offer for our goods seems very fair. Anything you can do, eh?" Then he became Papa Dodds once more. "You can hold your job," he went on. "I'll put you under Mr. Nixon, our sales manager, and if at the end of the year, he reports to me that you have made good, you can come back and talk to me again,—and perhaps to Helen as well. I may add that Helen seems to think well of your proposition."

"Thank you, sir," said Willie Fairchild.

"It's a great thing to have a pull, young man," said Papa Dodds.

AN AUTOMOBILE HOODOO

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

THE more I see of automobiles the better I like horses, and you may find a good and sufficient reason for this in my story. Listen!

My first experience with a whiz-wagon was in Winnipeg. I had always had a prejudice against the machine, but that may have been due to the fact that my most intimate knowledge of it was derived from efforts to get across Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, alive on a pleasant day. It was in Winnipeg that I first found myself looking at the question from the other point of view.

We started a little behind the rest of the party, and we swung into the main street at—. Well, I don't like to try to estimate the speed, but later I heard the chauffeur telephone police headquarters that he would send a cheque for his fine over by special messenger.

For the first five or ten minutes my heart made such leaps that it bumped against my closed teeth, and nothing but the fact that I kept my mouth shut enabled me to retain it for future use. During this time I was dreadfully afraid that we were going to run somebody down, but presently there came a feeling of exhilaration and I ceased to be interested in anything except speculations as to how far a pedestrian can jump in an emergency. I recall my contempt for some of them who fell far behind the records that I had made on Michigan Boulevard and the Lake Shore Drive.

This was Winnipeg, and it was comparatively barren of incident. At Saskatoon, however, I began to get an idea of what an automobile can do in the way of giving variety to life. I was assigned to a little car with a double seat in front and a single one behind—runabout, I think they called it. This one ran about thirty-five

miles out into the country, and then quit. The sparker wouldn't spark or the clutch wouldn't clutch or the gasoline wouldn't gas or something of that sort. Anyhow, the runabout wouldn't runabout, so the chauffeur gave a blast upon his bugle-horn that brought the touring-car ahead of us back to the rescue. This proved to me that a horn may really be of some use, my previous experience having been that it was never honked in time to do anything but scare a pedestrian to death.

We passengers lay out on the prairie, in the hot sun, while the two chauffeurs tried to get the grit out of the oil or loosen up the gasoline or something of that sort. Finally, when we were properly baked, they gave up the job, and the touring car towed the runabout to Asquith, where we had a chance to inspect the exterior of all the eleven buildings while the chauffeurs, reinforced by a blacksmith and a wagon-maker, were trying to find out why the crankshaft wouldn't crank. But, so far as I know, they never learned, for we were ignominiously towed back to Saskatoon.

Dick,—never mind his other name—and I were elected to places in the runabout. It was very interesting. The dust was black and thick, and we got it all. I laughed until the tears ran as layer after layer of black was laid on Dick's face, and then I was sorry I let the tears run, for they made two startlingly white streaks down my otherwise black face. It was also exciting. When the touring-car slackened up for an unexpected bump we never could tell just how hard we would bang into it. We wrecked both our lamps within the first five miles, and there were several occasions when one or the other of us just missed being catapulted into the other car. Some-

thing of the automobile spirit that I had caught at Winnipeg seemed to die out at Saskatoon.

At Edmonton Dick and I had the back seat of a touring car. This car had a nice top with iron crossbars. I know they were iron because one of them stopped my skyward flight, incidentally giving me a nasty cut across the scalp, when we took a bump at thirty miles an hour. Dick, being about a foot taller than I am, had less distance in which to get up speed when we both started upward, so he suffered less damage. The crossbar or rib—I never can be sure of the name of anything connected with an automobile—shunted me back to the seat, which I reached just as we took another bump. I then tried to butt the man in front of me with my sore head, and, failing that, I unpremeditatedly hung myself so far over the side of the car that nothing but the fact that Dick clamped himself down on my feet kept me from going out into the road.

About a mile farther on the automobile quit. A little honking halted the car ahead, and we were transferred to that. The direction of Edmonton began to look pretty good to us now, and we were within ten miles of the place when the second car quit. Don't ask me what the trouble was. I don't know anything about automobile complaints; I only know that these two quit work without warning. We walked in.

At Calgary Dick refused to ride with

me, and it was necessary to call for volunteers. Herbert, a brave young man, volunteered. Then the chauffeur was instructed to keep within easy walking distance of the railway station. He laughed scornfully, but one of his back tires exploded with a sharp report within fifteen minutes. Then he began to wonder audibly what kind of a hoodoo I was.

At Medicine Hat no one would ride with me. They got a little one-seat machine for me and warned the chauffeur of the fate in store for him. He was as scornfully skeptical as the man at Calgary had been. That little machine, he said, was the most reliable thing of its kind in existence; it never had broken down, and it never would break down. It did very well, too. It lasted until we were hustling for the train, and then quit only two blocks from the station. I never did learn whether a plug blew out or the induction coil wouldn't induct, for I jumped out and ran for the car amid the hooting of those who had refused to ride with me.

We had horses at Regina, and horses never before looked so good to me. I am not a superstitious man—not at all—but I can't help thinking it means something when five out of six automobiles break down and one of them makes a human shuttlecock of me. Besides, uncertainty as to how I am going to get back always detracts from the pleasure of a ride for me.



THAT LESSON IN FINANCE

BY HELEN AVERY HARDY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

SHE wanted the hat, a fluffy pink thing that hung in the window of Mrs. Perkins' millinery establishment on Main Street. It was not serviceable; it could only be worn with a dainty frock such as she did not possess. Not one argument could she find in its favor, save that it was becoming to her, and she wanted it with all her young soul.

Her pink cheeks matched the fluffy material that hung and beckoned her in almost wicked fashion. Her brown hair had looked glossier, her eyes brighter in the shelter of the magic hat when she had glanced shyly at her reflection in the mirror while trying it on. One look called for two—two meant the saddest temptation of her life.

She had no money. Only two days before had that dreary conversation taken place between her worried, weary mother and herself

when the die had been cast. No more was she to help in the dining room, laying the table cloth for the seven husky boarders, or wash out the napkins, or hem the table-cloths or sheets, or make beds—or—or—any of the things she had been doing since she had left school.

In a vague way she had known that some day she would go out in the world, but when or where had been so indefi-

nite as to cause only a slight discomfort. Each year it had been put off because help was poor and she could not be spared, but things had been going badly, and Celia had to make a start.

She had had no training and seemed to have no particular leaning toward any occupation. But she had the vast courage born of ignorance, so she had decided to make application to Mrs. Perkins. Millinery was pretty. She liked pretty things and had done fairly well at



HER PINK CHEEKS MATCHED THE FLUFFY HAT THAT BECKONED HER
IN WICKED FASHION

trimming her own hats lately. But Mrs. Perkins needed customers, not help. That lady noticed Celia's eyes turned longingly toward the pink chiffon hat and it was not long before the dainty thing was perched on the young lady's head. Celia's strength of mind led her to beat a retreat before she had committed herself, but the wise milliner knew the hat was as good as sold.

"I'll put it away for you," she said, "so's it won't be common. Come in any day and get it, dearie. I won't show it to nobody."

"If I had a position I might ask Mrs. Perkins to wait until I could pay for it," she thought. But this seemed an unlikely plan, though she resolved to try it, if she succeeded in getting work. The village butcher shop and green-grocery combined were on her way home, and she had been cautioned to bring the meat for the evening meal. She hated the sight of the meat about the place and always begged off a trip there, if possible.

As she entered the shop reluctantly, the butcher, who had known her all her life, called out:



CELIA TURNED FROM THE SICKENING CONTEMPLATION OF BEEF, MUTTON AND PORK

"Hello, Celia! You're quite a stranger. Anything I can do for ye?"

She gave the order and was turning from her sickening contemplation of rows of beef, mutton and pork, when Mr. Gibbs asked:

"Don't know of a cashier I could get, do ye, Celia? Long hours and light pay, but thar's a chanst to work up to better money."

Celia surveyed the store, inwardly revolting. Then as in a vision, she saw the pink hat—in the box, in her hands, on her head!

"How would I do, Mr. Gibbs?" she inquired.

"Sure ye wouldn't mix up the change?"

She nodded, wondering if the pink hat would be compensation for this horror she had never been able to endure.

"Do ye reely want to work, Celia?" questioned the man.

"I've been looking for something, but I hadn't thought of this," she replied, dully.

"Come on back to the desk," he said, and led the way.

There the details were settled that put Celia in the way of the pink chiffon hat. She was to go to work the next week, getting half pay while learning. She hurried from the store and met the young dentist, Aleck Morton, just starting in business. He offered to carry her parcel and shyly asked if he might accompany her to the strawberry festival at the Baptist Church the next evening. Her acceptance was of so cordial a character as to cause a certain springiness in the young man's gait, while all she could take in was:

"Can I get the hat? How can I get it? A whole evening to show it to everybody! How can I get it? I must!"

As in a dream she stood at the gate of her home, listening to the confident tones of her escort, whose words meant nothing to her save a chiffon hat of pink and a girl, too happy for speech, wearing it. She told her good news to her mother in the hot kitchen where preserving was in progress, but not until after she had spoken of the festival. There was no hope of aid in

her mother's voice when she had said: "I've nothing to wear but my dotted swiss, but I'm going." The reply came like a splash from the kettle on the fire:

"If I hadn't the interest to pay on the mortgage on the house, you could have had a new muslin this spring. Mr. Parker has been awful patient, but I've got to meet it this time. I'm glad you've got a place. It'll help."

Celia felt all grasp of her future earnings slipping out of her hands. No hat! What should she do? Give it up? Go back and tell Mrs. Perkins she couldn't buy it? Sit at the strawberry festival hatless like her girlhood friends? No triumph, no certainty of looking—well, pretty—for the first time in her life? She was built of different stuff. She determined to have the hat, the triumph, the gratification. How?

Again her mother bemoaned the interest due reproaching herself for indulging Celia in music lessons for two terms, necessitating an outlay far beyond her means, resulting in a mortgage of the house to Frank Parker, shrewd lawyer and financial resort of the entire country.

Mrs. Larkin's nature was less self-reliant than that of her daughter. Indeed, Celia "favored" her father, the family said, in that she made decisions quickly, usually without any grave errors in judgment. Celia's father had studied law, but had answered the call of his country and had returned to his home at the end of the Boer war a cripple. He taught in the High School until his death a year later, leaving the house and a small

life insurance to his widow and daughter.

Every advantage Celia could be given the father had slaved to gain for her, and the mother tried to follow his example though the good woman never succeeded in maintaining silence when once an outlay had been made. Celia listened to the regrets and further determined, not only to possess the hat, but any other thing she needed hereafter, even if she had to borrow as her mother had done.

Into her mind, as she set the table, the name of Frank Parker intruded



SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE CAME STRUGGLING INTO FRANK PARKER'S HEART

itself as the means to the purchase of the hat. When the boarders were seated and served, she went into the kitchen and announced:

"Mother, I'm going out for half an hour. Leave the dishes. I'll wash them when I come back."

Before there was time for remonstrance she had left the house and was

on her way to the little one-story frame law office of Frank Parker.

He was sitting at his desk, a self-contained, middle-aged man, his hair slightly gray. The small kerosene lamp at his elbow was the only light in the dingy room. Celia had known him by sight always, occasionally a greeting had been exchanged when he had not been too preoccupied to see the animated face upraised to his. Through her mother's dealings with him she felt sure of an audience at any rate, on business.

She was not at all shy, or at all backward in stating her need. As he looked up and half rose at her impetuous entrance, she said easily:

"Don't get up, Mr. Parker. I want to talk to you."

He drew a chair forward into the circle of light, placed his cigar carefully on the edges of the desk, and asked:

"About the mortgage? I'm afraid the interest——"

"No," she interrupted, "that's all right. This is my own affair. Will you lend me a small amount of money?"

A puzzled smile ran across his lips.

"Any security?" he questioned.

"Security?" she repeated, almost helplessly. "What security would you want? I'm so ignorant of these things, but I want the money. I didn't know——"

"You didn't know that the lender wants some certainty of the return of his money?"

"The interest," she said, quickly. "I thought that covered everything. I'll pay interest. I expected to."

"Of course," he replied, gravely, "but there are several things I must consider before lending money. First, what chance do I stand of getting it back? Next, what am I to have as security in case the loan is not paid? Is that security good? Fourth, for how long a time am I to let you have it?"

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know it was so hard to borrow when I am willing to pay interest."

"Suppose you tell me more about it," he said, kindly. "We'll get at it quicker that way. There's much you don't seem to know about borrowing and lending."

"There's lots I don't know about many things, but I'm going to learn, Mr. Parker. This may sound silly to you, but I want to buy something to wear to-morrow night. I am practically pledged to take it—and it's so lovely. I am to go as cashier in Mr. Gibbs' butcher shop next week, but as the interest on the mortgage is due, I must hand over all I make the first week to mother. While I am learning, Mr. Gibbs only pays me half salary. I thought of you. Will you lend it to me?"

"How long will you want it?" he questioned, as he studied the end of a pen he had taken in his hand.

"Not less than two months," she replied. "I can pay you in that time."

"Suppose you don't hold your position with Gibbs. How then am I to be paid?"

She gasped.

"Listen. Much as I hate the sight of the meat, I'll stay if for no other reason than to pay you," and she shuddered as she spoke.

He laughed indulgently and said:

"You must have set your heart on this——"

As he hesitated, she timidly supplied the name of the object of her desire.

"Hat, Mr. Parker. Just a hat, but I've never seen anything so lovely in my life. I don't suppose you understand, but I want it."

"You must if you will stand the sight of the meat. I remember your father told me nothing would make you go inside of Gibbs' shop when a little bit of a tot. I don't quite understand it now. I don't believe you will be able to endure it even for a lovely hat."

"You are laughing at me. I wish I hadn't told you anything about it, except that I wanted the money."

She was almost in tears and Frank Parker grew nervous. Suppose she cried? What should he do? He reassured her as quickly as possible.

"I'm not laughing. I'm glad you told me. I know now what prospect there is for your repaying me. Now, what security can you offer?"

Her sense of humor came to the rescue and saved them from a scene.

"You can have the hat except when I wear it," she retorted, laughing.

He joined in the turn against himself, and said:

"You should study law, Miss Celia. You can turn a weapon to your own advantage. I'm afraid I couldn't hold the hat as security without everybody in town knowing of this transaction. Am I right in believing that you wouldn't care for that?"

"It's the last thing in the world I'd want known," she replied, fervently. "I don't know what I have to offer as security."

Something new came struggling into Frank Parker's heart—an interest outside of law, loans and real estate transactions. He wondered how she'd look if he—if she were given the money as a loan. He wished it might not be of so impersonal a nature—this matter.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. The hat must be the security, though left in your care. Of course, we couldn't realize a cent on it."

"What!" she cried. "Do you mean to sell it?"

"Not unless you can not meet the payment. You can come in to see me when you have bought the hat, and I'll know how good my security is."

She nodded, a vision of anticipation shutting out the smile on the face of the grave man watching her in wonder that so small a thing as a hat should so satisfy a woman.

"When can I have it?" she asked, breathlessly.

"How much do you want?" he returned.

She named the sum. He smiled again, the smile this time remaining among her mental pictures to be a pleasure always.

"Do you want it now?" he asked, hoping he would not be disappointed in the revelation of delight he expected.

She looked at him with tears in her eyes as she almost whispered:

"Yes."

He discovered himself wishing he might hear that word—but pshaw! What a fool he was! He laid the money in her hand, counting it slowly, the operation consuming considerable unnecessary time.

"When are you coming to show me the security?"

"As soon as I get it—to-morrow," she replied. "Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Parker. I know this must seem childish to you. I should have been—well, very much disappointed if you had refused. Don't say anything about it, will you?"

"No," he said, with a strange light in his eyes. "We'll keep this a secret. It's not a regular transaction and I'd be overrun with such applications if it were known."

She held out her hand, as she remarked impulsively:

"I didn't think you'd be so nice. I was almost afraid to come. I'm glad I did, now."

"So am I," he acknowledged. "Good-night. See you to-morrow."

He followed her to the door and stood there watching her as she passed up the village street under the elms, her white dress gleaming in the occasional street lights. He roused himself and said aloud:

"Why didn't I walk home with her? Get back to work, you idiot, and forget her bright eyes—— My cigar's out and I have not a match left."

Nevertheless, he stopped at the side of the chair she had occupied and felt again the thrill of the queer little surcharged syllable, "Yes."

"The hat," he murmured. "I'll see her to-morrow when she brings the security. Here, this won't do," he scolded. "I'm too old to be upset in this way by a girl I've never even noticed before."

He quickly put out the lamp, locked his office door and went to the hotel, his home. The young dentist, with rather more than usual interest in Celia's doings since her flattering joy as to his escort to the festival, had noticed the girl's visit to Parker's office. When that individual appeared on the hotel porch, he hailed him:

"Hello, Frank! Didn't I see Miss Larkin leave your office awhile ago?"

A sound that might mean "yes," or "no," or "Go to the devil," was the reply. Young Morton continued:

"You needn't get huffy. I just thought she was going to do some copying for you."

Parker swung on his heel as if a

sudden pleasant thought had come to him.

"Nosey young fool!" he said to himself. "She doesn't want this known. But that's a good explanation of her visit to my office." To Morton, he answered:

"I'm thinking about it. Going in? No? Good-night."

As he lay awake that night staring at the moon, he asked himself: "Why should I be annoyed?" Why should the moonbeams recall the light in her eyes as she thanked him? He must stop this—this nonsense, he declared, battling with habit, against inclination, against something bigger, stronger than his mind had ever coped with.

His first official act next day was to write a short, curt, business-like note, asking Celia to call early the next week for some documents he wished to have copied. She was overjoyed, for her ingenuity was taxed as to an explanation of the hat. How could she carry such a parcel to his office? After the festival, she could wear it as if by accident to show it to him. This made it easy.

Mr. Parker was just lovely and she liked him more and more. She decided to go in the evening for the documents, and wear the new hat. There was much pleasure in the thought. Surely he would like it. How clever he was to have thought of such a way out of the situation. She would tell him all this when she saw him.

The hat was the thing of beauty she had described when it was safely in her hands next morning. She knew it was more than becoming. She had the delightful certainty that it made her look pretty, something she had never experienced before. Would Mr. Parker—Well, it was far more important that he should like the hat than that Aleck Morton should express an opinion upon it.

She and the structure on her head created the sensation she had anticipated. Indeed, some of the feelings it aroused in outspoken Homeville circles caused Aleck Morton to keep Celia far away from the neighborhood of old Mrs. Granville, who would have been ducked in a bygone generation as a

"butter-in." This lady promised to speak her mind plainly to Celia Larkin "about that slimpsy-looking thing on her head. The idea! Her mother slavin' in that hot kitchen to keep an overgrown, supercilious slip of a girl in expensive, vain-glorious hats like *that!* It was high time somebuddy told 'em the truth. It was scand'lous, that's what it was!"

Vainly Celia looked for Frank Parker, though she knew that he never attended such merrymakings. The thought of Celia was in Frank's mind as he rode through the soft summer evening to the country seat, his eyes on the fading of the sunset glow, which to him held the same tint as Celia's cheeks.

"I'm thinking too much of silly things," he said, with a jerk of the reins, and—went back to the contemplation of nature as he realized it now in Celia.

Celia was too full of beatific gratification to heed the low rumble of thunder or the occasional flashes of lightning that were faintly visible through the closed shutters of the festival hall. As she stepped out into the night, the heavens claimed even less of her attention. Morton heard some fussy old person predicting a shower, but, he too, was sailing on a cloudless sea of bliss, too bright to be disturbed, for Celia's hand was on his arm.

Before either was aware of any cause for alarm, the rain began to fall in torrents.

"My hat!" Celia shrieked in agony. Aleck Morton had no clue to the tragedy in her heart as she realized the dreadful damage that must come to her precious headgear. Fragile as it was, she knew it had no chance. She stopped. There was a long delay while she searched for hat-pins. When the hat was at last off, a sad-looking object, she found Aleck's coat over her shoulders.

"My hat!" was all she could say. "Why didn't you put it over my hat?"

"I didn't think of it and it doesn't matter so much about your hat as it does about you, Celia," he replied, as tenderly as he could between the crash of thunder and the patter of the rain.

Time dimmed Celia's bitter chagrin, but when she pictured herself telling

Frank Parker, she shrank from the ordeal. She took to study in the evenings. Her father's books on philosophy were not interesting at first, but she determined to improve herself that such a necessity as she had felt might, in the future, be met by her own knowledge and resources.

At last she came across Blackstone, and one evening, in a document sent her by Parker to copy, she discovered a flaw. On the margin of the paper she penciled a note to him, asking if he would not send corrected copy back at once. He paced the floor of his small office after dismissing her messenger with a reply of thanks and a request that she call to see him at once.

Celia hurried to the office and met Frank on his fiftieth trip to the door to see if she was coming.

"You wanted me?" she said, confused at having so little time for preparation. This wasn't as she had intended their meeting at all.

Her question shook his composure. "Wanted her?" Yes, he knew now he wanted her and had since first she had appeared in his office.

"Come in," he said. "What about this document? How did you come to find the error?"

She sat down guiltily, and said:

"I've been reading my father's books when not engaged at the store or in copying your legal papers. It happened that I had just finished that point in Blackstone before you sent me this document, so the subject was quite fresh in my mind. I saw the error and

thought it only right to call it to your attention. Was I wrong?"

"Wrong? My dear Ce—Miss Larkin—do you know what it would have cost me if I had filed this?"

"No," she answered simply, "but I couldn't bear to have you make any mistake."

His lips went white. He looked at her closely. Her eyes met his without flinching.

"No," he told himself. "It's too open and frank to be anything more than ordinary duty. Just as a man would have said it. But oh! if it might have been—if she had only cared a little." After a pause he asked:

"Why did you choose Blackstone as reading matter?"

"I told you I meant to learn things, and I am doing the best I can with what I have in hand."



"WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT IT OVER MY HAT?" WAS ALL SHE COULD SAY

"How are you getting on at Gibbs'?" he inquired.

"Very well," she replied, "at least, I hope so." Then in a meek tone, she went on. "I'll soon be able to pay you, with the copying I've done."

He frowned:

"I didn't ask because of the money. I asked because—because, I thought you might prefer to—to come here—to me—" he faltered as she gave him a startled glance.

"You might take care of the office when I must be away—copy the documents here,—or study law, if you like."

She sat silent, her heart too full of gratitude for speech, and she knew she would cry in another minute. He offered relief from the sights which sickened her in the shop. He was sorry for her. She couldn't stand that when she had broken her word to him, had not even had the decency to explain.

At last, looking down at her hands in her lap, she said:

"You won't want me when—when I've told you what I've done."

"What you've done? That sounds dreadful."

"It was. But I couldn't tell you—I—"

He smiled, a queer little smile, and sat down before her.

"Tell me," he said. "Perhaps it isn't so dreadful as you imagine."

"Well," she began, with a sob. "I got the hat."

"Oh," he interrupted. "The hat. The security, you mean."

"Yes, the security," she said, with a tear ready to fall.

He hoped there might be reason for more comfort, so sweet he found it to minister to her woe.

"I got it and wore it to the festival," she said at last, with an effort. "Do you remember how it rained that night?"

He remembered, his eyes told her, when she lifted hers, but there was more to tell, so back to her hands went

her gaze, back to the tiny baby ring on her little finger that needed much twisting.

"The hat was ruined. I couldn't even bring it to show you, and I had intended wearing it to let you see how beautiful it was, to convince you that I was not so foolish as it seemed to borrow the money to buy it. I was so—so—I couldn't talk about it for such a long time that I was ashamed to come then."

Her head sunk lower, the tiny baby ring flew out of her nervous grasp, the tears coming faster and faster. Frank located the ring and reached over for the hand on which it was to be placed, asking tenderly:

"Was that all?"

"Yes," she whispered, allowing her hand to remain in his.

The whisper upset all his habits of bachelorhood, his resistance to the curls on her neck that were traps for him.

"Celia," he began awkwardly, "if I say all that doesn't matter —"

"But it does," she sobbed. "And now, of course, you won't want me. I'd love to come here, but I can't until I've paid all that money. You see I didn't keep my word, and you can't want me."

"I do want you, Celia. And when I think it over—I've been doing nothing else but think of you since first you came here, but I didn't know it until now. Celia, I'm awfully afraid—I love you."

His hands were on both of hers, and as she struggled very faintly for release, she looked over her shoulder through the open door into the night, and whispered:

"The door is open."

Frank reached the door in an instant, closed it, and turned to catch her in his arms.

"Do you care for me just a little, Celia?"

He listened carefully for the sibilant syllable which came as his lips met hers.



MRS. RICHARD HARDISTY, SENIOR



MRS. A. C. RUTHERFORD
Wife of the Premier of Alberta



MRS. N. D. BECK

THE WOMEN OF EDMONTON

BY GERTRUDE E. SETON THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT IS only four years since the province of Alberta had its birth and the city of Edmonton became its capital and seat of government. The inauguration ceremonies attracted many interested visitors to the city, and the assemblage was made one of quite historic interest by the presence of the newly elected members of Parliament and notabilities from Ottawa who came to look with the indulgent eye of an elder brother upon the debut of the youngest member of the family. On that day Edmonton emerged from the old, tranquil, dreamy life of a Hudson's Bay trading post to that state of aggressive energy, ambition and boundless optimism which has since rendered its progress so remarkable. Many Easterners began to move in, attracted by the chances for business and money-making in a coming

metropolis, and not only Easterners, but Americans from almost every state in the union, Britons from over-seas, and a sprinkling of foreigners.

Edmonton to-day has a society that is strikingly cosmopolitan, and it is to this that it largely owes its charm. At a representative social gathering one might meet people who had previously lived in any of Great Britain's colonies—India, Australia, New Zealand, or in Japan, China, California, London, the Orkneys, New York, Russia and other European centres. This northern city which stretches along the mighty Saskatchewan indeed contains all the elements that make the social life in any great city so much looked up to and imitated by the surrounding country. It is true that some of the old-timers lament the change that has hurried upon their town, doing



MRS. GEORGE HEDLEY VICARS BULVEA
Wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta



MRS. LANE



MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY



MRS. RICHARD HARDISTY, JUNIOR

away with much of the cosy informality that used to obtain. But this was inevitable, and is the sure sign of growth from a hamlet to a city—from a trading post to a capital.

It has been remarked that in Edmonton comparatively few old people are seen. This is because it is the young and active who have obeyed the call of the West, and society is consequently to a great extent composed of young married people. Another fact interesting to note is that wealth, instead of being in the possession of a few families, seems generally distributed, so that everyone appears prosperous, lives comfortably and enjoys life. In fact conditions as they exist in Edmonton to-day approach the ideal. There is little or no rivalry in entertainment or dress. The representative people are cultured and well-bred, and are unfettered with many of the tiresome obligations of wealth or the cumber-someness of social life in the East. The young matrons, representing nearly

every city on the continent, are not only attractive in dress, bearing and looks, but almost without exception, put the ideal of home before any claims that society may have on them. They are mothers and home-makers first and society women afterwards.

Edmontonians know how to enjoy life. In the winter numerous dances, skating, curling, sleighing, teas, bridges, luncheons and little dinners fill the days and nights. In the summer many betake themselves to lake or mountain

to enjoy a thorough rest, those remaining in the capital finding their pleasure on the golf links, tennis courts, or in country rides and drives, while informal verandah teas are quite general.

For four years Mrs. Bulyea, as the chief lady of the province, has presided over Government House in a gracious and womanly way that has won her a warm place in the hearts of those she has welcomed. Prominent in every movement for helping the poor or improvident, responsive to every appeal



MRS. GEORGE HARCOURT



MRS. J. H. VON HAAST



MISS ETHEL WEBSTER



MRS. DUNCAN-SMITH

for the betterment of humanity, Mrs. Bulyea can be described as a woman of progressive and benevolent mind.

Mrs. Rutherford, wife of the Premier of Alberta, is a woman of much sweetness of nature. She is devotedly attached to her two children, and is mistress of a delightful home. Mrs. Rutherford interests herself most actively in the various forms of church work and charitable enterprises.

Another woman whose ready sympathy and help can always be relied upon is Mrs. John McDougall, who takes a prominent part in charitable work. Mrs. Tory is a new-comer, but she is also identifying herself with Edmonton's many interests. Her husband is president of the University of Alberta.

Mrs. Harrison Young and Mrs. Richard Hardisty are daughters of the late Rev. George McDougall, a pioneer missionary of the West, and were the first white women to reside in Edmonton. Both sisters married Hudson's Bay Factors. In those days a Hud-

son's Bay Factor occupied a position similar to an army officer, and held supreme command over his own particular territory. Mrs. Richard Hardisty with her late husband, who was the Chief Factor, dispensed in their official residence, the "Big House," a gracious hospitality that was long remembered by many guests, among whom were people of distinction from two continents. To-day Mrs. Hardisty occupies an honoured position in Edmonton social life. Her two sons, fine stalwart men, have within the last few

years brought brides to Edmonton, and the young wives found a large circle to welcome them. A recent bride, Mrs. Richard Hardisty, Junior, is a beautiful young woman of statuesque appearance, a Kentuckian by birth and possessed of an unusually fine voice.

Mrs. Percy Hardisty is a granddaughter of the late Sir Oliver Mowat, once Lieutenant Governor of Ontario. Mrs. Braithwaite is another of those who by long residence in Edmonton can claim the



MISS KATHERINE HUGHES

title of old-timer. Dr. and Mrs. Braithwaite's handsome house built in solid, plain style, is one of the most admired homes in the city. Noticeable for her great love of animals. Mrs. Braithwaite recently founded the Edmonton Humane Society. Her fine open countenance and hearty manner are an index to her sterling qualities.

Mrs. Wilson, like Mrs. Braithwaite, is a woman of wide sympathies, and she also takes an active part in charitable work.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy has not long been a resident of Edmonton, but her influence is already felt in many directions. She is a well-known book critic and writer, and is to the fore in various projects, philanthropic and literary, of a progressive and upward trend. Socially, too, Mrs. Murphy is an acquisition. Belonging to a clever family that has numbered some distinguished men, Mrs. Murphy is noted for her quick wit and readiness of speech.

Another literary woman, a Vice-President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, is Mrs. Balmier Watt, whose writings in the "Saturday News," her husband's paper, are racy, lively and vigorous. A sense of humor underlies all she writes and tinctures her conversation. Mrs. Watt is decidedly popular. Her individuality is of the kind that can both amuse and stimulate.

Among those whom the lure of Edmonton has attracted is Miss Jean Forsyth, a sterling musician and singer of charm and cultivation. Strangers are apt to enquire "Who is that distinguished looking woman that you see

going about with her dogs?" Miss Forsyth's love for dogs is a dominant note in her character; Another is her intensely humorous turn of mind. Her bright wit and individualistic sayings make her much sought for. Miss Forsyth recently produced an opera ("Patience") conducting it herself, a feat that no other woman in the West has ever achieved.

Mrs. Cross, wife of Hon. C. W. Cross, Attorney General for Alberta, is petite and dainty in style and dresses in charming taste. In company with her distinguished husband she travels a great deal. During the winter season Mrs. Cross gives entertainments that are noted for their elegance. Her social duties do not interfere with her home life, and she is a devoted mother to her three children.

Mrs. Hobson, her sister, a pretty brunette, graduated before her marriage from the University of Toronto with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Mrs. Sydney Woods, wife of Deputy Attorney General Woods, is a young matron of much charm and individuality. She possesses two beautiful children, a clever husband, an artistic home, and is a happy and admired woman.

Mrs. Bowker is a bride who before her marriage last summer was Miss Kathleen Kirchhoffer of Ottawa and Brandon. As Miss Kirchhoffer she visited many notable homes in England, and much admiration was evoked by her bright, piquant personality. Mrs. Bowker is musical and literary, and has contributed to various magazines.

One of Edmonton's prettiest young



MISS JEAN FORSYTH
"Berry" and "Zip"

married women is Mrs. Nightingale, whose type of beauty is a most uncommon one—girlish and particularly graceful. Mrs. Swaisland is also greatly admired, her face showing much sweetness of expression combined with archness.

Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald, a daughter of the late Senator Kerr, of Cobourg, was previous to her marriage a popular girl at Ottawa. She

is a fine tennis player, an expert whip and a most enthusiastic gardener. Her husband is a grand-nephew of John Macdonald of Garth, one of the three men who founded Fort Augustus or Edmonton in 1798.

A charming pair of sisters of highly cultivated and artistic tastes who also claim Ottawa as their girlhood's home are Mrs. Calderon and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

A striking type of blonde beauty is Mrs. Roy, wife of Senator Roy. Mrs. Roy was born in the West, and is a grand-daughter of the late Hon. John Young, in whose honour a statue was recently erected in Montreal.

Mrs. Duncan-Smith is another



MRS. W. CLARK BOWKER
nee Kathleen Kirchhoffer

fair woman who is greatly admired. Her fine physique, mobile expressive features and eyes of vivid blue represent an uncommon type of beauty.

Mrs. Cautley, whose home before her marriage was in Toronto, has identified herself with progressive movements of various kinds. To her is due the credit of founding the Creche, a flourishing institution, and

as president of the local branch of the National Council of Women she has shown marked executive ability. Mrs. Cautley has written a number of clever stories and articles.

A familiar figure in Edmonton is a little woman of erect bearing, rather absorbed expression and an air of quiet determination. Mrs. Scarlett-Synge is a grand-daughter of the General Scarlett who led the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, and a daughter of the late Lord Abinger. Her mother, nee Miss Helen Magruder, was a beauty, and the first American girl to become a British peeress. Mrs. Synge is a doctor of medicine, and formerly practised in South



MRS. DONALD WALTER MACDONALD
With Kathleen and Garth MacDonald



MRS. BALMER WATT

Africa and Corea, at which latter place she was attached to the royal household as physician. An interesting fact to here record is that at the famous ball given in honor of the Prince of Wales, our present King, in Montreal some forty years ago, General Scarlett, the father of Dr. Synge, opened the ball with Miss Young, now Lady Aylmer, as his partner.

Mrs. Bremner belongs to a popular family that came to Edmonton a de-

cade ago. Her husband owns a thousand acre ranch at Clover Bar, where they raise thorough-bred horses and dogs, and Mrs. Bremner in the riding season often covers the sixteen miles to Edmonton on horseback.

Mrs. Beck, wife of the Hon. N. D. Beck, is a sister of that brilliant priest, Father Teefy of Toronto. Mrs. Beck is domestic in her tastes, practical, philanthropic and energetic.

Mrs. Ferris, who has held various executive offices, and is at present



MADAME P. E. LESSARD



MRS. SYDNEY B. WOODS



MRS. J. D. HYNDMAN



MRS. J. H. RIDDELL



MRS. W. D. FERRIS



MRS. GEORGE STOCKAND

Regent of the Daughters of the Empire, is a warm-hearted woman whose good judgment and common sense make her services particularly valuable. She is a graduate of the University of Toronto. Mrs. Riddell, wife of the principal of Alberta College, is also noted for her charity and kindness of heart, and is generally liked.

Mrs. Hislop and Mrs. Anderson are two pretty and popular young daughters of the Honourable Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior.

Mrs. J. D. Hyndman is a daughter of

Sir Louis Davies. She is pretty, vivacious and a clever amateur actress.

The name of Miss Katherine Hughes has appeared on numerous bright articles and on a clever book, a biography of the late Archbishop O'Brien, her uncle. Miss Hughes came west to do newspaper work about three years ago, and a year ago accepted the position of Provincial Archivist, a post for which she is well fitted. Miss Hughes' genial nature and sunny optimism have made her many friends in Edmonton. Doubtless in the future



MRS. J. C. C. BREMNER



MRS. W. LINES

her name will be widely known in the world of letters.

Three handsome sisters, though differing in type, are Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Lane, daughters of Sheriff Robertson.

Mrs. Harcourt, wife of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, is a pretty and attractive young matron, whose hospitality, vivacity and brightness have made her very popular. Mrs. Stock-and is another pretty young woman of individuality and charm.

Mrs. Harwood, daughter of a Boer gentleman, is a brilliant pianist. She is a friend of Mrs. Botha, wife of the famous Boer general.

Mrs. Von Haast and Mrs. Lister are picturesque young women, the first a New Zealander, the second from England. Mrs. von Haast's husband is a son of Sir Julius von Haast, German Consul-General for New Zealand, and Mrs. Lister's husband is a nephew of the famous scientist, Lord Lister.

There is an attractive French coterie in Edmonton. Madame Côté is a delightful amateur pianist. Madame Delavault is a pretty young matron from Paris, France. Madame Lessard, also French, was born in the West. She has a circle of intimate friends, is fond of home life and devotes herself to her two little ones.

Within the last few months several brides have come to make their home in Edmonton and add to its reputation as the city of young matrons. Mrs. J. K. Cornwall, whose husband is one of the strong men of the north, and quite a celebrity throughout the West, is a western girl, having been born at the coast. Of exceedingly attractive appearance, Mrs. Cornwall impresses one with having a decided personality of her own. She is girlish, fun-loving,

DR. ELLA SYNGE
On "Goldie"



MRS. JOE MORRIS



MRS. B. J. SAUNDERS



MADAME J. L. COTE

fond of simple, unconventional pleasures, and altogether an acquisition to Edmonton.

Mrs. Wilfred Harrison and Mrs. Hugh Campbell are also attractive recruits to the ranks of young matrons.

The recent marriage of Miss Constance Rhodes to Mr. William Lines transformed one of the girlish belles of Edmonton to a beautiful young

matron. Mrs. Lines is very young—it is only two seasons since she left school. Her beauty is derived from regular features of the English type, soft chestnut hair, a lovely complexion and splendid physique. It is not hard to account for her good looks on seeing her mother, Mrs. Rhodes, who is a woman of stately presence.

A popular woman in Edmonton is Mrs. Joseph Morris, whose verve, dash and vivacity may always be counted upon to make things go.

Mrs. Morris' home is a centre of social gaiety and brightness.

Mrs. Saunders, wife of Major Saunders of the Alberta Mounted Rifles, who is of United Empire Loyalist descent, has held some important executive positions, such as president of the Hospital Aid, and president of the Local Council of Women. Mrs. Saunders is now president of the Daughters of the Empire.

Mrs. Emery claims Scotland as her childhood's home, and in her warm, genuine hospitality and home-loving nature her friends recognize the typical qualities of that land. Mrs. Herbert Dawson, her cousin, is a fine open-hearted woman of individuality and humor.

Miss Ethel Webster, who is prominent in Edmonton musical circles, returned recently from abroad after a two years' course of study. Miss Webster possesses



MRS. R. PERCY BARNES

a fine voice, has a most attractive stage appearance and is a social favorite.

Mrs. Turnbull, whose husband is manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has from the time of her arrival in Edmonton taken her place as one of the capital's premier hostesses. Mrs. Williamson Taylor is another hospitable woman who is past mistress of the art of entertaining.

Mrs. Barnes, a whole-hearted Englishwoman, is devoted to out-door life. She is president of the Women's Curling

Club, a flourishing and enjoyable institution. Mrs. Barnes also organized the Church Embroidery Guild, and under her capable direction some beautiful work has been done and presented to All Saints' Church.

Among other young matrons who possess charming homes and are popular are Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Slocock, Mrs. T. W. Lines, Mrs. Secord, and Mrs. Bowers, who sings charmingly and who is very generous in giving her services to every cause of charity.

FOR ANOTHER YEAR

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

NOTE:—James Moore, the oldest miner in British Columbia, at the age of 77, will hit the trail again in search of gold.—Daily paper.

YOUNGSTER, my hair has long been gray,
 Youngster, my sight is dim,
 My hand is gnarled with the grip of time
 But I seek the rainbow's rim.
 I've heard the call of the open trail
 Soft and far, but clear—
 And, to-morrow I go, as I have to go,
 To serve for another year.

Youngster, the longing never dies,
 Youngster, the heart lives on,
 E'en when the step is weak and slow
 And the bloom of youth is gone
 My cheek is pale, my step is slow,
 But the long, low call I hear,
 And to-morrow I go, as I have to go,
 To serve for another year.

Youngster, the smell of the pine is good,
 The wild hill torrent's roar
 Is the sweetest sound a man can hear
 Who has heard it oft before.
 I've lingered long in the city's din
 But the call has reached my ear,
 And to-day I go, as I have to go,
 To serve for another year.

MONCKTON OF QUEBEC

BY G. F. MONCKTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

GENERAL THE HON. ROBERT MONCKTON, who was second in command at the battle of Quebec and was the officer commanding the army when the city actually surrendered, had been for several years connected with military operations in North America. He was born in 1727, and in 1754 held the rank of Colonel and was Governor of Annapolis Royal. By direction of Lawrence, governor of Nova Scotia, he attacked the fort of Beauséjour and captured it in 1755. From this strong position, protected in the rear by vast forests and concealed to some extent by forest in front, the French had harried the English settlers who were trying to develop Nova Scotia. On June 28, 1755, Lawrence wrote:

"The French fort of Beauséjour surrendered to Lieut.-Col. Monckton on the 16th inst., and the next day a small fort upon the river Gaspereau running into the Bay Verte, where the French had their principal magazine for supplying the French inhabitants and Indians, surrendered. In these forts were found a quantity of provisions, and stores of all kinds, of which Lieut.-Col. Monckton has not yet had time to transmit me a particular account. I therefore enclose you the terms of capitulation. Notwithstanding the fort at Beauséjour had 26 pieces of cannon mounted, they surrendered after four days' bombardment, before we even mounted a single cannon upon our batteries. Our loss on this occasion is very inconsiderable, not above twenty killed and as many wounded. At Col. Monckton's first arrival the French had a large number of inhabitants and Indians, 450 of which were posted in a block-house which they had on their side of the river Messaquash to defend the pass of that river. Here they had thrown up a strong breastwork of timber for covering their aim and had cannon mounted in the block-house. At this place they made a stand for about an hour, but were forced with our troops at some loss, leaving their block-house and the pass of the river clear for our people, who marched without further interruption to the ground intended for their encampment.

As we had not men enough to invest the fort entirely, several got clear away and when the fort surrendered there remained 150 regulars and 300 inhabitants, several of which with their officers were wounded. We do not yet exactly know the number that were killed in the fort, but we believe that their loss has not been trifling, as several lay half buried on the parade. Colonel Monckton is proceeding to the forts of St. John's River which I flatter myself will give him very little trouble as their main strength, which was Beauséjour, is gone. He likewise has my orders to leave a garrison in that fort as it is infinitely better than ours, as well for situation as for strength. The deserted French inhabitants are delivering up their arms. I have given him orders to drive them out of the country at all events. . . . I cannot close my letter to you, sir, without taking notice how much I am obliged to Lieut.-Col. Monckton's military skill and good conduct for our success at Beauséjour."

The fort on the Bay Verte was called Fort Monckton, now the city of Monckton, and Beauséjour he renamed Fort Cumberland. Previous to this victory the British had suffered a series of disasters in North America culminating in the defeat of Braddock, almost the sole exception up to this date being the success of Sir W. Johnson. Monckton was now charged by Lawrence with the expatriation of the Acadians, a job for which he appears to have had no liking, as he left it to his subordinate, Winslow, and the New England contingent of his forces. It is but fair to mention in justice to Lawrence and to correct a popular error, that except as far as the Acadians suffered in being torn from the country they had adopted, it is doubtful whether any hardships were endured by them. They were settled in what are now the Southern States, where their descendants are found to this day.

Longfellow's *Evangeline* was only founded upon a plot for a romance invented by Hawthorne which had no foundation in fact, and they were seri-

ously implicated in the massacres of the English settlers and their innocent wives and children.

General Monckton was gazetted in London on December 15, 1755, as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in place of Charles Lawrence, who had gone to England. While filling this position he wrote on October 13, 1757, to the Lords of Trade (now the Colonial Office):

"I have no doubt but that there may be great quantities of iron ore in the Colony, but there has not hitherto been any attempt to make iron here, nor have we at present any prospect of such a manufacture being undertaken."

This the writer believes to be the first serious mention of mineral in Nova Scotia, although the French had indefinite ideas of huge gold deposits there previous to that. It would seem as if at this time some attention were being paid to mineral exploration, as Governor Lawrence wrote on his return in May, 1758, that it was not possible to open a colliery for want of troops to protect the workmen. It was perhaps on this visit of Lawrence to England that the Duke of Newcastle, then premier, learned that Cape Breton was an island, a discovery which is said to have afforded him amusement for a whole day, while the Governor General suppressed a revolt of German settlers who had set up a republic at Lunenburg.

In 1757 a change came over the face of the world with the appearance on the stage of William Pitt the elder. Hitherto the conspicuous leadership had been all on the side of the French, and the dogged British marched out only to die under incapable leaders such as Cumberland and Braddock. There was no place in the higher ranks of the British army for men who had no influence in political circles. Pitt changed all that. He placed at the head of the British legion in Europe a German, Ferdinand of Brunswick, and in America, Jeffery Amherst, whose qualifications to command were their ability, and he fitted out a fleet and army to besiege Louisbourg which had always been a thorn in the side of the North American colonies. He also lifted out of obscurity Admiral

Rodney and General Wolfe. For this service Monckton applied but was at first detailed by Amherst to organize the collection of supplies from Nova Scotia which was vital to the success of the expedition, Amherst saying in a letter which is extant, that he was the only man capable of doing so. He was, however, engaged in the final assaults on the fortress. It is at Louisburg that Wolfe first comes to the front where he was the life and soul of the besiegers. After the fortress fell Wolfe returned to England. Captain Knox records in his *Journal of the War* that in 1758 after the taking of Louisburg:

"Brigadier Monckton re-established a fortress on the north side of Fundi Bay at the entrance of the river St. John; dignified it with the name of Frederic, and re-inforced the garrisons throughout the province where he himself commanded the following winter."

He then proceeded about twenty-five leagues (seventy-five miles) up the river to destroy storehouses and an Indian settlement. The Frederic after whom the fort was named was presumably Frederic the Great of Prussia, who was then the ally of England and who, by the help of English gold, was beginning to make headway against a combination of almost all the continental powers. There was another Frederic, Prince of Wales, who is chiefly remembered by the doggerel written over him by some wit of the day:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The name of such a man would scarcely have dignified any place. Moreover, he had been estranged from his father for many years.

On Wolfe's return to England, Pitt set about preparing for an attack on Quebec, then one of the strongest fortresses in the world, while the French under the strain of the war in Europe

and the continual drain of public moneys for the support of Madame de Pompadour, stinted Quebec of the necessary reinforcements. Wolfe chose for his brigadiers Monckton and Murray. He also selected Carleton, who was to make history later at Quebec, as his aide de camp. He did not choose Townshend, who was only appointed at the last moment and was selected by Pitt. This officer was a man of considerable ability, but was by inclination more politician than soldier. He belonged to the party of the Prince of

plained by the fact that he needed the support of the Townshend family, which was one of the most important of the aristocracy, then endeavoring to make politics a private game for gentlemen. To Townshend's brother who, during Pitt's illness many years after, altered the whole course of his policy, is to be ascribed the eventual loss of the North American colonies which he had fostered so much. In a period of corruption Pitt remained free from it and no doubt the few aristocratic families that did support him had



From a painting, by B. West

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

General Wolfe; Brigadier-General Monckton, Second in Command; Major Barré, Adjutant General; Colonel Williamson, Commanding the Artillery; Mr. Adair, Director and 1st Surgeon of the Hospital; Captain Hervey Smith, A. D. C. to General Wolfe; Captain Debbieg, Engineer; Sir William Howe.

Wales and had cleverly caricatured the Duke of Cumberland (of Culloden notoriety) which had brought him into difficulties. Horæ Walpole says that he "did his utmost to traverse Wolfe's plans," and letters from one of Wolfe's colonels describe him as "a malcontent." He is believed to have looked down upon Wolfe, on account of his want of aristocratic birth. Pitt's exertions on his behalf are no doubt ex-

plained by the fact that he needed the support of the Townshend family, which was one of the most important of the aristocracy, then endeavoring to make politics a private game for gentlemen. To Townshend's brother who, during Pitt's illness many years after, altered the whole course of his policy, is to be ascribed the eventual loss of the North American colonies which he had fostered so much. In a period of corruption Pitt remained free from it and no doubt the few aristocratic families that did support him had

the greater hold over him on that account. Wolfe wrote when leaving: "I have three brigadiers, all men of great spirit." Murray was the officer upon whom he seems to have relied most for any service requiring dash. He is often blamed for rashness in marching out of Quebec to meet Levis, but we must remember that he had a hostile population within the city and scarcely

enough men to man the walls. Had he allowed Levis to approach nearer, the latter would no doubt have soon found an entrance at some point, and his difficulties would have enormously increased. The story of the siege is too well known to repeat in detail here. Wolfe camped just east of the Montmorency, Monckton at Pt. Levis with redoubts extending up the river opposite Quebec for two miles. After the failure of several attempts, Wolfe wrote from his sick bed to the three generals to assemble and discuss a plan of attack. This they did and on August 29 reported in favour of bringing all the troops to the south shore and attacking the city from above, a plan of his own, which he had discarded. He adopted it and moved to Cape Rouge, eight miles above the city, on Sept. 6. In Wolfe's codicil to his will made just before the battle, he left his camp equipage to Monckton, his papers and books to Carleton, his plate to Admiral Saunders; and to John Jarvis, commander of the Porcupine, the picture of Miss Lowther, which he always wore, to be restored to her if his presentiment of death on the morrow were fulfilled.

Montcalm at the same time was dreaming of his reunion with his family in sunny France. In the battle Wolfe led the right, Monckton the centre, Murray the left, all being in the first line. Townshend commanded the second line. This was the first appearance on the battlefield of the famous "thin red line," for Wolfe found that he could not manoeuvre his men on this occasion in the customary way, and therefore invented or adopted it. After Wolfe died, the messenger sent to Monckton to take command found him also wounded, and there was some delay before Townshend could be found, which the French utilized. Monckton however retained command of the army, although he was unable personally to move about. His account is as follows:

River St. Lawrence, 15 Sept, 1759.

DEAR BROTHER:

On the 13th we had an action with the French just above Quebec. General Wolfe received a wound in the beginning of the

action, of which he died soon after; and myself one on the right breast through part of my lungs, and was cut out by my shoulder blade which obliged me to quit the field just as the French were giving way; a great mortification to me as the command of the army devolves to me. Townshend commands before Quebec as I am not able to be there and I am in hopes we shall shortly have the town. There is no danger in my wound and I never was in better health. I write a short letter to Mr. Pitt.

Yours, etc.,
ROBT. MONCKTON.

Quebec surrendered on the 18th. Townshend took the earliest available opportunity to go home. Captain Knox records on October 26, 1759: "General Monckton went down the river and embarked to proceed to New York for the re-establishment of his health; he was saluted by the garrison." He was with Amherst the following spring and despatched forces from Fort Pitt (now Pittsburg) to occupy Niagara and Presque Isle in July, 1760. Later he joined Amherst at Oswego and was at Montreal with him in November, when Canada was entirely in the hands of the British. In April, 1761, he was appointed Governor of the Province of New York. At the end of that year he was directed to take command of its expedition to Martinique, comprising about 12,000 troops.

Rodney, who now comes first into notice, commanded the fleet. After some actions at Morne, Garnier and other points, Fort Royal surrendered, and the Governor capitulated at St. Pierre. The British losses amounted to 400 killed and wounded, the French to much more. On leaving for Martinique, Colonel Bouquet wrote him: "I am persuaded that as the first success of this war, and for a long time the only one, was due to you, the honor of giving the finishing stroke should be reserved to the same hand."

The Colonel was commanding forces in New York throughout this war. From Martinique the despatches were sent home by Captains Rycalt and Gates. A letter from the latter affords some clue to the self-seeking character of the man, an Englishman born, who being disappointed of the preferment which he sought, gave his services to the American Revolutionists and in-



From a painting by B. West

THE HONORABLE ROBERT MONCKTON

trigued to the utmost of his power against the great Washington, whose position he coveted.

"I hope you will see New York immediately, as your going there depends upon yourself. I never was more astonished than when I heard of Lord Albemarle, but I conclude you will remain to garrison your

own conquest, where this will find you. As to my own affairs they have given me £500 and offer me the rank of major, but both your friends and mine advise me to stick out for the rank of Lieut.-Col. . . . For God's sake, sir, let me interest you; think of this, and do not return to New York as you set out from thence. I find the brilliancy of your conquest has lowered Barrington so

much, that both him and his adherents wish us damned for our good fortune. This was seen soon after my arrival. They said that notwithstanding what you had told the Administration, the place would yet hold out a long time, and alarmed desponding Englishmen with their hopes and pretended fears, but the arrival of Howard Paul took them all aback and they are now retired to mutter in secret against actions that they had neither the wit nor the spirit to perform. I am sir,

Your most faithful
and most obedient
humble servant,

HORATIO GATES.

This is the Gates who captured Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga. In 1760 George III. came to the throne. A stupid man himself, he hated ability. He hated, among others, the two Pitts, Sir Josuha Reynolds, Nelson, Fox and Burke. He was completely under the thumb of Lord Bute and his mother, against whom Pitt thundered in the House of Lords as "the secret influence more mighty than the throne itself which betrays and clogs every administration." Her "George, be a king," was always ringing in his ears. As soon as he was firmly seated on the throne he set himself to thwart Pitt, and he drove him from office in 1761. Since Pitt was responsible for the Martinique expedition, and the officers employed, he sent out two nonentities, the Earl of Albemarle and Sir George Pococke, to take command as general and admiral respectively over the heads of Monckton and Rodney, and they obtained much of the credit for work which their predecessors had done. Before long Monckton was recalled to be shelved with Amherst and the others who had brought so much honor to England, and Rodney remained without employment for fifteen years. Later on he was in such straits that he had to take refuge in France from his creditors, whence he emerged to win the only brilliant victories won by the British during the Revolutionary War, and it might almost be said to save England by regaining command of the sea. General Monckton was not employed abroad afterwards. He was governor of Portsmouth, England, in 1778, and died in 1782.

He is said to have been a man of

great kindness of heart. The first thing recorded of him at Quebec is his soliciting from General Wolfe the pardon of a picket that had run away. At Martinique, Amherst having withdrawn from the officers the usual allowance of forage money, he gave £500 out of his own pocket to make up the deficiency to the subalterns who were then, as now, very poorly paid, and he seems to have been in advance of his age in his views of corporal punishment, as he writes to Bouquet, Feb. 12, 1761: "I am extremely glad that corporal punishment is laid aside as I scarcely ever knew a regiment the better for it, when carried to excess."

His younger brother, Colonel Henry Monckton, was killed at the battle of Monmouth, at the old church, in the Revolutionary War, just as he had captured it by a charge of his regiment of Guards. The arrival of Mad Anthony Wayne a few moments later converted the battle into an American victory.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the General was the founder of St. John, New Brunswick, and Monckton. Apparently, Fredericton took its name from Fort Frederic at the mouth of St. John River, when the latter place assumed the name of St. John.

In West's famous picture of the death of Wolfe, Monckton is represented standing up, wearing a bandage. There is some reason to suppose that he induced West to go over to England, having known him in New York, where he was born.

General Monckton was offered the command when the War of the American Revolution broke out, but refused it as he would not fight against the colonists, his sympathies being with them. His refusal will be considered by some to have done him more honor than all his previous services, since by it he sacrificed all hope of a future career, and in view of his previous successes in America he might have had reasonable hope of winning greater glory. As member for Portsmouth in the House of Commons he would naturally associate himself with Pitt, Burke, and Barré, in their endeavor to prevent the coercion of the colonists, and to save the empire from the dis-

ruption which was eventually brought about by the wholesale erection of peers who were willing to further the king's policy at any cost, and the corruption which resulted in the formation of the party known as the "king's friends." His old commander Amherst, who had received but little reward for adding half of North America to the British Empire, received a peerage for strenuously advocating the coercion of the Americans, and most prominent in the same cause in the House of Lords was his former comrade, George Townshend, who had succeeded to the peerage. To his evil influence it is no doubt due that his more famous brother Charles initiated the oppressive measures which eventually led to the War of Independence.

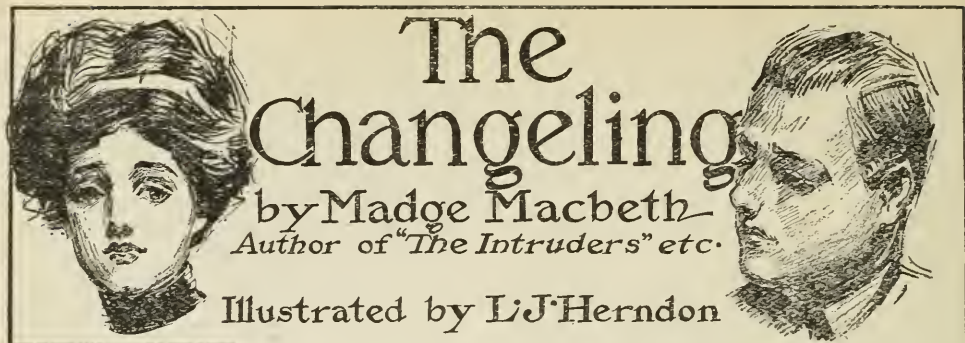
The picture of the death of Wolfe is noted for having been the first in which the participants were represented in their actual costume, instead of classic draperies. The painter, Benjamin West, was a New Englander who settled in England in 1763. He was the first president of the Royal Academy, and painted two copies of this, one for the king, and the other for General Monckton. The portraits are especially valuable as they were taken from life, and the surroundings are no doubt accurate, as the picture was painted only a few years after the battle, when all the incidents were fresh in the minds of the actors. In the immediate background may be seen the sailors hauling up a gun, which must have been a task of no small difficulty. Standing behind the Indian (who is probably altogether an allegorical figure) is a soldier in the uniform of the New England Rangers. These colonial troops formed a considerable part of Wolfe's force, in which they performed scouting duties. Of the officers present, Barré was born in Dublin in 1726, the son of a French Huguenot, and died in 1802. He joined the army in 1745 and at Louisburg attracted the notice of Wolfe, who made him adjutant-general of the Quebec expedition. He was standing by him when he was wounded and was himself wounded in the face. He subsequently served with distinction under Amherst, and returned home in

1760 when he entered Parliament, and took rank at once as one of the greatest orators of the time, even with Pitt, Townshend, Burke, and Fox in the House. His speech against the Stamp Act is perhaps the finest oration in the English language. He was supposed to have been the author of the "Letters of Junius," but denied it.

Sir William Howe led the light infantry who captured the Heights of Abraham in the first instance. During the battle his men and the Rangers were kept in reserve to hold off attackers in flank. He was the youngest of three famous brothers, the eldest being that Lord Howe who was killed at Ticonderoga in 1758, "with whom the soul of the army expired." At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he was sent out with his more famous brother, the admiral, to try to effect a reconciliation, but they were unfairly hampered by limitations placed on them by the home government. He then succeeded Gage as commander in chief, and displayed considerable ability in battle, but lost all his advantages by indolence, of which the most notable instance is his luxurious winter in Philadelphia, 1777-8, which brought about his recall. He claimed that his forces were too weak, but in view of his brother's (Admiral Lord Howe) notorious sympathy with the Americans, one cannot help the suspicion that his supineness was largely due to his disliking to take strong measures against the colonists. Colonel Williamson, with Lieutenant Henderson and two private soldiers, carried Wolfe out of the battle when he fell.

It is probable that Henderson is also represented in the picture, most likely as holding the standard. Surgeon Adair, there is reason to believe, is "Robin Adair," the hero of the famous song, since it was during his absence at the time with the troops in America that Lady Caroline Keppel wrote the famous song to an old Irish tune.

The portrait of General Monckton also by West, represents him when appointed Governor of Berwick in 1766, on the return of Pitt to power, but it is probably less like him than his representation in the death of Wolfe.



Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. The Patterson family are introduced into the story. Mrs. Patterson is bringing up her only child, Robert, on scientific principles. He makes a boy chum and learns to swear. Acknowledging it to his mother, she prefers to believe that he lies, rather than that he swears.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"I do not lie, mother. I said it," Robert was a little mystified and decidedly entertained—this was an entirely strange and amusing phase of his mother's character. Seeing her thus, he had that peculiar sensation—only experienced with George—that of wanting to laugh.

Throughout that day, and for several days, Robert was in disgrace. He was urged, cajoled, threatened, all to the end that he should confess to having lied. Nothing could persuade Mrs. Patterson that her son swore.

She held the day as sacred to the memory of Robert's one and only deviation from the narrow path of duty—it marked an epoch, which she forced him to remember, too.

"Two weeks ago, you told me a lie, Robert. Have you forgotten?"

"No, mother, I did not lie."

Mrs. Patterson shook her head sadly, and sighed deeply. "Some day your own conscience will urge you to confess it," she answered. "I can wait."

And again:

"A month ago, Mr. Canfrey, Robert lied; perhaps he has forgotten."

"I have not forgotten, mother, that you said I lied," the boy responded with resignation. "However, I told you the truth."

"I will wait," sighed the mother.

The closing of his friendship with Harris cut the boy off from the world, as it were. Mrs. Patterson did not make the same mistake twice, and her son never had another friend. Through the years which followed, he was periodically reminded of the horrible result accruing from promiscuous intimacy, and his mother acknowledged in his presence that she could not trust herself to choose him a suitable companion.

Robert's twenty-first birthday failed to mark much of an epoch in his life. He knew that he inherited quite a large fortune from his father, and somewhere deep in his consciousness there stirred a contentment which he hardly realized as yet. But so strong is the power of habit, it never occurred to him to dispense with Mr. Canfrey's services,

nor cast aside his mother's still rigorous plan of living; in short, never having tasted any freedom, he did not long to throw off the chains of bondage, nor at present to do other than echo his mother's schemes for him.

Mr. Canfrey, looking back through a shriveled vista of years, dimly recollected a party which had marked *his* majority; a party, including the vicar's three daughters, his two particular chums in the neighborhood, a host of aunts and uncles, his mother, work-worn and sad-eyed. He remembered an afternoon of charades and conundrums—tea on the lawn. The recollection of Sara May, the vicar's youngest daughter, sitting beside him, brought the slightest pleasurable thrill to him, and at that moment he almost pitied the starved boy in his charge.

"I will suggest a party to his mother," thought Mr. Canfrey, boldly.

But his estimable patroness looked upon the suggestion with disfavor.

"A party," she repeated, "a party? What for?"

"It is Robert's twenty-first birthday," Mr. Canfrey reminded her.

"I should know that better than you," answered the regal lady, haughtily, "but if I should consider it—which, mind you, I don't—who would there be to ask?"

This was a question beyond Mr. Canfrey's ken, so with a bow he slowly left the room.

When Robert was twenty-five, however, the gods relented—they had enjoyed their little joke sufficiently—Mr. Canfrey died.

"It is a strange coincidence, Robert," said his mother, with a becoming lowering of her voice—"a very strange coincidence, that fifteen years ago to-day you told me that lie. You remember, my son?"

A grim smile crossed the young man's face. "I have never had the opportunity of forgetting, mother—however, I have never sworn since."

Mrs. Patterson's lips moved—they silently framed the words, "I will wait!"

* * * * *

"Going away," she asked. "Where, and why?"

Mrs. Patterson never allowed herself to be agitated, but this was so unusual!

"I am going south, mother; just why, I hardly know. I suppose because I have nothing to do! Now Mr. Canfrey is not here, I find time hanging too heavily on my hands. When I go to the Golf Club, I either don't know the men, or they don't want to play with me—I never had any friends—and I want to do something—for once." Robert was surprised at himself; he had the feeling that he was a passive spectator in this scene, watching his mother, listening to his own voice.

"I shall start to-morrow," he heard himself say.

"We start," his mother corrected. "Although it is most inconvenient for me to leave just now, I shall never let it be said that I shirked a duty, or neglected my child. I wish you would ring the bell—Henderson must pack at once."

CHAPTER IX.

PERHAPS if Lorna had foreseen the struggle ahead of her, when Chester went away, she would have devised some way to make life less appalling.

The little baby's death was but the beginning of a series of troubles, causing even her sure foot to falter.

Of course she was never able to tell Chester of their loss, and the few disconnected letters she had from him only added to her trials—they were so laden with discouragement.

What Clinton Northrop was to her at this time she could never put into words. With that rare gift of perfect understanding, he kept in touch with Lorna, making his sympathy a source of strength, from which she might draw unreservedly. He divined, with almost maternal intuition, the cruel struggle she had to make both ends meet and rarely came to the house without some delicacy, which he insisted was for the children.

But in spite of this, toward the middle of the winter Lorna found it almost impossible to get along. The dividend which was paid again on the first of the year was quickly swallowed up, and the little balance Lorna had guarded so jealously, only met the

expenses of the baby's funeral. She advertised for roomers, but with no success—people were afraid of the tainted house. She tried to get some needle work to do at home. Impossible—germs may be carried in that way!

There seemed absolutely but one other means of reducing expenses—that of dispensing with Nanny.

"Me go, Mavourneen," cried the old woman, indignantly, "and leave ye and the childer! And is it crazy ye are—or merely cruel, to your poor old servant!" She put her apron to her face. "And who would help ye wid the furnace, Oi want to know, since ye let Morgan go at Christmas? The b'y, I suppose! And who would take your place at night a-watchin' the lamb-child? The b'y agin, no doubt! And you looking as white and soft as the angels, theirselves! Not much; I'll not stir—no ma'am! Nanny O'Brien has spoken—askin' yer pardon for me boldness!"

Lorna was deeply touched, but quite firm. She knew Nanny was devoted to them all, but she was a luxury which must be done without.

"Listen, Nanny! Mr. Sayre seems to get no better—that is, he certainly will not be home and well again, when we thought he would, and he really needs more attention and comfort than when he first went away. At a place like Saranac, that sort of thing costs a great deal of money—in plain words, Nanny, I can't afford to pay you the wages to which you are accustomed"—a deep pink crept into Lorna's transparent skin—"in fact, I can't afford to pay you any, and you must look for another place."

"I have no place to go, this is me home," persisted Nanny obstinately. "'Tis the loikes of me who should be payin' me board, so it is, instid of takin' money for livin' here comfortable, like a lady. Sure an it's only Sunday I sez to Father Murphy, I says, 'Father, there's that on me conscience a-keepin' me awake o' nights.' 'What is it Nanny, me girl?' he sez. 'Tis dishonesty, and nothin' else,' sez I. 'You don't mean it,' sez he, 'and how?' 'Tis taking money I don't

earn,' sez I, like that, I sez; and here ye are, me blessed lamb, a-clearin' me conscience like an angel and makin' me happy agin." Nanny smiled, and her look was heavy with borrowed chips from the blarney stone. Even Lorna laughed a little, through tears, which were very near the surface, but insisted that her mind was made up and the old woman must go. So Nanny once more took refuge in tears. Phoebe ran into the room and flung herself into the arms of the sobbing woman.

"Has mudder been scolding you?" she asked.

"She wants to send me away," wailed Nanny, folding the child to her, "and kill herself with work and worry, she does. An' me loves a-cryin' for their old nurse. Eh, darlin'?"

"Oh, oh," shouted Phoebe, her shrill young voice blending with Nanny's gasping sobs. They both wept most of the day, one playing upon the other's feelings, until Lorna was nearly crazy, and worse than that, at night Phoebe had worked herself into a burning fever.

"Now, will yez let me stay?" inquired the nurse, belligerently, coming to the door where Lorna and Northrop were standing. "She's out of her darlin' head, she is, and callin' her Nanny, sor—" turning to Northrop. Lorna started to go upstairs.

"Go back," commanded Nanny, "go back and sit down"—"I just came to tell yez, *I am goin' to stay!*"

As Lorna sank into a chair, Northrop looked at her inquiringly.

"What does she mean?" he asked.

"I really don't need her"—sometimes the truth is so hard to tell—in fact there are many times when she is a hindrance—"and here Chester's wife stopped again; she was about to say Nanny was a hindrance as far as the furnace was concerned, but caught herself, just in time. She did not want Northrop to know that Morgan had left.

He did not understand, however, and turned her words another way.

"Of course there must be times when you scarcely feel like sending her out, during this bitter weather, and her rheumatism must be a trial, but *do*

learn to think a little more of yourself, Lorna! To-night you are worn out!" He bent toward her anxiously, "Is there nothing I can do?"

Mrs. Sayre smiled. It always gave her such a feeling of comfort—this knowledge, that some one was waiting to help her.

"You do far too much as it is, Clinton! I am often oppressed by my guilty conscience when I think how we monopolize all your time, in the office and outside; taking care of Chester's work as far as you can, bothering with his mail, and coming here day after day, laden with things material and otherwise for us." She laid her hand on his, an instant, "I have never tried to thank you."

"Lorna," cried Clinton, "don't say such things to me—me! There is but one thought in all my days—one thought, sleeping or waking, is before me—the thought of you, struggling here, alone. No, no, let me say it, I have striven to be what you would wish me, I have borrowed strength from you, but now you *must* let me help, I can't bear this any longer!"

"Hush, Clinton. You are not thinking what you say. All I ask is, that you don't make it harder for me," she said slowly and distinctly, raising her great hazel eyes to his.

Northrop caught himself firmly. That she should be the one to teach him his duty!

"Do you never get tired of being the 'sturdy oak,' Lorna?" he asked wonderingly.

A sigh escaped Chester Sayre's wife. She repeated a few lines of that quaint little poem, "The Sturdy Oak and Clinging Vine." "If I dissected your remark," she answered, "I suppose I could prove that you have said the very opposite of what you meant. Do you not remember, that because of the vine's clinging so closely to it, and infusing itself into the oak, *it* became the life of the oak, and without which the sturdy—there is an interrogation point

here, you must note—tree would have died. So after all you would do better, from a chivalrous standpoint to liken me to the clinging vine."

She was not a little pleased at having been put to a test with Northrop. She found she could command both herself and him.

Acting on Fay's advice she had put herself on trial, as it were and found that she dreaded the possibility of his inability to continue in the same relation as at present. And although she had absolute faith and confidence in him and his sense of honour, she herself felt that something strong and in-

initely fine would be lost to them if they did not preserve the same bearing to each other always.

The following week brought a characteristic letter from Fay:

"I long for you here, every hour," she wrote. "Although not awfully good at description, I want to tell you a little about this place.

"Picture to yourself a long and jagged coast line, dotted every mile or so with a little cluster of houses, forming a chain of



"NANNY O'BRIEN HAS SPOKEN"

modest resorts. Look past the hotels inland, and you can see a low-lying marsh, deceiving the eye—it is so completely covered with stubby growth. Picture rows of sand hills between the hotels and this marsh and you have a slight idea of my surroundings. These different hotels are "Havens"—Bayhaven, Northaven, Southaven, etc. Each one has its own pier and boat houses, for the water trip is about the only convenient means of travel between them. There is a train—they call it a dummy, which comes to a tumble down shed once a day, but the walk from there to the hotels is dirty and uncomfortable. Oh, yes, there seems to be a "family horse," the joint property of the five havens, and by refusing to consider the probability of broken limbs one can come in on the dummy and be driven in a unique conveyance to any of these places. But it is hardly necessary to tell you that a boat suits me better.

"Needless to say I am absolutely happy here on the water. We live in boats, and bathe when it is not too hot. Can you imagine that? (I suppose you are having zero weather.) We fish, have oyster roasts, and eat an appalling amount of crabs. This hotel is small, accommodating only about one hundred people; I don't care for that, particularly—it makes it like a village, not large enough to be a city and too large to be the country.

"Everyone knows just what everyone else does; what time they go out, come in, rise and retire; and the verandah is a hot-bed of gossip, and breeder of disease, for everyone has something, or thinks he has, and not to talk about it is a crime against the science of medicine.

"I eschew the Embroidery Circle, and, as usual, am the butt of all the questionable remarks amongst the industrious ladies. They can't understand how anyone could prefer to sit alone; yes, really, Lorna, sometimes alone; on the end of the pier, and be blown to bits, instead of wasting one's grey matter with them. The ocean, always alluring, is so blue and wild and changeable. It often frightens me to think how I love it! I feel so indissolubly a part of it. Surely I must have had a mermaid ancestor years ago.

"Gordon is here, but leaves soon for Mexico, on business. Millie and her husband, Walter Evans (you remember hearing me speak of him) are at the next hotel—Bayhaven, she looks very happy, the stereotyped bride. But Lorna, *mon enfant*, rack your brains and guess—guess, who came last night—trunks and boxes, maid and son—Mrs. Patterson!

"I only saw the gorgon for a moment this morning, when she gave me a frigid bow. She is chaperoning her son with characteristic rigor, and he tallies absolutely, with Mr. Northrop's description. Of course I intend to cultivate him.

"This seems to be Fate, doesn't it?

"Gordon behaves himself very well on the whole, although I am quite glad he is going away. His jealousy amounts to a kind of frenzy. If I speak to any man for more than two minutes he is unmanageable for hours. The more I think of a temperament like his, Lorna, the more fully convinced I am, that it is closely akin to insanity. I really feel a sort of contemptuous pity for him sometimes, and if I were other than I am, fear would enter prominently into my other emotions; he is so perfectly beyond any sort of control.

"He says while away, he wants to analyze the exact degree of misery he experiences when absent from me, and compare it with the tumultuous joy he feels at being with me; the balance will go to prove whether or not he can conquer this passing fancy. Can't you hear him saying this?

"I don't *love* him any more than I did, and never will, but he still holds me by a peculiar fascination similar to that which a child feels playing with fire. I can't help it; I feel as though I were trying to see just how long the smouldering flames could be kept from blazing; there speaks the wretched Pagan. When I am sane, I put it another way. I want to be sure that the fire is burned out, and look with care to the future lest I should burn my fingers. Oh, but I want to slaughter the brute in him, Lorna! They say there is a spice in that; women do not love the men they are sure of; they trample them under foot and look about for other prey. It is not true, is it? Not because jealousy plays a part; rather the humiliation of being second when you should be first. I should never hate the object of his affections; I should hate *him*.

"I will write again, after having taken a good look at Robert Patterson."

Later.

"My dear, he is a god; a god in the chrysalis, and he has intelligence, too, in spite of his mother's conscientious efforts to the contrary.

"As he sat on the verandah this afternoon pretending to read some horrible mathematical thing, the pages covered with a, b, c's; x, y, z's, I saw him glance furtively around with almost human interest once or twice—including me in his casual survey.

"Describe him? He is taller than Mr. Northrop but so well proportioned as to be deceptive. Comparing him with his majestic mother, who, as you know is quite above the average, I should say he is at least six feet two. He is *closely* built, if you know what I mean, and athletic; I love his walk! In sail boat parlance he 'runs free,' with easy graceful swing, which precludes any doubt as to his inability to reach his intended destination. He is fair; not sandy, like Gordon, but blonde. Don't make a *moue*, for he is not wishy-washy in the least—outdoor exercise has prevented that, I'm sure; his hair is soft and fluffy (doesn't it sound dreadful?) and his chin and forehead, square; the former has a most

adorable cleft in it, deep enough to—put my finger in! (Hush, you Pagan, let Fay talk!) His eyes, ah, his eyes—now, let me see whether I can remember about them. Blue, yes, of course they are blue (brown eyes never appeal to me) deep, deep blue, like the sky at night, and so sad, Lorna! His lashes are heavy, though not very dark, and his lids slant most adorably at the corners. If he ever smiled at all, I am sure it would be a 'quizzical smile'. Remember, all this is from memory; I have not the object before me, so if I make some changes later, don't scoff, and say my point of view is altered.

"The Pagan is calling me to race on the beach; there is going to be a storm, and the sea is wild and angry. Instead of blue, the breakers are nearly black, capped with such a lot of soapy foam and the hiss they make, breaking on the shore, makes my heart beat fast with the peculiar excitement that certain phases of nature always bring.

"I hope with all my heart, that you are well, you and the children, and that you will be able to see Chester this spring. The enclosed is for my dear Edward; I can't buy anything here, and I want someone to give things to—the ocean makes me feel good, good and big!

"Yours,
"FAY."

Lorna smiled.

"The heart of a child," she said to herself. "The heart of a child and the head of a Socrates."

So the Pattersons were there, and Fay was already preparing to undertake Robert's education! The hot blood flew to Lorna's cheeks when she remembered the day of Mrs. Patterson's last visit—the week previous—and she covered her face with her hands.

"If I could tell somebody, I believe I should feel better," she whispered.

But she shrank from writing to Fay, and Northrop, this time, was quite out of the question—of course Chester could not be told. No, it looked as though

this was something which must be borne alone.

"If I were not guilty in a sense," the girl said for the thousandth time, "I should not mind. They say one's sins always find one out."

When Chester came back, perhaps things would be easier, perhaps Northrop would go away—or Chester might find something to do elsewhere. She must square her shoulders and take up the burden. People who were never tempted deserved no credit for being

good; people who had no difficulties in their paths, need not plume themselves upon their ability to manage well.

It is the person who fights against the fell clutch of circumstances and wins—it is that person who merits praise. Lorna's eyes wandered to a little plaque hanging above her desk. She had bought it one day before the baby was born, and had taken its lesson straight home. The lines read:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life goes along with a song,
But the man worth while, is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

"The man worth while," she said aloud. "It should not be so hard, especially as he thinks it of me."

"Phoebe wants you, ma'am," interrupted Nanny. "The lamb is cryin' for the baby, may the Virgin keep his soul in peace! Her head isn't right yet."

Instantly all thought of self was forgotten. Lorna turned to the child's bedside, with the renewed fortitude and strength, which had always been her pride; she found that there was an-



FAY RACED ALONG THE SANDS LIKE A LITTLE FURY

other fight to be made, and clenched her teeth bravely.

The doctor shook his head. "Pneumonia," he said tersely. "You should have a nurse."

But Mrs. Sayre refused.

"I can't afford one," she answered, simply, "Nanny and I will do just as you say, doctor, please don't insist."

Northrop insisted, though; he used every form of argument, the efficient care of the child, the relief to Lorna and Nanny, the added attention to Edward, his own peace of mind, and Chester's, did he know; and to all of these Lorna's answer was the same unsatisfactory one.

"I can't afford a nurse, and I can't allow you to get one. Chester would not understand—he never had any idea of money."

"But Lorna—"

"I am quite decided, Clinton, thank you," she replied firmly, "but I appreciate your offer."

She said this, just as though Mrs. Patterson could hear her; there was a certain triumphant ring to it, of which she was scarcely conscious, but which mystified Clinton, and hurt him.

"Then let me advance you the next dividend from the Loan Company," he begged earnestly. "You may not need it, but for my sake, Lorna, give me the satisfaction of feeling that you *can* have what is necessary!"

It was so hard to help her!

Mrs. Sayre hesitated and bit her lip. She wondered how much Northrop knew concerning her finances, and although she needed the money badly, she shrank painfully from having any monetary dealings with her husband's friend. Fay's cheque would help some, for while she had ostensibly sent it to Edward, Lorna understood and appreciated the delicacy which prompted her to offer it in that way.

Northrop noticed the hesitation and pressed her hard.

Finally Lorna held out her hand.

"Have your way," she said, "and thank you!"

Four weeks dragged themselves by. Nanny's eyes were hollow and her step was slow; besides being worn out with nursing, she was crippled with rheuma-

tism, and every movement was torture. It was pitiful, the way she and Lorna tried to deceive and save one another. They were hardly like mistress and maid, ever; particularly during these last bitter months of trouble. Nanny often had her own way and certainly spared Lorna many hours of weary watching, but at least the old woman's mind was not tortured day and night by the unanswerable problems which assailed Mrs. Sayre; Nanny slept heavily, during her hours of rest; Lorna's eyes stared out into the darkness, seeing phantasmic panorama, conjured by her feverish brain. She found herself worried by the routine of the work, things got harder to do; the ashes from the furnace choked her, a sudden draught of air took her breath and sent a stabbing pain between her shoulder blades; going upstairs produced a fit of dizziness so troublesome that it was necessary to sit down some minutes before it passed away.

The doctor looked at her keenly, but said nothing. He was the kind of man who would not advise a country clergyman on eight hundred a year, to take a three years' trip around the world.

Edward climbed into Northrop's lap one evening as he sat beside the little girl. Both Lorna and Nanny were resting.

"Is Phoebe going to die?" the boy whispered.

"We don't know, old man," answered the other slowly, "we must always hope she won't."

He tried to think what Lorna would have said to evade the truth, for Edward's serious gaze precluded the possibility of falsehood.

"And if God comes for her, will he bring a sleigh, like Santa Claus?"

"No, boy, he does not come that way."

"Is it a long way to heaven?"

"Very long, I should say, Edward."

"And is it cold going?"

"No, not cold."

"But Phoebe will need a blanket too, won't she?" the boy persisted. "Baby did, you know! Mr. Northrop, will mother cry?"

"Don't ask so many questions, dear," Northrop begged, laying his head against the child's. "Does mother often cry?"

"No, she never does; she says she can't. But Nanny does—she says crying keeps her heart soft."

Northrop smiled a little.

"Poor Nanny," he said.

A day later Phoebe was wrapped in her little blanket and laid away beside the baby.

A something snapped in Lorna's heart, and she leaned a moment against Northrop, trying to stifle a shuddering sob.

"When Death consents to let us live a long time," she whispered, "he seems to take, as hostages, all those we have loved."

The man was destitute of words—he felt as though his own heart were bursting, in answer to her grief—Oh, God, to have the right to comfort her! He brushed his lips across her hair—just as she raised her great, misery-laden eyes to his, and asked,

"What, Oh *what*, shall I do with her clothes?"

CHAPTER X.

THE MORNING after Fay had written Chester's wife was dull and cheerless; yesterday's storm was not over, apparently.

She walked briskly up and down the verandah, which was a gossiping mass of "eyelet"—mad women. They rocked, and punched, with irritating regularity, and the girl was just going to prepare for her dip, when Mrs. Patterson sailed majestically toward the group.

"Do you remember me, Mrs. Patterson?" asked Fay, holding out her hand.

"Miss Chester, I believe." Lorgnette—tone—manner—all were frigid, and the Circle looked up, interestedly, keen on the scent for new material.

"It is a surprise to see you," continued Fay, sitting down on the arm of a vacant chair, and swinging her feet, "Mrs. Sayre did not mention your coming, in her last letter. Have you seen her lately?"

Mrs. Patterson looked with flagrant disapproval at the figure perched before

her; the pose irritated her, small people always did such *outré* things and were excused.

"Mrs. Sayre never *was* kept posted as to my movements, though I had no intention of coming away when I saw her, last week," she replied stiffly.

Fay felt the rebuff, but smiled wickedly.

"I should think you two totally uncongenial," she said.

"Totally," agreed Mrs. Patterson, icily, thinking of that last interview with Mrs. Sayre. "She neglects her husband."

"Nothing of the kind!" retorted Fay indignantly. "She can neither afford to go to see her husband, nor can she leave the children; and Chester, instead of being benefited at Saranac, is really worse, and can't be moved, even if she would have him home."

Millie Evans had come over for Fay to go sailing; she heard part of what had been said, and understood that Fay's war signals were out.

"I should think it very unwise to have Mr. Sayre at home," she interrupted, "brutal as that sounds. In fact, Fay, I think it would be a mercy if he died now, before years of lingering illness make him a burden to himself and to his wife, don't you?"

Fay nodded, and turned toward her friend, away from Mrs. Patterson.

"It would seem best," she said thoughtfully, half to herself. "I should then hope, earnestly, that Lorna would marry Mr. Northrop—you know I told you about him."

"Marry him!" echoed Mrs. Patterson, raising her voice, "marry him! Well, *I fail to see the necessity!*"

For an instant the silence was so deep, it hurt; then everyone began speaking at once, not caring what they said, so long as it served to distract Fay's attention and cover the other woman's remark.

Millie Evans, who knew her best, looked at her curiously, wondering what she would do, half expecting her to fly at Mrs. Patterson's throat, like an enraged hyena, and bite her. She had seen Fay angry.

But very much to her astonishment, the girl rose quietly, and walked down

the steps without speaking. A few moments later she was hidden from the inquisitive eyes of the Circle, by a sand pile.

Out of their sight, however, the Pagan called for freedom, and few of the people who saw the self-controlled Miss Chester, quietly leaving the verandah, would have recognized the little fury racing madly along the moist sand.

"Fail to see the necessity!"—"fail to see the necessity!" The word sechoed and re-echoed in her mind. She clenched her fists and beat them together.

"The malicious, spiteful, evil-minded, green-eyed cat!" she said through her teeth. "The vile-mouthed beast! I knew her! And I told Lorna to have nothing to do with her! So that's what they say of her—my Lorna—who never harmed a fly, nor harbored an unkind thought against a soul, making excuses for everyone else—finding something good in the worst of us—Lorna with a bleeding, broken heart; alone there, in that deadly, frigid place, but for Mr. Northrop. Fail to see the necessity—Lord, how I hate her! I never knew I could hate before. I want to *kill* something!"

The girl was blind with rage. Her love for Chester's wife was greater far than that for her own cousin, and to heart her slandered by this woman, goaded her beyond anything she had ever experienced in the way of passion. Had the same thing been said of herself, she would have treated the matter, in all probability, with indifference, or contempt. But Lorna—

"Oh, you Pagan," she began again, speaking aloud, "I know now why I have never been able to kill you! You have lived and struggled all these years, just for this—that I might *hate*—hate and hurt," she laughed mirthlessly. "I will touch her, hurt her, grind and twist her—the demon!"

The girl was dramatic because it was bred in the bone, and this was a splendid scene with no living creature to witness. In the far background, the low stunted trees of the marsh, between Southaven and the next hotel; immediately behind Fay, an irregular sand hill; to the right, an unbroken stretch of sand; and to the left, still some distance up the beach, beyond which the pier of Loch Haven could be seen, was the hull of an old vessel; and the girl herself, quivering with anger, standing alone on this deserted shore, completed a picture wonderfully dramatic. Her skirt blew closely around her lithe figure, and she put both hands to her head, and twisted a loose strand of hair into place, thinking hard. She stood some moments like this, gradually gaining control of herself, and formulating a plan from the chaotic state of her mind.

Suddenly her eyes rested on the old vessel, and she looked keenly at it, then nodded with satisfaction and began walking slowly in that direction.

As suddenly as a sunbeam dies her anger vanished, and a sort of sadness supplanted it; for an instant she resembled Lorna in her reluctance to cause suffering—at least to the innocent.

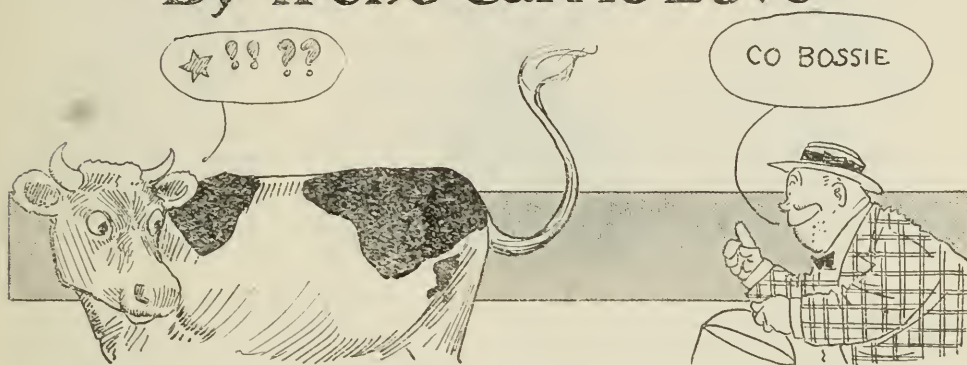
"But what need I care?" She shook off the moment of weakening. "Everyone has a first attack. I might as well administer the dose as one of those giggling idiots back there, spending the day in marcelling and manicuring—massaging and napping, in order to captivate something for an hour or two in the evening—and any way I *must* be revenged, for Lorna's sake. I must!"

"How long ago it seems that Chester said to me, 'Take a man your own size,' but I am not ashamed, nor will I be sorry—I am going to like it, Pagan, and you may help!"

(To be continued).

The Tale of a Cow

By Irene Currie Love



ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

THE drummer limped in carefully. One eye was black and there was a bandage round his left wrist. He gave the general impression of having been a storm centre.

"Been trying a preliminary bout with Jeff so he won't find the smoke too easy?" inquired the bookkeeper affably.

"O, go to—go to!" muttered the drummer, as he painfully made his way to his desk and sank into his chair with a smothered "ouch!"

"'Go to' is Shakespeare. It means 'on your way'. Gee, but it hurts to sit down!"

The drummer so seldom loses his sunny smile that everyone looked at everyone else with something like consternation.

"I say, old chap, look here, you know," cried the bookkeeper, who reverts in moments of excitement to English as she is spoke in England. "I say, I'm awfully sorry if you are hurt, old son. Tell us about it."

"Nothin' to tell," groused the drummer.

This was really serious, for, as a rule he revels in tales of his adventure by land and sea.

It was the stenographer who saved the day. Going over to his desk, she opened up her sympathies, told him what sort of liniment to use, purred

over him in the way women have, and generally jollied him into good humor. The assistant bookkeeper viewed these ministrations with distrust. There were moments when he didn't like the drummer.

"You see it was this way," began the injured one. "Our train was in a little smash up down the line. That's where I got this blotched complexion."

"Berth mark, I s'pose," sneered the jealous bookkeeper.

"Say, if I couldn't put over anything better than that, I'd shut down my talk-works," growled the drummer. "Dan Daly sprung it in 1492. You're a sorehead. See? Sore, and I know why."

"O, please," interrupted the stenographer, "please don't quarrel."

"Alright, little one. I'm just letting him know where he gets off at. Guess he won't butt into my game again," and the drummer fixed a baleful eye on the unfortunate butt-in, who muttered something under his breath and walked out of the office.

"Well, now that Mr. Buttinsky's flew the coop, maybe I can let go of this yarn. As I was remarking when Mr. Pinhead made a noise like a chestnut, I was in a accident and it was a big bump, and then some too, I can tell you. Our tooter banged into a noo-hoo with a load of live stock just at a



JAMMED FULL OF THE KIND OF PEOPLE

sharp curve, and bing! there was nothing but smoke and kindling wood and pigs and cows and sheep all over the place and all mixed up with each other and some of us. You'd have wondered if your Noah's ark hadn't come to life again.

"Nobody was seriously hurt on our car, because we had a lot of other cars, mail and baggage coaches and all that, ahead of us. It was one of those long, mixed trains that stop at every whistling post, and it was jammed full of the kind of people that go with that kind of train.

"There was the flossy little person with a pomp big enough to swab a tunnel, who took off her lid as soon as she got on, fixed her hair every mile, chewed gum with her mouth open while she breathed through her nose, and googled all the men in sight; there was the woman with the sticky baby that had the yowl that won't die off, and a little darling four years old that ate peanuts with a noise like a self-made man or a horse, and scattered the shells all over the floor and glued herself all up with a mess of bananas; there was the granfer that insisted on telling you the story of his life, and right in the same seat with me was one of those haughty dames carrying a dog basket. She had a toy dog in it—you know the kind, no body and a bark that breaks him in two. She'd open the darned thing—the basket, I mean—and say, 'Does um love ums tootums' and all that sort of sickish slop until, honest,

I'd have chloroformed the two of them joyously if I'd had the dope to do it—and have felt myself a friend to the human race. A woman that's stuck on a dog—well, she's that kind of a woman.

"Well, then the smash came. We were in the rear coach and got the least of it all, but everyone was scared stiff. It was almost 5 p.m. and we were one hour, sixty golden min-yutes, from the jumping-off place, with no prospect of being pulled out of the slat-heap until nine or ten o'clock.

"Nobody had had anything to eat but a railway sandwich, the durable kind they dust off at morning and night and freshen up once a month. It had evidently been near freshening time that day. This near-edible curiosity had been assisted on its way down by a cup of the diluted coffin varnish they give you for coffee. Everyone was mad and hungry and the scare and the shakeup had been the last few bundles of straw.

"The flossy googler was the sorest looking thing you ever saw. Her pomp was down over one ear. She'd swallowed her gum in the excitement, and she looked like destruction; old granfer sat in the corner shaking his head and muttering 'when I was a boy'; the gluey kid had eaten all her bananas and champed up all her peanuts and was looking around for more, and the baby was crying that quiet little wail that sticks a knife into you with every note.



THAT GO WITH THAT KIND OF TRAIN

"I couldn't stand it very long, so I said 'Here's where I go out and find something to eat!' So I resolved myself into a foraging expedition. Not a farm house in sight. Nothing as far as you could see but pigs and sheep and cows, and sheep and cows and pigs—all in full chorus.

"'I've got it,' says I. 'I'll milk a cow.' So I grabbed a pail from a brakeman and started over to a little bunch of kine—that's what my old friend, Bobbie Burns calls them. Or was his name Tommy?—I like that word kine.

"Well, anyway, I started over to the bunch, and I could see them sort of side-stepping and looking at each other and making rude remarks under their breath. But I just sauntered up nonchalantly—notice that word nonchalantly?—I just sauntered up nonchalantly—Gee! That's a good word, that 'nonchalantly'—I just—"

"Say, if you throw that word again, I'll make you swallow it before it has time to dry," growled the bookkeeper.

"Oh, ve—ry well. I'd hate to have your disposition, Bookie. But anyway, I just sauntered—I mean, I walked up to the bunch, and selecting a nice lady-like cow, I murmured in my softest and sweetest tones, low, dulcet notes, you know, 'Co-

bossie, co-bossie, come here and be milked.'

"Nothing doing. She gave me a queer, 'I'm-onto-you' look and sidled down the track a bit. I sidled after her, and trilled again, 'Co-bossie, co-bossie, come here and be milked!'

"She tossed her head and winked the other eye at her friends, and then did a few fancy steps in the middle of the track. I looked at her gravely and said, 'Julia, that's no nice way to act. Don't you know that baby needs refreshment? Come and be milked, like a good little cow.'

"No response to this, so I started again. I thought maybe I'd made a mistake in the name, so this time I murmured,

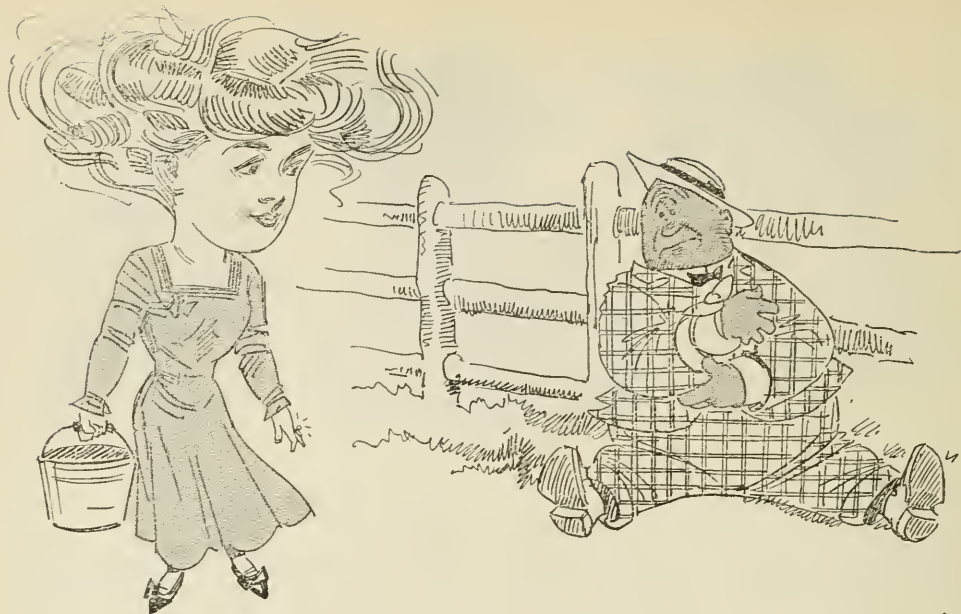
"'Marguerite, I'm getting very cross with you. In a minute I shall become really stern. Better trot up and take your little massage without being coerced.'

"She snickered and said something to the other cows. I know it was something about me, because they all laughed so. Then I lost my temper. I used to be the grandest little milker that ever came off the farm, so I started in to break my record. I broke it allright. O dear yes—I broke it.

"Say, when I said that cow was lady-like, I made the mis-



THAT BRUTE HIT OUT WITH HER RIGHT HOOF



FLOSSY HAD ME SETTLED IN A FENCE CORNER

take of the season. If she was a lady, me for the gentlemen cows from now on. What she did to me was a shame. She was a wheedler, a snare and a catapult, all rolled into one. She let me get right up to her and after flirting around a bit, I started in to draw one. I could see our one-course banquet coming nearer every second, when suddenly that brute hit out with her right hoof and cracked me on my equator and my north pole at one swell foof—I mean fool swipe. No—fill—O, let 'em go.

"I didn't know what had struck me, but when I came too, Flossy, the gum-girl was on the job. She had me settled in a fence corner with my head on some fussy thing she had had round her shoulders and she was milking Penelope. Yep, you could hear the milk hitting the pail with a nice, sizzly thud. And by Jing, she'd forgotten to google. She wasn't looking at me at all.

"I said to myself 'Gee, I must be gittin' old. I guess I'd better kiss the barkeep good-night and go home.' I thought I'd saunter over—non—I mean," (as the bookkeeper made a suggestive motion) "I thought I'd go

over and watch Imogene getting all that was coming to her. But the minute I hove in sight Gladys became alarmed and my pompadoured friend sneered, 'Want another punk headlight or kick on the wrist?' And by Jove, I looked down and sure enough, she had bound up my wrist, bathed my eye, and fixed me all up while I'd been lying there. What do you know about that?"

"I said, 'Look out for Pansy,' she's liable to bump the bumps. She isn't as gentle as she looks!' The brute was rolling her eye in the most come-on-you way you ever saw. Flossy just grunted, 'Huh, you see you didn't know how to manage,' and she slapped Rosalie on the flank and said, 'Get over there'.

"'Hadn't you better be a little more polite to her'? I suggested. 'She might let fly again'. Say, that cow heard me and made just one move my way. I beat it down the track like a medical student was after me with a big bag. Flossy giggled herself sick. But she came in with a full dinner pail. Don't it beat all the way the female sex do hang together? And if you'd seen the way she fed that baby and let the

mother take a nap! Well, me for Flossy, the gum-chanker. You can't always tell from where you sit, can you?"

"I guess we'll take a stick in our milk shakes, boys. Eh, what?" said the head bookkeeper as he gently pushed the drummer toward the door.



ADIOS

BY CY WARMAN

THE red cones on the sumach tree
 Grow crimson in the sun,
 The summer tourists take to sea,
 The summer days are done.

E'en as the dogwood flowers fade
 And summer roses die,
 E're long adown the silent glade
 The golden leaves will lie.

And when the meads and glades are gray,
 And treeless hills are rime,
 Like T. R., may you truly say
 "I've had a corking time."

THE MAN WHO GREW THAT WHEAT

BY W. D. EATON

“AND the first thing he said to me as he leaned against the barn door to loosen the bar on the staple, was:

“‘Is it a wedding or a funeral?’”

“How did you answer that?” I asked.

“I said ‘neither. It’s an undertaking.’ Did that hold him? It did not. He said it looked more like an overtaking to him.”

“You see,” continued the land-seeker, “there was a sleeper-full of us in rigs, just up from Chicago and St. Paul, and we had invited ourselves out to see where he grew that wheat. He didn’t know we were coming, but we were no surprise party. He’s used to delegations by now.”

I had a talk with him myself that morning. If ever a man had reason for astonishment over his own sudden publicity, Mr. Buckley has—John C. Buckley, formerly of Enniskerry in the County Wicklow, Ireland, now of Gleichen in the province of Alberta. When the spring wheat of 1908 came into market, this recent importation stunned his neighbors and startled the continent by delivering wheat that graded *extra* number one northern at Fort William, and brought \$1.04 a bushel, a half cent over the highest Winnipeg quotation of the season. He had raised the finest wheat ever grown in North America, if not in the world, and never knew it until it got the grading and brought the price—though he may have had hopes. And he not three years out from the old country, for he came no later than the month of May, 1906.

He had been a cattle dealer at home. To be a successful cattle dealer in Ireland means something antipodal to foolishness, for the people in the eastern and northern counties are bargainers by instinct, and that part

of the country is by no means so poor as most of us on this side have been led to believe. Life there is very comfortable to a man in a good way. I asked him why he had come over.

“Political and religious bigotry on one hand and the autocratic attitude of the capitalists on the other,” was the reason stated. Get a reason like that out of any other than an Irishman, if you can.

It was good to look at him. A fine upstanding man, young for his years, clear-eyed and high-nosed, as healthy as health—with a diamond collar button, and no collar.

“Did you bring that with you?” I asked.

“That? O, that’s only a penny stone,” said he, passing over the question.

When he came, he came to stay, for he brought the wife and seven children with him and got off at Gleichen, and went no farther. He is no time-burner.

“I looked over the locality for two days, and bought this half-section from the Canadian Pacific Irrigation and Colonization Company,” said he.

If he had looked it over for two months or two years, he could have done no better for himself. The house stands on the upper sweep of a ring of hills that edges one of the most beautiful bowls of landscape in all the west. In that clear air the bustling young city of Gleichen looks only a mile away, though it is three. Gleam of water and shadow of cloud touch the soft green and brown of the prospect, to the far edge, and give it life. The Canadian Pacific threads it east and west. South of the rails lies the Blackfoot Indian reserve, with its wide-scattered teepees. To the north are farms, everywhere farms, squirmed over by the main laterals of the great

irrigating canal. It is an outlook both gracious and spacious. When the young trees are grown, it will be as winsome as the vales of Wicklow itself, or the spreading meadows of Antrim. Mr. Buckley made a flitting almost five thousand miles long, and took root where he lighted. He was no sooner there than he began to tear up the sod, and go at the work of farming. It was all new to him. He had never farmed before.

"Only a trifle," said he, "just to show off and spend my money."

"I was not long finding out I knew little about either the climate or the soil," he added, "but I asked questions and learned a little here and there. Not enough though to prevent me making the grievous mistake of breaking the prairie the end of July and the beginning of August instead of in June as I should have done, so that when I sowed it to wheat I got for that first cutting only twenty bushels to the acre where a common yield to my neighbors was thirty-five."

I wanted to know what process or treatment he followed in growing his prize wheat. Such results are not to be won through mere main strength and ignorance. There were questions of seed and care. This was his answer:

"The seed was red Fyffe. I bought it from the local elevator company and cleaned it thoroughly, and sowed two bushels to the acre in April, 1908. It was a fifty acre field, the same I had taken my twenty-five bushel crop from on the first breaking. I hadn't horses enough to plow it, and on the advice of some of my neighbors I drilled it in on the stubble, without either plowing or discing, and harrowed after sowing. Here I made a great error by harrowing the same way I had sowed, instead of crossways. The pin of the harrow running in the groove made by the disc of the drill and being kept there by the solidity of the ground, rooted out a large portion of the seed. This, along with the fact of my having broken late in the season—August instead of June—brought the yield down to twenty bushels to the acre while my neighbors all around me had forty. I cut it the first week in September, when it was



MR. JOHN C. BUCKLEY

thoroughly ripe, and made large stooks, and threshed it out of the stooks three weeks later." That looked like hit-or-miss agriculture, but the grain weighed sixty-five and three-quarter pounds to the struck bushel by the Government testing apparatus; and see how it graded!

There might be a question whether the quality would have been as high if Mr. Buckley had not harrowed out something like half the seed, leaving the full strength of the ground to nourish the other half. This would have left him a fair equality of yield with his neighbors, seed for seed, but in view of the faulty preparation of the ground and the makeshift of drilling in on the stubble he would still have a long advantage over them in the matter of quality.

His twenty bushels, which looked to him at first like failure, was actually almost seven bushels above the average yield over the whole United States last year. And the ground was not irrigated. His wheat was grown on "dry" ground. That is, on ground having no moisture other than what came from the sky. Though the Buckley farm is in the three-million-acre block irrigated from the Bow river, that particular field was not

served from his lateral. It was for dry-grown wheat that he won first prize at the trans-Missouri dry farming exhibition held last autumn in Cheyenne. But it took first award over all other wheat at the Gleichen fair last season. At the Alberta provincial exhibition held in Calgary it was awarded the silver championship medal and a cash prize of fifty dollars. It has been exhibited in Europe at various places, and at the Seattle fair, and everywhere with first honors.

But Mr. Buckley is warm on the subject of irrigation, and has his own method of applying the water for winter wheat.

When John Dunphy had the contract to build Saint Colombkill's church he watched one of the masons' helpers grooving a stone that was to be split and running water into the groove. He wondered whether the old man knew the meaning of what he was doing, and he asked,

"What good does the water do, Malachi?"

"Is it the shtone, sor?"

"It is."

"It makes it saft an' aisy."

Which threw a glint of imaginative understanding upon an obscure principle. Mr. Buckley brought it to mind, speaking of wheat under artificial watering:

"When I broke the prairie on this sixty" (the field we were crossing) "in June, with the object of sowing it to winter wheat, I let the water on the sod to make it plow easier and rot quicker. After discing and harrowing well, I let the water in again, and as soon as the surface was dry enough, about the first of September, I sowed my wheat, a bushel to the acre. After that, I left it untouched. The large supply of moisture held the frost in the ground and kept back the growth until the spring was well advanced, avoiding the effect of an unseasonably warm week or so in the earlier months, when the young shoots might have come up to be caught by the last frosts.

"I really can't say where I got the idea. I think it was in hearing of such

a process being applied to fruit or young trees, but I am not sure. I'm always asking for information at the demonstration farms and of any neighbors who have had experience in these lines."

The whole of the Buckley 320 acres is not given over to wheat, nor is "himself" so puffed with pride that his mind has no room for thought of other things. For a born cattle-trader he is making a first-class farmer in record time. It's a way the Irish have, when they get out of Ireland; and western Canada favors the spirit of experiment and enterprise. He has gone in for diversified farming.

Last winter he sold a carload of oats at Winnipeg that graded "extra number one Canadian western," the highest grade possible. At the Gleichen fair held last August he got first award for oats, cucumbers, table beets and lettuce. He has found profit in cattle and hogs.

"The cattle run on unbroken land and thrive very well all the year round without any housing in the winter," he says, "and the hogs run on the stubble or during the growing season they are fed in pens on the coarse grains and other feed. This is an ideal country, too, for potato growing, dairying, and poultry." He has them all.

The case is exceptional only in the hardihood, intelligence and energy of the man, in his readiness to take a chance, and his alert shrewdness in making the best of it. Many a city man is making good in the west; very many of them in that same neighborhood. But nature is so kindly there, the soil is so fruitful and the elements so full of favor, that what would be difficult elsewhere comes easily, and prosperity is on the knees of the gods for all who will pay to fortune the courtship of mere industry. Mr. Buckley has won handsomely. It is no derogation of him to say his winning has come to him in a land of great rewards, where all may do as well, with the same will to do and the same diligence in effort.!



A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Irene Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

IN LOVE WITH HER WORK.

ONE OF the most popular comediennes on the stage is Flora Zabelle, the pretty, piquante wife of Raymond Hitchcock, whose charming voice and fetching manner are contributing a great deal to the success of her husband's new piece, *The Man Who Owns Broadway*.

Miss Zabelle is one of those people, who, like Peter Pan, never grow up. She is just a little girl, ingenuous, unspoiled and unaffected. As one of her chorus girls said, "Miss Zabelle doesn't act a bit like the prima donna. You'd think she was one of the girls. If she meets us on the street, she doesn't ignore us, or give us one of those cold, icy bows as most of the 'big bugs' do, but it's 'hello, girls,' just as if she belonged to us. That's one reason we all love her."

Miss Zabelle doesn't "put on any side," either on or off the stage. In her dressing-room she talked freely and frankly.

"I love your Canada," she said. "I've had some of the best times I've ever had in my life when I've been in Toronto. I remember when I was just a slip of a girl I went there to play and I met a number of Varsity men who showed me all the University buildings. I went to one of the college dances and indeed, I shall never forget it. The

government house party was there, in all its grandeur and I was quite thrilled when everyone stood up to sing 'God Save the King.'

"One of the boys, whose father was a judge, took me into the office and let me try on the judicial robes. They were so becoming—I've wanted to play *Portia* ever since."

Miss Zabelle is refreshingly enthusiastic about her profession. She believes that it is the very best work open to women. "It is the best paid and the most interesting and it offers the most opportunities for advancement," she says. "I was only in the chorus four months when my chance came. I'd been standing in the wings every night, watching the girl who played *San Toy*. I loved the part and I was just aching to play it when one night, the girl was suddenly taken ill. They were in despair. Her understudy didn't know the lines. Nobody would play it, when I bobbed up. 'I can play it,' I said, with all the confidence I could muster—and they let me try. My, but I was scared! I got through it allright, though, and I never went back to the chorus."

"You don't believe in all this talk about the temptations of the stage then?"

"No, indeed," came the laughing reply. "It's absurd. I admit that



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALMA YOULIN

Playing a leading role in *The Goddess of Liberty*

conditions in the chorus are trying, but isn't it just the same in every line of work? Can you tell me any profession which a woman can enter that does not present disheartening experiences in the beginning, but the girl who is *right*—inside—will stay right on the stage as well as anywhere else, and the girl who works hard and is sincere in her work, is certain of success."

"Don't you think, perhaps, that you have been particularly fortunate in that you married so young and so had

someone to look after you and to protect you?"

"I know I am fortunate in my husband, but so far as my work is concerned, my husband both helps and hinders me, his personality is so unique and his talent so undoubted that I sort of 'take a back seat' and am quite lost to view.

"But I'm working hard. I'm so ambitious, I'm studying all the time, and some day I may really be able to sing as I want to. But listen!



Scene from *The Girl from Rector's*

There's my cue"—and she danced away to sing, "I'm in Love with a Broadway Star."

L'AMOUR DE L'APACHE

THE outstanding feature of the *Queen of the Moulin Rouge* is the *Apache* dance, done by a specially imported company of French dancers. The

dance is supposed to represent life in the lower quarters of Paris where the Parisian "tough" and his women congregate. As done by Mdle. Corio and M. Molasso, it is full of grace and charm. Mdle. Corio is one of the most interesting dancers in musical comedy and M. Molasso does some astonishing feats of acrobatic dancing



MADemoiselle CORIO AND MONSIEUR MOLASSO
In the *Apache* dance from *The Queen of the Moulin Rouge*

that never fail to provoke prolonged applause. Several other French dances are seen during the performance, but the *Apache* dance is easily first in popularity.

POTTER'S PLAYS

TWO plays that have attracted much attention during the last season are *The Queen of the Moulin Rouge* and *The Girl from Rector's*, both from the pen of Paul M. Potter. Mr. Potter has essayed to depict Parisian life in the first of these and to portray the picturesque element of life in "gay New York" in the second. That he has been successful in achieving the object of every playwright, to interest and amuse, is attested by the large audiences which greet both plays. *The Queen of the Moulin Rouge* is especially noticeable for its dances, but *The Girl from Rector's* abounds with amusing situations, witty lines and clever character sketches. And both attractions have a following, a *clientele*, as it were, peculiarly their own.

SHAM

HENRIETTA CROSMAN has selected for her starring vehicle this year a mildly entertaining comedy dealing with the "sins of society." The par-



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

HENRIETTA CROSMAN
Starring in *Sham*

ticular sin exploited in *Sham*, as the comedy is called, is that of the grafter, the hanger-on who loiters on the fringe of society, living on the crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich.

Miss Crosman enacts the role of a girl who lives with a spinster cousin in an apartment, and "works" her rich relations and her friends for her wearing apparel, her food and even her cab-hire. Notwithstanding the help she receives, she is very much in debt, and her relations are urging her to marry a wealthy suitor, when she rather com-

plicates matters by falling in love with a westerner, who has more manliness than money. The westerner shows her that she has been playing an unlovely role and she determines to renounce it all and go west with him, if she can settle her debts by the sale of her mother's pearl necklace. To her horror she discovers that this, too, is a sham and she gives way to despair, when the rich relations come to the rescue and save the family "honor", by buying the pearl necklace, leaving the girl free to marry the man of her choice and go "to Idaho."

Miss Crossman's role is rather an ungrateful one, but she invests it with all the charm and art at her command and manages to make a somewhat weak and fragmentary play a delightful evening's entertainment.

A TWO-FACED MAN

"**R**AYMOND HITCHCOCK is a two-faced man," said the artist, with grave solemnity.

"Indeed," one said with surprise, "he doesn't impress you that way."

"Yes, indeed," replied the artist, "if you could see him make his change



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MARGUERITE LOVERIDGE

A type of classic beauty in The Man Who Owns Broadway

from Sidney Lyons to King Hobo, you'd be sure of it, too. I went over to the theatre one night and put up my easel behind the scenes. Mr. Hitchcock came off in his frock-coat, carefully-creased trousers, and silk hat, with every detail of his costume correct.

"He sat down at a dressing table and began to rub out a line here, put in a wrinkle there, change the appearance of his nose—all this while two valets were busily engaged changing his shoes, putting on his bald head

with the crown attached and standing ready with his one-piece *King Hobo* suit ready to drop it on as soon as he divested himself of the other.

"This sounds like a lengthy operation but in reality it takes just one minute and fifty eight seconds before he is back on the stage ready for the finale."

I had finished. Thus my "*King Hobo* sketch. See?"

One saw.

AT REHEARSAL

THERE isn't much glamor about a rehearsal. When you see the bare brick walls, chorus men and chorus girls in street clothes and without make-



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

As King Hobo in *The Man Who Owns Broadway*

"What were you doing with the easel?"

"Oh, well, as Mr. Hitchcock put a line on his face, I put one on my sketch; as he rubbed out a wrinkle, I rubbed it out, and by the time he had finished,

up and everybody seriously bent on business instead of smiling "merrily, merrily," you become convinced that "the show business" is not just a glad and gorgeous game, but a real factor in the business of the country.

It is interesting to watch different men as they rehearse. Raymond Hitchcock, for instance, is very much in earnest. No detail is too small to escape his notice. He knows where each member of the chorus should

angry," whispered one girl in the company as Mr. Hitchcock thundered, "Girls, why don't you do what you're told? Don't you know that this is not fun? It's our bread and butter. § You, struggling to earn a living; you, earning



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

As Sidney Lyons in *The Man Who Owns Broadway*

stand and if he or she is not in that exact place, Mr. Hitchcock wants to know the reason why.

"He isn't a bit funny when he's

your daily bread by your work here—can't you realize that it is on the details that the success of a production depends?"

And so on, until by alternate coaxings and scoldings he has things as he wants them.

Thomas A. Wise, co-author and star of *A Gentleman From Mississippi*, pretends that he is never serious, but underneath his jolly laugh, his quaint witticisms, he means it all and the members of his company know it.

Mr. Wise says gently—oh, so gently—"Girls, don't you think we might do that number just a little better?" Now, if you were to put more life into that line and emphasize this word,

don't you think——" And so it goes.

Or it is "Jo! I'd say that line this way," and he goes over the line with the inflection of voice, the expression of face all indicated, until "Jo" says it the way Mr. Wise wants it.

All producers are not so considerate, however. A well-known stage-manager is said to work the chorus girls nearly to death and, as often happens, when a girl faints during rehearsal, he says "Get her out of the way," and goes right on rehearsing.

It is part of the joy of being "on the stage."



SLEEP

BY VLADIMIR DILLON

THOU gentle soother of a thousand cares,
 Herald of peace and harbinger of night,
 That stealest bitter thoughts all unawares
 Hiding the imperfections of the light,
 Guard of Hope's treasury and Strength's frail store;
 Most welcomed guest on every earthly shore,
 Beloved banqueter of every mind;
 Giver of second sight to nature's blind,
 Twin-angel of that Darker Deity,
 Whose kiss betokens an eternity,
 Let thy calm presence gently woo me too,
 Into deep, poppy-steeped oblivion;
 Around my pillow thy strange potions strew
 When stars are come and care-fraught day is gone.

WHEREFORE ?

BY IVAN LEONARD WRIGHT

WHAT boots it, friend, this Midas boast of men,
This Mammon worship, hymns to gods of gold?
What useful end attained? What worth achieved,
When all is done, and Life's grim story told?

And wherefore all this sacrifice of truth,
This poor desire to ape the attitude
Of pow'r—a Cræsus thralldom; nothing more—
Not justified by mocking platitude.

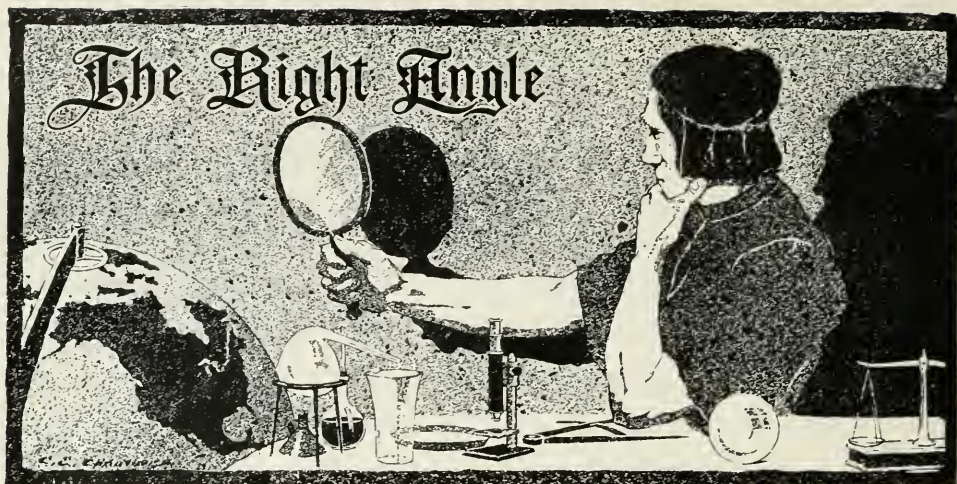
The braggart Opulence is crowned a king,
And beggars those who strove and made him great.
Men's orisons to wealth proclaim how ill
The hour when all to gain is consecrate.

And yet, I would not have you judge me, friend,
By bitterness envenomed, piqued by strife.
No, no, not that. My hands hold every need.
And, too, I am ambitious of my life.

But when a multitude of giant men,
By paradox made great, with attributes
Divine, forsake all creeds save money-love,
The fact of it our sanity refutes.

Sometimes, good friend—ah, often times, in truth—
The question comes: With riches won, and when,
O'er all the babel of the toiling horde
The last long bugle sounds—what then? What then?

I wonder much, as day slips into night,
And even' shadows creep across the sky;
When all the world is hushed and vital, real,
Do weary hearts ere cry: Oh, Wherefore? Why?



JACK LONDON REPLIES

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER:

DEAR SIR:—I have just returned home after two years and a half of wandering through the South Seas, on which portions of the earth's surface men will be found, no doubt, who will rise up and say that I have never been in the South Seas and do not know what I am writing about. Having just returned, I have for the first time read your article entitled "The Canada Fakers," published in the October (1908) number of CANADA WEST MONTHLY. And now a word with you.

You have charged me with various Canada fakes, and I shall take them up in the order given by you. (1) When "Love of Life" was originally published in "McClure's Magazine," the charge was then made that only an amphibious fish could have got from one pool of water to the other pool of water. I replied to this at the time, and gave eminent satisfaction to the be-puzzled inquirers. Now, I am not going to explain to you how that fish, without being amphibious, escaped from one pool to the other; but I will make you a proposition in two parts, said proposition to be a test of your cocksureness in the matter. On the one hand, I will bet you \$200, and on the other hand, I will bet you \$2,000, that I will demonstrate before any committee of professors of physics selected by you, that under the circumstances precisely narrated in my

story, the fish did escape from one hole to the other, through the crevice, and that it could escape by swimming, and that the man could bale the one pool dry in a few minutes and that the other pool into which the fish escaped, could not have been baled by him in half a day. In this connection, it is up to you either to recant or to make your bet with me and prove yourself a physics-faker.

(2) You raise a great laugh at my expense because I have a water-hole open at a very low temperature, said water-hole remaining unfrozen. This is such an absolute literary fakerism that I wonder either at your audacity in promulgating it, or at your colossal carelessness. The water-hole at issue, according to my story, was first approached by the man who arrived first at the cabin. What takes place I now quote from my story: "The dogs had stopped beside a water-hole, not a fissure, but a hole man-made, chopped laboriously with an axe through three and a half feet of ice. A thick skin of new ice showed that it had not been used for some time." The time of the action of the story that takes place in the cabin is a matter of but few minutes, during which time first one man and then the other man goes out to the water-hole. At the end of the few minutes of action inside the cabin, one man departs, and departing he casts the sack of gold into the water-



ARTHUR HEMING

hole. Again I quote: "He worked the sack of gold out between the lashings and carried it to the water-hole. Already a new skin of ice had formed. This he broke with his fist."

(3) You criticize me for speaking of a birch-bark sled. Such an objection, when the context is considered, is so puerile as to be a matter of marvel that you should be guilty of making it. In "White Fang" I show the method of driving the dogs, and describe the sleds that the dogs haul, so that no man acquainted with the locality would dream for an instant that I meant anything else than a birch-bark toboggan sled. Criticize my use of the word "sled" if you please, but do not abort your criticism until it becomes a criticism of my fact. Such tricks may be all very well in schoolboys' debating societies, but between grown men, and writers of books, they are certainly out of place. In this connection you throw yourself open to the charge of being a logic-faker and an etymology-faker.

(4) You object to my use of the dog-driver's command of "mush on." My Northland stories are practically

all confined to the Klondike and to Alaska, and there the only phrase used as a command for the dogs to get up, to go on, to move, is "mush on". There is no discussion about this fact. There is no man who has been in Klondike or Alaska but who will affirm this statement of mine. In this connection, you have made yourself into a Canada-faker, and a self-advertised scholastic Canada-faker at that.

Now what I want to know is, what are you going to do about it? Will you take these charges back as publicly as you have charged them? And if, in the nature of journalism you cannot take them back as publicly as you have charged them, what amends then are you going to make?

Sincerely yours,

JACK LONDON.

Glen Ellen, August 2, 1909.

ARTHUR HEMING'S VIEW

TO THE EDITOR:—Since the publication of Mr. Arthur Stringer's article on "The Canada Fakers" in your magazine, I have read with interest the replies that a few of the accused have written in attempting their defence. In no instance have I found them able to prove Mr. Stringer at fault, and indeed some of the letters have even proved their authors to be greater fakers than I had at first sup-



HUBERT MCBEAN JOHNSTON

Author of "Papa Dodds, Salesman" in this issue of
CANADA WEST MONTHLY

posed. Were his critics not so obviously at fault, I would take pleasure in replying to their letters in detail, but, as the controversy now stands, it does not seem at all necessary for any one to go to Mr. Stringer's defence.

As one of the most appreciative of the many Canadians who so thoroughly approve of Mr. Stringer's courage in attacking the Canada Fakery, I wish to convey to him and to you my congratulations on the writing and publishing of such a desirable and much needed article. Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR HEMING.

Old Lyme, Conn., Oct. 9, 1909.

FATHER LACOMBE

AN interesting event of the autumn season that links the past with the present was the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination of Father Lacombe, the most picturesque and earliest of pioneer missionaries still living. In 1849 he left Montreal and began a highly interesting and effective missionary career at St.



THE INTERIOR OF AN OLD H. B. C. TRADING POST
A relic of the earlier power of the present great company of merchants

Paul and along the Red River Valley. Two years later he went west to the Upper Saskatchewan and since then he has traversed the plains summer and winter, performing most valuable work as a civilizing and spiritual force. Now, at eighty-three he is engaged in establishing a Home or Refuge for the aged poor and orphans of Alberta. During the recent tour of Lord Strathcona in the West the two aged men, who have been friends for many decades, met and exchanged pleasant reminiscences of the old times on the prairie. Lord Strathcona also gave a generous contribution toward the old missionary's latest benevolence.

THE H. B. C. SELLS OUT ?

AN interesting rumor that is gaining credence from many well-informed westerners is to the effect that the Hudson's Bay Company contemplate selling the various large department stores that have grown up where modern cities have sprung to existence on the site of their old forts. "Harrod's" of London, a noted business institution of the old country, is credited with having the enterprise to desire to take over this long chain of stores which run from Winnipeg through to Vancouver. The Ancient Company of Gentlemen Adventurers would then still have immense interests in the Canadian West, for they own millions of acres of land and the entire north country is dotted with their fur-trading posts.

AUTONOMY AND THE WEST

THE remarkable progress made by Alberta and Saskatchewan in the four years since autonomy has been granted them was strikingly evidenced at the recent ceremonies, when His Excellency the Governor-General laid



ELLIOTT FLOWER

Whose story "An Automobile Hoodoo," appears in this issue of CANADA WEST MONTHLY

the corner-stone of the new Legislative Buildings of each province. Not only have these western provinces created new and effective administration of local affairs, with the erection of numerous smaller public buildings, but they have each mapped out an expenditure of over a million dollars for their new government buildings. The structure at Edmonton, Alberta's capitol, is modeled somewhat after that of Minnesota's Capitol. When complete this handsome building will cost over \$1,250,000. Such progress has been made that early in 1911 the legislative wing will be finished and the session of the Assembly will be held there.

A BOOK OF PRECEPTS

MR. WILLIAM T. ROBINSON has issued through the press of William

Briggs of Toronto, a book of "Choice Thoughts from Master Minds" which in a compressed form presents pretty much what Poor Richard, Martin Farquhar Tupper, Marcus Aurelius and Bartlett tried to do. The selections are for the most part serious in tone, frequently solemn and sometimes religious. For those who like to find their own unformed moralizing finely expressed in the words of others, it will be a companionable and pleasing piece of work. Mr. Robinson has performed his task with painstaking care and really excellent judgment. To do such a thing at all implies wide reading, and to do it well requires good judgment. Both these Mr. Robinson certainly shows.

THE SECOND MILE

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

"If any man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

INTO the darkness hand in hand we went,

Constrained was I in every lagging step.

A wedded wife, what matter my consent?

The mile of duty lengthened with the dawn—

"So far the journey! Blessed was the night
That hid the path my feet were set upon!"

So cried I in my grief, when low you said:

"The end has come." And white the milestone gleamed—
"Here endeth Duty" (so the legend read).

And then, perchance unconsciously the while,

I passed the stone—Ah, how my feet grew light,
For 'twas with Love I walked the Second Mile!



Chestnuts and Cheese

THE REAL FISHERMAN

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

HE doesn't lie about the fish that he let get away.

Ah, no. The honest fisherman does not arise and say

That it was just "as long as that" from eyebrow to the tail,

And that he's sure that he had hooked a fifty-barrel whale.

He does not lie about the fish whose nibbles came to naught—

He tells his biggest whoppers on the fish he says he caught.

JUST SO

"WHEN a man tells you he wants to say something to you 'as a friend' you know he is going to criticize you in a way your enemy would not attempt."

WOMAN'S WAY

"WHAT are the election returns?" asks the first individual on the morning after woman's suffrage has gone into effect.

"Oh, the complete figures won't be in for a month," replies the second person.

"They won't? And why?"

"Well, you know the clerks and judges of election this year are all women, and they have to count the totals on their fingers."

SUCCINCT

"MAMMA," asks the prattling child, "what is the difference between an excuse and an explanation?"

"An excuse, darling," responds the mother with a sudden glance at the father, "is the reason a man gives for going downtown of an evening, and an explanation is the reason he gives for not coming home at a respectable hour."

READY ALWAYS

TO seek some things is of small use,
But rapid is the search
And quick is finding the excuse
For staying home from church.

A SONG

BY A. R. MUNDAY

LOVE, flash thy spirit on my brow,
That thence my heart may learn
The dearest things the soul would know
Within the breast must burn;
That then, perchance, I may discern,
When gazing in thine eyes,
That timorous, startled look return,
That beautiful surprise!

Flash on me with no troubled mien,
Lest I perchance should deem
The loveliest of all things I've seen,
Had bathed in Sorrow's stream;
Lest I should deem thy beauteous soul,
Through Sorrow had to press—
Ere it could shadow forth the whole
Of human loveliness!

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ON PISGAH

BY W. D. EATON

The grave means nothing, and death has no sting.
The unseen only lives immortally.
Above the plain that we call life, and far beyond
Stretches the realm of light, that has no shade,
The little slumber and the folding of the hands
Are only at the door of the long home
To which we go, inheritors of life.

So Moses there, alone with God on Pisgah,
Looked out across the promised land, and saw
The land of living, and the eternal peace
That knows not time, nor space, nor boundaries,
But breathes the beauty that all dreamers dream,
He the forerunner saw the world to come,
And Jesus conquering death.



Drawn by F. D. Schwalm

First Aids to Cupid, see page 98

"WHEW!" SAID JACK, "BUT THAT TREE'S A WHOPPER"

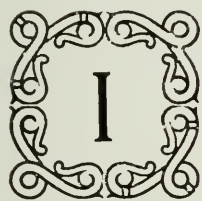
C A N A D A M O N T H L Y

VOLUME VII.

LONDON, DECEMBER

NUMBER 2

THE GREATEST WRITTEN WORD



IN THIS plain fashion, better than any other great thing ever was told, we have the story of two worlds commingling on that night, now almost two thousand years ago, when there came the announcement of a change that has not yet fulfilled itself. Hear Luke as he tells it:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will toward men.

And flying up that symphony, the angels "were gone away from them into heaven."

So we have word of that Babe, whose mission was to shake down the powers that were, and traverse the ages with a new power, purely of the spirit, which has mastered most of the races of men, and sorely troubles the others. To the mind of the narrator, these supernatural happenings were as of natural course, and so, in simple terms, he gives them.

No word of man has any nobler majesty than this of Luke's. Bringing together the ends of the universe, and speaking in terms that take the supernal as granted, it stands forth among all writings as the most beautiful, the most transcendent, of descriptions. It comprehends cosmos.

The heralding of the Prince of Peace could not have been told in language purer or more complete. It is the greatest written word. It befits the advent of the Benign One, who in His tenancy of the flesh was a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief, but whose work, sown among the lowly, progresses through all time. God speaks through humble instruments, even as then He spake, that His truth may be "understanded of the peoples," by the lowliest minds among them, and yet illumine the loftiest. For it is of the essence of life, and like His mercy, endureth forever.

THE PHILOSOPHER

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

HIS very house stands alone: austere, ivy-covered. The great oaks, the elms and even the chestnuts, in his park conspire to shelter it a little from the vulgar gaze of other houses that line the streets, the boundaries to his grounds. It stands upon a little eminence of lawn to which the drive attains after sweeping around beneath the trees and to which the straight gravel path rises by a few steps of stone, hollowed by the feet of visitors and by the gentle force of falling rain.

The high wooden gate hangs slightly awry on its hinges and creaks as you enter. The leaves of the oak, whose eloquent branches reach low over the path make a crisp sound as they crumble into brown powder under your feet. At the foot of the elm that stands beside the path, in the centre of

the park an old bench patiently offers rest to all who pass. The house, gathering its straggling wings beside it under the gently sloping lines which fall from the low gable, courteously waits for you behind its square-paned windows. It is first its dignity that speaks, then its simplicity, and after that its stillness grows upon you. If you see it again and again, perhaps, you will feel a subtle something which is more than dignity, simplicity or stillness: it is a sober sadness, like that of a long autumn or some great thing that has failed. But the house has not failed.

The lines of the stone-pillared porch are still and straight. The handle of the door, the knocker, the handle of the bell, reflect distorted images in the cold neutrality of polished brass. Having rung, you wait, and a creeping

wind touches the ivy leaves that are dying on the walls beside the porch as though it were asking of each of them the question which they answer, trembling. Those that are ready drop to the earth quietly, in twos and threes. The wind touches the big elm and the elm, whispering, makes a sound like that of a woman, as she passes.

And within his house you will find him,—Dr. Goldwin Smith. Out of the soft lights and stillness, in the air of old books and the presence of the paintings of men of whom you have merely heard, or read in books, comes a tall figure, pale and fragile. An old servant, deft in courtesies, has opened the door before the Master of the Grange. He wears a black library-cap above his long face. His eyes are deep set, but frank and kind. The nose is long, the mouth firm, and under the chin a black cravat marks the long throat. In him, a dignity, a simplicity, a repose and even perhaps a sadness—the same qualities that pervade the mansion itself.

* * * *

Long ago he came to Canada, and she, proud to have so eminent a stranger within her gates, gave him a place among her own native-born great. In that place he has remained ever since, growing always just a little further from England and becoming more and more surrounded with the affairs of the big new country. The suave Laurier, shrewd William Mackenzie, blunt Mabey, inscrutable Hayes, astute Van Horne, Irish Shaughnessy, beneficent Strathcona and the dis-

appointed Tupper—these are his fellows on the bench where we keep the great. He sits with them, yet he is not one of them. He is a man apart, alone, isolated,—grown old. They are the natural product of the country and of its needs. They have given it railways, canals and bridges, dams and



AT THE FOOT OF AN ELM, AN OLD BENCH OFFERS REST
TO ALL WHO PASS

roads, policies and administrations, justice and diplomatic standing; but Goldwin Smith could not have built a railroad, nor calculated the strain-sheet of a bridge. The keen sword of technical justice might have been un-

steady in his hands. It is not probable that he could have administered a government better than common men, or that he could have negotiated an *entente*. So men have wondered, not unkindly—of what use is he, or such as he, to Canada?

He is a pensive weaver who has never woven, who could not weave: but who has spent his life studying earnestly the movements of that terrible loom which is driven by the engine of restless humanity, whose Author and Controller is Mystery, whose awful shuttles carry the threads of wars and riots and murders across the warp or move in the stillness of peace.

He studies that loom to see if he can detect the warp-threads on which the ribbon of history is woven, or with what destinies the bobbins are wound, or to calculate the pattern of the future by the pattern of the past. He is a philosopher of history,—the fine product of an ancient culture set down in a new civilization that is as noisy as a fall fair and tremendously busy making an honest living.

A question asked by a reporter when interviewing Dr. Smith on his eighty-sixth birthday seemed to provoke a reminiscent mood in the revered philosopher.

"The one ambition of my life," he said, "was to hold the professorship of history at Oxford. I attained it, but later, domestic duties called me away. I was invited by Dr. Cornell to assist in founding Cornell University in America. I came to the United States and subsequently visited Toronto, where I married and so settled myself for life.

"Canada," he continued, slowly and perhaps a little sadly, "is not a literary field. To the east is the French province; to the west a line of new provinces in new country.

"Then, too, I have sometimes thought that one's writings do not receive in the centres of learning in the old lands, the same consideration from the critics, when one writes from Canada as when one writes in the midst of them. In the old days" (quietly), "I mingled with men of my tastes; we met one another and knew one another personally. There was a sort of fra-

ternity that made even one's critics more kind and considerate."

Ambassadors, statesmen, and scholars make pilgrimages to Goldwin Smith's house when they are in this country. Perhaps it is they who remind him of the great men he knew and the distilled culture which is preserved at Oxford, but which in Canada must be neglected for the needs of the moment and the building up of things for the day after to-morrow. Goldwin Smith is too broad and too high a figure to be pathetic, but a lesser man's utterances and life under the same conditions might be expected to be tinged with something akin to pathos.

* * * * *

If the world were peopled with Goldwin Smiths it is doubtful if civilization would move as quickly as it does. On the other hand if there were none of his kind to leaven the world with a measure of conservatism it might follow that the world would end in a sort of political spontaneous combustion. "The Agitator" has his part, the ruthless scientist who wrecks God with his much knowledge and measures the infinite in the thimble of the finite, has his part. Goldwin Smith stands somewhere between: rather far removed from the agitator and yet a little distant from the extremes of scientific self-satisfaction.

It is a certain calm faith in the ultimate goodness of things that makes Goldwin Smith loved even by those who could not agree with all that he says. He is far from orthodox, but at least he admits that there is a bound to all that a man can know. He reverences honest mystery.

Perhaps that is why he has been accused of that thing so fatal to the highest intellectual attainment—prejudice. Men have said carelessly that he has accomplished nothing. They have whispered that his life is a failure. But no one answers. There is no need. What Goldwin Smith might have been had he remained at Oxford or even in the company of the Dons, is one thing; what he has done here is another. He needs no explanation. True, great philosophers have been



GOLDWIN SMITH



HIS VERY HOUSE STANDS ALONE, AUSTERE, IVY-CLAD

known to fail in the solving of some concrete problem, but then, that does not mitigate the worth of their philosophy. Goldwin Smith has had a subtle influence on higher education in America. His sage advice, who said of a university that its highest function is the production of good and great citizens—was felt, rather than heard, in the re-organization of the University of Toronto.

How many scholars have known the stimulus of his freely-given intellectual intercourse? How many are the public men who have gone to him, quietly, and asked and received his advice on the general principles underlying some problem? How many of the men, the policies and wise acts of administration may not have been connected in some way with the old man in the Grange or with his writings?

The greatest philosophers in the last one hundred years might be said to have left little behind them save their personalities. Their books may contain a few—but only a few—new thoughts. The sayings of one philosopher differ from those of another only as the view points of the two men differ and according to the different value which each attaches to the same

thought. Much of their writing that seems new is but a collection of old ideas in new suits of clothes or standing on their heads. Carlisle and Emerson, to those who love them, are characters, not mere writers.

Thackeray who was more philosopher than men commonly think, is the great wholesome cynic who speaks in every page of every novel he ever wrote, and yet whose name appears nowhere save on the title page. Play-writers and mere narrators are not so, but Tennyson, Longfellow and Whittier—they too are philosophers of a sort. We see the men between the lines.

So with Goldwin Smith. Those who read his best works and whose sensitiveness is not dulled by prejudice on the topic, will conjure up from between the leaves the noble character of the man who filled them with his thoughts.

As Carlisle, the rough, terse Scotchman lives in "Hero Worship" and Emerson, the cultured dreamer who strung sentences and thought together like pearls on a string and called them essays in which we see his image—so shall the Dean of Canadian journalism live in his books as a man with much learning and yet with a reverence for



THE PATH TRODDEN BY AMBASSADORS, STATESMEN AND SCHOLARS

the unknowable, a man of prejudices yet of breadth and of a sure belief in the kindness of whatever Destiny rules the earth and the stars—a pensive

master of expression and philosophy, alone, truly, in Canada, but in his writings, a companion of all that is best in the whole world.

THE SISTER OF HOPE

BY MARGARET KENNA

LOVE and Hope sat together in Paradise. Love looked into Hope's eyes, and was content.

Love, so strong, tender, daring, was worshipped by the world. Hope was frail and weak and beautiful; and she was all-in-all to Love. Together they watched in awe and wonder, while Nature pictured to them his mighty deeds. Together they listened to his tales of many lands, of skies where lights and shadows tuned sweet harmonies; of seas where lived the nymphs and naiads, driven from the woodland pools and streams. Together they watched and listened; together they lived and loved.

One day Hope died. Love, wounded to the heart, wandered forth into a lone-

some land, where flowers refused to bloom and deathful mists o'erswept the way by which he would return.

Exhaustion overcame him; he paused wearily in his aimless course, footsore, discouraged. And standing thus, marvelling at the strangeness of the world about him, dazed and questioning, his eyes fell upon a beautiful figure clad in robes of grey.

"I know you—you are Memory," said Love.

She kissed his lips and eyes.

"Yes, I am Memory," she answered; "I am Hope's sister," and her soft, sad tones fell like balm upon Love's heart. "I will guide you back to the world which you have known. I will sit beside you, where Hope sat."

ROOSEVELT'S RIVAL

BY "NYMPO"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"AND is it true, Bill, you met and shook hands with Bryan; I mean the real William Jennings Bryan; the fellow that has been running as lead horse of the Democratic party for so many years?"

"Yes, sir; and if he had been a drinking man, he would have taken a drink with me," and Bill, the center of an admiring group in a small town of Manitoba, reached over and gave the stove a good shaking.

"Tell us about it."

"What did he look like?"

"I never saw him, but I voted for him in '96; that was the November before I homesteaded up here and learned then 'God Save the King' words to the Yankee tune of America," volunteered Watkins, the newly-elected reeve of the municipality.

"Go on, Bill, loosen up."

"It ain't much of a story, and yet with the trimmings I reckon I could stretch it out for awhile."

"Go to it, old fellow, trimmings and all. There ain't nothin' about the peerless leader that we don't want to know."

"Well, boys, it was cold that mornin'. Leastways it seemed cold. It was the first breath from the north we got after as fine a fall as Manitoba ever had. There was a stiff breeze blowing 'cross the lake, which accounted for the marsh not being frozen tighter than a drum. Looked to me like as if it would be the last chance at the ducks, for the night before I saw them bunchin' up, as they do when they get that message from the south by wireless

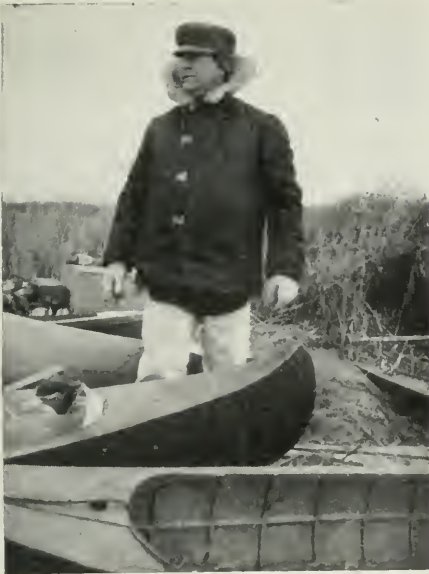
that it's time to move. I pulled off from the shack just before day and hadn't gone a hundred yards before I wished I had put on a little mite more clothes. You all know what a bite a north wind gets when it comes across a lake. It made me paddle some to start the fires of my heart and get warm a bit, and I was real glad when I got into the big reeds, for it broke the

wind. Now I've been hunting some in my life. Away back there in the early seventies when the old Red River carts were as common in Winnipeg as the electric cars are now, this country about Oak Lake enjoyed some reputation for ducks. But shoot me for a mud hen, if I ever saw in those days any more ducks than I did the morning I met Bryan. As I was a-sayin', I was glad to get in them rushes, and the way the ducks were flyin' about reminded me of the black-birds in the south, that fly so thick they darken the sun. I had promised myself not to shoot until I reached my blind, where everything was fixed up

nice and comfortable. The sun was peekin' over the bosom of the lake, and it was some pretty. I was dreamin' like, and had stopped paddlin' to watch a bunch of ducks start to 'dart' off to the west a couple of hundred yards. Just then somebody shot twice, and the lead duck, a big green head mallard just crumpled up in the air—you've seen 'em do it a hundred times—and dropped in the marsh deader'n a door nail. Just



THREE BEFORE BREAKFAST



"SAY, TAKE IT FROM ME, BRYAN IS THE REAL THING"

then some fellow busted out singin':

'With a quack, quack, quack
And feathers on its back
I wouldn't be a duck, would you?'

"Now I hadn't calculated anybody would be out in the marsh so early, although I had seen smoke comin' out of that lodge that Minister Coldwell and some of the Brandon fellows built two years ago. And say, fellows, you oughter have heard that fellow sing. He had a frustrate voice, and gee, he was some happy, standin' there in a boat with Dr. Jones, the Yankee Consul-General. I knowed Jones, havin' met him out Dauphin way shootin' big game. But the other fellow had me guessin'. I paddled up to their blind, said howdy to the Doc, and asked him if he and his friend would like a wee nippy.

"'Nothin' doin' in this blind, Bill,' said the Doc, 'but come up closer. I want you to shake hands with Mr. William Jennings Bryan.'

"Say fellows, take it from me, Bryan is the real thing. 'Hello, Bill,' says Bryan, just like he had known me for years. 'Had any luck?'

"'No, sir, but I'm on my way.' Then I asked the Doc who had shot the duck. 'The big democratic noise,' he replied. Then Bryan smiled.

"Say! you ought to see him smile once. It's like the sun after a week's rain.

"'Yes,' said Bryan, 'I killed him. The Consul-General here, because I had missed three easy shots, told me the ducks hereabouts were all republican ducks.'

"Then we all had a bully laugh. I clean forgot all about why I was in the marsh until Bryan yelled, 'Git down'. I ducked fast as I could, but the ducks had seen us and were off. 'Well, Mr. Bryan,' I said, as I started off for my blind, 'that was a cracking good shot of yours awhile ago.' 'Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed,' called Mr. Bryan after me. 'No, sir; not Sir Hubert.' I called back, 'Lut just plain Bill Skinner.' Say, boys, you should have heard them fellows laugh. The Doc must have given Bryan a steer to call me Sir Hubert."

"What did he look like?" ventured Watkins.

"You know yourself you can't tell much about a man's looks when he's togged up in a huntin' outfit. And he was togged up some all right, all right. Looked like a bushman with his sheep lined coat and big gloves. Guess he hasn't done much duck huntin'."



BRYAN AND "TIP" HELLIWELL
"The two greatest sports in the world"

"He ain't had time," said Watkins. "He's been too busy huntin' for something else." Everybody laughed, even the Englishman just over from the Old Country, who explained an hour later that he understood from the remark that Mr. Bryan had devoted all his time to stalking big game, "a jolly sport".

I had been an interested member of that country store congregation, and Bill Skinner's description of Bryan won him several drinks. So the Great Commoner had been shooting wild ducks in Manitoba. I determined to find out something more about it.

When Mr. Bryan visited Winnipeg



"HERE'S WHERE I MAKE ROOSEVELT JEALOUS"

last May, it seems he told Dr. Jones, the Yankee Consul-General, that when he came this way in the fall from the Seattle fair he would like to go duck shooting with him. The Hon. G. R. Coldwell, Minister of Education, heard about the matter, and forestalled a number of others who wanted to entertain Mr. Bryan by inviting him and Dr. Jones to shoot at the Brandon Club at Oak Lake. The invitation was accepted, and late in October, the party started from Brandon. It was a merry crowd, and the merriest of them all was

Mr. Bryan. He was going to forget all about politics and business, and just enjoy himself. How well he did all this is told in the archives of the club, where his record kill of thirty-five ducks recalls in pleasant memory what a genial camp spirit he is, and how thoroughly he made himself one of the finest bunch of men who ever organized a club.

When Mr. Bryan learned definitely of the plans, he busied himself in buying a proper equipment. Alas! in the little town where he stopped there was no sporting goods store, and he had to content himself with a sheep lined bushman's coat, a driving cap and a pair of heavy gloves. He did find a pair of half-length waders, and thus equipped was waiting for the signal to go. Minister G. R. Coldwell had contributed his gun, and when the party landed at Oak Lake and took a carriage for the clubhouse a dozen miles away, Mr. Bryan remarked he had everything necessary but the "Eye."

It was quite dark when they arrived at the club, which has a well and comfortably built house right on the edge of Oak Lake, commanding an enormous preserve in the shape of several thousand acres of marsh land. There were just eight who answered to the supper summons that night, and every man of them was a sport, even the Presbyterian Dominie who had been a former member of the club. The Dominie was the real canvas-back. He enjoyed a good story, smoked a pipe with rare relish, and I have reason to believe would go to a little Scotch tonsil varnish if he found his throat parched and his system in need of the medicine.

And what a supper that was! Mr. Bryan was given the seat of honor to the right of Minister Coldwell, who by the way is president of the club. That was the only style they put on, for Mr. Bryan soon put them all at ease by telling some good campaign yarns of himself. Nine big fat mallards steaming hot, with those Manitoba potatoes you read about and can't beat, hot bread, preserves, coffee that might have been brewed by the chef on Olympus, and best of all, a hearty Canadian welcome, conspired to complete a bill

of fare fit for the gods. And how that bunch did eat! Minister Coldwell, after looking around the table, suggested that perhaps each man could tackle half a duck. His guess was as conservative as he is. Each man disposed of a whole duck, and there was monstrous little left of the ninth for the cook.

It was near midnight when the "sand man" got in his work. No one really wanted to go to bed. But the morrow was to be spent in a strenuous life, and the "Commoner" was tired anyhow.

How interesting Mr. Bryan was that night. He carried the party with him through three campaigns, and then for a jaunt around the world, rehearsing interesting experiences in every clime, and introducing characters who have made history.

Mr. Bryan wanted to know all about duck shooting. He said to "Tip" Helliwell, than whom there is no greater hunter in Manitoba, "Tip, I'm going to devote more time to hunting. I don't believe in a man hunting for big game, for that involves a risk of human life, but I want more outdoor life, and I am beginning to believe duck shooting is the real thing."

"Bet your life, Mr. Bryan. There's nothing like it. Why, look at me. I've passed a good many milestones, but if what they say about a man being as old as he feels is true, I'm just thirty to-day. I tell you, medicine has no place in a man's kit if he gets out and becomes a part of nature. God Al-

mighty never intended a man to be shut up in houses all the time."

"Did you hear Mr. Bryan snore last night?" inquired the Consul-General when he made his appearance. "He roared so hard it curdled the milk."

"Hear that exaggeration, boys?" said Mr. Bryan. "But I came near forgetting that Jones is a Republican, which accounts for his vagaries."

"Get a bellyfull this morning," volunteered the Dominic, when we had all taken our places at the table, "for we are not coming back until every man has shot the limit, and it's some cold out there in the marsh."

That advice was quite unnecessary. One who witnessed that destruction of food would never have suspected that a big supper had been demolished the night before.

Mr. Bryan had slept over what "Tip" Helliwell had said, and was up and out before breakfast to get a shot on the land as the ducks passed to the lake. I secured a snapshot just as he was picking up his first duck, a fine blue-bill, and caught him again as he was coming up the path with three more to his credit as the sum total of the before breakfast shoot.

When at length he came into the dining room, he said:

"It begins to look to me as if I were going to be shot at as often as the ducks."

He was right, for every man had a camera, and Mr. Bryan was IT.

Breakfast over, the party got busy.



MINISTER G. R. COLDWELL AND WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

The hired man came around with his wheel barrow, and into it was piled all the shooting paraphernalia of the party.

"All right, Mr. Bryan," called Minister Coldwell, and off the two started.

"Wait a minute, please," called out Consul-General Jones, "I want to get a picture of the two greatest sports in the world."

With that he posed Mr. Bryan with "Tip" Helliwell, and snapped them.

"Better not let Teddy hear of your calling me a great sport," laughed Mr. Bryan, after he had been "shot".

At the clubhouse landing we found a dozen or more canoes all equipped with comfortable back rests, and lots of fine dry hay.

Mr. Bryan evinced the greatest interest in the decoys and pitched in with the rest of the boys to help load up. Meanwhile he was the target for a perfect fusillade of shots. But he seemed to enjoy the fun. Later in the day, while in the blind, he caught up his gun and pointing it at an imaginary duck, called out:

"Here's where I make Roosevelt jealous."

When the evening shadows began to fall, the canoes started for home. Everybody was anxious to learn of the other fellow's luck. Mr. Bryan had done well, but the republican party, as reflected in Consul-General Jones, had a large majority.

That night at supper Mr. Bryan said he couldn't help but recall that beautiful couplet from William Cullen Bryant whenever he missed:

"'Vainly doth the fowler's eye mark thy distant flight to do thee harm'."

And then it came time to say good-bye. Mr. Bryan took occasion to say how much he had enjoyed the outing; how thoroughly at home the members of the club had made him feel, and how he would return to his home in Nebraska with still another argument for the brotherhood of man. Before he left, Mr. Bryan wrote in the club's register the following:

"None-Better is an alias for Buffalo Lodge, and it applies to the members of the gun club as well."

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

BY DOROTHY GREENE

WITHOUT, the world is white and still,
 Within is Christmas cheer.
 Above the tread of dancing feet
 The music rises clear.
 The walls are hung with holly sprays,
 The Yule-log's ruddy glow
 Flickers across a merry throng
 Beneath the mistletoe.

Yet though the leaping firelight plays
 On faces bright and fair,
 There ever comes a memory,
 Of one who is not there.
 And as I dance I think of her
 I kissed a year ago,
 When in her cheeks the roses bloomed,
 Beneath the mistletoe.



THE ALTAR OF DIANA

BY NORMAN W. CRAGG

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WERVEKE



YOU could nowhere have found a happier group than that which gathered for Christmas dinner at Dr. Ashcombe's. As yet, thank God, there

was, through death or distance, no vacant chair. Harold and Tom had "blown in" tempestuously from college, filling the old house with noisy laughter and glad confusion. The doctor's eyes twinkled, as he now listened to the young collegians recounting, with the modesty native to autobiographers, their football exploits, each being the confessed hero of many stricken fields. He was proud of his tall, virile sons, and the unfulfilled ambitions of his own youth glowed again for them.

But it was Ruth who sat beside him, in all the wistful sweetness of her budding womanhood, and who knew no rival in his heart. Her mother was very still, feasting her deep, brown eyes upon the glad, boyish faces, and well content to let her heart drink quietly its benediction of joy. Blake, the

twelve-year-old, manifested an admirable willingness to assume the burden of the conversation, but, discouraged by neglect, he retired into obscurity until upon the arrival of the pudding there mysteriously descended from the ceiling a placard bearing the agreeable admonition: "England expects every man this day to do his duty," when he briefly emerged into the general eye only to suffer an immediate eclipse.

For it was at this moment, as Ruth often afterward recalled, that the telephone rang.

"It will be for father, of course," growled Tom, dismally. "It's just like people's meanness and ignorance to be sick on Christmas,—or to pretend they are," he added, cynically.

"It's a long distance call, and for you, mother," called Ruth. "It's from Ottawa. So it must be Dick."

Mrs. Ashcombe hurriedly joined her, and for a minute exchanged Christmas greetings with her nephew. Then she handed the receiver back to her daughter.

"Many thanks for the book," Ruth heard Dick say, "but why so expensive a joke?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that leather-bound copy of *The Life Work of Great Reformers* I

received this morning. You've always sent me such ripping stories."

"Why, Dick, I sent you *Diana's Mad Lovers*, the craziest book printed in years!"

"Well, anyway, that's what I got, and——"

Here they were cut off. Ruth pondered for a moment, and then went slowly back to the dining-room, wearing an expression so woebegone that all turned questioning eyes.

"I've done the most terrible, the most appalling thing," she faltered, with the remote forewarning of a little



RUTH

sob in her voice. "I've sent—*Diana's Mad Lovers*—to—Aunt Ellerton!"

Blake laughed. That boy would laugh anywhere.

Aunt Ellerton was Ruth's grandaunt, who lived at Peterboro, forty miles away. Uncle Hezekiah Ellerton had persuaded a million people to add a new joy to existence by eating *Oatena*, a predigested breakfast food, unrivalled as a builder of brain and muscle. ("Save the coupons. They are valuable.") Upon his decease, Aunt Eller-

ton became the acknowledged and undisputed head of all that bore the name. She was whatever you think of as typifying power,—Grand Llama, Great Cham, Empress Dowager. She was able to command the awe of the young and the deference of their elders. Nor did a closer acquaintance serve to lessen the respect with which she was regarded.

With a sleepless and unerring eye she superintended the superintendents of the *Oatena* works, who had reason to realize that she had not permitted her grief to enfeeble her intellect. During her spare time, as a recreation, she threw herself with violent energy into church and society work, and was instantly elected president of the Ladies' Aid, a Missionary Society, the Dorcas Society, the Busy Bees and the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Female Domestics.

It had been understood for several years that she was resolved to visit Europe as soon as the ocean would quiet down a little. As a woman of sixty-two was not likely to attempt this invasion unattended, there was a hope, that had developed into a belief, that she would invite one of her nieces to accompany her. She had already asked Ruth to visit her in the early spring, and this would not be the veracious chronicle that it is if it should conceal the fact that the young lady was not without secret hope that something might come of it.

Pause a moment and suppose that you had a childless aunt who already had an amount of money that seemed positively sinful; with hundreds of thousands of people strengthening brain and muscle three times a day upon *Oatena*, so that peradventure they might in the course of time secure a cuckoo clock that ran just long enough to cause rejoicing when paralysis seized it; suppose such a case, I repeat, and wouldn't you be decently eager to prove that the whole movement and color of your mind was responsive to hers?

When the first shock of her discovery had abated, Ruth, with that calm sadness with which one speaks of the loved and lost, descanted upon the

pains she had taken in selecting Aunt Ellerton's gift. The binding made the book a delight to the eye, while the contents were such as to prove of enthralling interest to her. It had been warily commended by a bishop (whose name had escaped her memory) and it was illustrated by portraits of the reformers, and pictures of their graves.

She remembered distinctly that this book and *Diana's Mad Lovers* were sent to the post at the same time. They were much of a size—and she did hope it would be a lesson to her never again to wrap a second parcel until she had addressed the first.

What would Aunt Ellerton think of it? That was the question; or rather, there wasn't any question at all. Another niece would get her invitation now; and goodness knew there were plenty of them.

In a few days there came the customary note from her aunt, thanking the family for its gifts.

"Ofcourse, she hasn't read it yet," commented Ruth, "but glory be, she has survived the first blow, anyway."

When, six weeks later, the earlier invitation from Aunt Ellerton was repeated, Ruth had an impulse to plead that she was needed at home. Her second thought was to write that she would come, and she acted upon it at once. "I can let her reform me," she suggested hopefully, and went.

She was met at the station by James, who from time out of mind had combined in his sole person the offices of coachman, stable-boy, gardener and furnace-man

"Your aunt had to attend a meeting this afternoon," he explained, as he took charge of her and her belongings. "Why, I hardly knew you; you have grown so in the last three years!"

When Ruth had dressed, she went down into the library to await her aunt. Half-timidly, she scanned the shelves for "Diana," but that peccant volume was nowhere to be seen. A wild and improbable hope beat at her heart that the thing had failed to reach its destination. She recalled that there had been several wrecks about Christmas, and perhaps the hand of a watchful and beneficent Providence had obliterated her unhappy error, even though it had required so vigorous a measure to accomplish it.

But well she knew that the gift had simply been repudiated. As she gazed at the formidable works that formed the literary pasturage of her redoubtable relative, the full and glaring enormity of her offence against her aunt's tastes smote upon her. One might as well expect to find



THE YOUNG COLLEGIANS RECOUNTED THEIR FOOTBALL EXPLOITS

comic valentines in the playful Emerson as *Diana's Mad Lovers* in the respectable aridity of this library.

Aunt Ellerton looked not a day older nor mellowed than she had three years before. She greeted Ruth laconically, but not unkindly. She was in evident good humor over, as it proved, her afternoon's skirmish in the Ladies' Aid with Mrs. Willoughby Thompson, the too-daring leader of an insurgent faction.

"I think I can foresee," she said, with grim satisfaction, "where that woman is going to bury herself so deep that she won't have even starlight to comfort her."

⌘ All during tea, Ruth felt her aunt's eye upon her. She felt as the small boy feels who has been caught fishing during the Sunday School hour, and who awaits judgment.

When they were back in the old-fashioned library, Aunt Ellerton turned suddenly upon Ruth:

"However did you come to send me that 'Diana' book? Last year, you remember, you sent me *The Beauties of Spurgeon*."

Ruth knew that the crisis was upon her. She felt herself swaying in the balance, and found wanting.

"Aunt Ellerton," she began, hurriedly, "I wanted to write to explain my sending it, but ——"

"Never mind. Did you read it yourself?"

This was a loop-hole. Oh, if she could only have taken advantage of it!

"Y-e-s, I read it," she confessed, "and of course, it's frivolous and shallow. I knew that you wouldn't care for such a book. Not that I see any harm in it. It was all a mistake——"

"Harm in it!" interrupted Aunt Ellerton, to her dumb amazement. "I shouldn't think there is! Do you know, you're the first one in years that has sent me a book I could read. It's mighty reviving at my age to have discovered you. I'm about tired of the way I've been treated by you girls."

"Why, what have we done?" asked Ruth.

"Done!" repeated the older woman, warming up as she proceeded. "Just look at the books I have to pretend to be grateful for! I have some money (though not a great deal, Ruth), but I'm glad not to be overlooked at Christmas, just the same. But am I a petrified stone mummy? That's what I want to know.

"Books are sensible things to send," she pursued. "I'm thankful to say that no one would dare to send me a pair of yarn slippers. The last dozen or so books on that shelf are the last offerings. Just look at them and tell me if you'd enjoy having to live with them. *The Higher Criticism Criticized*—that's from Elizabeth. She doesn't know what the title means. She has de-

scribed me to the bookstore man, and let him do his worst. Your cousin Mary sent me *Holy Dying*. What makes old maids so queer, anyway? I'm not going to take it as a suggestion, either. Edna, you know, was expelled from school twice for bad behaviour. She sent *The Beauty of Service*, hoping that the recipient would enjoy it as much as the giver had. I told her I knew I should. Alice reads three novels a week and is going to marry a politician, and her contribution is *The Life Work of Great Reformers*." (Ruth started.) "Half the pictures are of tombstones! Then there are *The Pioneers of Patagonia*, *Shall I Tihe?* *The Romance of Babylonian Civilization*, *The Menace of Wealth*, and a whole lot more. I'm going to give them all to the preacher. It will be a mean thing to do, for he's a delicate man, but he's paid for it, and if he refuses them I'll reduce my subscription."

"But I don't see 'Diana'," hinted Ruth, her curiosity conquering her fast-receding awe.

First closing the room door, Aunt Ellerton unlocked a drawer below a book-case. It was crammed with books, and as Ruth surveyed them the last vestige of her fear vanished. This was her aunt's closet, and these her skeletons. Mary J. Holmes was evidently her favorite, but Bertha M. Clay, Mrs. Southworth, Laura Jean Libbey and The Duchess were well represented. Even "Diana" might well object to the quality of her associates.

"There isn't a single one of them that doesn't end right," boasted their possessor proudly. "I've had many a comfortable hour with them here."

"You play and sing, of course?"

"Yes, a little."

"Then we'll have you at it this very night," declared her aunt, with enthusiasm.

"Jane!" she called.

That young woman appeared.

"Are you going out to-night?" inquired her mistress.

Jane, it appeared, had not thought of going out.

"Then I want to give you all a real treat. There's a lecture in the church

on 'Canada's Great Northland,' and you and cook and James may go."

"But Martha is complaining of a bad headache," parleyed Jane, hopelessly, "and I promised to stay with her."

"Nonsense!" snapped Aunt Ellerton. "It will do you both good to go. I haven't tickets, but get good seats and remind me of it at the end of the month."

Jane withdrew from the presence.

"Well, that gets rid of them and leaves us a clear field. Jane didn't seem to be suffering from an acute suppression of glee, did she? I don't suppose they'll go to that lecture, but they won't dare to come back before ten. So we'll have two good hours."

They had, it turned out, two hours and a half, and Aunt Ellerton enjoyed every minute of it. In the interval she had ferreted out two or three old song books.

"I haven't heard them for over thirty years, — not since I married your Uncle Hezekiah. We'll start with 'O No, We Never Mention Her,' The 'Gypsy's Warning,' and 'The Spanish Cavalier.' I'll have thought of more by the time we finish them, — though they're all better than anything we hear nowadays."

She was as good as her word, and the hours were abandoned to a perfect orgy of antiquated passion. The effect upon her was magical. A breath from the

long-lost seas of youth filled her soul. Sometimes she even attempted to join in the singing. She regretfully confessed that the words did seem pretty mushy to her now, but declared that it was good to hear them for the sake of the memories they awakened.

"You would never imagine, would you, that before we were married,



SOMETIMES SHE EVEN ATTEMPTED TO JOIN IN THE SINGING

Hezekiah and I used to sing these pieces for hours at a time?"

Remembering Uncle Hezekiah, Ruth couldn't imagine it, any more than yesterday she would have dreamed it of her aunt.

Yet she was surprised to find that neither now, nor later in the quiet of

her own room, had she any temptation to laugh at Aunt Ellerton. That drawer of turgid sentimentality and the riotous simoon of all this tender doggerel revealed an unexpected side of her aunt's nature, investing her suddenly with the warmth of humanity. No one was likely long to forget that she did not lack the more robust virtues.

Ruth sometimes accompanied her to the *Oatena* works, and learned to admire the unerring shrewdness and particular knowledge that governed its activities. She was present, too, at a further session of the Ladies' Aid, and watched the adroit checkmating of every ambitious design of the nefarious Mrs. Willoughby Thompson, definite progress being made toward that lady's utter demolition.

During the last days of Ruth's visit, Aunt Ellerton took a couple of days off, and they went to Toronto on a shopping foray. The preceding week had been full of worries incident to a proposed extension of the factories, and she devoted herself with avidity to the

relaxation the little trip afforded.

Nevertheless, she became unexpectedly quiet, and so remained until after dinner at night. Then she turned to Ruth:

"I don't care what happens. Child, we're going to the theatre. I've felt the hankering for it all day. Hezekiah and I went once, when we were on our wedding trip, tho' we never told a soul."

"I saw by the bill-boards," suggested Ruth, "that they are playing *Hamlet* to-night."

"See here, Ruth," replied her aunt, promptly, "when one goes to the theatre only twice in a lifetime, it's to see something a little brisker than William Shakespeare. We're going to see this man Hopper. One of the girls in a store told me about him, and you can depend on them to know."

"You see," she went on, "I want to get my mind limbered up a little before we go to England in June. And just think," she added, "if it hadn't been for that 'Diana' book of yours, I might never have known you at all!"

THE EARTHWRECKER

BY CHARLES JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COUGHLIN

ELMER SEIGEL, contriver of things scientific, leaned back from his work for a brief space to think. Lounging crosswise in an ancient but copious arm-chair, his eyes sought the ceiling in the set and unblinking stare of deep concentration. For hours and hours, he had been seeking the solution of the final difficulty, which if overcome, would make his latest scientific venture perfect. It was 9.30 the foregoing evening when he had entered his shop, and now it was well on toward noon the following day. He was physically tired, but mentally wonderfully alert.

The inventor wore a rubber-like suit,

which fitted closely to his long, slender form, wolfish in its nervous tensity. His head and neck were concealed in a helmet of the same material, leaving only his face exposed, while gloves and boots of a similar substance protected his hands and feet.

Suddenly he leaped from the chair to his feet with a shout of joy.

"Trumbull, Trumbull, I've got it!" he shrieked in the first mad enthusiasm of discovery. He had been consciously unaware of his friend Trumbull's presence until now, possibly owing to deep mental abstraction. When or how Trumbull had come in, he did not exactly remember; nor did

he even vaguely wonder at his presence there at an hour when he was usually busy in his legal offices.

"Got what?" asked Trumbull, with a quiet show of interest.

Seigel made no reply, for he was now behind the switchboard, and close to the huge, bowl-shaped thing which occupied the full width of the rear end of the shop and towered up through the roof to the open air. This peculiar-looking contrivance was apparently built of copper wire coiled around an inner frame-work, making it strangely resemble an inverted bee-hive. The bottom of this inverted cone sat solidly and snugly in a big socket of copper, beneath which there was a block of insulating rubber, fully two feet thick. There was something fascinating in its hard, corrugated surface, and the perfect symmetry of its shape that held the eye of the beholder in childish wonder. The simplicity of its appearance was slightly marred by a copper band which encircled it near the ceiling. From this band, ran two heavy, uncovered strings of copper wire, which disappeared into a copper box resting on a small derrick between the big bowl and the switch-board. Two similar strings reached from the copper box to the switch-board. At the right hand side of the bowl, a light electric motor was set up against the wall, and from the driving wheel of this motor, a rubber belt ran to a copper pulley near the base of the bowl. From this, and the small cog wheel at the opposite end of the pulley-shaft, setting in a cogged tire at the bowl's base, a close observer would at once conclude that the cone was set in motion by the motor.

The inventor was now up on a ladder at the side of the derrick, and was delving with wrench and screw-driver inside the intervening copper-box. Finally he straightened up, closing the lid of the box, while he muttered to himself:

"That must be it; a heavy spool and a light one on the transmission wire, and a single heavy one on the return. How simple! I wonder that I did not think of it in my first calculations. But I had not figured on the loss at the feed-

ends, and that's what disturbed the balance of voltage in the transformer."

When Seigel next appeared before the switch-board to the fore of the shop, he had pulled the transparent visor of his helmet down. He then started the little motor on the wall.

There came a subdued but majestic hum, punctuated by intermittent spluttering and hissing, from the direction of the copper cone, which commenced to revolve independently of the copper band which encircled it near the ceiling. At the same instant, the copper band became alive with scintillating sparks of greenish light, which spun, comet-like, around and about it, much in the same manner as those from a huge emery wheel. High in the upper air, there resounded a mysterious, sighing sound, like the wail of the wind over a bottomless churn. It was an eerie, ghostly, gnashing muttering, as though the devilish-looking, bowl-shaped thing of copper were sucking the very vitals from the atmosphere.

"That atomagnet," Seigel explained to Trumbull, as he pointed to the revolving bowl, "is now attracting to it



IN THE SET AND UNBLINKING STARE OF DEEP CONCENTRATION

enough of atmospheric energies in their unadulterated and concentrated form, to make the whole earth and all the susceptible matter in it and on it,

rigid and inflexible, were it not completely insulated."

Trumbull looked at the inventor incredulously.

"I see you don't understand," Seigel went on. "Well, in the interior of that bowl, or atomagnet, as it is properly termed, there are similar bowls within bowls, now revolving in opposite directions at varying speeds. To each alternate bowl is attached several small, rotating armatures, propelled automatically, between stationary fields, as well as other intricate, current-aggravating devices, which it would be useless to attempt to explain to you;



TO TRUMBULL'S AMAZEMENT, THE PIECE OF PINE CRUMBLED

but the whole action results in dissecting and drawing from the air, a hitherto unknown force, of which I will shortly give you a practical demonstration.

"This force, Trumbull, has a thousand times the energy of electricity, and it has a widely different effect on matter. When it is made known, it will revolutionize the world of science, and turn all previous theories topsy-turvy. By its aid, warships and fortresses, made of wood, cement, or even paper or glass if you like, will be made absolutely indestructible even by steel

projectiles fired from the latest and most powerful guns. Suspension bridges and sky-scrappers, built of paper and energized by atomagnetism, will some day be an economical reality. Of course, the problem of limiting the suffusion of the current to the substances desired, will have to be next solved, but that will be an easy matter I feel sure."

"But what makes the big bowl go 'round?" asked Trumbull, whose knowledge of scientific matters was very limited.

"I start it with that small electric motor against the wall," replied Seigel, "but the bowl revolves automatically when a complete circuit is formed outside its surface. The secondary feature of atomagnetism is, that it makes perpetual motion a reality. Stand back a few yards, Trumbull, for I am about to start the tests."

Seigel spread a heavy rubber covering over the switchboard table, then slowly drew the starting lever across a copper controller. When he touched the two wire ends hanging from the board, together, they clung and twisted, while the transformer above hissed and cracked angrily, until he reversed the controller.

Apparently satisfied that all so far was well, he took a small piece of pine board from a packing-case near by, and placing it on the spread, re-closed the controller and touched the two wire-ends to it. The transformer once more added its hiss and splutter to the general din, and the copper wires, twisting and vibrating under a mysterious and awful influence, clung to the piece of pine like live, brazen serpents. Picking up a heavy hammer from a tool-box behind him, Seigel dealt the energized piece of wood a swift and vigorous blow, the hammer flying back with a rebound that was doubly mystifying, while the wood remained absolutely unindented. To Trumbull's amazement, the piece of pine crumbled into a greenish-yellow ash, the instant Seigel released it from the current.

"Eureka!" cried the contriver, "My theory is proved! You see, Trumbull," he continued in a quieter tone, "a

peculiar inexplicable feature of atomagnetism is that substances which come in quick contact with atomagnetized substances are not energized thereby. Unlike electricity, the atomagnetic fluid resists all foreign bodies which come in violent contact with that through which it is naturally flowing; otherwise this hammer would have become congealed to the wood when I struck it."

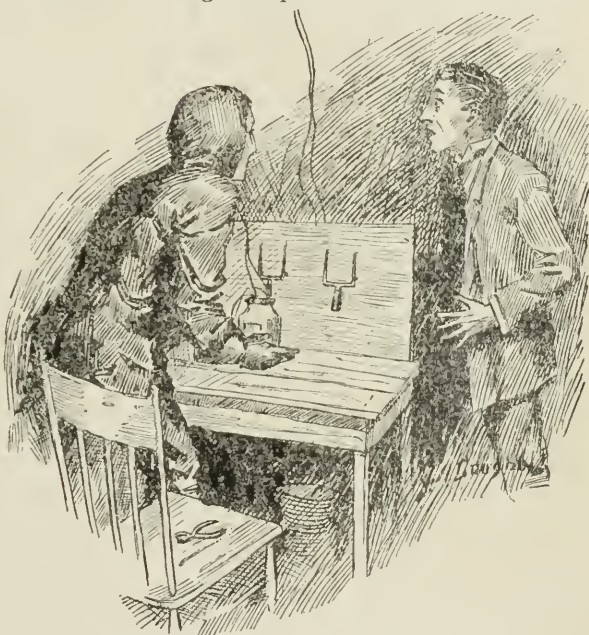
Seigel afterwards made successful experiments with pieces of glass, candles, card-board and other substances of a like nature; each in turn resisting the blows of the hammer as if they had been turned to adamant. As soon as the current was turned off, however, they crumbled into nothingness. In reply to Trumbull's wide, inquiring gaze, Seigel explained:

"This peculiar result is due to the fact that atomagnetism is formed from properties in the air all about us. Electricity is but a by-product of atomagnetism, so to speak. In its pursuit and suffusion of susceptible substances, it is similar to the former, but the instant it forms a complete circuit through any matter, it disintegrates every atom in that which it energizes, and usurping the place of natural magnetism, it holds the atoms together in a mighty grip, which appears to be irresistible. The instant the current is withdrawn from an energized substance, it apparently leaves void the minute spaces formerly occupied by the cohesive properties which hold the atoms in all matter together; resulting also in the instantaneous evaporation of the water and chemicals which give to solids their natural fullness. Rubber, treated under a certain intricate chemical process, is the only substance I have yet found which is an absolute non-conductor. My apparatus is all insulated with rubber so treated. Copper is the only metallic substance which resists the destructive influence

of atomagnetism, but even it, I believe, in time will succumb to it. I next intend to prove to you that even water is susceptible to——"

A blinding lightning flash and a deafening explosion cut short Seigel's last sentence, while fragments of material hissed and whizzed about the shop in every direction. Next came the awful realization that the transformer had blown to pieces, and he had a brief vision of two copper wires, loosed from their fastenings, twisting and writhing in mid-air, which finally dropped to the floor and clung there like leeches.

Seigel's lips were frozen dumb with



TRUMBULL WAS A RIGID STATUE, MOUTH AGAPE AND EYES STARING WIDE

the horror of the situation. It was in vain he tried to release the heavy wires from their new prey; in vain did he attempt to sever them from the copper ring with hammer and hatchet, and just as futile was his endeavor to use the electric motor to check the whirling cups. It was no longer a motor, but a thing inanimate, immovable, held so by the terrible force which was now perhaps permeating all substances to the uttermost parts of the earth. The atomagnet was now revolving at a giddy speed, and it seemed a thing

demoniacal, completely swathed as it was in swiftly circling rings of zig-zag lightning, while the continuous rumble of clashing forces within it, made the earth tremble.

It was then that Seigel noticed Trumbull at the other side of the switch-board, a rigid statue, mouth agape and eyes staring wide; the expression of horror being frozen on his face an instant after the explosion which caused it. Seigel's greatest fears were confirmed when he clutched Trumbull to shake him. He was as immovable as an Egyptian pyramid. Even his clothes did not sink beneath the grip of Seigel's gloved hand. The awful realization then came fully to the inventor that the whole world was now suffused with the accursed atomagnetic fluid, and even if he could succeed in stopping the apparatus, all matter at that instant would immediately fade into substanceless dust.

In a frenzy of despair, he rushed to the street door, only to make the discovery that it also was immovable, even to the latch, but by climbing to an opened window, he finally gained access to the outside world. The sight which there met his startled gaze, beggars any attempt at description.

High above was the natural summer sunlight, where small, fleecy, yellow clouds moved slowly before a gentle breeze. Below, was a world of ominous, absolute stillness; plunged into everlasting death by the blunder of a genius, who alone of all earth's creatures breathed and lived. The suburban street in which Seigel's shop was located, now resembled an avenue in some gigantic wax-works. Men, women and children, horses and vehicles were transfixed in the attitudes which they held when the awful catastrophe occurred. Opposite the shop, stood three men, who being startled from their conversation by the explosion, had all three half-turned, and were frozen in that attitude, with the wonderment still plainly marked on their faces. On the crossing, two doors up, was a woman who had been atomagnetized while stepping over a muddy place. The folds of her raised skirt were as stiff and rigid as the

bodies and leering faces of the two well-dressed young loungers, who were caught in the act of squinting. A hod-carrier with his burden, stood rigid on his ladder, while his fellow workmen, on the story above, were stiffened in all sorts of natural postures as they bent over their work. Strange scenes of a like nature met Seigel's gaze in every direction. Under any other circumstances, he would have laughed aloud over the humorous side of it all; especially at the expression on the face of a fat German butcher, frozen in the act of kicking a hungry cur, which had purloined a string of sausage from his shop-front.

Seized with a strange, exhilarating madness, which made him supremely indifferent to the apparent universal destruction he had wrought, the contriver rushed through the streets, hither and thither, the only living thing in a world of statues. On, on, he ran, till he came to the heart of the business section, where pulsating life a few moments before was creating a clatter and bang that ceased neither day nor night. Thronged with the noonday crowd and traffic, the great civic arteries were now silent as the grave. Long lines of street cars stood motionless, each packed with rigid humanity. Automobiles and taxicabs, checked in their mad flight; drays and express wagons; vehicles of every description which fight for place on the pavements of a great city, presented a strange scene of silent and motionless confusion.

Through the plate glass window of an elaborately furnished office, Seigel could see a stout, florid-faced gentleman, black cigar in hand, who was giving out an interview to the boys of the press. Their lightning pencils remained on the white pads before them, but they would move no more; nor would the stout gentleman ever have opportunity to complain to the city editors that his chat had been garbled. At a street corner was a man with a "blind" sign on his breast, who had been transfixed while momentarily "looking" at the last coin which had been dropped in his palm. His sign no longer lied. In a very busy spot,

a pickpocket was getting in his quick work, but the atomagnetism had been quicker, and had stiffened him while his hand yet remained in his victim's pocket. On a side street, a loafer was being kicked out of a low saloon; the rigid leg and foot of the bartender, protruding from the doorway, being tangible evidence of the manner in which the trick was done. At a bargain sale, further on, a hundred women were atomagnetized in a frantic struggle to gain early entrance. Hats awry, faces flushed and angry, their clothes torn; in their cataleptic state, they presented a ludicrous spectacle.

A tough-looking youth was stiffened in the attitude of picking up a cigar-stub, which a prosperous-looking man ahead had just thrown away; newsies held aloft the latest extras in their motionless hands, but had ceased to cry their wares; a hand-organ man appeared to be putting all kinds of exertion into twisting the crank of his machine, but no sound came therefrom, though the expressions of ecstasy in the faces of the circle of ragged children about him indicated what had been before the shock had come. Men everywhere held hats aloft to female acquaintances on the street, and smart young men and coquettish girls were caught with eyes aslant in sly flirtation, while every few yards, white-helmeted policemen looked on with sightless, unblinking eyes.

Seigel suddenly became aware of a change in the expressions on the faces of the rigid figures in the portion of the city he had now reached. Men and women were bent forward and jostled against each other, as though running

for dear life, their faces tense and eyes bulging. A fire department, suddenly stiffened in its breakneck course, which Seigel descried up street, explained it all. The strenuous expressions of the dumb figures and faces seemed to infect Seigel with a like mad desire to rush in the common direction. Often, he brushed against the statues in his pathway, but they were moved not a hair's breadth by the impact.

While attempting to pass around a crowd in Union Square, Seigel ran pell-mell into the stone steps of the Westervelt building, and tripping, he was sent sprawling over the sidewalk. In the fall, the rubber covering was torn from his right leg. Instinctively, he attempted to raise it aloft, but the atomagnetism was reaching to it from the energized concrete, and already he could feel its paralytic influence numbing the limb into sickening insensibility.

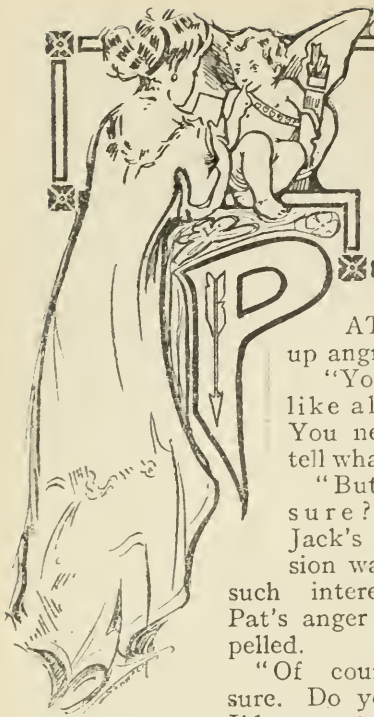
The scene had changed entirely when Seigel with a new feeling of pain about his head and shoulders, attempted to raise himself from his prostrate position. He was in a white bed, and a sweet-faced nurse was leaning over him and gently pushing him back to his pillow.

"How—?" began the bewildered man.

"There, there, you must not talk," admonished his fair attendant. "You have been hurt. Two weeks ago, they found you in your shop, where a portion of your machinery had fallen over on you. You have been delirious and talking of the weirdest kind of inventions, but the worst is over now, and if you are good, you'll be better soon."

Atomagnetism still remains in its latent state in the air all about us.





FIRST AIDS TO CUPID

BY J. A. DOBSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. SCHWALM

See frontispiece

AT looked up angrily.

"You are just like all boys. You never can tell what to do."

"But are you sure?" and Jack's expression was one of such interest that Pat's anger was dispelled.

"Of course I'm sure. Do you 'spose I'd come talking to you about it if I hadn't been?"

"Girls get rattled so quick," and Jack looked his superiority given him by accident of sex.

"Pooh!" and Pat's contemptuous tone brought sudden recollection to Jack's mind of a certain adventure in which he had not shone with brilliancy. "You ought to talk about anybody getting rattled."

"But how did you find it out?" and the young lord of creation had an evident desire to change the trend of Pat's thought.

"I listened," and a faint flush crept over her face as she caught the look of surprise that Jack gave her. "I couldn't help it. I had gone to sleep on the sofa and they came in while I was there and I had to keep still and hear the whole thing."

"You could have hollered." Jack's manner was quite magisterial.

"Hollered! Of course I could have hollered, Mr. Jack Ambrose, but I didn't. And I'll bet you my big agate that you wouldn't have either."

Jack shook his head in a most non-committal way.

"And besides," went on Pat, "if I hadn't heard it, how could we have fixed it up? There, Mr. Jack Smarty," and she gave a kick with her slender foot that sent the white sand and broken sea shells flying across the road.

"It's too bad," for being routed in argument, Jack endeavored to retrieve himself by rehearsing anticipated losses. "There'll be no more candy, or horseback rides, or auto stunts, or ball games, or—or—"

"Or anything," added Pat, solemnly. "Or anything," echoed Jack, dolefully.

There was a silence for a moment.

"What did they quarrel about, Pat?"

"Nothing; Aunt Dinah says that's what lovers always quarrel about."

"Was she very mad?"

"Mad?" and Pat's eyes shone like stars. "You should have heard her call him Mr. Marsden. Our Bobbie, Mr. Marsden, indeed; and when he wanted to explain, she just made him a courtesy and said 'excuse me' like the Queen of England, and started to walk off."

"Much you know about the Queen of England," grunted Jack.

"I know more than you do, for I saw Mrs. Pennifor show grandmother and Janet just how she bowed when she gave her —"

"Mrs. Pennifor, indeed! Why, she's the stiffest, snuffiest, ugliest —"

"That will do, Jack; it ain't very *gentlemanly* to call a lady names and she *did* see the Queen; you may snuffle and howl all you want to."

"Well," and Jack felt he was beaten again, did they say anything about making up?"

"Yes. When Agnes started to go

away, Bob said: 'I will never change, dear, and a word from you will bring me to your feet'."

"Oh, Lord," and Jack rolled over, "did you ever hear such rot? No wonder you couldn't sleep."

"Rot?" and Pat's eyes were blazing. "That's the way any *gentleman* would talk to a lady he loved. Why, in 'Clarice, Or the Lost Bride,' they say lots of beautiful things like that, but of course, no one expects any such thing from you." Here Pat's nose went up into the air.

Again there was a silence. Then Pat, taking her short, stiff skirts in her hands, made an elaborate bow, crossed the road and started in the opposite direction.

Jack gave a howl of dismay.

"Oh, Pat," he cried, "I say, Pat, I didn't mean anything. Just wait a moment."

The little figure stiffened and continued on its way.

"Pat," the cry was almost a wail, "Pat——"

Here she turned.

"My name is Patricia, Mr. John Hollingsworth Ambrose, and I hope you will remember it. I am only Pat to my friends like Freddie Jones and Georgie Underwood."

Jack waited a moment. There was no relenting in the inflexible little face.

"Miss Patricia," he groaned, "good-bye. If you ever want me just send me word, and it will bring me to your feet."

Pat turned round, her face aglow.

"Oh, Jack, I'm going to kiss you for that. You said it better than Bobbie."

Peace having thus been declared, they sat down under a big tree and continued their conversation.

"You know, Jack," and Pat's voice was a little tremulous, "Aggie will never send him any word. Aunt Dinah says she's the 'contrariest critter' she ever saw; that when she was a baby and they made her mad, she'd go to bed upside down, just out of spite."

"Upside down," and Jack looked his amazement, if not incredulity, "why, how could ——"

Pat rose again majestically.

"I suppose you think *that's* a fib.

Well, it isn't. If you keep on thinking it is, pretending you don't, just go and ask Aunt Dinah and tell her what you think and *perhaps* you'll find out."

"Oh, sit down, Pat," and Jack pulled her back on her seat, "we'll never get any plans made if you keep on getting huffy every time I open my mouth. Let me say what I want to, and I'll let you say what you want to, until we fix up a way to make Bobbie and Agnes friends, and then we can quarrel all you want."

Again Pat's ire was raised.

"All I want," she exclaimed, "it's you—and—and——" here tears came to her aid.

"I know it's my fault," and Jack kissed away the pearly drops from the rosy cheeks. "I'll take the blame for everything and we'll just go on and make up something to get those two 'crazies' friends again."

"And Jack," said Pat, in a sepulchral whisper, "you know it's most Christmas."

"And nobody to hang the things on the Christmas tree."

"Except Captain Anderson."

Jack gave a howl.

"Captain Anderson! He couldn't hang anything, not even himself."

"Jack!" and Pat looked properly shocked. "But in an undertone, 'he is awful, ain't he?'"

Jack nodded and then added:—

"Nobody to make us a tar barrel—and then—why what in the world is Cindy doing?" and the two children turned and watched the rapid flight of Miss Janet's Cindy, the blackest, shrewdest little imp that ever crossed the threshold of a southern darky's cabin.

Cindy came nearer and nearer. Her eyes were rolling and she gave an anxious glance every once in a while behind her, as if she were expecting somebody to be closely following her. As she approached the children, she slackened her pace, and when she was opposite them she stopped and throwing out her arms, said:

"Miss Pat, save me, if yo' kin, from that rapsallion, Peter. He's done said he was gwine to kill me, when he cotched me, burn me after he done kill

me an' den throw me in de riber fer de yallergators to eat."

"What have you been doing, Cindy," and Pat looked very severe. In her mind's eye she closely resembled Miss Janet when she was reprimanding the apparently trembling creature who had just made so pathetic an appeal.

"Nothin', Miss Pat, nothin'. I don't never get a chance to do nothin'! They always catches me jes' afore I do it. Seems like they know my mind better than I do myself. Oh, Jiminy, I'm tired. And there's Miss Janet jes' a hollerin' her head off fo' me. 'Clare to goodness, Miss Pat, if Pete was to do all them things to me, I don't know what de white folks would do. What they can't lay on de cat dey lays on me, and what dey can't lay on me dey lays on de cat. I sometimes think I'll jes' take ol' Tom an' go off somewhere."

"Sit down there," and Pat pointed to a stone a little ways off. "Get your breath and stop ranting. Don't you know, Cindy, that all this scolding is for your good? What would you be if we didn't scold you? A brand plucked from the burning."

"'Clare to goodness, Miss Pat, if I turned my back I'd think it was Miss Janet talking to me. Laws, chile," and Cindy assumed an air of wisdom that was absolutely ludicrous when her age was considered. "I think between Mammy, Miss Janet, Aunt Chloe and Peter, I am a sure goner, burned at de stake. And then Miss Agnes—did yo' all's hear about Miss Agnes and Marse Bob?"

Pat gave Jack a nudge.

"Miss Agnes and Marse Bob? Why, to be sure they are going to be married Christmas Eve."

"Married Christmas nothin'. They done quarreled, fought, bled and died, Aunt Chloe told Mammy. She heard it from de house. Miss Janet's a ragin' nanny goat an' it's all Mammy can do to keep her from kickin' de heels off her new slippers."

Pat looked at Jack.

"I suppose you're satisfied now," she cried triumphantly.

"I was always satisfied," answered Jack, a little sheepishly.

"Well, we had better get to work and do something," and Pat assumed an air as though the whole world rested on her small shoulders.

Cindy sat watching the two with a grin on her face that was significant and soon attracted Pat's attention. Then she stealthily removed from the neck of her dress a white object which she evidently wished to conceal.

"Cindy," cried Pat, in as stern a tone as she could command, "what are you thinking about?"

"Nothin'," and Cindy rolled her hands up in her apron.

"But you are," persisted Pat.

"Yes'm," and Cindy reversed the apron operation.

"Why don't you answer me?"

"'Shore, Miss Pat, I done said all the answers I know."

"What have you got in your hands?" cried Pat, as she watched the dusky digits fly back and forth.

"Somethin' Marse Bob done giv' me," and Cindy placed a note in Pat's hands.

"It's for Agnes," she said, quickly. Then sternly, turning to Cindy, "Why didn't you take it to Miss Agnes?"

"I was a-goin' when Pete shoosed me off. An' he tole me dat Miss Agnes done give yorders dat anybody, black or white dat brought her a single, centy line from Marse Bob would be—Dat's why Pete was gwin' to burn me an' kill me an' throw me to de yallergators, 'cause I jes' 'clared I would take it to Miss Agnes in spite of de deb—"

Pat threw up her hands in dismay. Then turned the note over and over. What should she do? She knew Agnes well enough not to offer it to her now, but perhaps—a little later—here her brain began to whirl.

She stooped down to Jack and whispered:

"Jack, I'm going to open it."

Jack stood up straight and the look he gave her made her stammer an explanation.

"We've got to do something."

"But that is dis—dis—honorable—" Jack's tongue got a little twisted as he said the word.

"I know it, but oh Jack, I can't let Bobbie be unhappy. Maybe, we can

fix it up," and Pat's ever ready tears were swimming in her eyes.

Cindy sat watching them. Her keen glance and quick ears had seen and caught every word and gesture.

"Fo' de land's sake, Marse Jack, what diff'rence does it make if Miss Pat wants to open dat little, no-account letter. If it was a great big one den it would be a wicked, deblish sin, but dis"—with a contemptuous gesture—and here she thrust out her hand and before a word of remonstrance could be uttered had torn it open.

"Dar, Miss Pat, I done done it. If Marse Bob gets to kickin' or Miss Agnes 'gins to jaw, jes' lay it on me. I'd git it somehow, anyway, me or ol' Tom."

"You're an awful good child, Cindy, and if they say a word to you, I'll——"

Here Jack interposed.

"I'll fix it if they say anything to you or Cindy. That's a man's right."

Cindy chuckled and Pat put her arms around his neck as she said:

"I'm awful glad you ain't grown up, Jack. Agnes would like you better than Bobbie."

"But the note," and Jack gently released himself from her embrace.

"Oh, yes," and Pat opened it almost reverently.

It was an impassioned missive. He would wait three days to hear from her and then her silence would mean that the engagement was really broken and he would go back North.

"Three days," said Pat, "Christmas Eve," with a howl. "Oh, Jack, we'll have to stop him somehow."

Just then Cindy rose from her seat and rushed across to a hedge.

"There's Mammy, Miss Pat, and if she gits me, I'll wish fo' de yaller-gators."

* * * * *

PAT BROOKS—or rather Patricia Eglantine Brooks and her cousin, John Hollingsworth Ambrose, were spending their winter down in Florida. John's parents were dead, and Pat's mother was as his own. It was, after a fashion, banishment from their Canadian home at a season of the year when mountain and plain, forest and dell, river and lake offered their greatest temptations to these children of the

North. But a dangerous cough, a little spot of red in their mother's cheek, that to them only added new beauty to the delicate face, had brought forth the doctor's dictum that all the pleasures of tobogganing, or daring skating excursions on the ice-bound rivers should be foregone, and in exchange they should have the strange surroundings of a tropical climate.

Three times had they thus been obliged to exile themselves from the glories of a Canadian winter; but the cordial welcome from their Southern relatives, the endless round of strange sights, the sharp contrast to their usual winter sports had, at last, made these trips seem almost like enchantment.

Foremost among those who always tried to add to the children's enjoyment were Robert Ellswood and Agnes Bellamy, cousins on both sides of the family. Cousin Bobbie never tired of them, and Agnes had proved herself a dear on several trying occasions. The marriage of these two on Christmas Eve had been an event to which the children had looked forward with rapturous joy.

The sudden quarrel, the absolute refusal of Agnes to hear a word of explanation, Bobbie's grief, had all the effects of a tragedy on these young hearts. That, under these circumstances, it devolved upon them to reunite the estranged lovers was their firm belief. They spent many an hour in which they were supposed to be playing in childish forgetfulness of all the sorrows that affect "grown-ups" in devising some scheme by which they could be the *deus ex machina* in this domestic tragedy.

Matters had progressed very slowly for the peacemakers until Bobbie's note had fallen into their hands. Now that the case had grown so desperate, they increased their efforts. The pale face of Agnes was constantly before them, and as she languidly joined in their amusements or tried to devise some new entertainment for them, they felt still more the claims she had upon them for assistance. For it was undoubtedly true that Agnes, despite the high-handed manner in which she had dismissed her lover, was suffering greatly from his absence.

Bobbie they had not seen since his dismissal. Pat had put a bow of black crepe on his photograph in her room and had turned the face to the wall.

"His eyes make my heart ache," Pat said to Jack.

"Poor Bobbie!" and Jack gulped in a way that was very suggestive of an emotion that would have been called "girl-babyish," if Pat had not been in the same box herself.

The day before Christmas was not a very busy one at the big house. All the invitations had been recalled, and the Christmas tree, under which Jack and Pat had thought to sit and pick many plums from Santa's well-filled pack, promised to be a miserable failure. For Bobbie had always been the chief promoter of glee and games at this time. Christmas without Bobbie was Christmas without Santa Claus. Neither of the two children had any desire to peep at the forbidden joys awaiting them, and once Jack had gone and closed the door of the reception room where the tree stood in all its glorious array of tinsel and color, without giving it a single glance as it glittered and shone in its dazzling brilliancy.

Agnes walked round the house like a ghost. A faint smile came to her lips when she saw the two children sitting sad-faced and drooping in the big bay-window.

"You poor kids," she said, gently, as she passed them, "it's too bad your Christmas is spoiled and even I——" here she walked rapidly away, and Pat sniveled and Jack held his throat tight to keep from being unmanly enough to join her.

For no inspiration had come to the little loving hearts, and the outlook was sad indeed when Cindy came moping through the hall.

"Miss Pat," she said, "I'se gwin' to run away. Sure Pete has done gone de limit. I done bundled up my clothes and I'se got Tom tied with a string an' I jes' come to say good-bye to yo' alls."

"Where are you going, Cindy?" and Pat looked with interest at the forlorn little figure.

"I'se gwin' to Marse Bob. I was gwin' to live with him an' Miss Agnes

anyway. I can't stan' it here no mo'. I'se done put Miss Janet's chickens to roost and have laid out two plates full of bones for Ponce. Marse Bob tole Miss Agnes, yo' recremember in dat note, dat she had done upset all his plans an' she shore has mine."

A deep silence fell over the disheartened trio.

"Let's go with her, Jack," said Pat. "Poor Bobbie is sitting all alone by himself in that great big house a-thinking and a-thinking."

Jack raised himself with sudden energy.

"And we'll put Bobbie's note on the Christmas tree——"

Pat gave a shriek of joy and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, why didn't I think of that," she half moaned, half screeched. "It's the very thing, Jack, you darling boy."

"And we must write a letter of our own, 'splaining how we'd gone to Bobbie——"

"And put it in with Bobbie's," and Pat danced a Highland Fling.

"An' I'll get de debbil from Miss Janet and Mammy an' Miss Agnes—I done reckon I won't go with yo' alls. I don't want to be cotched for that Pete to grin an' make shines over for eleven hundred years," and taking her bundle in her hands, Cindy started for the door.

"They shan't do anything to you, Cindy," said Jack, who all of a sudden had become commander-in-chief of the little company. "If you hadn't got the letter we couldn't have done it."

"Indeed not," and Pat whirled Cindy round in her glee. "If they do make up, you have helped do it."

"We'll write the letter now," said Jack, and with a very stubby pencil and a rather soiled piece of paper, Jack prepared himself for his first epistolary effort.

"Deer Agnes," he wrote, "Cindy and Pat and Old Tom and me have gone to live wi h Bobbie. We don't want any Christmas tree without him. This letter from Bobbie Pete wouldn't let Cindy give you."

"Don't say that, Marse Jack. If she's sorry she'll give Pete fits and——" here Cindy's voice faltered.

"You're a good little thing, Cindy,"

and Pat looked at her with commendation.

"An' if Pete should git licked an' me over to Marse Bob's an' not see it, I 'clare to goodness, it would break my heart."

"You beastly little beggar," and Pat sat down disgustedly. "Go on, Jack."

"We 'spose we'll never see you agane. And we're orful sorry. But you are not all by yourself. You've got Ponce and Mammy, and Aunt Chloe and Aunt Janet and Bobbie's got nobody. Yours with love and a merry Christmas."

PAT

CINDY

OLD TOM

AND JACK.

"Now," said Jack, much elated over the admiration his effusion aroused, "I will put it on the tree."

"Have you got Bobbie's letter?" questioned Pat, anxiously.

"Yes," and Jack dug it up from the depths of his pocket where it was in close contact with marbles, gingerbread, candy and a ball, and somewhat spoiled in appearance thereby, "but I have no envelope."

"Jes' tie a big piece of paper on it," said Cindy, "and put Miss Agnes' name in great big figgers so it will shine out great."

"And I would put important on it, Jack; that's the way they do on mother's letters when they must be read quick."

Jack wrote laboriously and then held it up for them to inspect.

"Gee," and Cindy grinned, "if Miss Agnes has done got over her tantrums, won't Pete git it?"

Wrapped carefully, if not tidily, in a piece of paper, Jack's address looked a little tipsy.

MISS AgNeS BELLAMY

important

tO be OPened AS soon She GetS It

"I think that will make her hurry," said Jack, looking at his handiwork with evident admiration.

"It's g-rand," said Pat, with a nod of her head and a note in her voice that set Jack's heart beating like a trip hammer.

"Now, to put it on the tree. I guess I'd better go alone to do that, for it will

be easier for one to get away if any of them should see us than all three."

Pat nodded, although both she and Cindy were woefully disappointed at not seeing the precious missive in its appointed place, but the spirit of the most good with the least danger of upsetting their plans ruled them, and they watched Jack with envious, admiring eyes as he stole softly to the door of the room where the Christmas tree stood in state.

He was not gone long, and it must be confessed that as he returned to his companions in the conspiracy, his face had lengthened a good deal.

"Whew!" he said, "but it's a whopper. And the presents! Why there's everything you can think of. You and Cindy and me——" here he stopped, falteringly, "couldn't we go just as well after we got the presents?"

"Was there anything there for Marse Bob?" queried Cindy.

"No," he confessed, falteringly, "I didn't see a thing."

"Well, then, yo' all can stay if yo' want too, but I'm gwine jes' the same. Poor Marse Bob! Not a single thing on the tree!"

"Cindy's right," and Pat started for the door, "come on, Jack; you ain't going to be a *traitor*?"

Pat's emphasis on this awful word went through Jack's soul. In a moment he was by her side, and opening the door, the three little figures went out into the moonlight and were soon lost in the shadows of the heavy trees which overhung their path.

* * * * *

Bobbie sat all alone, as Cindy had pictured, in his big house. The servants had gone off on the week's holiday that is always their privilege at Christmas time. From one window in the library he could see the glancing lights in the Bellamy house. Once he caught a glimpse of a slight figure that stood for a moment between him and the brightness and his fancy gave it the name of her he loved so well.

But it was all over. He had told her he would wait until to-night for a message and none had come. Tomorrow he would be gone and, perhaps, in strange lands and with new occu-

pations and surroundings he might forget.

The sound of voices came through the open window, then the patter of childish feet. A loud ring at the bell and he hastened through the hall with beating heart. The message at last! Of course she couldn't forget! This was to have been their wedding night.

He could scarcely open the door, so great was his impatience, and when the three children filed in, followed by the reluctant Tom, who struggled at the soft cloth which held him a close prisoner, he stood aghast.

"Here we are, Bobbie," cried Pat, throwing her arms around his neck, "we couldn't stay over at Auntie Bellamy's any longer. We've come to live with you, me and Jack and Cindy and old Tom. Oh, Bobbie," as she caught sight of his disappointed face, so pale, so worn, "Oh, Bobbie, I don't believe we're what you want," and she burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"Dear little heart," and Bobbie pressed her close to him, "you are the dearest, sweetest thing in the world. Nothing," he said, bravely, "could have given me more happiness than to have you with me to-night. But the Christmas tree"? he added, half smiling.

"Oh, Bobbie," and here Pat wailed again, "there wasn't a thing on it for you."

And as the children chattered,

how eagerly he grasped every word that gave him a clue to how Agnes felt. Her abandoned rides, her long hours of seclusion in her room, her failing appetite, her pallid face, her eyes always full of unshed tears! Man-like, the thought that he did not suffer alone was a relief. And then the story of the letter came out, how it had never reached its destination, and now it was on the Christmas tree and perhaps—who knew—and his mind wandered off into a paradise from which he hoped never to return.

"And they won't worry about us," said Pat, "we told them we were going to live with you in Jack's letter. And you do feel better, don't you, Bobbie?" and she pressed her soft cheek against his hand.

The assurance so eagerly sought was given, and indeed the love in these little hearts had soothed the terrible emptiness and aching of his own.

Suddenly, over the path that led to the house, came the sound of flying feet. Bobbie looked at his guests. Cindy had rolled herself up into a knot and had fallen asleep. Pat's eyelids were drooping too heavily to be raised and Jack was in the land of dreams. Surely this time there was no mistake.

A face peered into the window, and a voice that was full of love and tenderness and forgiveness whispered:

"Bobbie, Bobbie, may I come in, too?"



CANADIAN WRITERS

BY DONALD G. FRENCH

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



R. B. KNOWLES

FROM time to time the literary columns of our newspapers and magazines are stirred by the gentle ripples of a discussion as to whether or not Canada has a national literature.

Those whom we may call the "higher critics" measure all writings by the standards of the great classics of all ages; and, perforce, no Canadian writers having been long enough members of the noble company of the Houseboat on the Styx, these critics fail to find any real literature originating in Canada.

Others, probably forgetting that Canadian literature (and also that of the United States) is but a branch of the great tree of English literature—forgetting, too, that the parent tree grew by centuries and ages rather than by months or years—are looking for the Great Canadian Novel and the Great Canadian Poem; looking for something which will stand out both in form and thought as a new and distinctive literary type.

It is not within the province of this article to enter further into the discussion than to point out, as a literary axiom, that the unification of the many races which go to make up the Dominion—the molding of these into a new race with its own individual characteristics—must precede the making of a national literature which will be national in the sense that the literature of France is one national literature; the literature of Russia, another; the literature of England, another.

Then, it seems that the common-sense view of the whole question is: We have a Canadian literature which is a branch of English literature, deriving from the parent stem much of its literary form, phraseology, and style, but distinctively Canadian in so far as it depicts Canadian scenes, tone, sentiment, local conditions and local atmosphere—in so far as it portrays the life, the work, the feelings of the people of Canada. For, if literature is not the representation of life, what is it? Nay more, if it deals not with the eternal truths of human nature, as modified and affected by local conditions and circumstances (present or past), of what value is it to human beings?

With this as our viewpoint, let us look briefly at the writers who are at present prominent in the field of Canadian letters:

William Wilfrid Campbell, D.C.L.,



NELLIE L. MCCLUNG

was born in Ontario in 1861 and is connected with the Canadian civil service. His first volume of poetry, "Lake Lyrics", was published in 1889. In these poems he expresses the love of Nature's beauties and an intelligent sympathy therewith, with no attempt at sermonizing or even at moralizing—the key-note is the enjoyment of nature.

"Give me the hills and wide water,
Give me the heights and the sea;
And take all else. It is living
And heaven enough for me."

His pictures of Canadian scenery have perfection of coloring and atmosphere, as in his "Lake Huron":

"Miles and miles
of crimson
glories,
Autumn's wond-
rous fires
ablaze;
Miles of shore-
land red and
golden,
Drifting into
dream and
haze."

But his work does not lack poems of deeper thought, and such have an intimate knowledge of human nature and strong dramatic power. This dramatic skill is put to good use in his poetical tragedies, such as "Mordred," "Daulac," "Morning," which show effective character portrayal and a nice sense of dramatic unity. The trouble with these tragedies is, however, that they are too tragic, too grim and sombre. There is little attempt at relieving the emotional strain and the final outlook is not altogether inspiring.

Dr. Campbell has also written a great deal of prose. The scene of his novel "Ian of the Orcades" is laid in Scotland but he has written descriptive works and other matter dealing with Canada.

Bliss Carman is a native of New Brunswick. He was born there in 1861 and was educated at the University of New Brunswick and afterwards at Edinburgh and Harvard. For several years he has lived in New York and is actively engaged in literary work, editing and contributing to various magazines.

He has published from time to time several small collections of related poems. Among the best of these are "Ballads of a Lost Haven" and "By the Aurelian Wall." The ballads have a strong personal and human touch, and as a rule contain a story which holds the interest by its skilful development, but his love of picturing sometimes leads to the lengthening of his poems in the chase after new images, until the original idea is lost in a maze of coloring.

Some of his poetic work is mystical, symbolical and spiritual, and resembles Browning in its ruggedness of expression, and abruptness of thought, but he usually bridges the successive steps of thought so that there need be no obscurity if he is read carefully.

His essays give a simple interpretation of many valuable lessons in philosophy



ARTHUR STRINGER

They are usually short, easily understood and their application is direct. They form an excellent primer to the more advanced work of Emerson and Browning. He has written four volumes of these essays, "The Kinship of Nature," "The Poetry of Life," "The Friendship of Art," "The Making of a Personality."

Charles G. D. Roberts is also from New Brunswick, and just a year older than Bliss Carman. After taking his degree from the provincial university, he taught in grammar schools for five years. Later he became Professor of English Literature in King's College, Windsor, N. S., but resigned in 1896, and went to New York to follow a literary career.

His earlier work was verse, and in this he essayed every theme from the classic epic to the soothing lullaby. Of nature poetry he has produced a great deal, using many rhythmical forms. The sonnet is very popular with him as a mode of reproducing impressionistic pictures of Canadian landscapes.

Roberts handles all manner of metrical forms, and as far as the music of poetry is concerned he does this successfully, but his poetry seems to lack the divine touch, the sympathetic understanding of the heart of his brother man.

In prose, while he has written some creditable semi-historical novels, his fame rests on his short stories of animal life. His



BLISS CARMAN



C. G. D. ROBERTS



'RALPH CONNOR'

prose style is at once simple and picturesque, and his animal stories show a remarkable intimacy with the subject.

Ernest Thompson Seton was born in England in 1869 and came to Canada when five years old. He was educated in Toronto, and studied art in Paris and London. He is naturalist to the Manitoba Government and travels largely in the West, studying animal and plant life and climatic conditions.

His works are chiefly animal stories and tales of outdoor life. His ability as an artist has enabled him to illustrate his books most effectively. In his stories he tries to emphasize man's kinship with animals by showing that in them we can find the virtues most admired in man, and further, he hopes by quickening the sympathies of men toward animals, to stop the thoughtless extermination of many harmless wild creatures.

His stories are told with a direct simplicity which compels attention. The artistic and poetic temperament of the writer shows itself in the picturesqueness of style in which scenery and landscape are described.

The "Ian MacLaren" of Canada, the Reverend Robert E. Knowles, proves to be an Irishman—that is, an Irish-Canadian. His father was an Irish Presbyterian minister. Born in Northern Ontario in 1868, he was educated for the ministry and as pastor of Scottish Presbyterian

congregations imbibed so much of the Scottish spirit that it seems to permeate all his work.

His earliest book, "St. Cuthbert's," is a parish romance. One who has known a Scottish Presbyterian congregation of earlier days can appreciate the skill with which the various incidents in the history of the congregation are sketched. The story is particularly powerful in its manner of

characters, seem weak and unnatural.

Mr. Knowles has for several years been pastor of Knox Church, Galt, and is quite successful as a lecturer as well as a preacher and writer.

Miss Agnes C. Laut might fittingly be called "the historian of the early West". Her first novel, "Lords of the North," though somewhat romantic in its development is still largely historical and reproduces the condi-

tions that existed at the time of the struggles between the early fur companies. In a later book, she gives a character sketch of the erratic adventurer Pierre Radisson whose pioneer spirit had so much to do with the opening of the West to the fur traders.

With the fine insight which interprets the documents of the past, not as mere bare facts and statistics, but which enters into the spirit of the actors on history's page, which sees through the deeds into the hearts of men, their desires, their aspirations, their incentives—with the power to revive and clothe the dry bones of literature, it is not to be wondered that this writer left the field

of historic romance for that of pure history. In her later works, "The Story of the Trapper," "The Vikings of the Pacific," "The Pathfinders of the West," and "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," we find all the interest of romance within the realms of fact.

Miss Laut was born in Huron county, Ontario, in 1872. Her early education



AGNES C. LAUT

bringing out the strong undercurrent of emotion which lies beneath the Scottish reserve.

"The Dawn at Shanty Bay," is a sweetly tender Christmas story dealing with the theme of the struggles between parental love and parental dignity. The later works of this author are somewhat marred by lack of unity or consistency of plot, and the



W. H. DRUMMOND

was received in Winnipeg. She spent some time in the Rockies and there built up a delicate frame to vigorous health. She has travelled extensively through Western Canada and has written in addition to her

books a number of valuable magazine articles dealing with topics of live interest in connection with the West. Her present home is Wassaic, New York.

Jean Blewett (Mrs. Jean McKishnie Blewett) is a native of Essex County, Ontario. She was born in 1862 and educated at St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. Her work in poetry, short stories, sketches and articles has been appearing in the newspapers and magazines of Canada and the United States for a number of years.

Jean Blewett is not a singer of classic themes; nor, although a genuine nature lover, does she deal much in what we call "nature poetry." She is, more than any Canadian writer, the poet of the home—home-life, its joys and sorrows, its creeds, its philosophies, its loves and passions, its pathos and its humor, in fact all the phases of Canadian home life are interpreted by her in simple homelike language and in even verse. For quaint, delicious humor and gentle irony, her verse stands alone in Canadian literature.

Mrs. Blewett is now

a resident of Toronto and is prominent in the literary circles of that city.

Although Cy Warman has been before the Canadian public for a number of years as an authority on problems

pertaining to the opening up of newer sections of the country, he is not a native Canadian. He was born in Illinois in 1855 and went from farming and wheat-dealing to railway life, passing through all stages from the shops to the engine and ending in an editor's chair in charge of a railway journal.

While in the western states he first attracted attention by his verse, and was introduced by the New York Sun as "The Poet of the Rockies." His lyrical poems are highly musical, but his most characteristic work is his

stories of railroad life. These are tales of the devotion and heroism of engineers and firemen, thrilling incidents in the work of the telegraph operator, the express messenger, the railway clerk, and curious and pathetic happenings in the opening of new transcontinental lines.

His style is most direct and his diction simple and forcible. He has the happy knack of using a colloquial style without appearing common, of using technical expressions freely without being obscure, of adapting



W. A. FRASER



ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

a word of slang when it fits, and a stronger word when it is necessary, without leaving the impression of being either vulgar or profane.

The stories in his latest book ("Weiga of Temagami") deal largely with the Indian and are a valuable addition to Canadian literature because of their preservation of Indian legends and their insight into the mental make-up of the Indian.



SIR GILBERT PARKER

William Henry Drummond was born in Ireland in 1854. He was educated in Canada for the profession of medicine. His death occurred some months ago at Cobalt, where he had gone to assist in looking after the men in some mines in which he was interested. A volume of his poems was published after his death.

Dr. Drummond's work stands out

as the most skilful, sympathetic interpretation of French-Canadian life which we have in Canadian literature. The French-Canadian dialect in which it is written gives it a quaintness and humor, peculiarly its own, but throughout the poems there are many examples of humor, kindly and sympathetic.

In his poems we get many tender little studies of child life and incidents in the home life of the habitants.

The canoe, the log-jam, the fishing and hunting scenes are all sung in this quaint dialect, and a fund of common-sense philosophy is imparted withal. "Johnny's First Moose," combines with these qualities, that of most appropriate musical effect, due to the special rhythm adopted:

"Doesn't matter w'at you're
chasin',
Doesn't matter w'at you're
facin',
Only watch de ting you're
doin',
If you don't ba gosh! you're
ruin!
An' steady, Johnny, steady
—kip your
head down low."

Sir Gilbert Parker was born in Ontario in 1859. In 1886, owing to delicate health he sought the warmer climate of Australia. While there he did considerable journalistic work and also wrote a number of poems. From Australia he went to London and has made England his home, taking an active part in politics as a member of the House of Commons.

His early fiction consisted of short stories dealing with the adventures of traders and trappers. He wrote also short stories and novels with their setting in the days of the French regime. His more recent stories are of English and Eastern scenes, but it is hinted that he will in the near future return in his writings to Canadian fields.

He is a prolific writer despite his

active public interests. It is said that he has accustomed himself to writing anywhere. If by chance he should be delayed at some out of the way station for an hour or so, instead of fretting or fidgeting, he sits down and tosses off a short story or writes a chapter or two of a new book.

His style is clear and his description vivid. He has a keen appreciation of dramatic effect which probably accounts for the ease with which some of his works have been arranged successfully for the stage.

"Ralph Connor" (Rev. Charles W. Gordon) is, judging by the immense sale of his books, a highly popular writer. The popularity is due chiefly to the deep human interest and the naturalness of his stories. No one else has shown so skilfully the conditions of life in the West, nor has any other writer shown so plainly the work that can be done by men with the heroic, self-sacrificing, missionary spirit to uplift the people and guarantee a happy future for the country.

Himself a missionary, he has in his earlier books portrayed life among the pioneers of the foothill country. He has also described the early life of Ontario in his "Man From Glengarry," and "Glengarry Schooldays." All this is first hand material for he was born in Glengarry county in 1860 and spent his early boyhood there. For some years he has been pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Winnipeg.

The particular type of rural community



R. J. C. STEAD

which is the background of "Marian Keith's" stories may be duplicated in many parts of Canada and is remarkably common in older Ontario—a community originally settled by Scottish Presbyterians and afterwards leavened with just enough English and Irish to throw into relief the chief characteristics of each nationality. The strong features of her work are its spontaneous humor and clever revelation of the leading traits of

Scottish-Canadian character.

"Marian Keith" (Miss Esther Miller) was born at Rugby, Ontario, educated at the Orillia Collegiate Institute and spent several years as teacher in Orillia Public school. She now devotes her attention entirely to literary work.

Arthur J. Stringer was born in Western Ontario in 1874. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto and studied also at Oxford. Entering the field of Canadian journalism at Montreal, he displayed so much originality and skill in his work that the attention of the New York papers was drawn to him and as a result he accepted an offer to go to New York city.

His first published volumes were poetry. His verse has been accorded a high place in Canadian literature. It is marked by force, brevity, picturesqueness and keen insight into human nature. His fiction is, however, mostly of the light, sensational class, depending chiefly for its interest upon extraordinary incidents and thrilling complications. His characters



J. W. TYRRELL



PAULINE JOHNSON

are not strongly drawn; one scarcely knows what to expect from them and is impressed with the feeling that the author scarcely knows either—he seems to have no real grip of them. In parts of his novels the journalistic side of the author supersedes the novel-writer, but the purely journalistic work is strong, and attractively presented.

W. A. Fraser, like many more of our literary workers, comes from Nova Scotia, although his home is now at Georgetown, near Toronto. In his capacity as a civil engineer he spent some time in India and there obtained material for many capital short stories.

But the field in which Fraser stands almost alone is the sympathetic interpretation of the life of the horse, and the various phases of the race-track and stables. His novel "Thoroughbreds," is a good example of this class of writing.

His "Mooswa, and Others of the Boundaries" belongs to another type of story in

which he is quite as much at home, the description of life in the wilds, particularly the life of the creatures of the woods. He ranks high as a writer of animal stories.

The work of Miss Pauline Johnson is remarkable chiefly because of her race. She is the only one of Indian blood to produce verse of note in the English tongue.

She was born on the Indian reserve near Brantford, and is a daughter of Chief Johnson of the Mohawk tribe of Indians. Her work is marked by ease, polish and delicate musical effect. She writes graceful lyrics of nature.

There are many other Canadian writers, adding their share to the different departments of Canadian literature, but during the past decade those we have mentioned have probably been the leaders in their respective fields. Within the past year several new names have gained special attention, not only in their native land but in the leading English-speaking countries. To these we now direct our attention.

Robert W. Service is widely known by his "Songs of a Sourdough." Born in Lancashire, England, over thirty years ago, he spent his early life in Scotland. He came to Canada at the age of twenty and made his way from city to city until he reached the Pacific coast. He wandered up and down from Victoria to the city of Mexico and finally settled as a bank clerk, in the



JEAN BLEWETT



CY WARMAN

office of the Bank of Commerce at Victoria. Later on he was transferred to the Yukon District.

His experiences in the Yukon district are set forth in his poems with a force that captures the English-speaking readers of all countries. His language is plain and forcible and grips

the attention, and holds it while short, vivid, insistent epithets hammer themselves deeply into the mind.

He portrays skilfully the spirit of *wanderlust* which is the characteristic of the gold-seeker of the Yukon, and he paints with quick, bold strokes on a broad canvas the vastnesses and



"MARIAN KEITH"

desolation of the North. There is a tone of pessimism about his poetry as shown by such extracts as:

"The trails of the world be countless, and
most of the trails be tried;
You tread on the heels of the many, till you
come where the ways divide;
And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the
other is dreary and wan;
Yet you look aslant at the Lone Trail and
the Lone Trail lures you on."

Robert J. C. Stead is a poet of another type. Growing up with the prairie—for his parents came from their native Ontario and settled as pioneers at Cartwright, Manitoba,—he imbibed the hopeful spirit of the free western air and in the "Empire Builders" gives a sane and inspiring view of the problems of the West, and of Canada's standing, share and responsibilities as a part of the great British Empire.

With the eye of a seer he looks beyond the ragged shack of the homesteader and sees just what that shack means to the future of the country:

"Greater than the measure of the heroes of
renown,
He is building for the future and no hand
can hold him down;
Tho' they count him but a common man he
holds the Outer Gate,
And posterity will own him as the father of
the state."

Although quite a young man—he was born in Ontario in 1880—Mr.

Stead is the owner of two newspapers in Manitoba.

Ontario has given the West still another writer in the person of R. Henry Mainer, who, after about twenty-six years of life in his native town of Orillia, felt the need of expansion and made his way to Winnipeg some seven years ago. Although the manager of a large electrical firm, he still clung to his old habit of writing good short stories and even went so far as to embody a series of sketches in book form producing a new type of Canadian novel in his "Nancy McVeigh of the Monk Road." Mr. Mainer has a refreshing, unconventional style which is peculiarly his own.

And down by the sea, listening by the moonlight to the surging waters of the Gulf striking against the red cliffs, a young lady of Prince Edward Island conceives and writes a story which equals as a character creation the work of the masters of literature. Miss L. M. Montgomery in her "Anne of Green Gables," gives a study of child life and of Canadian rural conditions which is so natural, so unstudied and so thoroughly consistent as to place it high in the estimation of all readers.



ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON

Miss Montgomery was born at Clifton, Prince Edward Island, and is a granddaughter of the late Senator Montgomery. She was educated at the Prince of Wales College, and at Dalhousie College and spent a few years in the teaching profession. She contributes verse and stories to the leading magazines.

Archie P. McKishnie is a brother of Mrs. Jean Blewett. He was born in 1878 in the Scottish-Canadian colony on Rondeau Bay, Lake Erie. For some years he has been a contributor of verse, short stories and sketches to American and Canadian magazines. His work shows a tender sympathy with nature and humanity, with a frequently added undertone of quiet humor.

His most pretentious work so far is "Gaff Linkum," a story of rural and village life, with the scene laid near Lake Erie. The book has defects of plot and literary detail but is valuable for its reproduction of local types of character, rural scenes, and descriptions of the ways and haunts of the denizens of the wood and marshes.

Mrs. Nellie L. McClung was born in 1873 at Chatsworth in Grey County, Ontario; her family removed to Manitoba when she was quite young. She taught school for some time and while engaged in that profession began contributing verse and short stories to the magazines. Her first book "Sowing Seeds in Danny" is a simple tale of western village life but is so delightfully quaint and full of human interest in its simplicity that it has already won

a large circle of readers. Mrs. McClung lives at Manitou, Manitoba.

James W. Tyrrell, C.E., is known in literature chiefly by his work of travel "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." In this book which has recently been revised and enlarged, the writer gives first-hand, valuable information dealing with the almost unknown territory lying around Hudson Bay and to the westward.

Mr. Tyrrell is a native of Weston, Ontario, where he was born in 1863. He is a graduate of the School of Practical Science and of the University of Toronto. In 1885-6 he was with the Alert expedition surveying Hudson Bay and Strait. In 1893 he accompanied his brother J. B. Tyrrell as topographer and Eskimo interpreter on an expedition from Lake Athabasca through the Barren Lands to Chesterfield Inlet. He makes his home in Hamilton, Ontario, where he practises as a Civil and Sanitary Engineer and Land Surveyor.

In spite of the long-prevalent critical attitude, "Nothing good in literature can come out of Canada," a remarkable advance has been made within the past

few years in all departments of Canadian literature. Canadians are just beginning to realize that their country contains not only an abundance of natural resources but also boundless stores of unmined literary material—romance, tradition, legend, biography, history. No one doubts that this is Canada's century in things material. It promises to be also the "growing age" of Canadian literature.



WILLIAM WILFRID CAMPBELL





EVERY ALBERTAN WAS GLAD THAT EARL GREY SHOULD BE PRESENT TO SHARE IN A DAY NEXT IN IMPORTANCE TO THAT OF INAUGURATION

ALBERTA'S CORNER STONE

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ONCE upon a time, about two hundred years ago, the Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, journeyed into the far and frozen north, and there, among the Indians and animals, set up what was for many a decade, their farthest north trading post. Here, also, at the same time (both parties claiming priority) came the members of the North-West Company, and did likewise. It was a tiny dot on the map, this little Fort Edmonton, known then indeed by a different name. But there it stood, serene and sturdy, in its whitewashed stockade on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan as its successor (built one hundred years later), stands to-day.

Many a curious sight the Fort must

have looked on, and many a queer tale have its wooden ears overheard: Indian talk in plenty, and weird music from the tom-tom; songs and stories of the Old Country, and the sound of pipes; rebellion and the crushing of it; trappers coming down the river, on foot or with dogs or ponies; miners with their primitive outfit for washing gold from the sands; dancing, love-making, law-giving for so large a land from so small a point; fairy tales of the mysterious northland; home legends of the east and south, told under the Northern Lights that flamed and wheeled as they do to-day—in the deep sky above.

So for nearly two hundred years, with only a little change, season by season, out of the world it lay. Then, suddenly, a newspaper began. That

brought the telegraph. Following that the railroad, and hey presto! To-day we are the capital city of this banner province, with a past that is history, a present that is full of portent and a future that we believe shall be writ large.

Three years ago the "Big House," for so many years the home of Richard Hardisty, chief factor of this North Country, was burned to the ground. But the typical Hudson's Bay fort, white-walled, red-roofed, still stands above the rolling river.

But the difference!

Where the coal seams the sides of the steep banks, real mines are at work, many and flourishing; where the virgin land stretched southwards across the river, to-day rises the city of Strathcona, already laying the foundations of that splendid university that promises to be the pride of the province. Down the river, eastwards, out of sight, but a prevailing force for progress, the mighty Clover Bar bridge spans the stream, bringing us a new railway,

which will open nearer gateways to the fast approaching north. Westward, the Fort turns confident eyes to the place where the high level bridge shall presently connect the sister cities. And behind it!—well—let the accompanying pictures tell something of the city and the population that has sprung up east, west and north of the spot where the first flag flew.

This is the first of October. Look at the flags to-day! Look at the bunting, the mottoes, the greenery! Look at the children! Children by scores, children by hundreds, marching to the sound of music, like the children of Hamlin, long ago. Who is the Piper that pipes to them? What is the song they hear? Woven of music and sunshine, and wind, it comes to us, that stirring song of strength and progress, to which the little feet move, The March of the Future.

Meantime, taking their places in the long procession, wherein soldiers, societies, firemen, and plain citizens make so brave a showing, they pile down the



SOLDIERS, SOCIETIES, FIREMEN AND PLAIN CITIZENS PILE DOWN THE STREETS AND SWEEP TUMULTUOUSLY THROUGH THE GREEN ARCHWAYS

streets and sweep tumultuously through the green archway that guards the stockade of a day, and seethe over the space inside. Soon the big enclosure is crowded with people. For to-day is an historic occasion. Down here, on the site of the "Big House," where the laws of the past were guarded or made, are to rise the Parliament Buildings, where the Frame of the Future will, we trust, be as well and truly laid as the corner-stone laid to-day.

We are early in the grandstand, and there is time to take everything in—the gay colors of the pavilions, one for His Excellency the Governor-General, and the official party; one for the band, and as many spectators as can gain a footing there. Then the grandstand itself, all ablaze with the national-colors in every shape and form. Truly the West is *en fete* to-day.

Last night the whole road, from Strathcona to Edmonton, was strung with lights from hill to hill, to greet the King's representative, and decorations in colors and electricity, fireworks, green boughs, red fire and waving

torches, the music of drums and pipes, proclaimed our coming holiday. It was a quaint touch to find in this stronghold of the last west, an arch aglow with swinging lanterns, and many a strange device of the Orient—whose English motto ran:

"Tell King Edward we are his loyal subjects," all planned and erected by the Chinese of the city.

The procession has arrived now, and the 101st Fusiliers, spick and span in scarlet and white, form an aisle for His Excellency's entrance. And the Boys' Brigade, how well they march, how proud we are of them. Look! Here comes the Bodyguard, and a stir greets the entrance of the gallant Mounted Police as they swing into place. A moment more, and to a burst of music and cheering, come the Governor-General, Lieutenant-Governor and their staffs, the Premier, ladies, and representatives of both the Dominion and Provincial governments.

Most corner-stones are laid in the same way. At this one, as at others, all sorts of precious relics were cached



LOOK AT THE FLAGS, THE BUNTING, THE MOTTOES, THE GREENERY.



THE 101ST FUSILIERS, SPICK AND SPAN, FORM AN AISLE FOR HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENTRANCE

below it, before the great stone was swung into place, and Lord Grey, with the customary accolade of the trowel, announced it well and truly laid. There were the customary speeches and plaudits. But there were also one or two things individual to the occasion.

The man who laid the stone, one who indeed fills the position of Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, fills both the fact and the idea of it. Every Albertan was glad that Earl Grey, who was here at the birth of the province, should again be present to commemorate and share in a day next in importance to that of inauguration.

The touch of history that is so dear, where most things smell of new paint; the view of swift-flowing river, a city on either side, the glittering country beyond, glittering truly in its armour of golden leaves and grass, under one of those skies for which Sunny Alberta is justly famous, made an ensemble not easily outdone.

"What it must be, to those who stood here fifty years ago," I thought. And the man beside me said: "What

will it be to those who stand here fifty years hence!"

"What of the men who broke the trail,
Men from the south and east?
Eager they fought for the hungry land,
As men who fare to a feast.
Pelts brought the trapper, barter and sale—
Comforts wrung from the cold—
Many a miner, led by the lure
Of pale Saskatchewan gold.

"What of the women, strong and brave,
Who came with their chosen men?
Out of the strength of their hearts they gave
Over and over again.
Ah! and it isn't so long ago,
But some of that lusty race,
To council, applaud, or smile 'We know,'
Are still in this very place.

"Now there are cattle and coal and wheat,
Lumber and salt and fur,
Value untold to have and to hold,
For the sturdy Conqueror.
Gold still lies in the river's bed—
And oh! the poplar trees!
Golden, golden, overhead,
In the warm autumnal breeze.

"The same grand sweep of the big Northwest
River and tree and hill;
Past and Present, to-day we stand,
Watching the canvas fill
With dreams of the future, fine and true,
Which Canada's chosen ones
Shall find the wit and the will to do,
Under Alberta's suns."



Only Jones



A DAY-BEFORE-CHRISTMAS

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER,
WILBUR D.

STORY IN THREE PARTS

SAMUEL E. KISER AND
NESBIT

PART I.

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

THE Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair was suffering in the flesh and in the spirit. A cup of tea in his right hand, a wreath of holly dangling from that wrist, and P. Wilmering Delancey standing at his left and interrupting his profound remarks to Miss Ursula Allen made a combination to try his soul. The words, the glances, the smiles that he felt were meant for him were being coolly appropriated by P. Wilmering. Worse than that, P. Wilmering was able to sip his tea without allowing the holly to slide to his shoulder. Nor was the holly tickling the wrist of P. Wilmering as it was that of the Rev. Simms-Sinclair. P. Wilmering acted as if he might have sipped tea with both hands cuffed behind him. The Rev. Simms-Sinclair almost wished his rival were in that predicament, and about forty miles away at the same time. Now Jones, who was patiently putting holly and evergreen about the woodwork and pictures—(the three men had come to help get things ready for the children's party)—Jones, we say, was not bothering the Rev. Simms-Sinclair. Jones was not bothering any one. In the main, it was Ursula Allen who bothered the reverend young gentleman. Women—young women—

can bother the mind of man without intending so to do. Ask them. They will assure you they never have any such intention.

"Ah," mused the Rev. Simms-Sinclair, doing a Hermann the Great movement and capturing his cup before it jumped from the edge of the saucer, "ah, what would Christmas be without the children?" His eyes took on a mellow look and he gazed tenderly at the two young people before him. "What would Christmas be without the children?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked Jones, after neither of the others had supplied the Rev. Simms-Sinclair with a reply.

"Er—ah—that is, my remark was purely a general one," explained the rector of St. Paul's.

"Kind of an echo-answers-why proposition?" said Delancey.

"Or the children without Christmas?" asked Ursula, handing another bunch of evergreen to Jones. "One poor family down in Abbledale alley has sixteen children. Sixteen! Think of that!"

"Fellow ought really to think of sixteen children in instalments," declared P. Wilmering, earnestly. "If I have to think of all of them at once I'd rather think of an orphans' home and be done with it."

The Rev. Simms-Sinclair saw his op-

portunity to waft himself into the wave of sympathy that was engulfing Ursula.

"What can the father of those little ones do?" he inquired, with pathos in his voice. To hear him, one could conjure up pictures of a worn, weary man coming home in the gloomy twilight, disentangling himself from thirty-two arms and trying to answer sixteen simultaneous requests for a penny. "What can the father of those poor little ones do?"

"Write to Roosevelt," suggested Jones, who was standing on a chair and trying to harmonize a strand of cypress and holly berries with the rubicund visage of good old Uncle Jethro Allen, who had fought, bled and died in the Mexican war—and lived to tell of it.

"Are the—is the quadruple quartet to be here to-night?" Delancey asked, anxiously.

"No, the poor things!" Ursula answered. "They live too far away. But I've packed a basket of goodies for them and am going around there before evening."

"Anyhow, the children you have asked here to-night are in for the time of their lives," asserted Delancey. "Nobody but you could arrange things so well for them."

"That is true," agreed the Rev. Simms-Sinclair, pressing his fingers together and rocking back and forth on his heels and toes. "It shows that you have a heart of gold, Miss Ursula."

"No, no," Ursula dimpled. "But I want everybody to be happy on Christmas day, and if there is anything I can do or say for them on Christmas

eve, I am only too glad of it. And it is simply noble of you men to help so much in getting the house ready."

Jones, who was posing as one figure of the Laocoon group, with some ten yards of greens representing the entwining serpent, glanced at the tea cups and then laughed as well as a man may be expected to laugh when his hilarity is strained through a serried row of tacks and teeth. Delancey walked down the room to study the

effect of the decorations, and Simms-Sinclair drew nearer to Ursula, to say softly:

"You were speaking of wanting this to be a happy Christmas for all, Miss Ursula. And that if there was anything you could say or do you would be only too glad. Now, there is one poor, lonely soul that you can cheer at this time. It is"—

Before he could finish, Delancey came back, and the Rev. Simms-Sinclair is yet wondering whether he fractured a commandment by concluding his remark with a reference to a poverty-stricken parishioner of his who had been released from jail

only to learn that his job had not been held for him during his stay in the cells.

"Poor man!" Ursula sighed. We must take a basket to his family. He has children, you say?"

"Yes. That is fine of you—splendid. Ah, what would Christmas be without the—"

"Without the mistletoe," Delancey interrupted. "Simms-Sinclair, take a look at that wreath Jones has hung



THEY REACHED THE FOOT OF THE STEPS IN DISORDER

upon the brow of the bust of grandpa Allen. As an arbiter of what is elegant and decorous in this community, doesn't it give the benign old gentleman rather a bacchanalian air?"

"Such an idea!" Ursula gurgled, glancing at the bust.

"The idea!" Simms-Sinclair gasped. But he became worried about it, and went to adjust the wreath into more of the position of a halo. It should have been stated, and we shall state it while Simms-Sinclair is fumbling with the holly, that he spelled his name Simms-Sinclair, but insisted that it be pronounced "Simms-Sinkler," with as nearly a hyphenated effect as possible. He had taken his degree at Oxford,—good old Oxford, where they have the massive silver service. Many a time and oft had he described that silver service to Ursula. English, and a product of Oxford, he must be called "Simms-Sinkler." There was a vague dignity about the name when so spoken. Secretly, the one large grief of his life was that his name was not like those English names which are spelled with two-thirds of the alphabet and pronounced with a mumble and a shudder. Half the time Ursula called him Simms-Sinclair and the other half Simms-Sinkler, and this fretted him. Then, her rapid flow of talk at times was hard for him to follow. A woman can say nothing so earnestly that a man will mentally upbraid himself for not grasping the weight of her thought. Especially is this true when she is an Ursula Allen. We shall not go into detail as to her hair and eyes and cheeks and lips. She had them and she was beautiful. All heroines have and are. Simms-Sinclair would have described her as a poem; and P. Wilmering Delancey would have told you that she was a dream. If so many men did not like poetry or believe in dreams—But what is the good of speculating? While the rector was adjusting the wreath on the bust of grandpa Allen, Delancey told Ursula that he had something to say to her when she had a moment to spare.

"My goodness!" she said. "I don't know when I'm going to have a restful moment until after New Year's."

"But this will only take a minute. Maybe—"

"Shall I put the mistletoe on the chandelier or will you trust to luck?" Jones asked suddenly, from behind Delancey.

"I didn't know we had any mistletoe," Ursula pouted.

It is a wrong idea to tell girls about the mistletoe.

"Mistletoe," Simms-Sinclair remarked, ponderously, "mistletoe, I may say, is a relic of an ancient pagan rite, and should be"—

"Those pagans had their faults," Delancey asserted; then with a feeble smile: "But they always stood up for their rites."

"A pun!" Ursula said sarcastically. "Puns give me the creeps."

"Puns, I may say, have been characterized as the lowest order of wit," supplemented the Rev. Simms-Sinclair.

"Bet you can't tell what the pun was—and that's worse than making one," Delancey retorted.

"Now, let's not quarrel over it," Ursula laughed. "I'm wondering what has become of Mr. McAdam. He promised to be here, too, and to help."

"Not Jabez McAdam, the railroad organizer, or disorganizer, or whatever you call him?" Delancey asked.

"Yes, and two or three others, and a lot of pretty girls. They are coming to-night to assist. I chose the prettiest ones I know because you men must have beauty about you."

"As far as I am concerned," Delancey vowed, "I stand with the old Prussian poet—what's his name?—the fellow that spiked his verses with capital letters and asked whether you got off the car at this corner or rode as far as the barns."

"What in the world are you talking about?" Ursula asked.

"I mean the chap that wrote that thing to the lady and told her that as long as he had her and a cold bottle and a best selling book the wilderness would be a furnished apartment with a kind hearted janitor."

Simms-Sinclair gravely took a cup from the table and studied it before correcting P. Wilmering.

"It was not a Prussian poet," he announced. "It was a Persian—Omar Khayyam—and he"—

A muffled mumble came from Jones.

"Are you choking on a tack, Mr. Jones?" Ursula cried, going toward him. "I told you to be careful."

Jones took some tacks from between his lips and explained that he had merely been laughing.

"Mr. Jones always sees the funny side of things," Ursula said.

Simms-Sinclair heard this statement with calm approval. Was not the laugh on P. Wilmering?"

"What I'd like to know," Ursula remarked, "is which of you is going to play Santa Claus to-night."

"Which of us?" asked Simms-Sinclair. "A man of my cloth could hardly—I must beg of you to excuse me from such a task."

Now Simms-Sinclair could think rapidly when he had to, and just then he was swiftly reflecting that whoever enacted the role of Santa Claus would be kept from the side of Ursula the entire evening. Also, P. Wilmering Delancey could think quickly. No Santa Claus for him—He knew what he wanted Santa Claus to give him, and he knew if he played Santa he would not get a chance to ask for it.

"I haven't any conscientious scruples," he explained, "but I couldn't take the part of Santa Claus. I haven't the flesh. The spirit is willing but the flesh is missing. Simms-Sinclair is all right for the part. He's fat—"

"Sir!" from Simms-Sinclair.

"He's fat and good natured—sometimes—and he's fond of children. What would Christmas be without them, Simms-Sinclair?"

"I'll be Santa," Jones offered.

"O, you're the very man for the part!" Ursula beamed.

"Couldn't get a better," agreed the rector.

"Just what you should do," Delancey asserted.

"But where's Mr. McAdam?" Ursula asked, wonderingly. "He said he would come this afternoon, sure."

"McAdam has his troubles," De-

lancey said. "He's mixed up in a big suit of some kind. To-day's papers are full of it."

"I'm surprised," Simms-Sinclair sighed. "He always impressed me as a very clever gentleman—mayhap a trifle crude, but then—"

"O, they just want to sue him for merging a lot of railroads and making a lot of money," Delancey explained. "In this country, if you don't make money some one will sue you, and as soon as you do make money they begin picking out the jury."

"He will be here, though," Ursula declared, positively. "Mr. McAdams always keeps his promises. He does what he says he will do. He is one of these big, bold, aggressive men who conquer all obstacles—"

Unusual sounds in the hall interrupted her. They all turned and looked in that direction.

"But I say, sir, 'old on a bit," they heard Jeems, the footman, saying. "If you'll give me your nyme or your card, sir, HI'll tyke it hin, sir."

"I'll take it in myself, young man," came in heavy tones. "You do as I tell you, and you'll be allright."

"But you'll 'ave to give me your nyme, sir. Hit's the horders, sir."

"I haven't got time to wait for you to play megaphone for me. Just suppose I haven't come in at all, will you, young fellow?"

"Thank you kindly, sir," was the submissive reply—and Jabez McAdam walked into the room.

"Howdy all," he said heartily. "Didn't bother to ring. Just walked in. Jeems, there, in the hall, didn't seem to want me to, but I convinced him I wasn't calling on him."

"We're all glad to see you, at any rate," Ursula smiled. "I was only this moment saying you would be sure to come."

"Yes," McAdam laughed. "I overheard you, while Jeems was getting his breath. Glad to have a friend at court. Wish you'd be on the bench if they ever serve those papers on me. Now, what's up here?"

"We've been decorating for Christmas."

"Christmas?"

"To be sure. To-morrow, you know. This is Christmas Eve."

"You don't say! I've been so busy I haven't kept track of holidays—not even Fourth of July or Thanksgiving—except Sundays. Have to remember Sundays, don't we, Simms-Sinclair?" (He pronounced the rector's name as it was spelled.)

"Simms-Sinkler, if you please," said that gentleman, stiffly.

"Sure! Have it your own way. But why don't you say it the way you spell it, or spell it the way you say it?"

"It's the way we English pronounce it, and one naturally wishes to have his name pronounced as he—"

"Of course, my boy. Sure! Simms Sinkler, then. How's that sound? Delancey, got any choice about your name?"

"Only as to who may take it some day," Delancey said, eyeing Ursula, but she was studying the holly over a picture.

"Well, tastes differ. Some people may want to take Delancey for a name, and some may want to take McAdam. How about that, Jones?"

"You never can tell," Jones replied, brushing some holly leaves from his coat.

"O, I guess you can tell all right enough. All you got to do is find out. Isn't that right, Miss Ursula?"

"Now, our work here is over for the present," Ursula evaded. "I must begin my round of Christmas visits. I have any amount of presents for my poor charges."

"And don't forget, Miss Ursula," begged Simms-Sinclair, "that you promised to look in on some of my worthy parishioners. There's the man who lost his position."

"Look here," McAdam remarked, bluntly. "If I'd known Miss Ursula was going to run around and see each fellow's objects of charity, blest if I wouldn't have had ten or fifteen men fired—for Christmas week, anyhow."

"But the cases I mention are real," Simms-Sinclair stated.

"There's that man with the free silver ratio of children," Delancey suggested.

"There are a goodly number of them," calmly continued the rector.

"I have a wedding ceremony to perform at six o'clock and cannot devote the time I should like to the visits. When I took my degree at Oxford I promised myself that never should a Christmas go by without my visiting the poor."

"Say, I endowed a chair at Oxford," Jabez McAdam said, slipping his heavy gold watch guard through his fingers. "How'd you ever happen to go there?"

"Endowed a chair at Oxford? You don't mean it."

"Did, all right enough. Give 'em a fund of ten thousand and told 'em to go ahead and cut loose. Natural science, or liberal art, or something. What were you doing there?"

"What should I be doing there but getting my education?" asked the rector, blandly.

"Why, it's a school for girls."

"Girls' school! Oxford a girls' school! My dear, dear Mr. McAdam!

"Look here, Simms-Sinkler, don't you go to making love to me. Of course it's a girls' school."

The Reverend Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair fluttered his hands despairingly at contemplating a man who would put skirts on his alma mater.

"It's a girls' school, all right enough, professor—I mean reverend," Jabez went on. "Bet you anything. But you don't bet. I'll endow another chair if it isn't."

"Simms-Sinclair," offered Delancey, "you must have been so studious that you didn't notice the ladies about you. How you've changed!"

Ursula giggled at this, and opened her lips as though about to smooth things over, when Simms-Sinclair arose in his own defense again:

"Anybody in England will tell you that Oxford is—"

"England!" Jabez broke in. "England! Bless your soul, man! The school I played Rockefeller to is over here at Oxford, Ontario."

"Well, that's different," Simms-Sinclair conceded.

"Of course. Sure! I take it all back. The drinks—I mean the tea is on me. Give him another cup, Miss Ursula, and let me make a donation to your Christmas fund."

"The fund is food and clothing," Ursula answered, pouring the tea. "And it is all packed, ready to deliver."

McAdam pulled from his pocket a hugely corpulent roll of bills. The outer wrapper had a C on it, and the bundle was as thick as his wrist. He flipped the bills against the end of his thumb and said;

"I'll not be left out. I'll just tuck one of these shinplasters into each basket. That's me. I may be late getting into the game, but I'll make my ante good. I'll go along with you on this good Samaritan trip and scatter seeds of sunshine. Isn't there some kind of a song about scattering seeds of sunshine?"

"There is," Simms-Sinclair informed him.

"Well, money talks, but we'll make it sing this time. Eh?"

"That is simply grand of you, Mr. McAdam," Ursula asserted, and McAdam felt his heart thumping fiercely against his vest. "I know you are a man who wants to make the poor little children happy, aren't you?"

"Sure! Of course. Going to have a bunch of them here to-night, aren't you? Mighty pretty decorations."

"Yes, Mr. Jones put most of them up. Don't you think the children will like them?"

"Sure! Should say so! Tell you what. I'll just tie those ten dollar bills every foot or so on those ropes of green stuff. Then tell the kids it's a new kind of flower and your Uncle Dudley is the florist."

"I'm afraid that might keep the children from enjoying the trifles I am going to put on the tree for them," Ursula demurred.

"I'll cut it out, then," Jabez replied. "You just tell me where to spill the money and I'll tap my barrel. I'm in your hands, understand."

He looked so meaningly at Ursula that Delancey felt the ground being pulled from under his feet.

"Let me come to the front with my bright idea," he begged. "It's getting late in the afternoon, and my automobile is ten times as fast as Miss Allen's carriage will be. I'll take her

and her packages around to the houses she wants to find. It'll be no trouble at all. My big machine is to call for me here in just a minute."

"You are awfully kind," Ursula answered. "But I could not think of troubling you. Mr. Jones was going with me as a general utility man, and—"

"Jones is tired out now with all he has done," P. Wilmering said.

"And besides he has to prepare for the Santa Claus work of this evening," submitted the rector.

"Don't consider me at all," Jones requested. "I think Mr. Delancey's suggestion very good."

"But you haven't yet finished your work," Simms-Sinclair argued. "You haven't yet hung the mistletoe."

"Hang the mistletoe!" Jabez exclaimed. "What we need is more confidence and less mistletoe. We could have left packages at half a dozen places while we are arguing. Let's all get into the buzz wagon and take the things around. Let's all of us go. I don't intend to be crowded out as soon as I get here. Not me. Not Jabez McAdams. No, sir! This is the first Christmas I've heard of in five years and I'm going to stay to the finish. Come on. Where's the bundles?"

Under the domination of this master of men and money there was nothing else to do but to obey. Delancey peered out of the window and saw his machine standing near the curb, ready for him. Ursula showed them the packages, heaped in the rear of the wide hall. Then the men began carrying out the things. They moved by platoon—four at a time. Neither of them would let any of the others be left alone in the house with Ursula, even for a moment. They were going down the steps with the last load when Jabez saw what he thought was his chance to get a quiet word with her, and started back. He bumped into Simms-Sinclair, who dropped a turkey. It landed between the feet of Delancey, who shouted and fell, dragging the others down with him. They reached the foot of the steps in disorder.

Ursula ran out and asked if they were hurt. Silently they disentangled themselves and arose.

"No bones broken," Jabez said, with a nervous glance down the street. Stooping, he picked up the turkey the rector had been carrying. He found the tag bearing the address of its intended recipient, and read:

"Mrs. Eliphalet Maginniss."

The turkey was flattened. It had lost the proud, plump pulchritude of the conventional Christmas bird.

"Yes, poor Mrs. Maginniss," Ursula said. "She has six small children and I chose the fattest turkey for them."

"Mrs. Eliphalet Maginniss," Jabez exclaimed, tucking a bill into the disarranged package, "will have to be content with one pressed turkey and one of Canada's chromos."

"There isn't going to be room for all

of us, I'm afraid," Delancey informed them. "The machine is chockfull of bundles now."

"Leave me out," Jones said. "I'd rather run along home, anyhow. Give me that package for Mrs. Callahan, and I'll take it to her. It's not much out of my way."

He went into the house to get his hat brushed. Ursula followed him, calling back:

"Wait a minute. I must go and show Mr. Jones where to hang the mistletoe."

The others waited what seemed to them a prodigiously long time.

"I've got that six o'clock wedding," Simms-Sinclair fretted. "Every minute counts with me."

"Huh!" Jabez commented. "Every minute counts with me, too. Let's all go in and see about that mistletoe."

To be continued

THE KING IS BORN

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

WHAT light is this that puts to scorn
Each other star the night hath worn?
Comes it the harbinger of morn,
Or shines it for a king new-born?
It shines because The King is born.

Who are these still and hurrying,
That flit as swift as birds a-wing;
Or doers of some evil thing,
Or servants of the new-born King?
The Wise Men seek the New-born King.

Let me too offer sacrifice
To Him before the mid-dark dies:
Yet how shall I dare lift mine eyes
In that high birth-hall where He lies?
Nay, cradled in a stall He lies.

What gift have I? What shall befall
When I creep to the oxen's stall
A broken man—a prodigal?—
Sure I shall be despised of all.
You shall be welcome most of all.

—Wander Songs.



Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him.

CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.

Robert Patterson lay at full length on a patch of dry sand in the shelter of the vessel, his arms above his head, his eyes closed—the picture of relaxation.

Fay stood an instant looking at him, before making her presence known, then taking a few steps forward and brushing his feet with her skirt, she stepped quickly back, as though she saw the young man for the first time. He sat up and reached for his coat.

"Don't bother," said Fay, carelessly, "I am not going to stay." She did not even look at him, but moved slowly away, her eyes scanning the beach as she went.

Robert rose to his feet. "Have you lost something?" he asked politely.

She stopped, turned, and raised a pair of innocent, troubled eyes to his.

"Yes," she answered, with a shade of hesitation.

"What is it?" Robert questioned further, without the least impertinence.

"My temper, and my peace of mind," was the serious answer. "Can you help me find them?"

Patterson looked at the girl, thoughtfully. He did not know just what to say or do, so he wisely said nothing. Without realizing it however, he looked down at the dry patch of sand from which he had risen and Fay followed his glance. Then their eyes met and they smiled.

"I won't be intruding? I don't want to talk, you know."

"Oh no," Robert said quickly. He did want to talk, if he could find anything to say. "Will you stay?"

For answer Miss Chester sat down and began digging holes in the sand with the heel of her shoe. Furtively, she saw Robert watching her and was glad her feet were small. It seemed more than probable that Mrs. Patterson wore a 6½D, common sense boot.

A little sail boat swung lazily out on the sky line, a school of porpoises passed close to the shore, and a gull called shrilly to his mate. Robert seemed intensely alive to these things, all at once.

He was conscious of a change somewhere. Even without seeing her, he

felt that this girl was near. He had never recognized the nearness of a presence before, unless it were to be slightly irritated by it. If his mother entered the room when he was reading, he would rise mechanically until she had seated herself, then sit down to his book and promptly forget her existence. With Mr. Canfrey there had been less realization of anything, for of late years, the deference between teacher and pupil had been entirely on the side of the tutor, and Robert had not even considered it necessary to look up from his reading.

So when Fay sat down and things took on a different aspect, he looked with keen appreciation at the girl who could work such a radical change. He sat up suddenly and said,

"I like this."

"What?"

"Out there—I have never seen the ocean before."

"Really?" Fay threw just the proper amount of surprise into her voice, to show her interest. Too much would have disgusted Robert, too little would have repulsed him.

"No, I have never seen anything, nor done anything that any one else has," and before he realized it, he had told the girl beside him the meagre story of his twenty-five years; about the Harris boy episode, about Mr. Canfrey, about his mother—nay, he told her much more than he knew. Altogether it was a dull, colorless tale, which Robert felt himself for the first time.

"In short," suggested Miss Chester, "until now, Mr. Patterson, your life has been an uncommonly good demonstration of the orthodox Presbyterian Sunday. What are you going to do in the future?"

"Whatever I please," answered the man so firmly he surprised himself.

Fay laughed and clapped her hands.

"A truly noble stand," she said. "Will you know how to enjoy yourself, I wonder?"

"Will you show me?" counter-questioned Patterson, earnestly.

A breeze ruffled Fay's hair and blew a wisp across her lips. She caught it in

her teeth, and held it an instant before answering.

"I will get you a treatise called, 'How a young man should amuse himself, with least trouble to said young man,' by Wonov' Em," she replied mischievously.

"Is there such a book?" asked Robert, seriously.

A peal of laughter was her answer—he smiled too. "Oh you can have good sport with me," he said, "I simply don't know anything, and my first big lesson will be to know people."

"I will teach you," volunteered the girl, looking away from him.

Mrs. Patterson was standing on the verandah when Fay and Robert walked up the steps together; she had been waiting half an hour past her usual lunch time, to see that Robert had the proper food and that his tea was not too strong. Just what her sensations were at seeing the pair together Fay could only dimly guess. She chose to ignore her, and tripped past, conscious that her first triumph was complete. The mother was frenzied at the sight of Robert in her company and Robert was "interested."

The next person in point of astonishment and wrath was Gordon Wylde; and had he and Mrs. Patterson been thrown together a strong bond would have united them—a oneness of purpose, the result of which would have gone far toward bringing about a widely different termination to the affairs of those concerned.

Wylde followed the girl into the rotunda. Robert, instantly tracked by his fond parent, followed the slim, graceful figure with his eyes; Mrs. Patterson's thoughts followed the glance of her son, accompanied by a shaft of venom.

"Coward!" said Gordon, in a low voice.

Fay turned inscrutable eyes upon him.

"Glutton!" remarked the man again, "What a curse is this thirst for conquest! Is not one man's abject serfdom sufficient?"

Although Fay's lips smiled, her eyes had the look of her father, as she answered,

"You know not whereof you speak. I have a score to pay."

CHAPTER XI.

THE threatened storm of the day came to nothing, and the night was starlit and serene. Gordon walked moodily beside Fay Chester at the extreme end of the pier.

"I hate to go," he said at last. "There is an inexplicable premonition of something to happen in my absence—" he broke off abruptly. "See here Fay, what are you doing with the creature in toddling clothes?"

The girl laughed.

"I should not have thought you would stoop to jealousy of one so far your inferior," she replied, mockingly.

Gordon caught her wrist, roughly.

"Don't act that way, to-night," his voice was husky. "Don't!"

Fay pulled her hand away, and shrugged her shoulders. "I shall be glad to know you are in Mexico, for the gay *senoritas* there will probably be impressed by your ardent manner of wooing."

(It was the Pagan speaking, she knew.)

"When I come back, will you marry me?"

"No, no, no!"

"When will you?"

"Never."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Splendid! The only reason which could have convinced me," mocked Gordon, in his turn.

"Oh, Gordon," sighed Fay wearily, "don't spoil this lovely night. I should like to be peaceful."

"I am not spoiling it, dear," he answered more quietly, "I am trying to *make* it, I am trying to show you that we are made for one another, now and forever. You do love me girlie, I feel it. You do, though you fight it with all your splendid strength. You love me—" he re-

peated, with more passion than he meant to show, "and I love you. Kiss me—"

She backed from him, hastily.

"Don't be silly!"

"How original!" was Gordon's sarcastic comment. "If some of you women would only say, 'Now, let's be silly! what a relief it would be. But that is a digression; come, sit down and then for once I will make a supreme effort to be sensible. Tell me just why you cling so persistently to this thought of *friendship* with me? Do you not realize that it is impossible?'"

Fay turned her face to his for a moment, then looked away.

"Quite," she said simply.

"Then why not let it go?"

"I am always hoping, hoping, hoping,—that," she went on, clasping her hands tightly together, "that you will see it my way, Gordon; that you will conquer yourself, as it were, and per-



ROBERT ROSE TO HIS FEET. "HAVE YOU LOST SOMETHING?" HE ASKED POLITELY

haps make a firm foundation for—for—us, instead of the flimsy one you have reared and labeled by the sacred name of Love. The first storm would shatter and splinter it—it would not hold. Besides you were never meant for a married man—by the same token, I am not a marrying woman. There is not a domestic hair in my head, and my dear fellow, we would not last.”

Gordon moved restlessly. The timbre of Fay’s voice thrilled him, the slight hesitation before “us,” and her use of “we” in the possible future, made him long for a culmination of his desire. The very atmosphere seemed charged with her personality, and his head throbbed uncomfortably.

“You seem to consider my affections in the nature of a best dress,” he said, “something to be taken out with care and worn on a fine day, then laid away in lavender, out of the strong light, until another auspicious occasion presents itself. I tell you, you are life to me—” he stopped to gain control over himself and Fay interrupted.

“You put it well, Gordon, I am life to you, in its *big* sense. I represent the culmination of a desire unfulfilled; possibly the only thing in life you have never won easily. You look at the big things, the hours, let us say, but what of the minutes which go to make up the hours, the little trivial things? We could never stand them together! We are accustomed only to our best selves, except when you are—hopeless.” She laughed with just the faintest suggestion of nervousness, and Gordon waited, silently.

“You don’t appreciate mankind in the making, so to speak; the ensemble appeals to you. Now I am always trying my best self on the dog (who is the dullest, most uninteresting person within easy reach), not that I want to impress the creature but to gain, or retain, my own confidence. Ten to one, *you* would be the dog, not dull or uninteresting, but because you would be within easy reach, and you would never have the benefit of my finished performance. Do you understand me?”

Gordon opened his lips to speak, but Fay, not waiting for an answer, continued.

“Fancy me, in the cold gray dawn of a February morning, with my hair in kid-curlers and a wealth of lanoline on a favorite pimple on my nose! Horrible!”

“Fay, you are childish in your absurdity.”

“Not at all! Tell me, do you ever think of me as other than—what is that word you once used—oh, yes, ‘*svelte*.’ Do you ever think of the minutes which go to make up the hours of life?”

“Certainly I do.”

“I don’t believe it; all the more because there is a strain of that in me too. I remember refusing a man I once thought seriously of marrying, after I had seen him with a cold in his head. I tell you, that is a severe test, my dear.”

“Fay, listen—”

“And as for you, why I couldn’t bear the idea of seeing you brush your teeth. Every sentiment I might have felt would be strangled.”

Gordon laughed, which was precisely what Fay wished. If she could keep him arguing, the evening would end peacefully.

“Are you ever serious?” asked Wylde, impatiently. “I mean, will you ever take me seriously?”

“Not seriously, nor any other way; I wouldn’t have you as a precious gift! There now, please don’t lick my hand. I hate being licked, and I believe I have forgotten my handkerchief. Lend me yours.”

As she held out her hand expectantly, Gordon lost himself, and letting discretion fly to the winds he caught the girl roughly to him and kissed her with burning, trembling lips.

“You madden me,” he whispered, “and I think you know it.”

Controlling her shuddering disgust, Fay leaned inertly against him for a moment, then covering her face with her hands, shivered violently.

“I couldn’t stand it, Gordon, I couldn’t really! The knowledge that you would have the right to kiss me—like that—would craze me beyond endurance. I should hate you—*hate you*—and I should strangle you some night as I kissed you.”

Wylde closed his eyes and drew a sharp breath.

"It would be worth it," he murmured.

Rising, Fay moved slowly to the other side of the pier; a sudden sadness oppressed her; such a tangle as everything was in! Chester and Lorna and Northrop; the remembrance of Mrs. Patterson's words stung her afresh, and she bit her lip angrily; Gordon, herself and Robert—big, boyish, unsuspecting Robert. It offended her sense of honor to sacrifice him, for above all things Fay put a premium upon honor. She had never taken advantage of any one before; however, this time there seemed no help for it, and she put aside the still, small voice of conscience.

Gordon was such a trial, Gordon offering her a love which many another woman would sell her soul to possess even for a day. For an instant doubt assailed her—could it be that she was wrong, and that this was Love?

Another picture rose before her, that of her parents, uncongenial, unhappy for years, because of this mysterious, magnetic attraction, this fever of magnetism which had for one short hour bound them by something they had mistaken for life's best gift. For an instant the Reverend Artimus had been controlled by his senses, salving his intellect with the thought of reforming his wife.

Gordon sighed, and she came back to the present.

"It is trying for both of us," she said to herself. "As long as he can't have me, he will simply torment himself with longing; and as for me—I am tired struggling against the tide—the reaction is crushing. If I married him to be rid of him—" she swallowed hard to conquer the nausea this idea brought and shook her head vehemently; "it is too deep for me—I can't see my way out. What shall I do?"

There was a step on the pier and Fay turned to see young Patterson coming toward her. A superstitious thought occurred to her. Was this the answer?

"I have been looking for you," he said simply.

"Well, I am found, apparently. Why did you look for me?"

Robert laughed a little.

"What a queer question! I don't know why I looked, unless it was because I wanted to see you. Will that answer do, Miss Chester? I wanted to see you, that's all."

Gordon smiled grimly in the semi-darkness.

Fay introduced the two men, and they walked slowly back to the hotel. Gordon's rude silence did not affect Robert in the least, he seemed quite oblivious to it, chatting unreservedly to Fay, as though the other man were not present.

"Did you ever know the mater, before?" he asked suddenly.

"I had met her," Fay answered, guessing what was coming. "Why?"

Robert laughed again. Had he given the matter serious thought he would have realized that in all his dull life he had never laughed so much before.

"She seemed perfectly bowled over this morning when we came back, and bothered me with all sorts of questions about you,—what you said, and what I said, how I knew you, and all that sort of rot."

"What did you tell her?" Even Gordon did not detect the shade of anxiety in Fay's voice; it would never do to be checked at the start.

"Oh, I didn't give her much satisfaction," the boy said, carelessly. "I told her that she wouldn't be interested; she never has been in your sort, you know." This was meant as a compliment, in contra-distinction to the working classes with whom Mrs. Patterson spent her waking hours.

"Mothers are often like that," Fay answered, pinching herself to keep from laughing, "becoming suddenly interested in their son's affairs, you know. Would you like to walk to the light-house to-morrow morning?"

"Fay!" protested Gordon, sharply, "I leave at eleven, have you forgotten?"

He was angry at this overgrown calf for intruding and spoiling his last hours with her; he was angry at her for playing such a childish role. If she *must* play with some one (in his

absence, of course) let her choose a real man.

Robert looked at Wylde for the first time, a little puzzled. He only vaguely understood the cause of such obvious annoyance, and was going to ask Fay to tell him, when she turned to him, and said in the softest, sweetest of voices:

"Let us go at half-past eleven, and take our lunch."

CHAPTER XII.

FAY threw herself with vim into the tete-a-tete picnic; her reasons were twofold; she wished to preclude any possibility of feeling a pang at Gordon's departure, and make hay against the imminent probability of showers, for, with guileless innocence Robert had confided after breakfast the gist of a nocturnal conversation with his mother to the effect that Southhaven was not agreeing with her.

"Which means that you will be going away soon?"

"Me? Oh no, hardly! I am going to stay as long as you do—if you will let me," he added with perfect frankness. "But the mater is a bit—"

"Peevish?" suggested the girl.

Patterson nodded. "I suppose she is so accustomed to having me around, she doesn't like me out of her sight, and—" he was a little at a loss for words, "she thinks I bother you too much."

Fay laughed merrily; she had every reason to be decidedly entertained in Gordon's absence, playing against Mrs. Patterson for this stake; she also had confidence that the game was already hers, being so far out of the spiteful creature's line.

"I am one of the queer people who are never bothered," answered Fay, "and we are going to be great friends, aren't we?"

"Well, rather!" Robert's enthusiasm was quite human. "Do you know," he went on, looking down at the figure beside him, with astonishing pleasure, "I feel as though I had known you all my life."

"How original!" mocked his companion, "all men say that."

"It is original for me," protested the boy. "You must remember that I have never known any one except that Harris boy and Mr. Canfrey; I never spoke to a girl in all my life, till—Jove, it was only yesterday!" He struggled thoughtfully with the stem of his pipe a moment, then looking up, said with a smile in his eyes:

"I am going to have an anniversary of my own, now. I am going to say, 'a week ago, Robert, you met Miss Chester; a month ago, Robert, you began to live; a year ago, Patterson, you were born.'"

"A year," mused Fay, "I wonder! Do you half realize how far we are swept from our intended landing in a year; a whole long year?"

"I have never had any landing, and now that I have one I am not going to be swept. I have always believed that one can do what one wishes, provided the desire is strong enough."

"Yes, I think that too, with a tiny proviso."

"Which is?"

"That we do not go at variance with the law of preservation of right; am I clear?"

"Not quite."

"Well, suppose you were married to a woman you hated and wished her dead; I don't believe that the strongest desire in the world would kill her; suppose you wished a bank to fail, from purely revengeful motives, I don't see any reason why it should fail. These are extreme cases, of course, but I want to make plain the point that it must be an achievement worth while, which we accomplish when we desire it!"

"An achievement worth while!" What had she said; what was she doing? She went back over her words, purely revengeful motives—nature protects her own—would Robert be protected from her? "But I am not even concentrating" she argued, "to be sure yesterday I went out of my way to reach him, but Fate would have managed that sooner or later anyway. At any rate from this moment I am passive. If his mother can take him back, let her. I am going to be my-

self—just myself (and the Pagan), utterly regardless of how I appear to him, that's more than I can say of any other man alive."

And somewhere the Pagan laughed—sang—he was at liberty!

They talked of every subject imaginable—these two; of Life and, Death, of the mysterious Hereafter; they talked of books and science, though about the former Robert was distressingly prosy; they talked a little of love and reverted ever to the most absorbing theme under the deep blue, cloud-flecked southern sky—the Thou and I. Fay soon found that Robert's mind was quite on a par with Gordon's although he was not so apt at expressing himself on these subjects of her choosing, which were evidently new to him. The long years of association with Mr. Canfrey had made him clumsy at discussing any subject, and those he talked of to the girl were brought out from the storehouse of his brain and shown daylight for the first time.

He explained this to Fay.

"My thoughts are hard to get at," he said. "They seem to be done up in numberless wrappings, which I have to undo until I get to the bottom of the parcel. The wrappings are my conversations with you, which teach me what I really think."

"I often think of my mind as a book case," Fay replied, "a big musty old thing, extending some distance into the wall. Now the books toward the front, with the titles easily distinguishable, are the things we know and can speak of at a moment's notice, such as names of celebrities, and so on; on the next row back, a little out of the light, so that I must bend close to see, are such books as incidents in the career of some one like Confucius or Erasmus, or Pythagoras; some one that I don't know any too much about. Way back, quite in the dark, and covered with dust and cobwebs, is still another row. These volumes are things I have once

known and possibly in my short sighted ignorance considered useless, so I put them away, never thinking they would be needed. Some one will ask the context of a quotation. Then I reach in past the two rows, scrape a few cobwebs off and begin to feel along the line of books, going through the alphabet before I eventually find what I seek for, I contend that anything we once knew is never really forgotten. The remembering of it is only a matter of concentration."

"The book-case plan is adopted," Robert said firmly, as though it had been a matter for argument; and Fay had the comfortable feeling that her whimsical idea had been followed both understandingly and appreciatively.

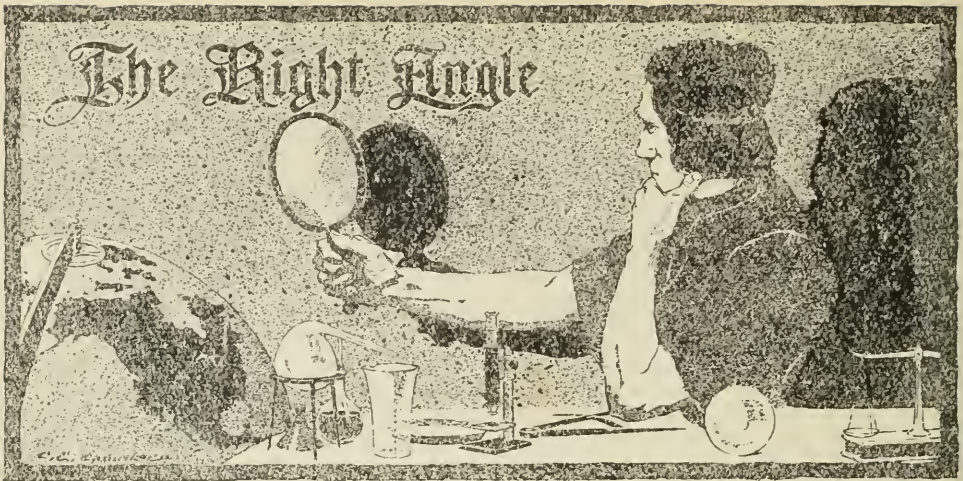
"How old are you?" Robert asked one day, turning to look fondly at the girl stretched full length on the sand beside him.

"Years and years," she answered vaguely. "But you must never ask a woman that question. Among other things I have to teach you, are the polite 'dont's.' Don't ever tell a woman she has a pimple or freckles. Don't notice a stray gray hair; rest assured her dressing table is in a bad light, and she has overlooked it, and don't ever ask her age. You may guess it, subtracting five, if you think she is over thirty, eight, if over forty, or three if she is somewhere in the twenties. But never, Robert, on pain of ostracism from polite society, *never* really guess it!"

"Just the same, I want to know," the man insisted. "I haven't an idea. Sometimes, I think you must be thirty, you have crowded so much into your mind, and other days you seem just like a playful child, without a serious thought, or a responsibility. Do you know, you are two distinct people?"

"Two," echoed Fay, laughing, "many, many more than two! Boy, I have a sad time introducing myself to the name people call me by at times."

To be continued



MR. LANG ON "THE SOWING."

MR. S. E. LANG, of the Manitoba Normal School, has written an interesting review of Emerson Hough's latest book, "The Sowing," which ran as a serial in CANADA MONTHLY and which is now in its second edition in book form. Differing from Mr. Hough in some important details, Mr. Lang nevertheless agrees with him in the main issue. Indeed, it is interesting to notice the singleness of viewpoint of the Canadian and the Yankee. Mr. Lang's review follows:

There is no change of greater significance in the history of education in modern times than the change from the individualistic to the social point of view. It is not so very long ago that the definitions of education were constructed upon the presupposition that education was to be regarded as a purely individual matter, and it is a striking commentary upon the inherent conservatism of the human mind that the great mass of people in middle life or past middle life find the greatest difficulty in adjusting themselves to the idea of education as a social rather than an individual matter. The man in the street if asked why he sends his child to school is likely to reply that he sends him there in order that he may be better prepared for the struggle of life, that he may be sent forth a few years hence into the great world able to fight for his own, able to win his way and secure for himself in the struggle and scramble of life a fair share of the good things that the world has to offer. If you were to ask him whether he desires that his boy should be equipped for becoming a master or for becoming a servant, he would probably stare at you in amazement. The

answer would be given with the vigor of conviction. He is to be prepared at school to win his way and assert himself to secure his rights as an individual; to be a master, in short, not to be a servant.

And yet from the modern point of view, this very natural attitude of the man in the street is all wrong. It would be easy to show historically how he came to adopt that attitude, and as has been already indicated, for these very historical reasons it is very difficult for him to change it. But mere individual efficiency can never serve as the true aim of our educational activities. The pushful, hustling, anti-social type in the community is not the type that our schools ought to aim at producing. Our schools have in the past tended to produce this type, and it is unfortunately true that to a very considerable extent, that type is still being produced, but the aim and effort of the modern teacher is to change all that and to make social efficiency and not individual efficiency the aim and purpose of the work of the school.

The theory that the state is responsible for the education of the people needs no exposition or defence at this time of day, for every one recognizes that if the community fails to train its recruits, it must go down in the economic struggle. That is generally recognized; but it is not so generally recognized that the type of citizen best fitted for the preservation of the state at large is not the anti-social individual spoken of above, but the man who recognizes his social duties and has the disposition to perform them, the man whose attitude to the world at large is determined by the ideal of social service. This, it will be seen, is far enough away from the ideal dominating the man in the street, of whom mention was made a little while ago.

Social efficiency, then, must be the dominating idea in all our educational arrangements. This principle serves not only

as a guide to the character of the instruction and discipline of our schools, but also serves to point out the direction of educational effort at large. Any scheme for the amelioration of human life, any proposal to extend the activities of the government along new educational lines must stand this test: Does the proposed scheme tend to promote and secure social efficiency in the national organism? Does it tend on the whole to raise or to lower national efficiency?

Mr. Emerson Hough has written a book, entitled "The Sowing," with a sub-title, "A Yankee's View of England's Duty to Herself and to Canada." This book would probably find a place in the library with books on social or political economy; but since its purpose seems to be to advocate an educational project of a novel kind, it might just as well go on the educational shelf. Mr. Hough is the author of a number of books—"The Mississippi Bubble," "54-40 or Fight," and others, and from internal evidence one might judge that this is his first excursion into the educational field, or the social field of investigation. Briefly stated, Mr. Hough's proposal is that an educational experiment on a very large scale should be attempted on the clay belt lands controlled by the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Railways. He proposes that steps should be taken to provide training in agriculture for that very large class of immigrants who come from the cities and towns of the old country, and who, owing to the character of their previous occupations, are more likely to fail in Canada than to succeed.

The class of immigrant which Mr. Hough has in mind is at the present time under our Canadian law practically debarred from this country. The Canadian government has very properly set severe limits upon the character of the immigrants who shall hereafter be admitted. The aim at present is to secure the highest possible number of fit and efficient men to people our immense plains. We know by sad experience that we cannot afford to relax our vigilance in this regard. Canada needs settlers, but she needs settlers of the highest type. It is absurd to suppose that any self-respecting government could consent to allow the unfit, the misfits, the undesirables, and the inefficient of other countries to flock indiscriminately into Canada to take possession of our fair heritage. Britain recognizes the soundness of this position, recognizes that the problems of poverty and social inefficiency which arise in every community cannot be properly solved in any such way as that. It is the recognized duty of every community to bear the responsibility of looking after those inefficient members of the community who are the legitimate product of the political and economic system under which they have been reared.

But Mr. Emerson Hough proposes that a great co-operative scheme should be undertaken, under which land could be obtained in sufficient amount and the proper con-

ditions secured for the right training of individuals of the class mentioned, who, after undergoing the treatment and training indicated, would thereafter be in a position to go on to the land and become useful, self-supporting members of the community. The elements in the problem are few and apparently simple. Here is Canada much in need of population. On the other side of the water there is a surplus population of enormous extent. Bring the people to the land. Give them a year or two of training under strict supervision and on a strictly economic basis before putting them upon land of their own. You will thus add to the effective population of Canada, relieve the stress of poverty of thousands,—thus improving the economic position of both Canada and Britain,—and accomplish it all by the help of a little judicious management and education.

There is, however, another aspect to this question besides the educational one. There is the political aspect. If the advocates of this plan could secure capital in sufficient amount to carry it successfully through with the assistance and consent of our Department of the Interior, the first idea to suggest itself to the mind of the average man would be: Why not make our own people the beneficiaries of this splendid scheme? There are in the eastern cities of Canada at the present time a very considerable number of people whose economic position, although as a whole it is not as bad as that of the class of people Mr. Hough has in mind, is nevertheless sufficiently deplorable, and the principle that charity begins at home, or better still, the principle that education should begin at home, would seem to indicate the right path of educational endeavour in the premises.

Mr. Hough's book is well worth reading, although in places it is not very well written. Mr. Hough says a great deal about the logic of the situation and makes many passionate pleas for dispassionate reasoning upon the matter in hand, but he evidently feels his subject too keenly to be able to keep perfectly calm all the time. The astounding imprecation on page thirty-four of the book, to take one example, suggests a state of mind hardly compatible with the calm pursuit of truth. Again, it is impossible to read of "the ghost of Patrick Henry standing at the shoulder of Clifford Sifton" without amusement. It was intended to be very impressive, of course, but it is too absurd. Nor is he quite as clear upon the meaning of the terms he uses as might be desired. For example, he speaks on page two of going "to the desperate extreme of socialism, saying that since governments oppress we should have none." The ordinary meaning of the term socialism suggests not the absence of government, but a condition where the government undertakes to regulate to the fullest extent *all* social activities. "Sometimes confusing government with conditions which arise under government, we have in seeking to set the world tribal again,

that is to say, turn back the stars in their courses, gone to the extreme of socialism saying that since governments oppress we should have none, but should divide the products of the world equally, the weak with the strong—the step from socialism to anarchy being an easy one after touch is lost with the old idea of the survival of each unit through its own efforts, up to its own measure of fitness." It is regrettable that Mr. Hough should be guilty of a sentence built on such a plan as this, and it is only one of many such in his book. While upon this topic one might mention also the irritating habit of misplacing the modifying words in his sentences. There are dozens of examples of such carelessness.

However, these are mere trifles, and do not of course really detract from the general merit of the book. The book attempts to deal seriously with an undoubtedly important sociological problem, and the remedy which Mr. Hough suggests for a dreadful disease in the body politic is one which is bound to compel the attention of politicians as well as educators.

Questions of education, as has been pointed out already, are to be approached from the standpoint of the good of the total social organism. The final verdict with regard to Mr. Hough's scheme will be determined on this basis. Is it well for Canada as a whole that she should undertake to supervise the training of a large number of inefficient town-bred men now belonging practically to the submerged fraction of the British population in the hope of fitting them for the status of Canadian citizenship? This is a fair question and deserves a fair answer. Frankly, it seems to a native-born Canadian, who knows something of pioneer

life in this country, that the answer must be in the negative.

But the educational scheme is a good one. Let us turn our attention to those members of our own Canadian community who because they do not fit into their present environment, are gradually descending in the social scale and swelling the already too large body of inefficients. For them we are responsible, either because of mismanagement in our own household, or because we have good-naturedly opened our doors to the inefficients from other lands. Let us direct our educational efforts towards the reclaiming of our own people in our eastern cities.

Mr. Hough deserves credit for the goodwill and the courage displayed in his book. He has grappled bravely with a very tremendous problem. It is to his credit that he has not left the problem exactly where he found it, as the manner of some is. On the contrary, he has suggested concretely and clearly a plan of action for solving it, and we heartily commend this book to serious students of politics and education.

Mr. Lang's conclusions would seem to limit Canada's responsibility, morally and industrially. He would have this responsibility national, not imperial. Nevertheless, he agrees with Hough that, since we have good-naturedly opened our doors to Europe's poor, the work of reclaiming our own people in our eastern cities will necessarily involve also the education of those deserving strangers from other lands who have made our cities their homes.

SMILES

BY S. E. KISER.

IF THERE were smiles for sale
 At some fair market where
 The rich, the poor, the low, the high,
 Might hurry with their change, to buy,
 What crowds would gather there!

Yet there are smiles enough,
 And each might have his share,
 If every man would do or say
 One—just one—kind thing every day
 To lift some other's care.



A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

A PRIMA DONNA WHO SINGS

IT MAY seem odd to emphasize the fact that a prima donna can sing but in these days of "made" stars, who blossom forth over night and have apparently nothing to recommend them to public attention, it is as refreshing as unusual to hear a singer on the musical comedy stage who can boast of a real voice.

Such an one is Miss Louise Gunning, who is starring again this year in *Marcelle*, the Pixley-Luders operetta, which kept her in New York all last season.

It seems certain that nothing but the star's voice has prevented the production from lapsing into obscurity, for of itself it is as trivial and inconsequent as a summer breeze. Not even the valiant efforts of Jess Dandy, who is being "featured", can relieve the monotony. Indeed, Mr. Dandy's best line is that historic phrase from *The Prince of Pilsen*, "Vas you efer in Zin-zin-att-i?"

But the desert blossoms as the rose when Miss Gunning comes forth and begins to warble. Trills and cadenzas fall from her throat like pearls from the mouth of the fairy-tale lady, and one sits back and listens with joy to a voice "as is" a voice.

The pretty little star has had one of those careers which cause stage-struck girls to leave home, for it isn't many years

ago since Miss Gunning was a member of a Baptist choir in a small New Jersey town. Her father was a minister, and parental opposition to the stage was strong and vigorous.

The little girl with the red hair persisted, however, and obtained her first opportunity with Charles Hoyt, who picked so many winners. Since then her rise has been rapid, and now, with the exception of Fritzi Scheff, there is no better singer on the light opera stage.

Moreover, Miss Gunning is delightfully ambitious and studies continually. Her present singing-master, to whom she ascribes the credit for her undoubted improvement during the last two years, is a Canadian, Arthur Lawrason, a native of London, Ontario, who has been wonderfully successful in New York.

Certain it is that Miss Gunning's voice has gained in depth, richness and color as well as in flexibility and volume. And if it be due to a Canadian teacher, let's give three cheers for Canada! To have developed a voice like that is worth while.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S BUSINESS CAPACITY

IT IS said that *The Chaperon*, which Maxine Elliott has used as her starring vehicle for two seasons, has netted that beautiful young woman some \$70,000.



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MAXINE ELLIOTT

Considered one of the most beautiful women on the American stage to-day

Problem! If Miss Elliott can make \$70,000¹ in two seasons out of a play which is so weak, so tenuous and so absolutely inconsequential, what would she make with a really good play?

But then, of course, the play is not the thing with Miss Elliott. She is a beauty and genuine beauties are rare, even on the stage, so that the public is ready to spend good money—and three



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

HAZEL ADELE

One of the beauties in *The Old Town*

hours of time—to gaze at the classic contours and the rich coloring of Miss Elliott's face, and to listen to the mellifluous tones of Miss Elliott's voice.

Briefly, the story of *The Chaperon* is this: An American girl has married a French "nobleman," Count Van Tuyle, only to discover that she has

made an exceedingly bad bargain. Returning to the States, she finds herself acting as chaperon to a house-party which includes the lover of her youth, yclept Jim Ogden.

Jim and the Countess go out for a canoe ride and are wrecked on an island where they are forced to spend the night on the rocks. In the cold



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

KITTY GORDON

The English prima donna with Sam Bernard in *The Girl and the Wizard*

grey dawn the Count arrives, also in a canoe, and threatens to cause a scandal unless his terms are met. The Countess steals her husband's canoe and leaves the two men to fight it out.

Needless to say, the "American" lover, by means of brute force, compels the Count to become more reasonable and Jim and the Countess go back to their childhood troth. Such is the thread on which hangs the story of the *Chaperon* and it lasts for three hours! Great is the patience of the theatre-goer!

MADAME X.

ARE we beginning, like the Germans, to take our pleasures sadly? Do we really crave to have our feelings harrowed, to have tears run down our cheeks, to be convulsed with sobs when we go to the theatre?

It would seem so from the success which has been the portion of *Madame X*, Henry W. Savage's new production.

Many critics contend that *Madame X* is "nothing but a melodrama," the answer to which is that life itself is



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

CHRISTINE BLESSING
With Madame X

nothing but a melodrama; that things occur daily which are as tragic, as melodramatic as any stage could depict.

And, after all, isn't it better to get some good, red blood into our plays, something that is really vital and heart-



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

AUGUSTA GLOSE

Who introduced the pianologue in vaudeville.

gripping, rather than to go through a succession of French farces or dreary musical comedies.

The story is this: The pretty and charming wife of a successful Parisian lawyer believes that her husband is so absorbed in his practice as to be totally oblivious to her charms. Dissatisfied with her life, she deserts her husband

and her infant son, and runs away with a man who promises more devotion, but after two years of this life, she hears of her baby son's illness, and going to her husband, begs to be taken back. He repudiates her in the harshest of terms; her lover dies and she is cast into the streets.

Twenty years elapse. The pretty,

well-dressed woman of the prologue has become a slatternly drab who appears at a country hotel with her latest lover, a scoundrel who has returned to France to engage in a blackmailing scheme with a pair of pettifogging lawyers. Their plan is to unearth the skeleton in the closet of some wealthy man and then blackmail him for money to keep them from publishing the details to the world.

The new recruit has gathered enough of his companion's story to realize that her career offers a splendid field for investigation, and he determines to question her more minutely. She perceives his object, however, and after a passionate outburst of anger, in which she declares that her son shall not be injured, his prospects in life ruined by the revelation of his mother's degradation, she seizes a revolver and shoots her paramour through the heart.

Questioned by the police, she refuses to reveal her identity; refuses to give any reason for the murder; refuses to see a lawyer or even to look at the name of the man who has undertaken her case. Failing any other name, the police christen her "Madame X," and under this title her trial is conducted. It is not until the trial is half over that she discovers in the young lawyer who is defending her so eagerly, her own son, and looking round, she sees her husband among the judges.

It is a dramatic moment in the action of the play, and there are few dry eyes in the house when the son concludes his fervent appeal for the life of this woman whom he does not know as his mother. Her husband, meanwhile, has recognized his wife, and is consumed

with remorse for the wreck of the life that had once been entrusted to him. When the case against her is dismissed, he tells his son, and the two hasten to her to offer her every reparation in their power. But it is too late. She is dead.

THE AFTERMATH

TRAGIC as *Madame X* is, there is a most amusing aftermath to lighten the gloom of its conclusion.

Weeping women crowd the aisles; handkerchiefs are so soaked with tears that if they were wrung out, a young rivulet would wash out the theatre, and powder-puffs are so in demand that one would think the druggists might be willing to give the author of the play a premium.

In the ladies' dressing room a small tempest is in progress. Sobs rend the air and tears moisten the atmosphere. A pretty girl, dabbing at her red eyes and nose with a useless powder-puff, says forlornly to her friend, in equally bad condition, "I've used up all the powder on my puff. Do you think you could loan me some of yours?"

And her companion shakes her head, sadly "No! I've used all mine too." Tragedy upon tragedy. Red nose, red eyes—and no powder. It is to weep.

Over in the corner a little woman has her head in her hands, sobbing hopelessly. One wonders if the tragedy has touched some experience in her own life, recalling painful memories, or if she is merely overcome by the sadness of the play.

One leaves the dampness, however, and departs into the outer air, glad that after all, it was "only a play."





OUR ADVISERS
BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

IT'S them that has nothin' to worry
about

That tells us "Don't Worry."
It's them that has nothin' to hurry
about

That tells us "Don't Hurry."

It's them that don't need to be spendin'
a cent

That tells us "Don't Spend It";
It's them that don't care who'd be
lendin' a cent

That tells us "Don't Lend It."

The Do It Now sign always swings on
the wall

Of them that Don't Do It—
Advice, an' suggestions, an' things on
the wall—

There ain't nothin' to it!

AN EXHAUSTIVE CODE

EMILY.—"Why are you waving your
handkerchief?"

Angelina.—"Since papa has for-
bidden Tom the house we have ar-
ranged a code of signals."

Emily.—"What is it?"

Angelina.—"When he waves his
handkerchief five times, that means
'Do you love me?' and when I wave
frantically in reply, it means 'Yes
darling.'"

Emily.—"And how do you ask other
questions?"

Angelina.—"We don't. That's the
whole code."

A BIG ONE

I WOULD not be a hunter—No!—
And slay the elephants

For fear that through my life I'd go
Pursued by frightful ha'nts.

Of all the awful ghosts and things
By which one is accursed

I'm sure that though it has no wings
The elephantom's worst!

WHERE IT WAS NEEDED

"THERE you go again!" exclaimed
the friend. "Kicking as usual.
And you are the man who said a month
ago that he intended making it a rule
to speak all the kind words he could
each day to at least one person."

"I'm following that rule," explained
the man with the frown. "I'm follow-
ing it. I'm speaking the kind words
to myself each chance I get. I found
that I needed them more than anybody
else."

AVY AND THE AVIATOR

AN aviator aviated to a heathen isle,
Inhabitated by cannibal and by
the alligator—

Queen Avy was the ruler there; she met
him with a smile.

Queen Avy does not aviate; she ate
the aviator.

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

No. 3

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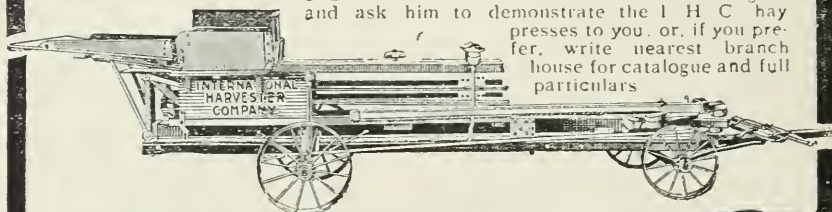
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LONDON, JANUARY

NUMBER 3



KAKABEKA FALLS

Has the tremendous drop of over a hundred feet and is now being harnessed to the extent of
(thirty thousand horse power.)

HARNESSING THE SUN

BY CLAYTON M. JONES, C.E.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

“THEY are harnessing the sun out here in the Last West,” said an electrical engineer in Winnipeg the other day. The statement was so startling that it seemed absurd at first glance. But there is a story behind it all—a story which involves the whole progress of the human race and the last great trek of the Sons of Men to the west and north. And it involves also in the settling of a virgin soil, the combination of machinery and science and engineering, backing the strong-hearted and clear-brained men

who are pursuing opportunity out on the prairie.

Malthus, the great economist, asserted many years ago, that “the ultimate check to population is the lack of food.” But when one recollects that in 1800, the population of Europe was approximately 200,000,000; that in one hundred years it had increased to 400,000,000 in spite of the immigration to America and during a period in which the population of the rest of the world had increased by only 100,000,000 souls; also that in the last ten

years the population is said to have increased at a much faster rate than in the ten years before, we see that something must have occurred in the history of the race since Malthus' time, of which he had no knowledge and which he did not anticipate.

From the Aryans and the Persians—the sun worshippers of the East—to the Jews and the Gentiles—the sun harnessers of the West—is a tremendous jump in the evolution of a race. Most wonderful of all, there are men living to-day who can remember the beginning of this jump—started after they were born and now, perhaps, at its greatest height and swiftness.

The big jump began simultaneously with the opening of the western States, and now, at the swiftest portion of the leap it has hit the Canadian West head-on, creating a drama there as spectacular and of as great human importance as ever occurred in the history of a race.

To trace the jump from the beginning, we must go back to the memorable year of 1831. Watt had invented the steam engine and factories were starting up in England. Faraday had slaved ten years in his laboratory and had finally discovered that he could generate a current of electricity in a loop of wire by revolving it transversely between the poles of a magnet. One had applied the expansive power of steam to a mechanism with which to do the work of men and the other, delving in pure science; had discovered a medium for the transmission of power over long distances to the point of application—the full commercial devel-

opment and importance of which did not appear until the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, long after the western States had been settled.

In this momentous year of 1831, settlers were rolling out on the broad acres of the West in their prairie "schooners," drawn by a yoke of oxen at the rate of two miles an hour. Here they erected sod houses and scratched the surface of the land with their primitive farming tools. If the area of one of these western states were planted, it would have taken the whole working population in the country at that time, to have reaped the grain by hand. The gaunt shadow of poverty which had pursued the human race like a nightmare from the beginning of its existence, was as much in evidence under a new and untried form of government where men were called free, as it had been in the Old World under the sceptre of kings and the sway of monarchs. A half century of independence had elapsed, and it was evident that declarations and constitutions could not make men really free while they held in their hands the tools of serfs.

In England, the steam engine had been abandoned as a method of transportation because it could not compete with horses, and George Stephenson, the builder of the locomotive, was called "the craziest man in England." In this country Morse and his "new-fangled" telegraph were sneered at, as were the Wrights and their flying machine in our own times. Howe had not invented his sewing machine, Hoe his printing press, nor Deere his steel



NEAR CALGARY, ALBERTA, THERE ARE NIAGARAS OF POWER WAITING TO BE LED DOWN FROM THE HILLS



AT BENNINGTON FALLS, NEAR NELSON, B.C., FIFTEEN THOUSAND HORSE POWER IS DEVELOPED AND TRANSMITTED EIGHTY MILES

plough. Stoves, matches and oil lamps had not as yet come into existence. Petroleum was peddled around in bottles as medicine, and iron was seventy-five dollars a ton. The West was as yet unsettled. Chicago was little more than a trading post, and not a grain of wheat had been grown in that section of the country west of the Mississippi and north of Mason's and Dixon's line. Truly, the subjugation of the soil was begun under inauspicious conditions.

But as the increasing population of England, pressing harder and harder on the means of subsistence that came from the limited acreage of an island, had created the necessity which had evolved the steam engine, thereby making possible the exchange of manufactured articles for food stuffs; so, in this new country with its boundless fertile prairie had arisen an insistent need for a method of agriculture on a large scale,—to be able to reap all the grain that might be grown on a big

western farm in the few days in which grain is reaping; in other words, the changing of farming from "getting a living" to a business enterprise. Cyrus McCormick had been working several years on this problem, and in the same year that Faraday had discovered how to make a cheap and continuous flow of electricity, McCormick drove his first crude but workable reaper out on a hillside farm in Virginia.

That the manufacture of implements for tilling the soil was the first industry to be learned, and the last to be developed when millions of men through thousands of years spent all of their working hours in the sole occupation of getting enough food to keep themselves alive, is one of the paradoxes of human existence. But the development had occurred, and when the clicking blades severed the first strands of yellow wheat, they also severed the thongs which had bound the race and hunger together.

But two miles an hour was pretty

slow traveling into the West. Better methods of transportation were absolutely necessary in order to distribute the rising tide of Europeans coming from the land of the sickle and the wooden plough. Then besides, farming as a business and on a broader scale could not be possible unless there were some method for the cheap and rapid transportation of the surplus wheat eastward to the cities.

This growing demand for transporta-

tion was anticipated by Peter Cooper. While McCormick was solving the wheat question with his reaper, Cooper was solving the transportation problem with the abandoned tools of Stephenson. Peter Cooper built the first locomotive in the United States. It appeared simultaneously with the reaper. It weighed less than a ton, its boiler being about the size of a flour barrel and its flues made of gun barrels. It was the first application of steam to transportation in this country, and Cooper was highly elated because his engine could compete with horse cars and "prairie schooners."

With the increasing perfection of the reaper it was found that six bushels of wheat could be raised with as little effort as was formerly taken to produce one, and that four hundred laborers and three hundred harvesters could cut more wheat than could be garnered by five thousand peasants by hand. If

wheat is not gathered quickly when ripe, that is from four to ten days, it breaks down and decays. The bushels which lay rotting on the ground out in Indiana and Illinois for lack of ability to cut in time, were now diverted to hungry mouths. In twenty-eight years there were 50,000 reapers in the United States doing the work of 350,000 men. These men were absorbed by the growing factories,—the application of steam to mechanics in the manu-

facturing of necessities and luxuries for the people. So the reaper was saving \$4,000,000 in wages and cramming the barns with 50,000,000 bushels of grain.

Peter Cooper's little flour barrel engine had developed into a 1,500 horsepower locomotive running on steel rails at the rate of fifty miles an hour across the continent. The reaper clicked its pioneer way across the prairie from Chicago to Seattle, and was faithfully followed by its



THE CASCADE POWER DAM NEAR CASCADE CITY, B.C.
Is capable of an electric energy almost beyond computation
and capable of vast development.

co-worker of steam and wheels. The golden harvest was loaded on the never-tiring carrier and whirled back to the cities of the East, and across the ocean to Europe, the rising population of which disproved Malthus' predictions of race suicide because of lack of food.

And so, at the present day, it has come to pass that we, who would be otherwise growing wheat at twenty cents a pound loaf, are in the workshops and factories creating wealth at the

rate of sixteen billions a year, while the machinery, which is doing our work on the farm, cost \$900,000,000, and produces food-stuffs to the annual value of \$7,000,000,000.

Seward said that it was the reaper "that pushed the American frontier westward at the rate of thirty miles a year". In our own day it is the harvester, in conjunction with the great transcontinental railways, which is making possible the conquest of Canadian territory so vast that areas as large as several

states have not as yet even been explored. The reaper led the railways in the days of Yankee conquest, but the stout-hearted men who backed their belief in the soil of the Canadian Last West with their hard cash, built their transcontinental railways across a wheatless prairie long discredited by the Hudson's Bay Company agents. They built in the knowledge that no great development could occur, and there would be no use for har-

vesters unless a means were first provided for the transportation of the golden harvest. The railway was the real pioneer which built and waited and struggled, until finally the tide of immigration came.

It was started by the sons of the men who had settled the western States. With the inherited hunger for more and better land coursing in their blood, they came and saw and conquered. Few

and straggling parties came, then more and more, until to-day there are three hundred thousand Yankee farmers in western Canada, and they have carried across the international boundary line with them the immense sum of two hundred million Yankee dollars. The prospect of work on this continent has regulated the ebb and flow of the alien tide across the Atlantic, but the almost obliteration of a formerly well-defined boundary line in this rush of the well-to-do conquerors of the soil is the

result of the instinct to grasp opportunity when one sees it. Here was more and better land.

And so, less than three-quarters of a century ago in this country began the great jump, which is still in continuance and which has transferred us from the civilization of the sun worshippers of the East to the sun harnessers of the West. Did I say sun harnessers? Yes. You will remember that agriculture was pursued in Europe to "get a living," and

then in the settling of the West "as a business." But out in the prairie provinces it is rising to the dignity of a science because the sons of the pioneers, many graduates of agricultural colleges, may be met with on every hand applying the principles of chemistry and of physics to the soil.

How the misconception was fostered by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company that the northern boundary



THE TWIN FALLS, NEAR FIELD, B.C.

Is a western cataract that will develop power to operate factories, run cars and light streets in cities miles away.

of the United States marked in the West the most northerly limits in which wheat could be profitably grown, is a story all by itself.

During the period in which this misconception was fostered, and beginning with Faraday's discovery of the relation between magnetism and the electric current and the commercial production of electricity, a tremendous development was taking place in the railroad and the reaper, but the development of Faraday's discovery was too slow to be of any practical use. The street cars of the new cities of the West had to be drawn by horses because it was not practicable for each of them to carry a steam engine aboard. In those days the growing railroads were enabling people to transport *wheat* to the places where it was needed; Morse's telegraph was being perfected so that gradually people were enabled to transmit *thought* considerable distances; but years were to elapse before Faraday's discovery was sufficiently developed so that people could transmit *power* from the place where it was manufactured by the steam engine to the place of application. The power had to be used on the *spot where it was made*, and so the street cars were drawn by horses and the streets were lighted by oil and gas instead of electricity being made to do the work.

So the western States were developed and settled without that greatest of acquired human abilities,—the ability to transport power by wire or by the medium of the atmospheric ether. The system of electrical distribution had not arrived. It was not until 1883 that the first alternating current generators were installed for the purpose of electric lighting, and not until the World's Fair in Chicago, ten years later, that the country at last comprehended the possibilities of the transmission of power as applied to street cars, traction lines, lighting and factories. And it was not until ten years ago, with the first developments at Niagara Falls and the growing anxiety as to the scarcity of coal, that people saw a new vista open up before them, which stretched their imaginations to the limit. The harnessing of

the great waterfalls of the continent, the power of which had been going to waste for untold centuries while the race attempted to wrest a living from nature by the sole energy of their own pigmy bodies, meant, as in the case of the reaper and the railroad, more food, more necessities, more luxuries, more recreation and therefore, more time to *think*. Life on this continent had suddenly shifted to another foundation. It ceased to be a scramble for food because of the combination of science and mechanics, and this new ability to transmit power long distances acted like a lever to lift the burden of manual drudgery off the shoulders of the people.

And so, while people were still speaking of the Canadian West as a bleak country of ice and snow, the great jump of progress had acquired its greatest impetus. Then, suddenly, like the tales of gold from Alaska, came the reports of forty-bushel-to-the-acre wheat in the unknown province of Alberta, the centre of the Canadian West, and like the rush of adventurers to Alaska, so was the rush of farmers to this Last West. The one band was of visionary temperament, full of the lust for gold. The other, quiet and unassuming, building their hopes of larger and virgin wheat lands and still greater prosperity on cold facts and patient industry.

At the time of the Paris Exposition, in the Egyptian section of the British Museum, standing in a glass case between two mummified Pharaohs, were two sticks tied together with a leathern thong, a rustic sickle and a broken wooden plough and some tassels which once had hung from the horns of the oxen. They told the story of agriculture three thousand years ago on the banks of the Nile, and for practical purposes a similar story up to the time of the reaper in America.

Across the channel there were on exhibition thirty-seven different species of American agricultural machines. There was a mower to cut the grass; a tedder, to kick and scatter the new mown hay so that it would dry in the sun; a rake to garnish it together; a loader, to swing it on the wagon; a

bailer to compress it into bundles; and a self-binder. There are three hundred parts to a horse rake, six hundred in a mower and three thousand eight hundred in a binder. In the United States are made annually 56,000,000 castings for farm machinery alone. So that it was practically the difference in farm implements which confronted the opening up of the western States and that of the Canadian provinces.

But the Canadian West has not only taken advantage of improved farm machinery. It is alive to the possibilities of the modern developments of power as well. For out there on the prairie and farther over in the Rockies, they have found coal and waterfalls to produce it. Vancouver has produced to date 25,000,000 tons of coal, and the province of British Columbia produced in 1909, 1,500,000 tons of coal and 300,000 tons of coke. At Vancouver are also developed some large water powers under high heads which supply the city of Vancouver and the surrounding district. One electric company alone has some 350,000 horse-power of electric energy available for distribution.

In considering the development of water power in British Columbia, it is worthy of notice that every river of importance on the Pacific coast rises on the watershed of British Columbia. The electric energy which may be derived from the drainage of its extensive area of mountains and highlands is so great and unexplored as to be beyond human comprehension or estimation at present. The Columbia, Fraser, Skeena, Stikine, Liard and Peace Rivers range in length from four hundred to a thousand miles, and are of great size and volume. The first four of these rivers are sufficiently navigable to also form valuable waterways for the development of the country and the growing trade with the Orient. In this farthest west province of the confederation, great manufacturing cities will spring up, due to the abundance of raw materials and the plentitude of coal and water power. It contains 300,000 square miles of country known to be extensively mineralized and still

a virgin field for the prospector and investor.

The Rockies form the land of water-power. At Bennington Falls there is 15,000 horse-power developed and transmitted eighty miles, where it is used for smelting, mining and transportation. Coming east into the province of Alberta, we find the city of Edmonton with its coal fields and gas wells. Edmonton is destined to become a large manufacturing city because of the coal beds which are located on both banks of the Saskatchewan. Two mills are cutting 100,000 feet of lumber daily for the farmers locating on the large wheat fields to the east. Strathcona, situated at the gateway to the Mackenzie and Peace River basins, has an abundance of coal, timber and water-power. Here will be established factories ranging from the making of biscuits to machinery. Another prospective manufacturing town is Prince Albert, where extensive water-power is being developed. It is located four hundred miles to the east of Edmonton in the Saskatchewan country. Two hundred miles south of Edmonton is Calgary, where the City Council is about to make an appropriation for preliminary surveys and expert opinion as to the feasibility of municipal power development, while North Battleford on the main line of the Canadian Northern railway, between Edmonton and Winnipeg, is expending \$100,000 on the installation of waterworks, sewage and electric lighting systems. These are illustrations of the push of the settlers in the towns and cities of the Last West.

From the Rockies east across the, prairie to Winnipeg, is a thousand miles. Here the great Winnipeg River, starting from Minnesota and Ontario and flowing into Lake Winnipeg, furnishes within easy transmission distance of the city a half-a-million horse-power, which is yet to be developed. The citizens of Winnipeg have already expended \$3,250,000 in building themselves a municipal power plant with a capacity of 60,000 horse-power to draw industries to their city. Free grants of land can still be obtained of the Govern-

ment by bona fide settlers in the northern part of this region, where farms are yielding thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre.

Three hundred miles farther south and east is Fort William, dividing honors with Port Arthur, a few miles distant, as strategic points to which the golden flood of grain from Manitoba and the Northwest territory converges. Fort William has the finest harbor on the Great Lakes, in which the largest ocean-going steamships can ride. Here are located three great elevators, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which total 6,000,000 bushels capacity, and here the now-building Grand Trunk Pacific will expend \$4,000,000 for terminal facilities. But the most significant thing about Fort William, aside from the fact that it is a natural railroad terminal and a steamship port, is, that only thirty miles away on the Kamanistiquia River, is Kakabeka Falls. This Falls has the tremendous drop of over a hundred feet and is about one hundred and thirty feet wide. It is now being harnessed to the extent of thirty thousand horse-power, but when fully developed will furnish all the power needed in that vicinity for a radius of a hundred miles. Fort William is also situated in the heart of the Superior iron district, which will be a great factor in its manufacturing and commercial growth in the future. When Lord Strathcona's prophecy that in ten years Canada will be able to furnish all the grain needed by Great Britain comes true, the wonderful growth of Fort William will be noted in the histories and geographies of the times.

The manufactures of England are sure to be crippled in the future because of the absence of water-power and the lack of coal. When that time comes and the demand has become great from the fertile acres of the Last West for more machinery and manufactured articles, then three hundred miles to the south and east of Fort William, at the end of Lake Superior and across the Long Sault, an immense dam will be constructed. A highway will be provided for sea-going vessels by means of canals, and as no limit will be set upon the amount of water that may be

used as at Niagara, there will be developed at this point 700,000 horse-power eclipsing Niagara. From here the power will be distributed which will operate factories, run cars and light streets and homes in cities miles away.

So these are the forces which are at work out there in the Last West, and which make possible the growth, transportation and sale of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat grown in twelve months from the occupation of 5,000,000 acres of land. The present knowledge of man of how to harness the forces of nature to his own uses has brought this result. The onrush of 80,000 American farmers last year of the advance guard which is occupying 5,000,000 of the 175,000,000 acres which are to be cultivated, and these led by the great transcontinentals with their locomotives of 2,000 horse-power capacity and followed by the telegraph, the newspaper, the telephone and the wireless telegraph, is one of the most dramatic events of modern times. The advances of science appear so gradually and quietly that they do not hit the imagination unless a new country is suddenly attacked by all the modern implements of civilization. Then people sit up and take notice in the same manner in which they did when the wireless telegraph saved 1,600 passengers on the sinking White Star liner, "Republic".

And so, out there in the Last West, they are actually *harnessing the sun*. For, when the white blanket of snow which covers and protects the wheat in winter, is pulled up as water and let down on the highlands by the sun, they have devised methods of harnessing and transmitting the power. Cities are being lighted and cars run and factories operated by the snows from the mountain tops hundreds of miles away. The carbonized vegetation, which derived its power from the sun is being dug up and used in engines of skilful construction. Out on the prairie the farmer is *growing* power to use in his farm machinery, and in this manner harnessing the sun. He is manufacturing alcohol at ten cents per gallon by distilling potatoes, and in order to supply him and his Yankee

brother, 2,500 men in one town alone are making one hundred alcohol and gasoline engines a day. Four-fifths of the work on the farm is now being done by machinery, and the machinery is being directed by the growing scientific knowledge.

It was Sir John Herschel and M. Poulett who accurately computed that the whole heat emitted by the sun in one minute would be competent to boil 12,000 million cubic miles of ice cold water of which heat the earth receives enough to boil one million cubic miles; it was Liebig, the great chemist, who announced that "the soil is alive," and it was Charles Deering who looked into the future and saw the power which drives the factory extended to the wheat field. Thus was the union of science and mechanics. The intelligent farmers from the States out there in nature's laboratory realize that the same elements which redden their own cheeks and paint the colors of the landscape, are contained in one pinch of their farm soil; that the same farm

produce from which they feed themselves and the rest of the race, and from which they make power and earn dollars, contain the elements which keep them warm in winter; that the same elements which furnish muscle to work with and brain to think with are in the soil which grows wheat. They know that a chemist can find out exactly the kind of crop which will give the best harvest if they send him a cup full of the dirt taken from different parts of the farm.

Aside from mere forms of government, the owning by each man of acres of land, makes for real democracy, and this new conception of the universal workings of nature—that the same elements in the soil and the same rays of the sun which grow wheat and make power, also grow men—this makes for real brotherhood.

Should not there be great expectations then of that new nation, which is springing from the soil of the Last West, and becoming the great granary of the world?

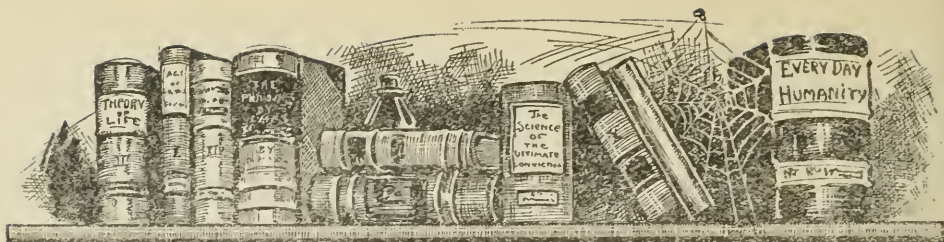
MORNING

BY S. E. KISER

PINK petals drifted o'er the lawn,
Sweet scents of blossoms filled the air;
The curtains from the deeps were drawn,
The day was waking, glad and fair.

The lambs, from night's dark terrors free,
Went skipping on the dewy slope;
Among the blossoms on the tree
A robin sang of love and hope.

A golden sunbeam found its way
Across the happy world, to rest
Upon a dead child's curls, that lay
Against a sobbing mother's breast.



The LEARNING of Mr. FRAELLE

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

DRAWINGS BY C.O. LONGABAUGH

THE Reverend Mr. Fraelle was too good for Redwood, some folks said. He was a very intellectual man, and should have had a city pulpit. He had won prizes in oratorical contests before he chose the ministry for a calling. He could discourse of philosophy as well as of inspiration. He was as comprehensive on evolution as he was on the Westminster catechism. It was sometimes hinted that he was a greater divine than those who helped write the confession. A debating society might have been formed in Redwood but for the belief that the young people were not clever enough to discuss public questions and abstruse propositions in his presence. His elders liked him; but never thoroughly enjoyed his company.

He was tall and dark. His hair was never short and never long. He was as sincere and as humble as a young man of twenty-six can be. He detected no serious flaw in his ministry. Neither did anybody else. Old Henry James, who was sometimes profane and always shrewd, said he would like to hear the minister preach from the text, "Perfect through suffering." Asked why, old Henry answered that it would just show how far book learning would go.

Mr. Fraelle was always affable to everybody in town. He was especially gracious to visitors from eastern centres of enlightenment. He liked to exchange ideas with other intellectual people, and had kept up a correspondence with two or three transients,—one a doctor from Hamilton, and another a lady who had written two books, and was understood to have refused to

marry a member of Parliament. He subscribed to "The Outlook" and "The Literary Digest," and kept in touch with the best religious thought and publishing gossip of Great Britain through "The British Weekly." For "The Presbyterian" he had a mild regard. It was taken by two of his elders, and by Baldwin, Superintendent of the Sabbath School.

Certain manuscripts in his study were not meant for pulpit use. They were intended for publication when he should have achieved the commendation of some yet undiscovered confidant of literary standing. Mr. Fraelle was much too intellectual a man to run lightly into the danger of receiving editors' regrets. Besides, the more he improved the quality of his spoken word, the more likely was he to acquire a written style, which, when he was ready for the adventure would carry him eminently into the best literary company.

He nourished a secret grievance against the fate that had sent him to a town that was neither large, nor largely intellectual. But he made the best of his opportunities, and felt that he was in the way of mercy when he heard that Mr. Bassett Anderson was coming to town to spend a few days with his relative, Jake Anderson.

Mr. Fraelle's knowledge of Jake was not extensive; for Jake had only been in Redwood about six weeks. He understood that many years before Jake had come from England, had homesteaded across Scissors Creek; had run an inglorious course as a ploughman; had then become the first

town clerk of Redwood; had left the town with his family, and had returned after losing his wife and quarrelling with his sons. Jake was well known to old-timers, but Mr. Fralelle was not a ready consumer of gossip. He was devoted to study, to oratory, and, in the day dreams that come to the elect, to anticipating recognition by the *illuminati*.

He saw in the *Free Press* that Mr. Bassett Anderson had reached Winnipeg on a tour of the West for the *London Morning Mail*, and had been interviewed in the generous way that is characteristic of Winnipeg journalism. Mr. Anderson had been a war correspondent; he was a leading contributor to the best magazines, on social and political topics; and had thrown up the editorship of one daily paper because of what he called "the large and important drudgery of the office," and had resumed the free journeying contact with the world which the prisoner of the desk is denied.

The interviewer had said he supposed the famous journalist had not been in western Canada before; and was answered that he had, many years ago. Beyond learning that Mr. Bassett Anderson would spend a few days with his brother at Redwood, the reporter had not followed up the subject.

The *Free Press* story led Mr. Fralelle to talk with Jake Anderson.

Yes, Jake was expecting his brother, whom he had not seen since he had gone into the newspaper business. But he had kept in touch with him, and was glad the youngster had made good. Bassett was always a curious kind of kid in the old days,—able to take care of himself, and you never knew what he was going to say or do next. He was always reading, and at fourteen was called the family dictionary.

Mr. Fralelle observed that he would be glad to meet him when he came, and would like to drive him to see some of the most interesting people in Redwood.

"Sure," said Jake, "and perhaps he'll have his own ideas about the most interesting people around Redwood."

Mr. Bassett Anderson came on the Saturday train,—a big, fleshy man in

the prime of life. He was ahead of his wire. There was nobody to meet him, and he found his way to Jake, at Mrs. Mawhinney's. He didn't look like a literary man. His accent was domestic enough for Scissors Creek. His clothes would excite no remark in Redwood. He was prosperous looking; without suggestion of superiority.

What he said to Jake and what Jake said to him is of no consequence here. At first Jake was a little shy of the big fellow who used to run errands for him, and who carried with him, for all his everyday aspect, the indefinable authoritative atmosphere of the travelled man of affairs, which, without conscious exertion, makes itself understood. Jake knew, in a general way, where Bass had been, and the sort of company he had kept. At intervals there had come to him half-crown periodicals with long articles by young Bass—the sort of thing that was widely noticed in the daily papers. He remembered in particular one on "The Poor Relation in South Africa." Jake read it with nervous gratification because it was done by one of the family. He went over it again, and finally said to himself that it told him more about the nigger and the white man's burden than he had ever dreamed of. The thing was the more fixed in his mind because, by a rare chance, a Yankee drummer had left in Carnvale, where Jake was then living with his luckless spouse, a *New York Evening Post* containing an editorial full of praise for "The Poor Relation."

But Jake was soon at his ease. His brother had not come to the West to talk about literature or political personages of an old world. He didn't say he wanted to renew his youth, but began to inquire about western things that made plenty of talk; things that Jake had all but forgotten. How long did old George Bygar live in his shack? Was the hay around Square Lake as good as ever? Had Jim Saunders quit swearing on the rink? It was as if Bass had never been away from Redwood. And not one person in fifteen knew he had ever been there.

Least of all Mr. Fralelle, who met the Andersons just before sundown, as they

came out of Marshallsay's store, and to whom "my brother Bass" was properly introduced. Mr. Fralelle was delighted,—and a little disappointed. There was nothing smart, æsthetic or special about this heavy, well-to-do, farmer-looking man. But he soon dropped a remark that Mr. Fralelle many times turned over before the next Saturday came.

"I hope you'll like Redwood, Mr. Anderson," said the minister. "I'm afraid there's very little for a stranger to see."

"Have you been here very long?" asked the visitor.

"About eighteen months."

"Young Bass" looked at the divine with an eye that had been worth more to him than even he was aware of,—it was clear and straight and so steady that, though it didn't seem to be searching, it went, as was said by those who knew it well, to the back of the head at which it was looking,—it was candid and produced candour. He said:

"Quite a long time, isn't it? You'll get to know Redwood after awhile."

Mr. Fralelle's feeling of disappointment slipped away before another that there was no time to analyze. He knew it was a very unusual remark for a stranger to make, but before he could speak, Jake created a diversion.

"Going to Scissors Creek to-morrow?" he asked the minister.

"Yes," said Mr. Fralelle, "for the afternoon."

"I guess Bass would like to go along. What do you say, Bass?" and Jake turned towards his brother.

"If Mr. Fralelle will have me," was the answer, "I'd like to go immensely."

"Why, I'd be more than pleased. I'd be honored," replied the minister, with glad enthusiasm. "Though I can't promise you very much at Scissors Creek."

So it was arranged, and Mr. Fralelle went home to give the morning sermon an extra revision, on the chance of having a competent judge at the service.

Mr. Bassett Anderson and Jake were in the congregation, and the preacher was gratified to observe the attentiveness of

the big man. The subject was, "The Development of Spiritual Culture," and the fundamental proposition of the discourse was that the Lord's anointed should nourish themselves on the best thoughts of those who had absorbed most of the lessons of history and literature, the great handmaids of Biblical teaching.

The minister had an after-service word with Mr. Bassett Anderson whom he found talking outside the porch in quite a friendly way with old Mrs. Carr, whose husband had been killed by the collapse of the first brick house built in that section of the country, and then hurried off to feed his horse for the trip to Scissors Creek at one-thirty.

The horse was hitched before one-thirty, Mr. Fralelle did not like his distinguished guest to find him in the stable. Mr. Bassett Anderson was punctual; and the drive by the north trail began auspiciously. The minister asked whether South African country was at all like Saskatchewan. It was a fine subject to open up; for Mr. Bassett Anderson was always communicative about the lands under the Southern Cross. The veldt, he said, was like the prairie, and it wasn't. There were the same vast, open areas, a similar grandeur in the air, when the sunshine was not sultry, the same fascination where the uninitiated would only look for monotony.

But there was a subtle cruelty about the aspect of South Africa, which you could not exactly define, and could not mistake. It might be due to the difference between the original barbarisms of the Kaffir and of the Indian. There was something splendid and romantic about the Redskin, even in his most dangerous periods. The Kaffir was either pitifully weak, or disgustingly ferocious. That was only a fleeting impression, said Mr. Bassett Anderson; for he had no time really to study the native problem in Africa. But it was true that the Indian was a diminishing quantity in the West; was incapable of uprising, and perhaps the distance of his lordly past lent a deceptive glamor to his history. You talked of the "noble red man," but you never alluded to the "noble black."

Perhaps, though, the proximity of the residues of the war had given to South Africa its strange, subtle, undertone of woe. One who knew the prairie country was alive to the need of live people of that perpetual sermon preached by wide expanses of slumbering fertility. Blockhouses; grave-marked sites of concentration camps; wire fences, strung with condensed milk cans intended to give warning of Boers crossing the road by night;—these seemed utter negations of settlement in an apparently empty country. Whatever the causes, the visible effects of war were bad; and as to the things the cursory traveller did not see—well, South Africa was full of hope; and when the Boers came to responsibility again, all would be well, if a few foolish fellows in office could keep tongues from rattling in empty heads.

All this, and much more talk about the Dutch Generals, Botha, Dewet, Smuts and Hertzog, whom Mr. Bassett Anderson had met in Bloemfontein or Pretoria, delighted the minister. His companion had the blessed gift of illuminating whatever he talked of. The minister saw South Africa and felt it move; the more so as the man by his side seemed unconscious that he was saying anything in particular,—he was just lifting a few photographs out of the chambers of an ample mind, and telling simply, how they got there.

Five miles out they approached a flourishing farmstead that lay a couple of hundred yards off the trail. Mr. Bassett Anderson asked whose it was.

"MacLean's," was the answer.

"Big John's?" said Mr. Bassett Anderson.

"Yes," said the minister. "Why, have you heard of him already?"

"Oh, certainly, I have heard of him—a tall fellow, with a big moustache?"

"No, a beard."

"I see. The fashion changes with John."

"It does; and beards are events in this Redwood country."

"Big John's courting was quite remarkable, wasn't it?" said Mr. Bassett Anderson.

"I never heard of it," answered Mr. Fralelle. "Can you tell me anything

about it? —and he marvelled at the speed with which this stranger to Redwood picked up information about people. He supposed it was a sort of sixth sense that special correspondents acquired, and suggested as much to Mr. Bassett Anderson, who said there was nothing remarkable about his knowledge of Big John and his wife.

They did not talk further on this subject, for they were opposite the house, and Mrs. Big John, her daughter and boy drove on to the trail, just ahead of them. The minister lifted his hat. The stranger lifted his also, and furnished no more conversation. He was all eyes for the lay of the land. The minister said nothing either, preferring to think of the impending sermon, and its effect on the one prospective hearer who would fully appreciate its lights and shades, and subtle harmonies.

The MacLeans had the faster horse, and Mrs. MacLean and her daughter were inside the schoolhouse when the minister drove up. Mr. Bassett Anderson went inside, while the minister disposed of his mare.

When Mr. Fralelle reached the desk, and looked around for the customary precentor,—a tremulous little person in a foolish little bonnet, brought from England, six years before,—he observed curiously that Mr. Bassett Anderson was behind Mrs. MacLean, leaning on the back of her bench, talking with her. She was red in the face, seemed pleased, but as obviously excited as if she were superintending a wedding. Mr. Fralelle, exercising the intuition that rightly belongs to the pulpit, divined that Mr. Anderson must have learned something about the lady from her people in Scotland—which would explain his allusion to the country of Big John.

But there was no time to speculate about the antecedents of individuals in the congregation. The service was begun, and continued to a fitting close. The day was hot, and there was a tendency to slumber in the air. During the sermon, it conquered some worshippers, who did not realize until half the day of rest had gone how hard they had worked for six long days. The

text was, "And He spake a parable unto them." The subject was set forth in the manuscript as "The place of parabolic teaching in the development of religious consciousness." It would have been an excellent contribution to the Homiletic Review. Though some did not follow the argument, it was listened to intently by Mr. Bassett Anderson, which compensated the preacher for much preparatory toil.

The minister could not observe his guest when he himself went to the shed for the mare, or he would have learned that Mr. Bassett Anderson was not like a stranger to Scissors Creek school-house. He spoke to Jabez Smith, who was unfeignedly glad to see so distinguished a visitor; and to Wilmer Blett and his old maid sister, who were also glad, but were too shy to say so. Mrs. MacLean beamed, but hurried off, as she explained, to get tea. "You'll be sure to come, Bass," she said as she drove off. And Bass said that he surely would, and she needn't tell John he was coming.

The minister's mare had put a fore-foot through a loosely-hanging line, and got pretty well tangled up while he was dealing with parables, so that while she was being straightened out, most of the folks got away. Mr. Bassett Anderson went down to him, and by the time they had hitched up, everybody else had gone.

The mare pounded along the trail to Redwood faster than she came. Mr. Bassett Anderson remarked on her quickened speed.

"Yes," said Mr. Fraelle, "she's always like that—glad to be through with Scissors Creek." Then, after a long pause, "I sometimes wonder how far the inferior mentality is influenced by a human intellect. Do you know, it often seems to me that my mare reflects my own mood."

"You are glad to be through with Scissors Creek, too?"

"Indeed, to be candid, I am. What is there about Scissors Creek that I should want to stay there?"

"You mean the people?"

"Exactly, you have touched the spot."

"But they are very interesting, are they not?"

"Oh, yes in a way. I respect them and all that. And I do the best I can for them; and I think they try to be appreciative."

"Do you try to be appreciative?"

"I? Why, yes, I think so. I try to be all sorts of things. But there is so much in environment that Scissors Creek doesn't appeal strongly to me."

"And why shouldn't it? Your work is here."

"Yes, I know. If I may say so, you are in a new set of circumstances, and scarcely appreciate what it is to be living in the prairie country, so close to the pioneer all the time that you are impelled to think of other places and other conditions. Did you notice how sleepy some of the people were this afternoon? If you hadn't been there I might have cut the service short. But I saw that I had one good listener and struggled on."

"That was generous of you," said Mr. Bassett Anderson. "But why not be happy with your people. Is it so hard to make the most of them?"

The minister had been on the edge of an outbreak of discontent, and now yielded to his impulse. He said he had read and thought, and thought and read to keep abreast of modern intellectual movements. He had tried to give the people the best that was in him and in the minds to which he alone in all this neighborhood had access. He hated to say it, but it was a thankless job trying to preach down to the quality of Scissors Creek. They didn't understand him, and, what was worse, they couldn't understand him if they tried. He wished for a city congregation, and cultivation, and breadth of outlook.

"Breadth of outlook? What is that?" asked the listener, when Mr. Fraelle was through with his outburst.

"You know what it is better than I," answered the minister. "You must live with it all the time. I envy you, and you don't seem to realize my point of view."

"That's just what I am trying to do," was the answer; "and I wouldn't force

my point of view on you. For what it is worth, though, I should say that breadth of outlook consists largely of the capacity to see the possibilities of things where the average man sees only things, and very few things, too. If I am as inexperienced in life in Saskatchewan as you suppose, does it alter the basis of your position in this community? You are not married to it, but your relationship isn't so very different from the marriage relationship."

The minister smiled incredulously.

"You smile," went on the traveller, "but when you've been married as long as I have, you'll know that the salvation of a woman's happiness is not so much the many fine qualities of her husband, as her capacity to make the most of his few good characteristics. After awhile, he finds that out, and he knows he is more in debt to his wife and more in love with her than ever. But you are not in love with the congregation at Scissors Creek, and you don't want to be. I doubt if you try to sympathize with it. You think that your permanent success will be founded on what you have received and will receive from books and bookmen. Isn't that so?"

"Well, perhaps it is; but I don't see how you should know."

"Oh," replied Mr. Bassett Anderson, "a man who brings quotations to the desk at Scissors Creek tells all sorts of things about himself. I would not presume to advise you; but I would suggest that while you make the most of everything that your books can tell you, don't forget that the greatest of all instructors is the book of life; and that the pages in it which wear the least inviting aspect are often fullest of instruction. If——"

The minister broke in—"I think I appreciate that; but possibly you will admit that a man of your reputation and experience does not have to hunt for light on the dullest pages of the book of life."

The man of experience and reputation laughed ruminatively before answering. "Admit the experience and reputation, if you like, but such reputation as I have is not built on meeting with famous people, or handling import-

ant subjects. It has grown out of the things I found out in long days of drudgery among inconsequential people. The school of journalism that I passed through was no joke and no rosebed. The road before I reached journalism wasn't very easy, either. If I began to tell stories of those times you would soon become tired."

"I don't think I should," said the minister. "But, tell me, what shall I do to reach your ideal of the minister of Scissors Creek?"

There was veiled sarcasm in the question. Mr. Bassett Anderson noticed it, and enjoyed it, for it showed that there was challenging blood in the pastor. But his reply was not in kind: "Heaven save me from advising the clergy; but, suppose you put yourself in the place of a hard-working farmer, of scanty education and narrow outlook, who has come here because he was ambitious for independence, and is not afraid to suffer in achieving it; and then suppose you discovered, painfully, and a little at a time, an intellectual and spiritual world that changed the face of life, including your ambition; and then, suppose you found you had an unsuspected power of imparting your new discoveries to your neighbors, and that they would join you in the search for more. Now, if you could get into that atmosphere, wouldn't you come to learn all kinds of things from life on the farm? You would find out that trying to reach the farm from beyond its own point of view is only a second-rate job? The idea of understanding the farmer on his own ground has at least the attribute of human sympathy. That is more than half the success. And there are other possibilities."

Mr. Fralelle knew there was a whole lot of truth in this, but he didn't like the notion that a stranger, and an English stranger too, should teach him his own high vocation. So he answered, somewhat bitterly:

"I am obliged for the suggestion. There isn't a man between here and Prince Albert that could put it that way. But here, you know, our dominant possibilities are all of wheat and cattle, and now and then a sordid

election. It is very hard to get these people to care about anything else."

"And how much do you look for anything else?" said Mr. Bassett Anderson, in a tone that was new to the minister. Instead of the note of friendly counsel that became a mature man talking to his junior, it had a sort of menacing challenge in it; a warning of some judgment to come. It was a sudden change from respectful suggestion to that kind of assertion that a great cross-examiner in the law exhibits when, having amiably led a hostile witness through his story, he begins the destruction of his testimony. The minister, surprised and unsuspecting, asked: "And what would you look for?"

"I would say to myself, every time I went to Scissors Creek: 'It is very likely that in this congregation there is a youngster who has ten times more native capacity than I have, and who doesn't know of his powers. I'll preach for that sort of hearer, and maybe I can help them all.' If I did that, Mr. Fralelle, I think I should succeed."

"Perhaps you might," conceded the minister, "but pardon me for saying it again, you don't know the conditions; and it's all very well for you, who travel over half the world, and meet brainy people all the time, to set up a standard of that kind. I'm afraid it would not work long."

Mr. Bassett Anderson merely replied: "I know what I am talking about."

The minister said: "But, my dear sir, how can you? The Englishman who comes new——"

He didn't finish the sentence. Mr. Bassett Anderson broke in: "My good man, are you deaf and blind, as well as puffed up in your own conceit? Must I tell you in so many words that I've been along with the boys at Scissors Creek?"

Still the minister was blind and deaf.

"Yes," he admitted, "but what can they have told you?"

The layman broke the bounds of courtesy. "Are you only fooling, or are you a confirmed fool?" he taunted. "Didn't you see, when I mentioned Big John's courtship this afternoon, that I knew more about your people than you

do? You seem to think that I have a broader outlook than most people. Maybe I have. I got some of it at Scissors Creek, more than twenty years ago. When you were learning your alphabet I was working for that brother of mine, and sometimes coming to Scissors Creek on Sundays to see old man Lewison. Jake wouldn't tell you about that for very good reasons. Lewison died fifteen years ago, and his widow and son went back to Ontario.

"The MacLeans I know chiefly because I helped to cut their crop one year. Jake bought a binder in partnership with a neighbor. The binder was worked double shift. I was young and small; and we made two teams each of two oxen and one horse. We put the horse next the grain. I rode him so that I could whip the oxen along. We changed every two hours and worked from daylight to dark. I have a scar just above my right ankle where I was crushed between the horse and the tongue of the binder. That happened one afternoon when we were at MacLean's, and Mrs. MacLean fixed up the wound as if she had been a hospital nurse. That night, Mary MacLean was born—the girl that was with her mother to-day—and for two days her mother was nearly dead. That was when I heard Big John's love story. And you think I don't anything about life in this country; and what sort of ministry would be a success?"

Mr. Bassett Anderson paused, but the minister said nothing. The revelation of this stranger's experience was so sudden, so hot and so complete that he was astonished into gaping silence. His companion went on: "Excuse my vehemence, for it is quite harmless. And if you don't mind I'll finish the chapter. You didn't suspect I was an old prairie farmer, did you?"

"Indeed, no," was all the minister could say. So the old prairie farmer, softened into a more becoming geniality, dropped into reminiscence:

"Bless my soul, what I don't know about making a farm on the prairie, except getting rich at it, you could put in a peroration. I left Jake, and went down to Brandon. I used to go to church there, too; and listened to

preachers, some of whom were better, and some were worse than the Scissors Creek kind. While I was working for Dan McMillan, a Presbyterian pastor, who was as prosy as a mowing machine, used to stay at the house from Saturday to Monday, about once a month. I had been to a first-rate school in England, where they told me I wrote essays like an editor, and used to read everything that came my way. It wasn't much, but in the Valley of the Assiniboine I knew more of what went on in the world than the parson whose horse I fed. He treated me with an indifference which I foolishly thought was contempt. I'm sore at him to this day. I believe he's in New Brunswick now, superannuated; and, perhaps, if I went to see him and there was a paragraph beforehand in the local paper, he would treat me with deep respect.

"I met old Henry James, the Forty-Niner, on the street yesterday, and told him who I was, and where I had first seen him. It was in his house, when I was hunting three steers that had got away from Jake's place. I was shy, and when Mrs. James asked me to eat and drink at ten o'clock in the morning, I declined. Old Henry—he seemed as old as the hills then, and his boys did most of the work—heard my refusal. 'Fill your belly, boy, fill your belly,' he roared. 'You don't know where you'll be at dinner time.'

"I filled, and went on my way. I have told that story in fifty places, because it belongs to the very genius of hospitality. To-morrow I'm going out there to thank the old lady for her milk and hot cakes."

"When I reminded old Henry of it yesterday, he said: 'Well, I'm damned; and you're the little boy that came looking for steers. It beats hell, don't it? Why, I remember it as if it was only yesterday. An' you come back that fall and stayed a night with us. You was looking for horses that time, do you mind? I recollect that visit, because you asked such damned original questions. Well, well, and so you're the little boy. It fair beats hell, don't it?' Do they talk to you that way, Mr. Fralelle? And do the

boys around the farms ask you original questions?"

There was only playful mischief in these inquiries, but the minister felt like a toad under a harrow. If he said anything he would probably have the scariër put over him again. He was glad his guest, without waiting for an answer, spoke again.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that I promised to have tea with the MacLeans, and I daresay Big John or Mary will drive me into town later. To-morrow, I'll come and ask your forgiveness for making too strenuous a discourse. I ought to have told you at the first, that I was an old-timer here. I was vain enough to suppose you knew."

"I wish I were going to MacLean's too," said Mr. Fralelle, recovered from his temporary scare; and brightening under the geniality of Mr. Bassett Anderson, "or that you would preach for me to-night. To-morrow I shall try to ask you some original questions, if I may."

Anderson laughed. "My dear fellow!" he said, "will you come with me to see Mrs. James, and old Henry? They'll give us a good time."

He looked ahead and saw the MacLean's farm. The gate was occupied by a man who, as soon as he saw the minister's rig, stood straight up and raised his hand on high.

"Big John," said Mr. Bassett Anderson, "used to raise his arm that way when the oxen wouldn't respect his word. I suppose his wife couldn't help telling him I was coming along. Perhaps he wants to remind me of something."

They drove up to Big John. He was so glad that all he could say was: "Well, well, and is that you. Bass?"

Bass said it was.

"My," John went on, "but you wouldn't be able to drive the binder in the old way. Come on in. Jennet's ready for you, and Airchie's there, and Mary says she's going to drive you round after supper. By gorry, I think we'll all go and take the wagon."

"Or the binder," said Bass.

"Yes, or the binder," laughed Big

John. "Mr. Fralelle, you'll excuse me not noticing you; but I've seen this fellow driving cattle when he was a kid; and he told us funny stories, boy that he was, and he was here the night that Mary was born, and well I mind the time, and we've often talked about him, and how he was doing over in the Old Country. So you'll excuse me not seeing you the night. Come now, get

out of this buggy, and let's have a look at you, standing up. Come out of that."

So Bass got out, and when the minister looked back a minute later he saw, as the two walked towards the house, the eminent journalist put his arm through that of the Scotsman, who, it seemed, had come through a romantic courtship.

BOB-SLEDDIN' ON TH' SNOW

BY E. LAURENCE LEE

DID ye ever go a sleddin',
 Bob-sleddin' on th' snow,
 When th' winter sky's a reddin',
 With th' sun's last golden glow,
 With a gal a settin' by yer side,
 Wrapped in a buffler robe,
 An' you a wishin' that th' ride,
 Would last clean 'round th' globe.

A sleddin' to th' jingle,
 O' th' laughin' merry bells,
 Jist a glowin' with th' tingle,
 Of th' tale of love they tell.
 While th' girl you love is leanin',
 Kinder leanin' on yer breast,
 A lean that has th' meanin'
 Of, "I like you the best."

We 'uz sleddin' thro' th' timber,
 When I ginn my gal a squeeze,
 An' I felt her kinder shiver,
 I 'uz scart 'at she might freeze,
 But her face it tuck to reddin',
 When I whispered, "Will ye, Bess?"
 Oh, there's nawthin' like bob-sleddin',
 To win a gal's sweet "Yes."

The Tale Of A Cat

By Currie Love.



ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

THE office was clouded and suffocating with the fumes of foreign substances and deleterious ingredients. The head bookkeeper and his anæmic assistant were smoking what they thought was tobacco in their pipes, and the stenographer, who knew nothing of the world, was heavy and dull, and thinking about seeing a doctor.

Into this brutal atmosphere, unaware and uncaring, broke the drummer, just off the road.

"Hi there, get off the garbage wagon!" was his greeting. "Open the windows while I open the doors." And he was all over the place like three boys killing two snakes, until the air was clear.

"At's better," said he. "Have some real tobacco"—tossing cigars from a bulging pocket. "Won 'em from a gazoob actor that got 'em from a fool friend in Vancouver. And didn't I have the shiny time this trip!"

"Here," to the stenographer. "I've brought you a ream

of bicolate chox. I mean a lick of bockolate cheams. No, no—O, here they are. Eat 'em. A nose by any other smell would name as sweet. Shakspeare. I'm hep to good old Bill Shaks. His alias is Ibid or Ditto. Saw that in a book of quotations. O, no, dispute it not. Me and Shaks say all the bright ones. Got Dooley backed off the big rug and feeling for his feet.

"Ever see the Apache dance?" he asked suddenly. "Catch hold. I'll show you. Get a half Nelson on me," as he grabbed her, and started to whirl.

"Get a half Nelson on me, and then look out."

The stenographer disengaged herself indignantly and the assistant bookkeeper made a move forward as if about to fall upon the drummer and choke him, but that gentleman never even noticed.

He chortled on. "Gee, but I had the fine and dandy trip. The time of my life, I tell you. Traveled from Vancouver to Winnipeg with a troupe of burlesquers, and you



BRIGHT AS A DOLLAR AND SWEET AS A ROSE



"GET A HALF NELSON ON ME AND THEN LOOK OUT."

can bet there were happenings every minute. There was one fairy that I fell for from the first. She was one of those little dolly-dumpling sort, round and rosy, with big brown eyes and crinkly brown hair. She was bright as a dollar, and sweet as a rose, and I said: 'You can have me, Babe,' the minute my gleaming eyes caught sight of her.

"She didn't seem to be hurting herself with any mad attempts to get away, at that, and things were looking very comfy, thank you, when one of the men in the show butted in.

"I think he was stuck on 'Baby' himself and didn't care about her being exposed to my glittering fascinations. D'you get me?"

"Humph!" grunted the assistant bookkeeper.

The drummer looked at him, inquir-

ing in his most *suavissimus* tone, "Did you speak?"

The assistant bookkeeper, who had reasons of his own for disliking the drummer, got up and left the room, whereat our fat friend—did I mention that he is fat?—wore the grin of the cat that has just absorbed one mouse.

Then he went on joyously: "Her stage lover didn't get much chance while I was on the job, though. Baby and I were certainly making the running, and everything wore that bright pink shade to me. I could see lights and hear music, and I wasn't drunk, either.

"The kid was on the level, allright. It was her first season with the troupers and she hadn't learned to smoke or drink or get off much of the patter. She didn't tell me how many fellahs she had waitin' at the stage door every

night to take her out to supper; she didn't ask me to give her a pickle nor did she even murmur, 'Say, kiddo, I'm awful dry'.

"Gee, it made me kind of sick to see her with that bunch of clowns and columbines. I kind of wanted to take her away from it all, but you can't take all the nice girls you meet out of their punk jobs.

"One of the other girls was jealous of Baby. I hate to talk about myself, but honest, I *am* a heartbreaker. There's no use talking. The dear girls all fall for me! Captives to my spow and beer—I mean, my bee and spoor—no, my—oh, let it go at that. I'm a killer, anyway."

"Aw, cut it," growled the head book-keeper. "If there's a story to this, throw it into us—put it over us—come

across with it—cough it up—let's have it done with. But e-liminate those parts about your self-discovered though not fatal beauty. One of these days you'll suffocate in an effusion of your own pulchritude. A-hem!"

"Say!" gasped the astonished drummer. "Say! You've got me out on the end of a limb, and dangling. Where did you swipe that line of dope? Have you got enlargement of the throat? How did that word get past your Adam's apple? Pulchritude—pul—wowh! That never came out of any little thin book. My, my! Try some powdered alum.

"Well, the other girl was sore on Baby, and she waded in to start things. She had found out somehow that Baby was scared of cats. It sounds silly, but you know some people just can't stand



"BABY WAS STANDING IN THE AISLE LETTING OUT SHRIEK AFTER SHRIEK."

for a cat. I had a sister that way and I'll never forget, when we were kiddies, I thought I'd cure her, and I put a cat on her shoulder. She was sick for two days—nervous hysterics, the doctor said. I didn't try it again.

"That made me hep to Baby's scare and I felt sorry for her when this catty chorus-lady picked up a big black tom on a station platform and brought it into the car.

"Baby began to tremble. 'Steady, little girl,' I whispered. 'You're all right. I won't let it come near you.'

"I didn't. She was nervous all day, jumped when you spoke to her and almost screamed when you touched her. But faithful Fido—that's me—was there, and that cat couldn't get within twenty feet of her.

"At night, she begged me to sit up as long as possible. 'I'm so scared to go to bed,' she whispered. 'I just know something is going to happen.'

"I talked to her as well as I could, and about one o'clock I got her to go to bed and I went down to the smoking-room. I decided not to turn in for an hour or two, until I was sure she was settled for the night.

"Suddenly the most ungodly scream you ever heard ripped the air. Say, I'll bet a fat man never moved so fast before. I got into that car so quick the friction scorched my clothes.

"Poor little Baby was standing in the aisle in her night dress, with her eyes staring out of her head, letting out shriek after shriek, while the tom-cat was sitting on the edge of her berth, spitting at her, its big green eyes looking devilish as—as—as the devil.

"Well, I grabbed the tom-cat by the tail and flung it through the window, glass and all, and then I turned and

caught that poor little kiddie in my arms, and say, if she'd been my own sister, I couldn't have felt more gentle or reverential than I did.

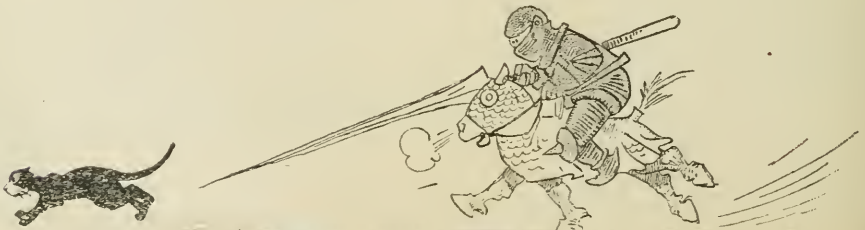
"She grabbed me like I was her long-lost brother and I just sat down and rocked her like a baby and talked to her until she stopped screaming and began to cry.

"Say, her little body just shook with sobs. I thought she'd break in two. I got the porter to take the blankets off her berth and I wrapped her in them and sat there with her till she fell asleep. Once or twice I tried to lay her down, but she'd clutch me and begin to cry until finally I says to myself, 'You fat slob, what's a night's sleep to you?' and I held the kid until morning.

"The catty chorus-lady tried to get funny and started to sneer when she woke up, but I tell you, I fixed her. I never cursed a skirt before, but I sure did let out some few on that one. I finished up by telling her something like this: 'Baby will have my address, and if you ever try to hurt her again, or sneer at her or make things unpleasant for her in this company, I'll jump from Vancouver to New York to fix you, and spend every cent I can rake together to do it. I can do it allright, too. I know your kind. A few dollars well invested and I can get all I want to know. I'll bet you get out of the business for good if I once get started right.

"Say, I'd rung the bell the very first shot. She turned white, and believe me, if she ever bothers Baby again, I'll do all I said I would and then some."

The stenographer's eyes were wet, and the head bookkeeper said, rather shakily attempting to be funny, "Pussy cafes all round, eh?" as he led the procession to the door.



CONTRACT NUMBER ONE

BY H. J. RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE first house where Brandon stands was built twenty-eight years ago. The first purchase of land from the first Canadian transcontinental railway was made at almost the same time. The house and the land were not very far apart. The one was built and the other bought by the same man. His name is Charles Whitehead—I say “is,” because Mr. Whitehead lives in Brandon now, a busy man, with many years of usefulness before him.

He was looking out across the pleasant landscape from the doorway of his shooting lodge when I came upon him late in the afternoon of a day last summer—a round-faced, well-poised, clear-eyed man, with an atmosphere of good health about him, not at all the grizzled oldster fancy would have pictured an actual original pioneer, the purchaser of the first acre sold out of the twenty-five million that were granted to the road by the Government. His agreement to buy is docketed “Contract No. 1” in the files of the company. The date is the 23rd October, 1881. The consideration named is \$2.50 an acre, and at the bottom are the signatures of John H. McTavish, Commissioner, and W. D. Scott, Witness. It is a dilapidated document, by reason of having come through a fire; but for all that it

remains a valid mark, showing where a completely new order of things in Canada began.

Mr. Whitehead talks about anything else with much more freedom than about his own experience in the earlier days. He is a man of many successes, and his hands have not yet been withdrawn from their familiar work of shaping affairs that project themselves toward times to come. It is far from easy to realize that he was the original trail-blazer for a movement unparalleled in the history of colonization, anywhere.

That original purchase followed almost immediately upon the completion of the survey by townships. Surveyor A. M. Darling's field notes, under date of the 7th October, described the land as Section 3, 10, 19, W. 1., and said it was good grass land, with some timber, in a district watered by the Assiniboine. At \$2.50 an acre the total purchase price amounted to \$1,600. This was the first drop in the same bucket that has since received many millions of dollars from land-hungry Yankees, to say nothing of what has been poured in by people from the east and from Europe. The surveyor's description was all Mr. Whitehead had been waiting for. He had taken preliminary possession in the



CHARLES WHITEHEAD

LAND DEPARTMENT

OF THE

Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

This Agreement, made this Twenty day of September in the year 1887 BETWEEN
The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, hereinafter called "The Purchaser", of the one part, and Charles

Whitehead of the other part, and Marshall Sabre
hereinafter called "The Purchaser", of the second part
and the payments to be made as hereinafter specified, the

Section No.

of Range No. North 100 west of the first Principal Meridian, containing fourty (40) acres, the rights of way hereinafter mentioned, for which the Purchaser hath paid the sum of three hundred and twenty (\$320.00) Dollars, being two hundred and sixty (260) Dollars, on account of the principal, and sixty (60) Dollars, for interest, in advance, at six per cent. per annum, upon the unpaid balance. And the said Purchaser, in consideration of the sum of three hundred and twenty (\$320.00) Dollars, at the City of Winnipeg, the following sums of Principal and Interest, at the several times named below.

WHEN DUE.	INTEREST		PRINCIPAL		DATE OF PAYMENT.
	Dollars.	Cents.	Dollars.	Cents.	
First Payment <u>23 Sept 1887</u>	<u>64</u>	<u>00</u>	<u>266</u>	<u>66</u>	
Second do <u>23 " 1888</u>	<u>48</u>	<u>00</u>	<u>266</u>	<u>66</u>	
Third do <u>23 " 1889</u>	<u>32</u>	<u>00</u>	<u>266</u>	<u>66</u>	
Fourth do <u>23 " 1890</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>00</u>	<u>266</u>	<u>66</u>	
Fifth do <u>23 " 1891</u>			<u>266</u>	<u>70</u>	

AND THE PURCHASER HERETO stipulations and conditions:

That all improvements placed upon said premises shall remain thereon, and shall not be removed or destroyed until final payment for said Land;

That the Purchaser will punctually pay said sums of money, above specified, as each of the same becomes due;

That he will regularly and duly pay all such taxes and assessments as may be lawfully imposed upon said premises or said improvements; That he will cut no wood or timber from said land, except a sufficient quantity for fuel and fencing for actual and necessary use thereon, and for buildings to be erected thereon;

And that the Purchaser shall within four years after the date hereof bring under cultivation and sow and reap a crop on three-fourths of the said land, but if he shall erect buildings thereon satisfactory to the Company, and shall reside thereon continuously for three years at least of the said term of four years, then at least one-half of the said land shall be by him so cultivated and cropped within said four years.

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER AGREED that the Purchaser shall be allowed a credit of \$25 per acre for each acre of the said land so cultivated and cropped as aforesaid, during the said term of four years from the date hereof, or if he erect buildings and reside thereon continuously as aforesaid, then such allowance shall be made for land cultivated and cropped during four years from this date, such allowance to be made, however, for the first cultivation only of the said land. This credit will be applied (subject to the purchaser's fulfillment of the terms hereof) on the payments of principal and interest falling due, but no interest will be allowed the Purchaser on such credit. Before receiving such credit, and also at the expiration of the said term of four or five years, as the case may be, the Purchaser shall furnish to the Company's Land Commissioner evidence to his satisfaction, showing the number of acres so cultivated, and if credit be claimed for improvements and residence, proving the same.

In case the said Purchaser, his legal representative or his assigns, shall pay the several sums of money aforesaid, punctually, and at the several times above limited, and shall in like manner strictly and literally perform all and singular the agreements and stipulations aforesaid, then the Company will make unto the said Purchaser his heirs or assigns, (upon request at the Land Office of the Company at the City of Winnipeg, and the surrender of this Contract) a Deed conveying said premises in fee simple, reserving, however, a strip or strips of land two hundred feet wide, to be used by the Company for right of way or other railroad purposes, wherever the line of THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, or any branch thereof is or shall be hereafter located over the said land.

But in case the Purchaser shall fail to make the payments aforesaid, or any of them, punctually and upon the strict terms and times above limited, or in like manner fail to cultivate and crop three-fourths or one-half the said lands, as the case may be, on the terms and in the times above mentioned, and likewise to perform and complete all and each of his agreements and stipulations aforesaid, and otherwise being of the essence of this Contract, then the Company shall have the right to declare this Contract null and void, and all rights and interests hereby created or then existing in favor of the Purchaser, or derived under this Contract, shall utterly cease and determine, and the premises hereby agreed to be sold shall revert to and revest in the Company, (without any declaration of forfeiture or notice or act of re-entry, or without any other act by said Company to be performed, or any suit or legal proceeding to be brought or taken, and without any right of Purchaser of reclamation or compensation for moneys paid or improvements made,) as absolutely, fully and perfectly as if this Contract had never been made. But the Company may in its discretion re-sell the said land and make a new sale thereof to the Purchaser at such re-valuation. If, however, the said Company shall elect not to declare this Contract null and void, in case the Purchaser shall fail to make the payments or any of them, as above stipulated, the Purchaser agrees to pay interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, annually, on all payments of both principal and interest from the date of their maturity.

And it is Further Stipulated, That no assignment of this Contract shall be valid unless the same shall be for the entire interest of the Purchaser and endorsed hereon, or permanently attached hereto, and approved and countersigned by the Commissioner of the Land Department, (for which purpose this Contract must be sent to this Department by mail or otherwise,) and that no agreements or conditions or relations between the Purchaser and his assigns, or any other person acquiring title or interest from or through him shall preclude the Company from the right to convey the premises to said Purchaser, on the surrender of this Agreement and the payment of the unpaid portion of the purchase money which may be due to the Company, unless the assignment hereof be approved and countersigned by the said Commissioner as aforesaid.

In Witness of which, THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY hath caused these presents, in duplicate, to be signed by the Commissioner of the Land Department, and the second party hath hereunto set his name in the day and year above written.

WITNESS,

Asst. Commr.St. M. Bourke Commissioner.C. Whitehead Purchaser

CONTRACT NUMBER ONE

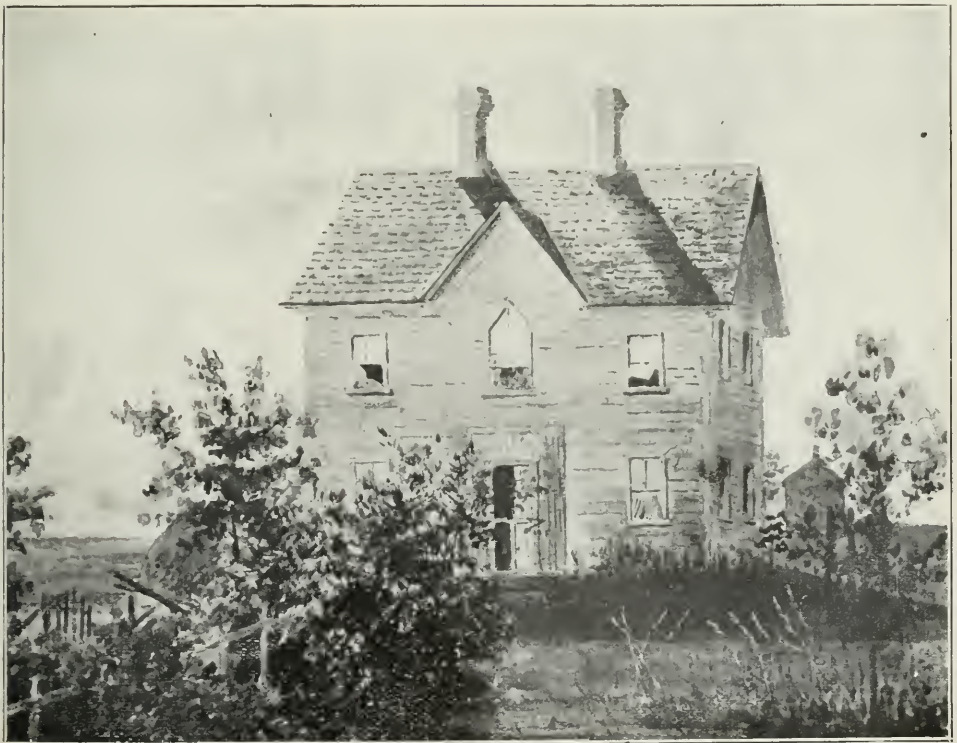
The blank white spaces show where the contract was burned in the fire

spring, and had made application. He bought at once, and held his purchase until September, 1883, when he sold to the North British Investment Company, Ltd., the correspondence in the transfer being between E. Hughes, of Brandon, for that company, and F. T. Griffin for the railway, acting in the absence of Mr. McTavish. Its subsequent ownership is a matter of local real estate interest merely, but the facts and dates of the original purchase and the sale to the investment company have a certain significance peculiar to themselves.

It was an empty country when Mr. Whitehead bought. When he sold, Brandon had materialized, and the investment company (a Scottish organization operating from Glasgow) had an office there. Between these two sales, however, a depression had set in, checking the growth of the young country. That depression lasted from 1882 until 1887, and may truthfully be said to have cut five years'

growth out of the twenty-eight that have intervened. That Mr. Whitehead sold is less remarkable than that there was anyone to buy. The price had not advanced. The investment company simply completed the terms of Contract No. 1 by paying the balance due the railway company, taking the benefit of the rebate allowed for cultivation, and receiving deed from Mr. Whitehead, through the Land Commissioner's office.

That streak of hard times did not strike the United States until 1884, and settlement was going on unchecked south of the boundary. Many a family crossed the line, deserting Canada and taking lands in the then territory of Dakota. It was a period of pessimism in Manitoba, where the Discerners of the Impossible, always a majority where great things are proposed, proclaimed failure for the railway. It is hard to understand now in that bustling, populous, thriving country, that the climate and soil were



THE HOUSE WHICH COST MR. WHITEHEAD \$4,000.00

4684

Memorandum.

LAND DEPARTMENT

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

OFFICE OF THE LAND COMMISSIONER.

Winnipeg, 17 Sept 1883

To E. Hughes Esq
Brandon
Man

Dear Sir.

Referring to your letter of the 29th ult Charles Whitehead deed for Section 3-10-19 W1 has been rec^d from Montreal and as soon as signed by Mr. McDavid, who is absent and will probably not return for ten days, will be ready for delivery.

Balance required to complete payment is as follows:—

Payment due 30 Sept. 1882	\$ 380 ⁶⁶ / ₁₀₀
Balance of principal	1066 ⁶⁸ / ₁₀₀
	<u>\$ 1397 ³⁴/₁₀₀</u>
Less rebate on 342 ac cropped	427 ⁵⁰ / ₁₀₀
	<u>\$ 969 ⁸⁴/₁₀₀</u>

Yours truly
Geo. H. Griffin
per J. McDavid
Land Commissioner

MR. GRIFFIN'S LETTER REGARDING THE LAND SALE PROVIDED FOR IN "CONTRACT NUMBER ONE"

commonly believed to be such as to forbid a successful railway and remunerative farming.

Truly, it was a lonely land then, with a sense of desolation settled upon the people. The work was hard, indoor and out. For all but a temperamental few it was crushing. Sociability on any normal scale was out of the question, houses were so far apart. In the

cold weather men used to say contemptuous things to themselves for having come to a region where there were "four months of winter and eight months of cold weather." These same men would insist that "a place where a rooster wouldn't crow was no place for humans." All of which was the effect of something very like isolation, and a disbelief that the railway would ever

get through to the coast or the country fill up.

Across the line the more advanced condition of settlement was not without its hardships. There was a liberal seasoning of drunken "breeds," gunmen and claim jumpers; and practically no policing beyond what could be done by harassed and insufficient United States marshals, reaching out from the Red River towns and woefully under-equipped. The Canadian West was free from that drawback at least, having the mounted police. The red tunic meant law, and even the Indians knew that. There is a familiar story about a whole troop of United States cavalry 'escorting' a band of Canadian



J. H. MCTAVISH

"bad" Indians back to the boundary, and having enough to do to get them here. At the line they were met by a single mounted police officer.

"Are you ready for these Indians?" asked the American officer.

"Yes, sir," responded the policeman.

"They're a bad lot. Where is your escort stationed?"

The trooper smiled faintly under his moustache. "Why, Scott's having his horse shod and I guess Murray's over getting a drink.

they'll be along in a minute."

And when presently Scott and Murray came placidly on the scene, that troop of cavalry sat on their horses and watched the band of Indians they had



F. T. GRIFFIN IN THE FIELD WITH A HOME SEEKER

so carefully guarded depart over the yellow prairie under the charge of three men.

The American officer watched them dwindle to a dot across the level. Then his feelings found speech.

"Well, I'll be damned," said he, and thoughtfully turned back.

So at least there was good order in Canada. But the people were lonesome—very lonesome. Mr. Whitehead tells of a man who brought in a crate of cats from Ontario and sold them for three dollars per cat! The sole reason for this extraordinary market value was that cats were company. They made a place more homelike. It was a demoralizing country for field dogs. Even the usually sensible setter, of good strain, would soon lose his head and take to ranging so hard and so fast that he would get his ribs through his hide. Sometimes a ranging dog would be found a hundred miles away from the place where he belonged.

It was railway construction that brought Mr. Whitehead to the West.

"I came out from England with my father, Joseph Whitehead," said he, "when I was fourteen years old. My father was a railway man, and was fireman of the Rocket, the first locomotive engine built by George Stephenson. The Rocket was known as Engine No. 1 of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and was built in 1825."

There was something abrupt in this statement, considering its simplicity and the fact that it brought you face to face with one of the very first of those transcendent acts which have co-operated, in swift and marvelous succession, to the creation of the conditions of life as we know it now. It was as though a hale and plain-spoken man,

having the appearance of middle age, should have said, "My father was assistant to Benjamin Franklin, who found out that lightning was identical with electricity," and passed at once to other things—as Mr. Whitehead did without a break, when he added, "We went to Ontario, and in the spring of 1877 we came west from Clinton, County Huron.

"My father," continued Mr. Whitehead, "engaged in railway contracting, and we did a great deal of construction work east of Winnipeg. Contract 15, which we secured, covered the grading from St. Boniface to East Selkirk, and the track laying and ballasting from St. Boniface to Rat Portage, as Kenora was then called. The excavation on Contract 15 started at Cross Lake and ran down to the Winnipeg River, a distance of thirty-seven miles, in which there was about a half million yards of solid rock. It took us about three years to complete the work."

In the spring of 1881, Mr. Whitehead went up the Assiniboine River from Winnipeg with a cargo of lumber, and built a small shack on the bank of the river, which he lived

in and used as a lumber office. That was the first dwelling on the site of Brandon. He had with him a partner, Frank Myers, and soon after T. M. Daly came along, looking for a place to practice law. He hung out his shingle over their door, and they nailed him up a bunk near the roof. Later young Whitehead decided to go in for farming, and selected his section of land.

"I knew a town was going to be established close by," said he in telling me about it, "and I wanted to be near it. I liked that particular section best.



W. D. SCOTT
Dominion Superintendent of Immigration

The North British Canadian Investment Co.
(LIMITED.)

REGISTERED OFFICE, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

Office of General Managers in Canada:
32 Toronto Street.

Brandon Agency, 29 Sep 1883

Dear Sir

Please handed due for
Dec 3 1p 10 R 19 West
to Agent North British
Can. Investment Co.
on receiving from him the
balance of purchase
money due

C Whitehead

Wm. Jarvis Esq.

Land Commissioner

B. F. R.

Winnipeg.

deed handed
Don
7/11/83

MR. WHITEHEAD'S LETTER TRANSFERRING THE SECTION OF LAND MENTIONED IN
"CONTRACT NUMBER ONE"

It is now only about a mile from the city limits, and two and a half miles from Rosser Avenue, the main street.

"In order to encourage settlement the railway allowed a rebate of \$1.25 on the purchase price for every acre broken. The following spring—1882—I broke 450 acres, and secured a rebate

amounting to \$662.50; but I had to pay nine dollars an acre for breaking, so that my rebate of \$662.50 cost me \$4,050. Everything was very dear. You can buy as much for a dollar now as it would take five to buy then.

"I built a house worth \$4,000.00, and I think that indicates my confidence in

the future of the country and the ability of the railway people to carry their undertaking through, though there was no lack of Jeremiahs, who thought otherwise."

The trees around the house, as shown in the accompanying illustration, were transplanted from the river bank in the sapling stage. They are big trees now.

"I put in fifty acres of wheat and four hundred acres of oats," said he. "My crop was an average of 29½ bushels of wheat to the acre, and eighty bushels of oats. I sold the wheat at eighty cents and the oats at forty-five. I seeded so much of the land to oats for two reasons: It was the prevailing crop for new breaking; and there was a great demand for oats all along the line of railway construction. It paid better to grow oats. Everybody grew them.

"All provisions were brought up the river from Winnipeg. The freight on lumber was \$12.00 a thousand feet. I sold common lumber for about \$35.00 a thousand.

"I fall-plowed all my breaking, but there had been a heavy growth of straw and I had to throw my binders high, so that the straw formed a sort of air-stratum of vacuum when the soil was turned over, and I had a very light crop the next year, 1883. Besides that, prices went down. The construction gangs were moving farther west, and we got only twelve and thirteen cents a bushel for oats, and fifty for wheat. Afterward the price for wheat went down to thirty-eight cents, and that for the very best number one hard. Robert Hastings, buyer for Ogilvies, filled a fifty-thousand-bushel elevator with that grade of wheat at thirty-seven cents a bushel. Hogs were only two cents, live weight. There were not people enough to buy the pork. Canadian Pacific stock went down to \$35.00, but it shows the wonderful recuperative power of the country and the energy of the railway company that a little later \$20,000,000 was expended on work between the two oceans. In other words, the early transcontinental had just as hard a time of it as the early settlers, and was often enough up against heart-breaking situations, but it never stopped. It hung right on.

"I handled some live stock, too," continued Mr. Whitehead. "In the fall of 1881, Guy & Sons, of Oshawa, Ontario, brought some Ayreshires up to Winnipeg, and I bought some eight or ten head and a young Durham bull. In 1882 I bought thirty-five cows and made some money by them, for I sold them later at \$65.00 and \$70.00 a head. I did a little dairying about that time, and sold butter at forty-five cents a pound—but help was very hard to find. There was practically nothing in the country, and hens from Ontario, of doubtful pedigree but obvious age, sold for \$2.50 apiece."

Mr. Whitehead was making a fairly good thing of farming, "but," as he explained, "the estimates were too far apart for me, and when they were wrong you had no reclamation on the chief. It was not like railway contracting." And so he sold out, and took up other lines of activity.

One thing about Contract No. 1 would give it a singular interest now, aside from its denoting the initial act in so great a story. The thing is the appearance of the names of Messrs. McTavish, Scott and Griffin. These names are indelibly impressed upon those annals of Canada which include the period of largest development and the foundation of the real national future. Messrs. Scott and Griffin are still with us, but Mr. McTavish passed away in 1888. All three lives were closely interwoven with Canadian affairs, and had or have no other concerns. The whole of Mr. McTavish's business career up to 1881 was given to the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which his executive ability so disclosed itself that in that year he was offered and accepted the post of land commissioner for the Canadian Pacific. Those dubious days called for just such a man in that difficult position, when land was to be sold in the face of an indifferent or even hostile disposition where a market should have been. How well he did his work the results have shown. He was called away all too soon, but he left behind him an enduring memory of fine achievements against great odds. Mr. McTavish was succeeded by Mr. L. A. Hamilton,

who held the position thirteen years, and was succeeded then, in 1901, by Mr. Griffin, the present commissioner—the same F. T. Griffin whose name appears in the Whitehead correspondence as Mr. McTavish's aid in 1881, and who has been in the department's service ever since that date. The land department now under his direction, with its highly organized propaganda and its record-breaking aggregates of sale, is a distinctly different thing from the department of twenty-eight years ago, when Mr. McTavish was not only put to it to get any settlers at all, but to hold those he did get. There is something delightful in the conspicuous fact that for every settler who slipped away from his old chief and went across the border, Mr. Griffin has brought back and is bringing back thousands, with all their money and gear.

Mr. Scott is, and for years has been, the Dominion Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa. Under his management the Department of Immigration has grown to be the best in any country, being so conceded by the immigration authorities at Washington, themselves admittedly aggressive and expert. His experience and his native power of organization have enabled him not only to plan and create a vast system of publicity and agency, but to handle the heaviest influx of immigrants without friction and with perfect comfort to the immigrants themselves. Any farmer in the United States or in Europe who may desire to settle on the public domain of Canada has only to make his wish known to the nearest immigration agent, to find at his command a perfect system, through which he will be honestly informed in anything he needs

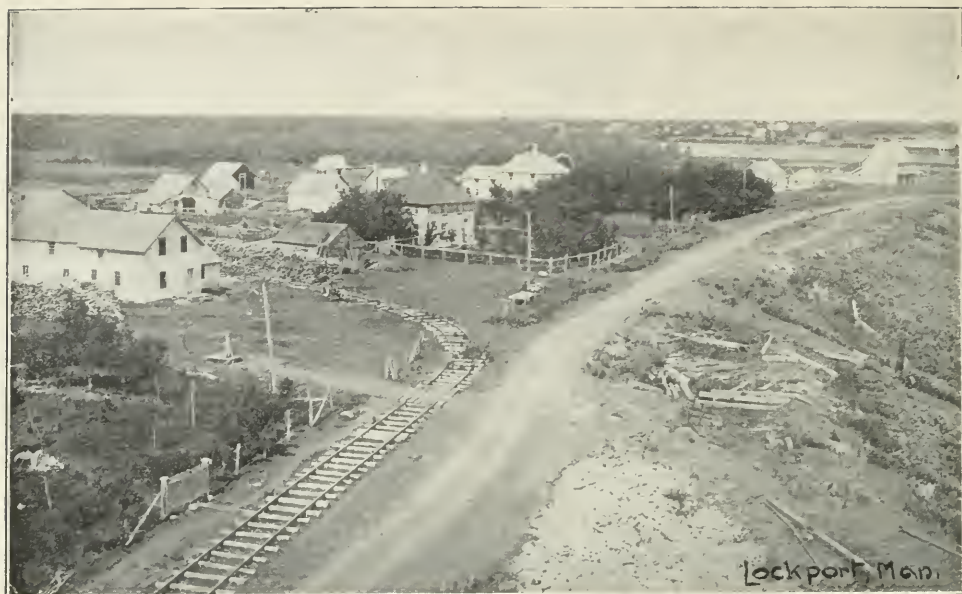
to know, and find his way made smooth.

As Mr. Whitehead said to me when I was coming away, it may also be said of these gentlemen and the great interests they serve: "We pioneers had a hard time of it, but it paid to hang on."

It is a fine phrase, that: "it paid to hang on." Nobody can doubt it, now, seeing with every-day eyes the wonderful things that came of hanging on. The railway that was so dubiously regarded in those days spans and criss-crosses four great provinces, with towns and farms and people and prosperity that the elder provinces of the east or the prairie states across the line may in some ways match, but cannot overtop. For a long time the west was a range country. For another long time before that, many parts of it were supposed to be unfit even for cattle, on account of what the climate was erroneously supposed to be. As a contrast in high light between then and now, take Mr. Whitehead's story, and then consider the case of Mr. A. S. Bowman, who came up from Kentucky in 1905 and bought 6,000 acres near Lethbridge in Alberta, hundreds of miles west of Brandon, on the farther edge of the country that was undreamed of as profitably habitable when Contract Number One was signed. "I invested \$100,000 in land, improvements and stock," writes Mr. Bowman, in 1908, "but off the land already cropped I have had cash returns which more than pay for it twice over, and the expense of cultivating it."

What a change so short a time has wrought! It paid to hang on, and it pays to get in, for Canada has come into her own.





THE DAM AT LOCKPORT IS ONE OF THE IMPORTANT POINTS ON THE RED RIVER

THE HISTORIC RED RIVER WATERWAY

BY ARTHUR J. FORWARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

A SHALLOW, crooked, snagged and muddy stream, winding for hundreds of miles, between high clay banks covered with scrub, through monotonous alluvial plains, finding its way at last amid a broad sea of reeds and rushes by many marsh-lined channels into the bosom of a desolate inland sea. Upon its waters a score or less of those curious amphibious monsters—"able to run wherever there has been an extra heavy dew"—the sternwheel steamboats of western American rivers.

The seeming incongruity of title and topic might well recall that famous work on the snakes of Ireland which began: "There are no snakes in Ireland." Especially as such naval distinction as might be conferred by the meanderings of a few shapeless sternwheelers was lost to the Red River of the North with the first shriek of the locomotive whistle on its banks.

Yet, despite appearances, the story of the "Queen River of the Northern Plain" unfolds a romantic page in the history of our country,—a story of intrepid explorers, of adventurous fur traders, of sturdy pioneers, of that marvelous westward trek that is building one of the great nations of earth where not long since the buffalo roamed in countless herds.

"On Sept. 24th, 1738," says Bryce, "the eyes of the white man first fell on the site of what is destined to be the great central city of Canada." Verandrye, the French fur-trader, on that date reached the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers and during the same fall built Fort Rouge, where Winnipeg now stands, and Fort de la Reine, near the present site of Portage la Prairie. These were simply winter stations, put up in great haste, and they disappeared in a short time. The only historic interest they possess,

apart from their being the first structures erected by white men on Red River, is due to the fact that in after years the Northwest Company based upon these early acts of possession by the French their opposition to the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company to the territory under the charter granted to Prince Rupert. But Verandrye and his associates failed to secure the support of their government for their plans of western empire, and their stations had been long abandoned when the Hudson's Bay Company, over half a century later, established fur-trading posts at Fort Garry, Brandon, and elsewhere in the district. The first permanent occupation of the Red River territory proper thus took place in the last year of the eighteenth century.

In view of the present agitation for the opening of the Hudson's Bay route to Europe, it is of interest to note that in the race for the fur trade in those early days, the Hudson's Bay Company by using that route for their ships to York Factory were able to reach a point on the Saskatchewan with their goods nearly a month earlier in spring than their Montreal rivals, the Northwest Company. And it affords, per-

haps, an omen of the future as well as a record of the past, that for the first half-century of its existence the main route of the Red River Settlement to the outside world was northward through Lake Winnipeg, and thence via Hudson's Bay and Strait to Europe. When the Fort Garry post was established by the Company the upper reaches of the Red River, and the headwaters of the Mississippi occupied a trackless wild. To the southwest lay the "Great American Desert," then and for long afterwards deemed a permanent barrier to further westward settlement in the United States. Westward, and to the northwest stretched the almost illimitable and untrodden areas of the "Great Lone Land," so great portions of which are wrapped in primeval mystery even to our own day. Little was there in the new post or its surroundings to draw to it the eyes of the outside world, and it might have remained long in obscurity, had it not been for events beyond the sea, and the keen discernment of a man notable among the makers of Canada, Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk.

A century ago great hardships were experienced by many people in the



THE STERN WHEELER "ALEXANDRIA" PUSHING A SCOW ON THE RED RIVER

Highlands of Scotland owing to the rigorous enforcement of new land laws, and the policy of landed proprietors which drove them out of the country in large numbers to escape starvation. Many of the exiles found homes in the British dominions beyond the seas. As early as 1802, Earl Selkirk, who took a prominent part in providing for the unfortunates, writing to Lord Pelham, a British minister of the day, says:

"Upon the waters which fall into Lake Winnipeg is a country which the Indian traders represent as fertile, and of a climate far more temperate than the shores of the Atlantic under the same parallel, and not more severe than that of Germany or Poland. Here, therefore, colonists may with a moderate exertion of industry be certain of a comfortable subsistence, and they may also raise some valuable objects of exportation. To a colony in these territories the channel of trade must be the river of Port Nelson."

Failing, however, to interest the British Ministry in his plans, Earl Selkirk brought his first settlers to Prince Edward Island, where they formed a prosperous and flourishing colony.

Later on he found a way of overcoming the bitter opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company to his design to form a colony at Red River, by purchasing a controlling interest in the shares of the company. This he proceeded to do, after looking carefully into their title to the lands they claimed and having secured from the new Board, that is to say from himself and his friends, a grant of 116,000 square miles in the valley of the Red River, in the spring of 1811 he sent forward the first batch of Scotch emigrants by sailing vessel to York Factory.

The story of the wanderings of these Red River pioneers might form the subject of a latter-day Odyssey, and contrasts in startling fashion with the luxury enjoyed by the modern traveller to the Northwest. Leaving Scotland in the spring of 1811, it was not until October 15th that they arrived at Port Nelson. A winter camp was erected on the Nelson River, some miles from the Fort, and in the following spring they resumed their journey, arriving at Fort Garry late in August of 1812. Here they found not one bag of

pemmican or any other article of provision and must subsist on the few fish they could catch. The buffalo had gone far out on the plains so that the Company's officers had been unable to procure a supply of food and all were compelled to journey on to Pembina, where they spent the winter. So that it was not until the spring of 1813, two years after departure from their Scottish homes, that they actually set foot on their lands in the new colony.

Another brigade of colonists reached the newly erected Fort Prince of Wales on Churchill River in August of 1813, and wintered at Colony Creek nearby, deprived of the locks of the guns "in order that they should not kill the Company's partridges." In the following April they took up their march to York Factory, and thence, via the Nelson River, reached Fort Garry in the early autumn. Others followed, and though many were coaxed or driven away from the settlement by the rival company's agents, and though in 1815 the few remaining settlers were forced to retreat to the River Jack on Lake Winnipeg, and their houses and mill were burned, and despite the open warfare between the Companies, which continued, often with bloodshed, until their amalgamation in 1820, the Red River colony was permanently established as an agricultural settlement.

Earl Selkirk himself came to Red River in 1817, and made a treaty with the Indians by which their title was extinguished in a belt of land comprising two miles on either side of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, or, in the Indian parlance, as far on either side as could be seen under the belly of a horse. Thus all the farms of the early settlers fronted on the river, along which their houses were strung in a row. As the individual holdings were seldom more than a few rods wide, there was thus presented to the river voyager the appearance of a long street extending for miles on either bank. Back of the two mile limit the settlers were permitted to cut hay for their cattle or to allow their herds free range of the prairie.

The infancy of the colony was troublous. Not only did the inter-

corporate strife disturb, but flood, frosts, and locusts made fearful onsets upon the devoted band. Time and again they were starved out, and had to take to hunting to sustain life. A number of Swiss came out on one of the later ships, and they, after a brief sojourn, went bodily south to the nearest American settlements. As Tasse graphically puts it, "*l'inondation et les sauterelles leur chasserent*"—flood and grasshoppers chased them. But in this Thermopylae of agricultural life in the Northwest, the stern

cost \$12.50 to produce on Red River, and sold in London for only \$1.10 the venture soon came to grief. The successive failures of the Assiniboine Wool Company, the Flax and Hemp Company, a disastrous sheep speculation, and some model farm experiments which cost the Company £5,000 to no purpose, apparently convinced them of the futility of further effort, and from that time on they pursued a policy of masterly inactivity, if not of actual repression of agricultural enterprises.



THE BUILDING OF SUCH A LOCK AND DAM AS ST. ANDREW'S INVOLVES IMMENSE CONSTRUCTION WORK

fighting blood of the Scotsmen brought them again and again to the fray, and finally won the day.

The Hudson's Bay Company, be it said to their credit, appear to have made numerous efforts in aid of the colony, which, however, all failed. The first attempts at production of "valuable objects of exportation" culminated in the formation of a company in 1821 to manufacture cloth from buffalo wool. As a yard of cloth

In 1833 the settlement is described as "prosperous, and provisions so cheap that beef and pork were selling at 2d per pound, and eggs at 3d per dozen." But, as an offset to this, the same authority tells us that "the crops of the previous year had entirely failed, and from the severity of the weather, the wheat had frozen in the ground." Several years later, Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, describes the Red River colonists as "smothering

in their own fat." Paul Kane, in 1845, says: "The settlers live in great plenty as far as mere food and clothing are concerned. As for the luxuries of life, they are almost unattainable, as they have no market nearer than St. Paul, a distance of nearly 700 miles over trackless prairie."

Lack of market for their produce and the prohibitive cost of carriage to the outside world were the great drawbacks to progress. The soil remained uncultivated because no disposal could be made of the crops beyond the requirements of the Company and the handful of settlers. Thus the transportation question, even at this early era, overshadowed all others in its importance to the life and prosperity of the community. Remote, solitary, dependent for supplies upon the annual ship to Hudson's Bay, the lot of the settlers was not a happy one. The prevailing spirit is well shown in a letter written in 1855 by Reverend J. Taylor to a friend:

"You will imagine the panic we are all in at the probability of there not being a ship; the real or supposed straits we shall all be in; and the plans proposed for a partial supply of the wants and necessities of this singularly situated people, dependent upon one ship! Oh! the casualty, the risk, the uncertainty! Pray God for us, that we may not this year feel the sad experience of so serious a state of things, consequent on such inadequate means of supply. But it looks gloomy at present; everything is out, all the stores are bare, and were it not for what the importers from the States have brought in there would be little or nothing for the people's use."

Everything had to come or go by the one ship. If there wasn't room for anything, it simply had to wait till next year. The cost of bringing goods from England was then £5 per ton to York Factory and from £21 to £25 a ton from there to Red River. Salt sold at a shilling a quart, rice and sugar at a shilling a pound, and other goods in proportion.

Even at these prices trade was under severe restrictions, owing to the monopolies claimed by the Company under its charter, and the jealous care with which they guarded against any interference with the fur traffic. "It is the fundamental law of the country,"

says one writer at the time, "that no settler should trade in furs," which, seeing that there was little else that could be traded in, may be compared to an edict that the dwellers on the Newfoundland coasts should not trade in fish. "Once in every year settlers are permitted at their own risk to import stores, but even for this a license is required. . . Imports to the value of £50 are allowed, but they must be purchased only with certain specified productions of the colony carried away the same season."

"There is no export trade in the colony," writes Rev. John Ryerson in 1855.

"They receive their supplies of dry goods, clothing and liquors from York Factory on Hudson's Bay, 800 miles from Red River. Some of the traders, perhaps most of them, order goods from England, but they are always brought to York Depot in the Company's ships. It requires more than two months to make the journey from York Factory to Red River, and there are thirty-seven portages to be made in that distance."

The "home market" then enjoyed by the settlers is described in a few words by John McLean, who spent twenty-five years in the service of the Company:

"The Company purchase from 6 to 8 bushels of wheat from each farmer at the rate of 3s per bushel. The sum total of their yearly purchases from the settlement amounts to 600 cwts. flour, 35 bushel rough barley, 10 half-firkins butter (28 lbs. each), 10 bushel Indian corn, 200 cwts best kiln-dried flour, 60 firkins butter (56 lbs. each), 240 lbs. cheese, 60 hams. A single Scotch farmer could be found in the colony able alone to supply the greater part of the produce the Company require; there is one, in fact, who offered to do it. *If a sure market were secured to the colonists of Red River they would speedily become the wealthiest yeomanry in the world.*"

So hampered was the colony by lack of transportation facilities and market, and by trade restrictions, that there was practically no growth of population in forty years. Before a select committee of the British House of Commons in 1857, Sir George Simpson, the Chief Factor of the Company, testified as follows:

A.—"We purchase all their surplus agricultural product."

Q.—"Do you mean that the farmers have

no more to sell than what you purchase, or do you only purchase what you want?"

A.—"They have no more to sell; they have only 8,000 acres of land under cultivation at the present time, although the country has been settled upwards of forty years."

and another witness stated:

"North of 49° there is no settlement; south of 49° in Minnesota there are now 180,000 settlers. That district had a population four years ago of 6,000 people; it has now 180,000. Red River had as large a population twenty years ago as it has now."

II.

Lured from their Scottish homes by the prospects of Arcadian simplicity and the joys of proprietorship in

colonists to take action for their own relief. To break the monopoly of the Company and bring goods to Red River at reasonable cost, they began to take the long overland journey to St. Paul with carts. Nearly 1,400 miles over bad or no roads, and often exposed to deadly peril from Indians. For protection against the savages and mutual help along the way caravans were formed. In 1856 it is said that the annual caravan consisted of upwards of 500 carts laden with furs, and the more valuable farm produce to exchange for supplies.

Prior to 1859 the idea of navigating the Red River had been derided as



THE STEAMER "ALBERTA" IS ALWAYS CROWDED WITH PEOPLE FROM WINNIPEG

"Ossiniboia" far from the madding bailiff and remote from the haunts of the oppressive landlord, the little emigrant band had now been forty years in the wilderness, and no Joshua had yet appeared to lead the way into the promised land. All that wondrous heritage of the plains, bar a paltry 8,000 acres, lay yet unoccupied.

The prosperity of their neighbors in Minnesota spurred the Red River

preposterous. But Yankee ingenuity, which had long before discovered that boats could be made to run *on* the water as well as *in* it, found a way, and Joshua arrived in the person of a Yankee skipper, who took his boat to pieces and toted it across country from the headwaters of the Mississippi, until he was able to launch it in the virgin waters of the Red River. The "Anson Northrup," as the first steamer was

called, after her owner, was a miniature stern-wheeler with a bow oar or sweep worked by deckhands, and necessary in steering along the tortuous course of the upper river. Her wheel-house was sheathed on all sides with four-inch planks, as a protection against bullets. Cordwood for fuel could be so piled as to shelter the lower deck; while the engineer could at a moment's notice direct a stream of hot water and scalding steam on attacking savages. Her arrival at Fort Garry in June, 1859, was greeted with great rejoicings. The cannon of the fort thundered out a welcome, bells rang, and she tied up at the landing amidst cheering and general jubilation.

With this event opened a new era for the colony. The Company officers decided to profit by, if they could not prevent, the new traffic, and consequently founded the port of Georgetown, 200 miles south of the mouth of the Assiniboine, and named after Sir George Simpson. In 1861 the steamboat made regular trips between Fort Garry and Georgetown, while stages ran from there to St. Paul, opening communication with the outside world, and enabling the trip to Montreal to be completed in twelve days. It had before this, occupied thirty-eight days.

In 1862 a larger steamer, the "International," built at a cost of \$20,000, appeared on the scene. Her prospectus, issued by J. C. Burbank, states as follows:

"Our new boat, the "International", will be down about May 15th. She will make fortnightly trips . . . will be two days running from Georgetown to Fort Garry. . . we have concluded to make rates for 1862 as follows: St. Paul to Fort Garry, ordinary merchandise in lots of 2,000 lbs. and upwards, £1 sterling per 100 lbs.; less than 2,000 lbs., £5 per 100 lbs. Passengers, \$30.00, return \$50.00. We have expended a large amount of money to open this route, and have reduced our rates to the lowest possible amount, and we feel that we are justly entitled to the whole patronage of the settlement. Another, and perhaps the most important reason why the settlers should prefer our mode of transportation to flat-boats is that the steamer will be engaged in the service of the United States, conveying her mails, and our Government will protect her against threatened depredations of the Indians."

From which it would appear that, as the Company and the St. Paul merchants owned the steamboats, the colonists did not at once reap the expected benefit in the way of reduced cost of transportation; \$500 a ton for package freight from St. Paul to Winnipeg looks a pretty steep rate from this distance. Partly no doubt owing to the prohibitive rates, partly to the scare from the great Sioux massacre, the first hopes for the route were not realized, and trade by it appears to have languished for some years.

Captain (afterwards General) Butler, the *avant-coureur* of the Wolseley expedition to Red River in 1870, somewhat humorously describes the "International" as he found her in that year:

"She was a curious craft, measuring about 130 feet in length, drawing only two feet of water, and propelled by an enormous wheel placed over her stern . . . Eight summers of varied success, and as many winters of total inaction had told heavily against her river-worthiness; the sun had cracked her roof and sides, the rigour of the Winnipeg winter had left its traces on bows and hull. Her engines were a perfect marvel of patch-work, pieces of rope twisted around crank and shaft, mud thickly laid on boilers and pipes, and little jets and spurts of steam escaping everywhere through it all."

During the winter of 1870 James J. Hill built the "Selkirk", and placed her on the Fort Garry route, where, it is said, she repaid the cost of her construction out of freights earned on her first trip. The Hudson's Bay Company then transferred the International to their St. Paul agent, N. W. Kittson, who ran her in opposition to Hill's boat. As a result of this competition Hill and Kittson soon amalgamated interests as the Red River Transportation Company, under the management of Kittson.

Thwarted once more in their hope of reduced rates, the merchants of Winnipeg then built the "Manitoba" and "Minnesota" to compete with Kittson and Hill. The Merchants' Line, however, was not a financial success, and its boats were soon bought in by the Red River Transportation Company, which in 1878 had a fleet of seven steamers and a number of barges.

To be continued.



Only Jones



A DAY-BEFORE-CHRISTMAS

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER,
WILBUR D.

STORY IN THREE PARTS

SAMUEL E. KISER AND
NESBIT

PART II.

By S. E. Kiser

WHEN Miss Allen came from the house again the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair, Mr. Jabez McAdam and Mr. Delancey were lined up at the rear of the automobile, each determined to help her into it. The situation might have been embarrassing if Mr. Jones had not happened to accompany her down the steps. As it was, she permitted him to assist her to a seat; but another difficulty immediately presented itself. Only one of the men could sit in the tonneau with the lady. Mr. Delancey heartily wished that both Jabez McAdam and the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair might at that moment have been in Baton Rouge or Ispahan. It is perhaps needless to explain how the matter ended. Time was when the church could dictate, but we live in the age of business. Mr. McAdam had in his commercial training acquired the habit of acting quickly, and he scrambled into the coveted seat without giving ministerial dignity a chance to assert itself.

In the moment of his triumph, however, the elated captain of industry set a heel through the center of a mince pie that was intended for poor old Mrs. Gardner.

"Never mind," he said, seeing Ursula's look of dismay, "I'll fix that all right."

"It can't be fixed," she replied, "and I had an extra allowance of brandy put in it, because she is such a strong temperance woman, and would have enjoyed it so much."

"Here," he urged, flourishing a bill, "give her this. It'll do her a lot more good than mince pie."

"That," said the rector, directing over his shoulder a look of reproof and pity, "is where you men who regard money as the only thing worth having or worth striving for make your most serious mistake. There are wrongs which you cannot set right with your germ-laden dollars."

"Germ-laden?" McAdam retorted. "Don't you believe it. I get my money in bundles fresh from the printing office every morning."

"If you knew Mrs. Gardner as I know her," Mr. Simms-Sinclair continued, "you would realize that what you have done can never be undone. That pie would have given her solace. Many a time have I heard her longing for mince pie. It was a thing that her heart craved."

"Yes," said the magnate, "and it would probably have made her liver get its back up and strike for shorter hours. Go on, Delancey, let 'er zipp.

I'll buy the old lady a bakery if nothing but mince pie'll make 'er have peace on earth and good will toward men."

They went down the street, with Jones waving them a careless good-bye, and as they turned a corner two squares away, they caught a glimpse of him talking to a man who had driven up in a buggy. The Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair looked at his watch, and seeing that it was ten minutes after five, begged Delancey to put on his high speed.

"It is necessary for me to marry those people at six o'clock," he urged, "and we must make better time than this or we cannot get around."

"My emergency brake doesn't work well," Delancey replied, hoping the minister might be induced to desert them, "and we can't take the risk of having Miss Allen hurt in an accident."

"Don't creep along on my account," she said; "I've outgrown pony carts. Besides, you know, I'm in a hurry, too. I must get home in time to dress for the party."

"Yes, hit 'er up," added Jabez, glancing anxiously back, "we're not afraid. People'll be askin' us where the hearse is if we poke along like this."

"Very well," said Delancey, going ahead at full speed, "I think we'll be able to get around in good time."

A big touring car shot out of a cross street a few minutes later, and in order to avoid a collision it was necessary for Delancey to make a sudden swerve.

Mr. McAdam, who had leaned over for the purpose of pulling the robes well around Ursula, clutched wildly to save himself from being hurled against her, and struck the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair a heavy blow on the back of the head.

"Beg your pardon, reverend," he said, "I didn't mean it. First time in my life that I ever hit a man from behind. Here. Try some of McAdam's Ready Relief. If you ain't afraid of germs put this in your contribution box next Sunday and call it square."

"I'm glad to say," the minister scornfully replied, "that the church has not been reduced to the necessity of accepting funds given in such a spirit."

"All right. Maybe I can make a hit with it somewhere else. I hope," McAdam continued as the reverend gentleman began rubbing his head, "there's no hard feelins."

When they stopped in front of the home of the Widow Sturgis, Miss Allen and Delancey went in to deliver a bundle. While they stood in the hall waiting for the good woman's lame son—who had lost an overwhelming majority of his toes slipping cars—to summon her from the kitchen, the gentleman wiped some grease from his knuckles and glanced anxiously around, saying:

"When I called on you this afternoon I had a distinct purpose in mind, but this is the first chance I have had to mention it. May I tell you now what I have been longing ever since—"

He was interrupted by Mr. Simms-Sinclair, who rushed in to say that he considered it his duty to leave a spiritual message with the provisions. After him came Jabez McAdam, who had just remembered that Mrs. Sturgis might be in need of ready money, and he begged that lady, as she came forward with expressions of gratitude and five more of her children, to accept a bill which he put into her hand.

"You see," he explained, "I've been a mighty busy man, and I guess I've neglected a lot of things I ought of done long ago. Thank heaven there's widows and orphans I can still help. What did your husband die of?"

"A tobacco heart, poor man," the widow replied. "But he bore up brave to the last, and was smokin' an hour before it happened. If he could only of held on a little longer he'd of left enough cigar coupons to get little Jimmie an open-faced watch."

"Some people may be too good to touch money with anything but tongs," the philanthropist said to Ursula, "but if there's any shortage of peace on earth and good will toward men in this town to-night it won't be my fault."

"It was very noble of you to do that," she replied, "I'm so glad you came along. And—and—of course your money isn't tainted, is it?"

"I consider it no more than proper, Mr. McAdam," the minister made haste

to say as they were starting forward again, "to warn you of the danger of giving money promiscuously. When you toss your lucre into people's laps you rob them of self-reliance, their most precious possession. Help is like whiskey. A little of it may occasionally be beneficial, but it is likely to be demoralizing when given too freely."

"Never mind," Jabez answered. "this is Christmas eve, and I know of lots better things than trying to get people to sing hosannas on empty stomachs."

Shortly before they arrived at the residence of Mrs. Mercedes Lynch, Delancey, while steering with one hand and endeavoring with the other to turn up the lights, ran into a coal wagon. But fortunately, beyond interrupting the reverie of the driver who was placidly delaying a street car, no damage was done.

The three gentlemen accompanied

Miss Allen on her errand of mercy to the cottage, where Mrs. Lynch met them at the door and, having accepted Ursula's gift, informed them that she had just received a letter from the son who was her only support and comforter. He had arrived at San Francisco—she didn't know just where from—and intended to come home as soon as she could raise the money to pay his way.

"There," said Jabez McAdam, stripping a bill from his roll, "that'll help some, I guess. Don't be afraid. I didn't make it out of oil or copper, and I'm no life insurance president, either."

"What a splendid giver you are,"

Miss Allen observed as the door closed behind them; "it would take her months to earn that much."

"Yes," added Delancey, "it will be of great assistance. The poor boy can use it to tip the porters on his way home—or buy souvenirs."

They were scorching past a grocery when Ursula called out:

"Please stop a minute. I must get some raisins for the Willis children. Poor little things! Their mother has only part of one lung left, and their father hasn't been able to do anything since he was hurt celebrating the first of July."

"Certainly," Jabez McAdam agreed, "there's nothing like raisins for the little ones. I heard a doctor say one time if children could have all the raisins they wanted there'd be less crime in the world. I'll buy a whole box for 'em."

They all went in together and Ursula gave her order. While the grocer was tying up the

package Mr. Simms-Sinclair pulled out his watch and petulantly said:

"I wonder why anybody ever is foolish enough to want to get married at six o'clock on Christmas eve? It's positively ridiculous."

He and Miss Allen stood a little apart from the others and, looking up with a smile which caused him to forget that it was 5.27, she asked:

"Don't you think it adds a touch of sacredness to get married at such a time?"

"On second thought," he answered, "I believe I do. If—if you, for instance, were to—"

"Oh," she exclaimed, hurrying to



MR. MCADAM WAS DETERMINED TO SIT BESIDE MISS ALLEN

the door, "there's somebody at the auto. We must look after our bundles."

She rushed out, with the rector trotting at her side. Jabez McAdam fell over a box of crackers in his haste to get to the street, and Delancey fled for fresh air as if the last breath of it had been going at a premium.

"Here!" shouted the grocer; "who's payin' for these raisins?"

"Bring 'em out," McAdam called back, "and fetch my hat, will you? I'll do the settlin'".

"I wish," the Reverend Mr. Simms-Sinclair said to Delancey, "that you would permit me to run this machine a while. It seems to me that you are not getting half enough speed out of it. I drove Mr. Fairweather's 40-horsepower Excelsior all summer, you know, and every minute is becoming precious."

While Jabez was paying for the raisins Delancey took the seat beside Miss Allen in the tonneau, telling the reverend gentleman to go ahead and do the driving if he thought he would be an improvement.

It happened that a man in a buggy was coming rapidly down the street, for which reason McAdam jumped up beside the rector, without waiting to file a protest. They were off with a series of irregular explosions and before arriving at the next-stopping place the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair had torn a wheel from a butcher's cart, upset an express wagon and smashed through a crate of geese, much to the delight of Miss Allen, who declared that it was perfectly splendid.

There was sadness in the home of the Willises. Little Mabel, who received the visitors, informed them that her mother was worse. The doctor had just left, and the child's father was away at a raffle, proving his patriotism and doing his best for the happiness of the helpless ones whom the Lord had confided to his care.

As they were leaving, Mr. McAdam turned and, handing something to the little girl, said:

"Take that up to your mother and tell her it came from Jabez McAdam a man who has just found out that the

greatest joy a person can have comes from giving boons where they don't know what a boon looks like. Jerusalem!" he continued as he hurried out where the others were getting into the car, "I'm glad to know there's so much sufferin' right here around home where a fellow can do something for the ones that's down. I'm goin' to put in regular hours, after this, makin' people happy."

It was two miles to the next stopping place, and the reverend driver was in no mood to spend the precious moments in idle dalliance. The light snow flakes stung their faces angrily; they jolted blithely across street railway tracks, and when they went around corners it was like looping the loop without police interference.

"This is glorious," cried Ursula as they missed a carriage-block by a quarter of an inch, but before she could give further expression to her enthusiasm Jabez McAdam emitted a yell of horror and Delancey put his hands over his face. Immediately in front of the whizzing car was a baby carriage, which had suddenly gone down an incline from the sidewalk into the middle of the street. There was a shout from the people who were looking on, and then a crash.

Ursula opened her eyes, to see, far behind, the baby carriage, still upright, while fragments of what had once been a peanut stand were dropping around it.

"I must congratulate you, Delancey," said the rector, "on the splendid working of your steering gear. Even the poorest machine on the market has its good points."

"But that unfortunate Italian man!" Ursula complained, "I'm afraid this will not be a merry Christmas for him."

"Don't worry about the Eyetalian," Jabez McAdam answered, "I'll see that he gets a new outfit. Before I take another ride in this kind of a thing with a preacher at the helm, though, I'm goin' to find out about my heart. Say, reverend, would you mind bearin' down a bit on the slow pedal?"

The gentleman at the wheel evidently considered it beneath his dignity to reply, but, calling back to Delancey, he asked what time it was. It was

eighteen minutes to six. They still had three calls to make and, even with the best of luck, the minister knew that he would not have a moment to spare. That couple must be married at six o'clock in order to catch a train, for which reason Mr. Simms-Sinclair had to be on time. He put on the high-speed, swung around a corner so swiftly that Miss Allen had difficulty in keeping herself from being flung into Delancey's arms, and after ripping a few spokes from one of the wheels of a delivery wagon they stopped in front of the house at which the turkey was to be left.

"Let me carry it," said Jabez McAdam, as Ursula was handing out the bird.

"No," the rector protested, "this family belongs in my parish, and I must accompany Miss Allen with her gift. A spiritual blessing should go with the fowl."

While they were contending for possession of the turkey a policeman rushed upon them from nobody knew where, and, grasping the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair by the shoulder, informed that gentleman that he was under arrest for exceeding the speed limit.

"My good man," the rector argued, "you don't understand the situation. You see—"

"I know all about it," the officer interrupted. "The whole force has been ordered to look out for you people. Does any of your friends want to come along to the station?"

"You see," said Delancey, scenting a chance to get rid of the preacher, "what happens when you disregard the law. I might have driven just as fast as you did if I had wished to ignore the regulations. The law is too important a thing to be scorned, even when people are waiting to be married at six o'clock."

"Mr. McAdam," Ursula appealed, "can't you have this matter settled? There must be some way. You are a man of business, and know about such things. Please do something."

There was a tremor in her voice that made the clergyman glad in spite of his predicament, but which did not appeal

at that moment to Jabez McAdam, who replied as he directed a reproachful look at Mr. Simms-Sinclair:

"I'm afraid he'll have to settle it at the station house. The majesty of the law must be upheld. What would become of our free and easy—I mean equal—institutions if everybody was as careless about obeyin' the statutes as him?"

"But," the clergyman protested, "I have no desire to evade justice. You can put up a forfeit for me, and I'll go around to-morrow, or whenever they want me to, to answer the charge in person. Unfortunately I have only a few dollars in my pocket, and—good heaven, man, if you don't help me out of this I shall be unable to marry those people at six o'clock."

Somehow neither Jabez McAdam nor P. Wilmering Delancey appeared to think that would be a public misfortune; but further developments quickly followed.

"Come," said the policeman, "them that don't want to go along get out."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Delancey. "This auto belongs to me."

"Oh, it does, does it? Then you can come along and prove your property."

"But we're in a hurry."

"Yez acted like it. So am I. Are yez all goin' or not?"

Delancey assumed a threatening attitude, and Ursula cried out:

"Please, Mr. Delancey, don't hurt him—for my sake."

As she spoke his heels went up in the air, his hat was knocked into the gutter, and for a few impressive seconds he forgot that Christmas was coming.

"I—I won't," he sadly replied when the policeman had flung him into the automobile and told him to stay there. Then, addressing Jabez, the rumpled young gentleman said:

"You'll have to get us out of this. They'll make us give bonds, and you can—"

"Excuse me," Mr. McAdam interrupted, maintaining a high moral air, "my conscience won't let me do it. The dignity of the law's got to be respected. Miss Allen and me can carry the bundles around, and I guess you

and the reverend will have to cancel your engagements for the rest of the evening."

"This is a poor time to jest," the rector protested. "You have plenty of money with you to induce them to let us go, and it is your duty as a gentleman to act in our behalf."

"I think," replied Jabez, who believed all things were fair in love, war and business, "that you made a few remarks not long ago about it being demoralizin' to be too free with money. I'm not in the demoralizin' line just now. I'm a law-abidin' man myself, and it would be a blow at the bulwarks of the government if I was to prevent the statutes from takin' their course."

Seeing that the case was hopeless the clergyman got into the tonneau with the officer, and, bidding Miss Allen a sorrowful good-bye, they left her with the righteous McAdam and the bundles.

On the way to the police station the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair happened to place one of his feet on something soft and bulky. Reaching down, he clutched a large wad of bills.

"Hello!" he cried to Delancey, "look at this. McAdam's roll!"

The automobile was brought to a sudden stop, and after negotiations that were brief but satisfactory to all parties the officer got out, wishing his former prisoners a merry Christmas.

To be continued.

IN JANUARY

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

THE lake is heavy with ice
 And long, low waves come in,
 Slow and reluctant to break
 With a curling edge of foam:
 The ragged clouds go by,
 And the winter world is brown,
 Brown and empty of singing birds and bees.
 "Where? where? where?"
 The bluejay creaks in the pine,
 "Where? where? where?"
 Is summer and love and song?"
 For the birds have southward flown,
 And the hives are sleeping and still,
 Sleeping and still,
 But the willows will bloom again,
 And the dusty bees come home
 With the tang and the sweet of spring.

A RURAL CINDERELLA

BY GRACE WILLIAMSON WILLET

THE wind blew so stormily that Barbara could hardly brace herself against it, but she leaned against a ledge of Turnip Rock and gazed at the dull tint of the sunset and the break of the rolling waves with absent eyes.

"I've been waiting and waiting," she brooded despairingly. "Oh, won't he ever come! It's getting stupider and stupider every day and I can't bear to wait much longer. I won't mind if his hair isn't brown if he only comes soon."

At that moment behind her, a sudden footstep interrupted her musings and startled her into turning. Her heart bounded curiously as her expectant eyes saw a square-shouldered young man in gray with a soft hat crushed in his hand and the wind blowing his hair straight up from his forehead, and his hair—heavens—his hair was brown.

"Good afternoon," he said in a good natured, boyish voice. "May I have some of your sunset?"

"Oh yes," Barbara replied civilly, turning her face again toward the water and sky, yet excitedly watching him from the corner of her right eye.

"Do you live near here?" the man began, deciding that he needed no introduction to a girl who wore a shawl, "I used to know all the people here in Fairford. My name's Hull, Harold Hull. You know my father, I guess. He's the banker."

"Oh, yes," Barbara faced him eagerly. It is impossible to be conventional on a stormy day. "But you haven't been here for seven years."

"I'm not keen for the scenes of my childhood. Montreal's the place for me. I'm up here to see the old folks for awhile"

"Montreal!" Barbara's heart jumped in joyful affright as she realized the

significance of these few words; that, at last, before her stood a man from a great city and that he had found her at sunset alone on Turnip Rock. That his hair was brown, really brown, seemed the last bit of evidence she needed.

"I suppose you come down here often," Harold continued

"Oh yes, every day, until harvest time—I just hate harvest time! The men are so dirty and they eat so much. I have to help with the meals all day long"

Harold threw back his head with a jolly laugh. Barbara approved his laugh and immediately she began to free her dislikes quite intimately.

"I may share your sunset again sometime," Harold graciously told her as the sun disappeared and they turned to go.

Barbara watched his brisk step until her favorite pine tree barred the vision. She loitered all the way home through the shadowy woods and near the fence of the "forty acre," that she might memorize every word he had spoken. She was trilling softly, "He's come. He's come!" when she saw her mother waiting for her in the doorway

"Bab," she cried, "we're going to have company! Your cousin Dora's coming from Detroit!"

Barbara hated to hear anyone scream and therefore she did not answer immediately. "Dora's a stuck up minx," she argued bitterly to herself. "she's never wanted to come before and why should she happen to now?"

She reached the verandah and lagged sullenly up the steps saying aloud:

"I suppose I'll have to go around with her all the time?"

"Why Bab, how you talk! And your own cousin too Well, that's what comes of letting you ramble off by yourself. Your manners are getting

something awful." And her mother fiercely returned to frying potatoes.

Barbara pushed out her lips and started to set the table. Nobody ever understood her; she hated the great blue flowers on the dishes, the cracked yellow handles of the knives and the coarse cloth. Well, it wouldn't last much longer, thank fortune, and when she had been carried off to the city her mother would be sorry that they hadn't used napkins on the table for common. She could hear the storm beginning to break outside and she thought gloomily:

"What if it rains to-morrow! Would *he* stay with his mother or go out for a walk? Would *he* care to walk as far as Turnip Rock if the grass were soggy? I don't mind rain much, but I suppose that folks from the city don't like to get their feet wet. Oh dear, oh dear! I never get a chance to talk to anyone but Frank or the harvest hands. And I *won't* talk to them.... My! *He* has such a beautiful voice. And how blue *his* eyes were!"

Although the rain ceased during the night and the morning sun shone brightly, the day was sultry and warm. Barbara slipped away as soon as the dinner dishes were washed. It would be much cooler watching the waves from Turnip Rock. But she watched them alone.

"Of course it's a long walk from town, and this weather is so sticky," she thought miserably. "But his hair is such a lovely brown! And I always knew that *he* would be tall."

"You're awful late, to-night," her mother called to her crossly when she returned home. "Frank just came over to borrow a hammer. He says he'll drive you down to the station to-night to get Dora."

"Oh Frank, Frank, Frank." Barbara combed her hair impudently at the speckled mirror. "He's always around. Paw could have hitched up as well as not."

"Now don't fly off the handle. Frank is such a nice boy. And the way you talk about him is something awful. Most of the girls around here wouldn't forget that his father owns the best wheat fields in this part of Manitoba."

Barbara shrugged her shoulders and put a black ribbon in her hair. She wondered if Dora would have on an empire dress and a sash. Well, she wouldn't be obliged to talk to Frank on the way back. That was one comfort.

Dora turned out to be much more lovable than Barbara had supposed. She wore only her oldest clothes around the house and said frequently:

"Let me wash the dishes, Barbara, I never do it at home," or

"Let me pump the water. I think it's lots of fun. This is such a queer old pump."

Barbara did not enjoy washing dishes and she began to think she should be fond of Dora until—as they strolled home from the post-office one afternoon and Dora wore a ruffled blue dress, they met Harold. As he rapidly approached for an introduction, he sent ahead several enthusiastic smiles.

"My cousin from Detroit, Mr. Hull," said Barbara, after she had solemnly introduced them:

"From Detroit? Good for you, Miss Page? I'm from Montreal. Well, we won't be able to quarrel about our cities at any rate. People are supposed to do that first, you know."

"I could easily quarrel about Montreal—all loud noises and dingy clouds." Dora tossed him an attractive smile.

"Well, they used to have silver linings before we raised so many millionaires! As for noises, what about that waddling ferry boat to Belle Isle?"

"It waddles very artistically," Dora cried in a hurt tone, and they began to laugh.

"Wasn't that enough of a quarrel to make us friends?" Dora's eyes coquetted with his.

"Yes, indeed," Harold answered, warmly, "and how long are you going to be here, Miss Page?"

Barbara's ear caught the trace of tenderness in Harold's voice, and she wished she were at the rocks alone; alone so that she could cry and let the murmur of the pine trees comfort her. Surely it was Dora's fault that he had spoken so, and Dora had no right to look at him the way she did and wear such enchanting ruffles. Barbara tried

to keep the tears out of her eyes while Harold lingered with them all the way to the farm house.

"There's going to be a country dance to-morrow night, Miss Page. Wouldn't it be jolly to look on?" Harold came back to say after he had reluctantly started down the lane.

"Oh, what fun!" she answered, gleefully.

"Oh, no, they're not," Barbara spoke up, severely. "I hate country dances."

"But you'll go just this once, Barbara. Let's see! You can get that nice, tow-headed Frank to take you," Dora gracefully arranged the matter. "I hope it's far. I love drives along these country roads by moonlight, don't you, Mr. Hull?"

* * * * *

Yellow clouds rose from the cornmeal on the floor and the light glimmered dully from the lamps ranged in tin holders along the walls. The organ wheezed, the fiddle wailed, and the men shouted to one another as they tightly whirled the girls on the corners and heavily scraped "forward and back."

"Look at the girl with a thistle on her waist," cried Dora, much amused at the scene and wondering whether the pink rose in her own hair were really as bewitching as Harold had told her it was.

"Some man squeezed her too tight," laughed Harold.

Barbara looked at him, sadly. This was not the Harold she had met on the rocks. She herself disliked the whole scene, the hot faces and the coaxing laughter of the girls.

"You ladies and gents please couple up," called the floor manager, "the next will be a waltz."

"Let's dance this one," proposed Dora. "You take Barbara, Mr. Hull. I want Frank to teach me the Fairford glide."

Barbara imagined that she was in Montreal or Paris at a great ball, that the floor was waxed and the girls wore fragrant satin dresses. She vibrated with the excitement of keeping step with some one. The hazy yellow cloud seemed to shut her in alone with Harold. The slight pressure of his

guiding hand thrilled her, and she laughed softly, murmuringly. "You love him," whispered her heart timidly, and she answered back boldly, "Of course I love him."

When the dance ended and Harold hastened to return to Dora, Barbara was still in her daze of delight. She wanted to say over and over again, "I love him." She could tell the pine trees to-morrow, "I love him." She smiled dreamily at Frank; sweet smiles on which patient, gentle Frank drifted into her own realm of enchantment.

"Let's go out where it's cool," he suggested, plaintively. And they wandered through the open door into the pale, fresh night. A garden of sweet peas tempted them, and Barbara began to break off the pink and white flowers that she might bury her nostrils in their odor and think, "I love him."

"I like this dance," she murmured, with the flowers cooling her half-closed eyes.

"It's fine, it's all right," Frank's gentle voice trembled. "It's good of you to let me bring you. I wish you'd always go around with me, Barbara."

Barbara hardly heard him, for a delightfully naughty thought pierced her dreams.

"Oh, Frank, this is Mrs. Cuney's garden, isn't it? The old miseress. My, won't she be angry. Well, she's at the dance and will never know who picked her sweet peas." And they wandered on until Dora's voice reached them inquiringly from the doorway.

"Where are you, Barbara? We're going home!"

Barbara's contentment lasted only over night. When Harold appeared and again devoted himself to advancing his friendship with Dora, Barbara's jealousy began to stir itself. Why was he teasing Dora, smiling into her eyes and neglecting his duty as a deliverer to Barbara?

One morning at the breakfast table, Dora looked up from a letter.

"Aunt Mary, I have to go home! Papa's to start west to-morrow, and mamma'll be all alone. I don't want to go a bit. I never had such a splendid time in my life. Yes," with her eyes thoughtfully upon the clock,

"I can easily catch the five o'clock train and be home before papa leaves."

Barbara spilled coffee spots on the table. At last what she longed for had happened, and by five o'clock Dora would no longer be able to delay the love that belonged to Barbara.

Harold sauntered in during the afternoon, and Barbara's love-keen eye reported less consternation on his part than she had expected. The three sat in the parlor, Dora and Harold teasing one another as usual; but Barbara was slowly calculating:

"He will hardly miss her, two, three days—and he will come to me. When you love a person he always comes. Not more than three days, I feel it."

Dora's voice interrupted:

"Barbara, dear, won't you—wouldn't you like to—put this book in my suit case."

When Barbara returned noiselessly through the dining room she saw a strange sight. Near the organ stood Harold and Dora very close together. Indeed, one of his arms was around her and the hand of the other upturned her chin. As Barbara watched, numb and terror-stricken—oh, horror—oh, sight never to be forgiven! he kissed her on the mouth—once, twice,—and Barbara fled.

Through the dining room, down the

lane, and toward the woods she went, never stopping, never thinking.

The smooth pine needles beneath her feet soothed her, the loud dash of the waves sought to comfort her, and she sank down on Turnip Rock. She had seen Harold kiss Dora; that was enough. She wondered when they would be married. Dora would make a beautiful bride. Barbara began to cry; of course now she could never leave this stupid country place.

She sat there until she heard the shrill whistle of the outgoing train and until the cool dusk came up from the water and the rocks grew black.

At last a gentle voice disturbed the misty sadness of her thoughts:

"Oh, here you are. Your mother sent me to look for you. Where have you been, Barbara? Dora's gone and you weren't there to say good-bye."

But Barbara made no reply. Dora and Harold would be married soon. How sympathetic Frank's step sounded! Barbara raised her lonely, tear-stained face. Frank stooped, and a beam of understanding love responded to her need.

"Oh—my—dear," his voice said, haltingly.

His arms went around her—gentle and comforting! Barbara did not struggle against them.

HERE'S THE END OF DREAMLAND

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

HERE'S the end of Dreamland, here's the Road of Day;
Kiss me of your kindness and let me go my way.

All the hours we squandered, all the miles we went.
They were the gold of Dreamland and all the gold is spent.

Hard and hard, O Heart of Me, overhard it seems—
Lord, the pleasant palaces . . . in the Land of Dreams.



Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED

Robert closed his eyes, and leaned back against a sand hill some children had built. In doing so, his hand touched Fay's and he took it gently in his own.

"What a tiny excuse for a real hand," he said smiling. "What can you do with it?"

"Things," was the lazy answer.

Robert pressed his strong fingers around Fay's hand. Although he hurt her, she made no sound, passively bearing the pain. The more she saw of Patterson, the better she liked him, the more he impressed her as being absolutely congenial, the more she felt the absence of the brute force, which so permeated Gordon's strong personality. His looks, his manner, his tones were caressing, but with a gentleness and tenderness quite new to her. She had ceased, days ago, making an effort to please him, and was perhaps for the first time in her life, quite natural and unconscious of herself. She felt so secure with Robert. Even now that he held her hand in his close grip there

seemed nothing more in it than a boyish pleasure in exhibiting his superior strength.

"Have I hurt you?" he asked anxiously, looking at the white marks his fingers made. "Why didn't you say something; I wouldn't hurt you for worlds. Poor little hand!" He stroked it with a woman's gentleness.

"I liked it," the girl said, absently.

"What?"

"I feel as though I *should* be hurt sometimes. Generally it is I, who do the hurting; all those who have loved me best, have been hurt the most. I am a sort of vampire, I think."

"What nonsense! How could you hurt anybody?" Robert was quite contemptuous.

A shadow crossed Fay's face, and suddenly she felt oppressed by something she could not define.

"Wait," she answered, sadly, "perhaps you will see."

Gordon had been gone three weeks. During that time Patterson was Fay's constant companion, much to the disgust of the other men in the hotel.

For the first time in her life she was not quite honest with herself, finding it hard to get a good perspective on the scene. It was something of a surprise to discover how little she missed the stimulus of Gordon's presence, and how satisfied she was, how happy, living for three weeks without the excitement of fencing, parrying, watching the danger signals.

She told herself it was all in the game, this teaching the young idea to shoot, that it was doing Robert good, and her, no harm; and she took such pleasure in being able to relax. Not that Robert was a nonentity—quite the reverse; he had strong opinions and expressed himself in a totally unbiased manner, listening deferentially to Fay's argument, then reducing it to pulp and constructing a better one in its stead. Gordon never did that, he either agreed with her or expressed the diametrically opposite view with such pedagogic intolerance as to infuriate her, leaving no hope for a mild compromise. Fay soon was conscious that even in differing from Robert, she was never irritated by him at the close of an argument; though they stood upon their opposite pinnacles, and waved the red flag of defiance, there was yet a smile in their eyes.

And even had she not taken real pleasure in having him with her, the Pagan tempted her cruelly, at times, to revel in her revenge, and to enjoy Mrs. Patterson's impotent, helpless rage.

She wondered what would happen when Gordon came back. Robert would not lie down in his corner, and certainly Wylde would make things uncomfortable for them both, if the boy interfered with him. Fay colored angrily as she pictured his contempt when he realized that she had given the whole of her time to such a—what would he call Robert?—ah, yes, a calf. And why calf? Because he knew nothing of the brute, so rampant in most men, because he knew nothing of any mastery save manliness, and he had never seen the world.

Oh, if it could only last!

She tried not to look ahead to the time which must come, when Robert would have the right to demand some-

thing of her, though it were only an answer. He learned the uses and abuses of society with uncanny rapidity, there were even moments when Fay doubted that *she* taught him, and they had never avoided the topic of love. The crucial hour came sooner than she expected.

The moon peeped fretfully out from behind a bank of inky clouds, at one instant making a silver pathway from the end of the pier to the sky line; displeased with that effect, she pettishly hid, throwing half the distance into shadow, and leaving only a tiny, gleaming spot where the sea and sky merged into one. A launch, gaily decked with Japanese lanterns puffed across the silver streak, blending its yellow lights with the colder, bluer gleams of the moon, and the sibilant hiss of the breakers was a fit and musical accompaniment.

Altogether the scene was so natural as to be unreal.

"Why do you smile?" asked Robert; he and Fay sat in their favorite spot on the pier.

"I was waiting for Gwendolyn to plunge from the side of the boat into the sea, crying, 'Better this watery grave than a loveless life with thee,'" she answered, "I feel like a play-lady to-night, boy. Let's pretend."

Patterson shook his head. "I'll be the audience, you go ahead."

So Fay threw herself with her old time joy into half a dozen roles; at one instant tragic; then, before Robert could brush the moisture from his eyes, she would do some bit of mimicry, so exaggerated, as to send him into fits of laughter.

"You are a witch," he said finally, "sometimes I am afraid of you."

There was silence for a moment during which Fay was again conscious of her accusing sense of honor, warning her that the day of reckoning was near, that she was not playing fair.

"Fay—Fay," the boy mused. "What a queer, lovable little name. What does it mean?"

"It means 'fairy'. My mother used always to call me 'Changeling,' because she said the fairies changed me when I was born, and put this," tapping

herself, "in the place of what I was really intended to be."

"The Changeling," Robert repeated, "Splendid! You certainly are a changeling in more senses than one. What are other girls like?"

"Why don't you try to know them, and find out for yourself?"

"Oh, I can't be bothered. They all seem so senseless, and made up, or something."

"But you might never have known me if you had preserved that attitude. As a matter of fact, Bobbie, I flung myself at you; I deliberately planned it all in a fit of rage, and now" her voice sank to a whisper, the sadness of which made Robert ache; "now I don't know the answer, it has turned out too well."

Patterson took her hand, quietly, lovingly.

"Tell me about it, dear," he said.

Fay began at the time of her visit to the Sayres, putting Chester's love for his wife, and Lorna's fine, unflinching loyalty to him, in the beautiful light

it deserved, touching upon Northrop's position toward them, and the nobility of his sacrifices; she hinted at his mother's evident dislike for Lorna, and finally related her conversation on the hotel verandah and Mrs. Patterson's base and groundless insinuation.

"I confess, I never have been so ungovernably angry in all my life," she continued slowly, "and Bobbie, I burned for revenge; I wanted to hurt your mother, hurt her more than she hurt me, and the only way I could be sure of that, was through you."

Robert held her hand a shade closer, and nodded, in silence.

"I left the hotel, and raced along the sands until I found you. I was going to *make* you like me—love me—and Bobbie, now you see, I am—" she hesitated.

Robert leaned forward and looked earnestly into her eyes. They were wide open, staring past him into the silver patch on the water, and even then their gaze seemed to hold more



PATTERSON WAS FAY'S CONSTANT COMPANION

than the glittering moonlight. He waited for her to speak, and when she did not he raised her soft little hand to his lips, questioning.

"Now you are—sorry?"

The girl bent her head.

"Is it because you like me?"

Fay did not answer.

Robert Patterson drew a deep breath and a new light came into his eyes; at that instant he put away childish things—the boy was a man.

"I have, at last, something to thank the mater for," he said with feeling, "if she gave me you, Fay, little Fay. I love you—love you; you are life, love, God to me! Ah, you smile," he went on softly, making each word a caress, "no matter! You will at least be kind, for you have admitted you like me. You will give me a chance?" he begged.

Fay laid her hand gently on his head. Her eyes were swimming, and her voice choked with tears. This was her revenge!

"What kind of chance do you want, Bobbie?"

"I want the chance of showing you what I can do for you, of showing you what my love is like, greater than any other you have ever known. I want you to realize that I am not a boy but a man, and that I owe that very manhood to you! I don't want you to like me, from your height, my darling, I want to come up to you that you may love me—" he hesitated, "I want you to—marry me."

"Bobbie!"

The cry was involuntary, for although this was, of course, the culmination of the scheme, success in its essence, and just what she expected, yet at the moment, Fay was taken unawares. Why? Because she was not prepared to say "No!"

Marry Bobbie! Yes, she had thought of it—at least she had not rejected the idea when it occurred to her. For although she did not consider herself a "marrying woman" she always looked into the future, seeing herself the happy wife of someone. And now, why not Bobbie? Of course his mother was a thorn, but they could put the ocean

between themselves and her, if necessary for peace. But there was Gordon—

As if reading her thoughts aloud, Patterson said:

"Are you hesitating because of Wylde, Fay; do you love him?"

The girl shook her head, and answered positively, "Not in the least! Only—only—I was wondering how it would turn out—if I married you, Bobbie. Gordon loves me in his way, just now loves me perhaps more than he has ever loved before, and he is not a man to accept defeat. It is too melodramatic to conjecture possible contingencies, and I do not think of myself—but of you. Gordon would not consider *you*, at all, and even if he did no more than make me conspicuous by his attention, would you understand, would you be jealous?"

"Jealous?" Robert repeated the word.

"Well, perhaps that does not convey the right idea. You must realize that I have given my undivided time to you here, that you have never seen me the object of any other man's attention; would you be miserable, unhappy, injured? I want you to understand me," she went on, earnestly, "before we discuss anything else. My ideas of marriage are, as you know, somewhat unique. Not that I want to pose as being original or good, in the least. These same ideas suit *me*, that's all; though I *do* believe that, if more people adopted them, there would be appreciably fewer unhappy married people in the world."

"Yes, I want to hear."

"For instance, I expect to live my life independent of my husband, as far as I please or he pleases; that we see no more of each other after, than—say, we do now. Isn't that enough?" she laughed, with sudden shyness, laying her hand on his. "Familiarity is abhorrent to me, and I have lived so much alone, I could not be happy seeing someone beside me every time I raised my eyes. I expect to amuse myself as I choose, and accept such attention as is given me—it is my only form of dissipation, the mental stimulus

CHAPTER XIII.

of 'outside talent' as it were, though I should like to have your trust and confidence, knowing that none of the conventionalities would be violated, except perhaps a possible few with which maiden ladies of soured dispositions, hedge themselves. My husband is asked to do the same; to enjoy what pleasures he likes, provided those pleasures do not place me in an equivocal position before the world. I marry to gain something—protection, respect—not to have something taken away."

Robert was silent. He seemed to have known Fay was going to say these things, he anticipated her words. It was as though he had asked her to be his wife knowing all this, there was no necessity for her to tell him.

"I expect my rooms to be as much mine, as they are to-day, Bobbie. It is a form of selfishness, I know, but I refuse to surrender anything; I will be myself, not a part of my husband. There is no need for either of us to surrender anything. Even love cannot stand the perpetual strain of sacrifices without a tremor, so with sufficient worldly means to be abundantly comfortable, and congenial tastes, we must not make the mistake of trying to live each other's lives. You know my pleasures, I know yours. If what I do does not appeal to you, do something else; grant me the same liberty. You love me as I am to-day, I *will* be just that same person—afterwards."

"You have only said what, knowing you, I expected," Robert interrupted, rubbing Fay's hand across his lips. "I can't imagine two people being happy *long*, under any other conditions, and if this is the hardest task you set me to prove my love for you, darling, you are too magnanimous, that's all. As for Wylde, or any other man, he will not cause me a moment's uneasiness. Will you not be *my wife*?"

Fay turned quickly, and looked at her companion, startled. The simple sweetness of those last two words thrilled her with a happiness, a peace, quite new to her, and she laid her cheek against Robert's sleeve.

"I will marry you, Bobbie dear," she whispered, tremulously.

THE morning's mail brought a long letter from Gordon.

"I am charmed with this place, and have been particularly lucky in combining business with pleasure until recently, when I was able to eliminate business, altogether. If business interferes with pleasure, give up business, you know.

"How I wish for you here! The days are warm, uncomfortably so, but the nights—well any description of mine would be ludicrous, so I will not risk it. After dinner, I stroll for an hour on the verandah of the hotel, trying to imagine you are beside me (we will surely come here on our honeymoon) and watch the dark-eyed beauties pass, peeping coquettishly at the bystanders from behind their fans. No women flirt like these; for, although there are many more subtle, there are none so open about it, and yet none draw one into the mesh with such ease.

"Me? Oh, I succumbed long ago, to the seductive charms of one Pepita—the name is hackneyed I know, but it can't be helped—who passes here every evening about nine, on her way to the park, where the band plays. Her eyes are large, when she opens them, and dreamy, even when half closed, and she swings along with more energy than her indolent sisters—her walk sometimes reminds me of you. Her hair is blue black and piled high on her head, ornamented with the inevitable *lazo*.

"Were you to go into a shop and ask for a piece of ribbon, you would call it *casa*, but the instant you get it home, tie it into a bow, simulating the spreading wings of the butterfly and pin this to your hair, the self same piece of ribbon becomes a *lazo*, No Mexican woman's toilet is complete without it,—and by the way it is worn you may know what sort of person is the wearer—whether she be married or single, loved, loving or both.

"It is indicative of many other things; whether the day has been a success or not; whether the morrow holds out charms or curses. By it one can tell the age, station and degree of prosperity of the wearer; whether the family cat has had, or will have kittens, and how many—in fact the *lazo* is the best all round barometer I have ever seen.

"Well, I gleaned from it that Pepita lived with her grandmother, and that they were fairly well to do; that she had two lovers—all Mexican girls must have at least two—and that the one she preferred was not the one who found favour in grandmother's eyes, hence these secret meetings in the park; in short I wove a sweetly pretty and fantastic romance about this maid of Mexico.

"Then—alas, then I saw her in the garish light of day; sans fan, sans coquetry, sans *lazo*—and sans charm! The spell was broken—and while the shock was rude, it meant something to me. Oh, Fairy in my

heart! It taught me a little lesson, of which you will be glad to hear. Do you remember the time you talked to me about liking the 'ensemble,' as it were, and not having the Bigness to understand 'mankind in the making'? How you cited the simple instance of the time it took to fix your veil properly, and you asked me to picture you done up in curl papers on a dismal February morning? Of course I know you were exaggerating to make the lesson plain, and I could not see it then, but now I understand. Stripped of the trivialities what does the skeleton mean to me? In your case, still the answer is the same—everything. I have thought it over in your way. We will live together, yet apart. I promise not to worry you with loving you; but, oh, Fay, you must be mine!"

The letter slipped from her hands, and she sighed. Up to the present moment Fay had not taken Gordon gravely into consideration although to test Bobbie she had mentioned the possibility of his continued attentions.

Now she felt the same consciousness of the man's power, his certainty that, ultimately, he would win. What chance would Bobbie stand against him?

Fay smiled whimsically. "It is surely a case of distance lending enchantment," she said to herself, "and if he would stay away, I could almost learn to love him."

Later in the day she sat on the beach with Robert, absently filling her lap with sand.

"What is bothering you?" asked the man, tenderly.

"How do you know anything is bothering me? Because I am quiet?"

Patterson shook his head.

"Oh, no! Did we not decide long ago that silence between us was our first real bond of sympathy?"

"Yes, Bobbie boy, we did! Dear Lord, how often have I longed for some one 'to be quiet with'! To most people my being silent was a sign of illness, peevishness or anxiety, I was

forever being asked, 'What is the matter with you to-day'? My, it was tiresome! Are you sure you are not bored with me when I am quiet?" she asked seriously.

"Put your head down here," answered Patterson, touching his shoulder, "and tell me all about it. Perhaps I can guess—is it Wyld?"

Fay nodded.

"He makes you wonder whether you can be satisfied with a stupid lout like me?" The question was put without a shade of bitterness or jealousy.

"Bobbie, you are the dearest thing in the world! Put *your* head down here, I want to kiss your blessed slanting eyes."

"Well, do you want to tell me?"

Fay frowned a little. "It is only a feeling," she said, "and so hard to explain. You see I am awfully fond of Gordon, in a way, if he were less er—"

"Brutal," suggested Robert.

"That will do—yes, brutal. I think I might have loved him, but like the little girl with the curl, when he is clever he is so very clever, and strong, and splendid, and when he loses himself he is so weak and stupid, and horrid! Now suppose he should work a reformation and be always clever and strong, what would *we* do?"

"We?"

"Assuredly. I could not see you suffer, Bobbie, and you would not be human, knowing all you do, if you did not feel miserable seeing Gordon forever around me."

"You mean that you cannot give him up?"

"I mean that as long as he amused and stimulated me I would want him with me, him or any one else. Oh, dear, I can't make it plain, and perhaps you will learn to hate me."

To be continued.



A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

A DRESS REFORM ADVOCATE

ROBERT EDESON, like so many other stars this season, has had difficulty in finding a satisfactory play. His tour in *The Noble Spaniard* has collapsed, and he is back in New York rehearsing *A Man's A Man*, a new play by Anna Steese Richardson, for which he has great hopes.

Mr. Edeson is a most cheerful person. The collapse of his tour does not dismay him at all, even though his was a costume production, which usually entails additional expense and worry. He shrugs his shoulders, takes it as the fortune of war, and goes on his way rejoicing.

It is all the more surprising that Mr. Edeson should take this disaster so philosophically since there seems no reason in the world why the play should not have been a success. It is deliciously funny, is received with gales of laughter, and is admirably acted by Mr. Edeson, Gertrude Coghlan and a good company.

Mr. Edeson has one plank of philosophy which is usually accredited to the feminine mind. He believes in the morality of clothes.

He says: "I would so much rather play to a Canadian audience than to one in the United States, because over here in Canada, you all dress for the theatre. You put on evening clothes, and the house looks like an assemblage

of well-bred and cultured people, who are inspiring to play to.

"The Yankees are too busy to dress for the theatre. Business suits and shirtwaist dresses are the rule, and you don't have the same satisfaction in playing to a house dressed in dark clothes.

"Personally, I want to dress for dinner every night. A bath and clean linen make a new man out of me—and I believe that if you change for dinner, you feel better, look better, get an appetite and are capable of better work."

Why not start a new idea in dress reform, based on Mr. Edeson's ideas? After all, it was a remarkably sane and truthful statement of fact, and the tired business man might not be half so tired if he'd heed the slogan, "dress for dinner."

BLANCHE WALSH

AN INTERESTING play of this season is *The Test*, which Blanche Walsh is using as her starring medium. In it Miss Walsh plays the part of a woman (Emma Eltyngne) whose sweetheart has been arrested ten years before for forgery. She, in her grief over her lover's trouble, has given herself to his employer, on the understanding that the boy should be released, but the employer breaks faith with her and the boy thinks that she is responsible for

music lessons. She has attracted the attention of a wealthy novelist, who is living in the slums for socialistic reasons, and who has asked her to marry him. This man's sister is in love with the employer who was responsible for Emma's unhappiness, and Emma feels that it is her duty to give some warning of the man's true character.

Then the story all comes out, the shame, the degradation that she has endured for all these years and the novelist, true to the ideas expressed in his writings, decides that Emma is still fit to become his wife. It is "the test".

Miss Walsh believes in the sincerity of the Canadians, she says. "One of the dearest recollections of my life is the honor that was offered me one night in Montreal, where I was playing a return engagement of *Fedora*. The citizens of the town presented me with a silver laurel wreath on a bed of violets. The presentation was made by the Mayor, and I was oh, so proud of it. Then, afterwards, the McGill students took the horses out of the

shafts and drew my carriage to the hotel. It was one of the most beautiful tributes I have ever had.

"I love the West too, and Vancouver is, I think, the most beautiful city on this continent, and the people in



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ROBERT EDESON

Starring in *A Man's a Man*

all his troubles and becomes more embittered against her with every day of his long sojourn in prison.

When he comes out of prison, he learns that the girl is still unmarried, and is supporting herself by giving



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

BLANCHE WALSH
Starring in *The Test*

Winnipeg are so delightful I always have such good houses there such responsive audiences. Why shouldn't I love Canada?"

A FOOL THERE WAS.

WHEN Sir Philip Burne-Jones painted his wonderful picture, "The Vampire," he had no thought that he would inspire a Kipling to poetry and when the immortal Rudyard penned his verses, he probably had no idea that he should give Mr. Porter Emerson Browne the idea for a play, which has been the success of two seasons in New York and is now making good on the road.

A Fool There Was is frankly founded on the "Vampire," and copies of that poem, printed under a copy of the Burne-Jones picture, are distributed at each performance of the play, so that you are in a fit and proper mood to appreciate the fine points of the drama before it begins.

A remarkably well-acted play it is, too, Robert Hilliard as the Fool, Katherine Kaelred as the Lady, and William Courtleigh (born in Guelph, Ontario) as the Friend, being particularly suited to their parts.

Miss Kaelred, as the Vampire-Lady, is a study in the art of successful make-up, every detail of her appearance contributing to the effect of the snaky, the sinuous, the unwholesome. Her long, ringless fingers are waxen white, save at the tips where they are dyed a deep red. Her face, too, is very white, and her great eyes shine forth with a radiance that seems almost uncanny. She wears long, clinging, trailing gowns that fall in serpentine curves on the floor and every movement of her body, every tone of her voice, is designed to bear forth the original impression of her character.

Mr. Hilliard, too, has an unusual role in the Fool. The change from the alert, successful statesman of the first act to the decrepit, sodden, idiotic derelict of the last is a wonderful metamorphosis, and one of the most powerful pieces of acting seen on a modern stage.

The story is the old one of a man who leaves his wife and baby at home while he goes on a trip abroad, and who, during his absence, becomes infatuated with a vampire lady. In this case, the "woman who did not care" is an unusual type whose magnetism is so

powerful and so unwholesome that the end of the man who loves her is—death.

The statesman follows his "lady fair" until he is "stripped to his foolish hide," until "honor and faith and a sure intent," are gone; until he has lost his wife, his friends and the respect of all who know him and then, just as his poor sodden brain begins to work again and he resolves to brace up, try to be a man and to regain some of his old standing among men, the Vampire-lady comes to see him, and in a last outburst of passion, he falls dead at her feet.

Pleasant, isn't it? And so weird, so horrible, that it haunts you for days, yet so powerful that you're glad you have seen it, if only to be spared the fate of the "fool who made his prayer to a rag and a bone and a hank of hair—even as you and I".

"GLAD"

THEATRICAL managers and audiences alike will tell you that a play with a religious *motif* does not pay, that an audience goes to the theatre to be amused, to be entertained, to laugh, to cry, not to moralize or reflect.

And yet, *The Dawn of a To-morrow* with its undercurrent of serious purpose, its background of religious thought, has been one of the biggest successes of Miss Eleanor Robson's career as a star.

This is, perhaps, due to the fact that the religious teaching is not obtruded on your notice nor crammed down your throat. It is concealed in the cheerful philosophy of Gladys Beverley Montmorency, commonly known as "Glad," who rules over Apple Blossom Court, a slum of "dear old Lunnoun."

Apple Blossom Court, so called because it hasn't any apple blossoms, rejoices in a population composed of thieves, pickpockets, cutthroats and gentlemen engaged in similar peaceful avocations.

Thither comes Sir Oliver Holt, a rich nobleman who has been told by his physicians that high living, combined with high finance, has wrecked his nervous system and that he has only a short time more to live.

The patient decides that it is not



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

KATHERINE KÆLRED

The "Vampire-Lady" in *A Fool There Was*

worth while waiting, waiting, waiting for the end and that it is much better he should make an excursion to the unknown land quietly and without blare of trumpets. So he dons an old suit of clothes, puts a pistol in his pocket

and decides that next day another "unknown" will be carried out of a slums lodging-house.

But he meets Glad—Glad with her cheerful theory that "things ain't never so bad as you thought they



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ELEANOR ROBSON
Starring in *The Dawn of a To-morrow*

was"; Glad, with her standard of conduct, "when yer down on yer luck, think of something else. Do something else. Laugh. Dance. Sing. You'll forget yer troubles and if you begins to remember, do something else again."

Sir Oliver is interested in the absurd little waif with her shock of red hair and her sunny philosophy. He finds that she is hungry and he buys food for her and her friends.

After an evening spent in the society of thieves, pickpockets, and ragamuffins, Sir Oliver comes to the con-

clusion that there is a great deal left for him to do in the world and he decides to disappoint his heir and stay among mortals, using Glad as a helper in his new scheme of living.

The play is received with much applause and Miss Robson's personal success must be gratifying to her after her somewhat chilly reception in her last vehicle, *Vera, the Medium*.

There is a fog scene in the London streets that bears all the ear-marks of genuine realism and is received with much enthusiasm.

THE VOICE OF THE STAIRS

BY HELEN CLARK BALMER

YES, it is worth while to be a flight of stairs in a shadowy hall, and to feel the soft darkness give way to the gorgeous tinted light of a stained-glass window, as one creeps upward step by step along the walls! Though I never enter the pleasant rooms that stretch away on either side of me, I know them well, for through their open doors I get a glimpse of the rich furnishings. One is walled with books, and those who go in and out often wear sober faces, so that I like better the room which talks music; and I cannot tell you how I listen for the bright songs and the gay thunder that rolls through all the house. But the tiny pink room is most to my mind, because a little girl sleeps there; and as she never closes her door, night nor day, I can see all that happens within. That pretty, curtained, soft white thing is where she sleeps. Those are her playthings strewn about the floor. I used to have a good look into a dainty green room, but the small girl who once lived in there has grown into a tall young woman who usually brings another like herself up to that room, and then shuts the door in my very face. Sometimes I think it unkind

that I am not allowed to satisfy my curiosity, when I do so much for the family by way of getting them up or down stairs.

I like old people, for they have a lingering step and will stand and talk all the way up and down, so that I get many scraps of pleasant conversation. But, better still, I am never tired of having little feet patter over me. I am getting old, they say, and often I creak loudly on winter nights. I try not to disturb good people; but when the boys come in about twelve o'clock I cannot help letting their father know that they are safe home for the night. How do I know what time it is? The old clock tells me. He and I are close companions on this landing. I am well protected by beautiful oak bars and a broad handrail that ends in two carved posts, standing like sentinels at my foot. Once this railing of mine had a fine, glossy surface, but since the boys have put off knickerbockers for long trousers, it is not used for "rapid transit". (I believe that term is allowable.) I am not so ignorant of language as one might suppose, for I overhear a great deal of "English A," when young people come to see us

They all like to sit on me and talk. Talk! did I say? Well, yes, *somewhat*; anyway, enough to put the *clock* out of countenance. Sometimes a white arm steals 'round my banisters. Don't think I haven't feelings.

I am always glad whenever the mistress is "at home" to her lady friends "from two till six," for then I am the most popular part of the house. Handsome skirts sweep me from top to bottom, and I get whiffs of good things all the afternoon. How company makes the stupid old clock yawn! And he keeps on saying "two till six" until he mumbles it into "tootle's sick". I feel so ashamed of his manners and of his tipsy accent.

Talking about eating reminds me that the baby often brings me cookies and bread-and-butter, but how the maid scolds when we leave the crumbs around! Sometimes the baby leans her little golden head against me, and I suppose *you* call it "creaking," that noise I make because I am so fond of her.

Ah, well, I have found out many things during my life. I know when people are happy, and when they are tired and sad; for don't I feel their spirit, as they pass over my faithful body! And I would miss one of their dear, familiar footsteps, should it never touch me more. Yes, it is worth while to be a flight of stairs.

A DREAM

BY E. N. STEINHAUER

I DREAMED my hopes like dead leaves fell;

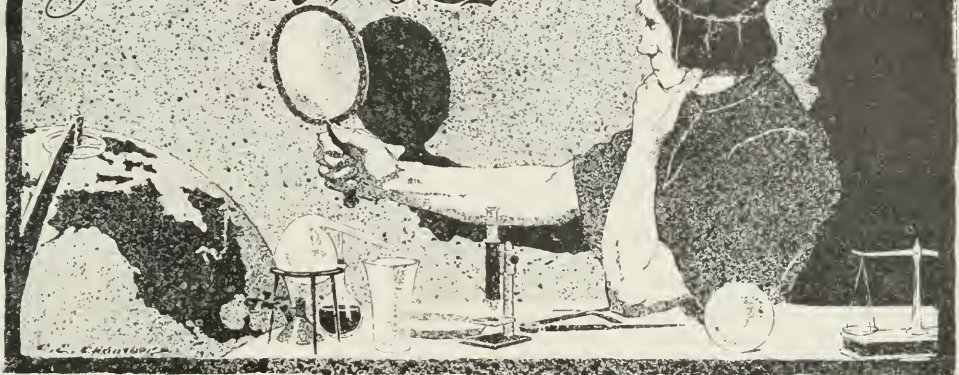
 Their dry crisp rustle seemed to tell
Of naked boughs where winds would blow,
Of branches bare to winter's snow.

I woke, but through me shivering still,
I felt the cold and death-like chill,
Still falling leaves brushed past my cheek,
As when they touched me in my sleep.

Yet soon I smiled, the dream had gone,
A child of night from evil throng.
But some who sleep awake to grief,
To know their hopes a fallen leaf.

Their hearts grow chill 'neath winds that blow,
Their lives are bare to winter's snow,
They may not say: "It is a dream,
'Twill all be passed, with morning's beam."

The Right Angle



A NEW COMMISSIONER

MR. W. S. CALVERT, the latest member of the National Transcontinental Railway Commission, has had an interesting career. Born in Watford, Ontario, he lived and worked there until after his marriage to Miss Cora Sutherland, of Napier, when he moved to that village to take charge of a general store. Not long afterward Mr. Calvert took the first step in his political career, his first office being reeve of Metcalfe. He then became warden of Middlesex and in 1896 was elected member for West Middlesex. Two years later he was appointed Assistant Liberal Whip and in 1901, Chief Liberal Whip, which position he has held ever since, although of course this new appointment has necessitated his resignation.

Mr. Calvert is an exceptionally able business man and his political life has developed in him the ability to think for himself and to act promptly. He should prove a valuable member of the commission.



W. S. CALVERT

CYRUS H. MCCORMICK

IN commemoration of the birth of Cyrus H. McCormick in 1809, it is proposed to place a tablet in the Farmers' Hall of Fame at the College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois. A committee has been appointed to solicit and collate editorial expressions from all the agricultural journals of the world concerning the inventor of the reaper, the uses of the reaper itself, and what it has done for the improvement of farming in all civilized countries.

Mr. McCormick, for the larger part of his life, lived in the Middle West. His first machine was tried out on an Illinois farm, and its success was established there, so that the Illinois institution is justified in leading the memorial movement. Nowhere has the invention been more effective in aiding the development of a new country than it has been in Western Canada, and the agricultural newspapers of the Dominion should have much that would be valuable to say on the subject.

MARGARITA'S SOUL.

ONE of the most interesting books of the season is "Margarita's Soul" (John Lane Company).

Roger Bradley, a Puritan by descent and by inclination, though a man of the world by training, is walking up Broadway when he runs into a veiled lady who speaks to him and who accompanies him to a restaurant for dinner.

The beginning looks unpromising but Margarita turns out to be a very unusual person who has been brought up in the wilds by a housekeeper who might have been a Mary E. Wilkins' New England spinster.

Roger Bradley marries her and she becomes a celebrity. She sings wonderfully and shows a disregard of the conventions that is always delightful and sometimes amazing. The finding of her soul is an interesting climax to a story that is far removed from the ordinary in both theme and style.

It is said that the author's name, "Ingraham Lovell" is a disguise behind which is lurking a well-known writer. Certain it is that the writer, whoever he may be, reveals a style, a purpose and a distinction unusual and stimulating.

FLORENCE PRETZ AND "ROSIE."

OF COURSE you all know the little god, Billiken, and Miss Florence Pretz, who created him and who you recall made her first bow to the fairy-loving public in CANADA MONTHLY.

That is, you know her as far as anyone knows her. Nobody has ever found the key to Florence Pretz, the gay and sorrowful, shy and impish, merry-pencilled and solemn-eyed. An elusive, dark-haired, slim little enigma whom nobody has ever solved—that's Florence Pretz. Nobody ever knew what was passing in her elfin mind until she chose to tell; and nobody ever saw her Billiken off his throne until to-day, when she has shown him to us, prancing in most ungodlike abandon.

Of course, there's a story.

Last year Miss Pretz shared her studio, "The Eggshell," with two other girls, a gypsy and a poet. It was an innocent and light-hearted corner of

Bohemia, as studios always are when poets and artists and gipsies are young, and have dreams. The studio motto was a word of George Borrow's, the immortal gypsy: "Life is sweet, brother; there's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath."

There was nothing wrong with the motto, and all three girls believed it. But life isn't always sweet, even to the most determined optimist; and one night the poet came home to a glum and disconsolate household. Miss Pretz sat grimly over a much-erased drawing; the gypsy glowered at her work-bench. The "Life is Sweet" motto had turned its face to the wall and its depressing white back to the room. There were no signs of dinner anywhere.

"Who's dead?" said the poet. "And what have you done with 'Life is Sweet'?"

"Huh!" said Miss Pretz, disgustedly. "I turned the thing! I don't believe it more than half the time, anyway. I've spent this whole lovely day putting different expressions on these kids I'm trying to draw, and they insist on wearing the same foolish simper through all of 'em. About the time I rubbed out the three hundred millionth expression, I couldn't stand 'Life is Sweet' one other minute. So I turned it wrongside out, but I can't say that it's made me feel much better."

Around the corners of the gypsy's mouth a little grin flickered, but she said nothing. The poet laughed.

"All sereno," she said, cheerfully. "You'll feel better after some dinner and a story or two. I've brought home a new *Lippincott's*. And now I'm going to get something to eat." Presently prosperous odors arose from the absurd little kitchen, and the atmosphere began to clear.

When the somewhat dinner-mollified company nibbled idly at their crackers and cheese, the poet glanced through her magazine and chuckled.

"Here's a life drawing of you merry-merrys as you looked when I opened the door," she said, appreciatively. "Listen to this."



ROSIE

One night a young fellow in New York couldn't sleep, and finally rising, pushed up his ground-floor window, and looked out into the street. It was about two o'clock in the morning—the time when everything in the city is at its lowest ebb. At the end of the street a nighthawk cab crawled by. A policeman appeared under the corner electric light, and passed out into the darkness. Everything was empty and still.

Presently a derelict individual came tacking uncertainly down the sidewalk until he reached the steps where the young fellow still gazed out into the night. There he plumped himself hopelessly down, and sat musing, his ragged head in his hands, dejection in every line of him.

Suddenly he spoke raucously, without moving from his grim posture:

"To Hell mit der Church! To Hell mit der Boss! To Hell mit everybody—'cept Rosie!"

The young fellow at the window watched him curiously, wondering what his story was, and who Rosie might be. Suddenly the derelict rose to his feet, squared off his shoulders defiantly, and gesturing with shut fist, exclaimed:

"To Hell mit Rosie!" and strode away.—*Lippincott's*.

It was "Rosie" that she read, and the last vestige of gloom disappeared in the shout of delight that greeted the climax. When the laugh subsided, Miss Pretz reached for her drawing-board and sketched idly as she listened.

After awhile the poet ceased, and looked over Miss Pretz's shoulder, to chortle when the joke dawned upon her. For ignominiously turned on its face the studio motto lay on the board, and on the back capered a string of imps around the last straw, the final epitome of the derelict German's philosophy of life, "To Hell mit Rosie!" just as it is reproduced here. Every fat, grinning elf was nearly bursting with laughter; the joke evidently appealed to them, as much as it did to the poet.

"Lovely! Oh, lovely!" she cried. "Oh, Gipsy! Look here!"

Miss Pretz blushed and put her hands over it.

"Don't! It's not for publication!" she protested, but Gipsy closed one long hand over both her little ones, and burst into a gurgling laugh.

"Sunshine and Shadow in the Human Heart, eh?" said she. "Reversible House-Motto. Barometer at normal, 'Life is Sweet!'—dirty weather brewing, 'Rosie'. Just what we've always needed. Up she goes beside the 'No Trespassing' sign."

"Oh, no, she doesn't," protested Miss Pretz, but she was overruled, not to say extinguished, and the tall gipsy put it up with four stout thumb-tacks while the poet held down the writhing artist with a fat sofa-cushion.

"Carried by two-thirds majority," said the gipsy. "It's going to stay."

"Oh, *very* well," replied Miss Pretz. "I'm only an insurgent minority, I suppose—and I'll admit it's likely to be useful."

So at "The Eggshell" "Life is Sweet" smiles down on Miss Pretz's dark head. You might drop in at the studio twenty-nine days out of the thirty, and never guess that the decorous oak

frame harbors anything contraband

But on the thirtieth day, when things go wrong, as things sometimes will; when dolls are stuffed with sawdust, and the world is hollow, and the gipsy begins to quote Omar the Pagan, tragedy arises, proclaims an aggravated case of ingrowing sorrow, "turns Rosie"—and elicits a joyful grin!

AKIN TO A HEROINE

BY LOUISE DARBY

Author of "The Loggers," "A Nurse from Teulon," etc.

IN THE city of Winnipeg lives a little old lady, sweet-voiced, gentle, bowed by the weight of her more than fourscore years, yet bearing them gallantly with unimpaired faculties. Modest and simple, to the casual observer she is remarkable only for a certain quaintness in her dress. On Sundays and occasions she is quite conventional, but every day she wears a linsey-woolsey gown with plain tight-fitting bodice and full skirt gathered on at the waist line, and an old-country cap of black net with a flounce of lace hanging over her neck and a full ruche framing the kind old face, from which shine out the most surprising eyes, true violet, and bright as a girl's. She lives in a cottage with a married granddaughter and may be found at almost any time amusing the little great-grandchildren or crooning over the baby of the flock. It is a quiet, homely picture not remarkable in any way; yet that white-haired woman is the only link that this generation has with a heroine to whose name the world has thrilled for three-quarters of a century—Grace Darling. For Mrs. Anne Gates Anderson, of Winnipeg, is a cousin of the heroine of the Farne Islands, and was brought up near the coast of far-away Northumberland almost within sight of Longstone Light where Grace

Darling lived her short life and performed her act of heroism.

Many persons believe in "blood," in "family," and even the skeptical, seeing how simply and cheerfully Mrs. Anderson has borne the storms and sorrows of a long life, can not but feel that there is a real kinship between this little old lady of Winnipeg and the heroine of the wreck of the *Forfarshire*. Grace Darling lived all her short life on a lonely, rocky island, black and forbidding, in the midst of treacherous, rushing currents and jagged reefs. Her father was a stern Christian who brought up his children strictly, but was fond of music and natural history and educated them himself. There were nine children, but Grace was one of the younger ones and by the time she had grown up all the others had left home and gone to the mainland. So hers was a quiet, lonely life, almost as secluded as that of St. Cuthbert when he retired for prayer and meditation to the neighboring island of Lindisfarne or Holy Island.

Her cousin, Anne Gates, brought up on a mainland farm and married before she was eighteen, has had a very different life. Yet it has been a life that required its own kind of heroism. It takes bravery for a woman of over fifty to leave the village in which she

has lived all her life, where her father and her father's father before him have managed the same farm; to break all the ties of friendship and emigrate to a new country thousands of miles away. After a voyage of sixteen days the Andersons reached Ontario, where they stayed four years. Then, in 1879, they left the East and its comforts and settled at Springfield in Manitoba, to endure all the hardships of a frontier life "before the railroad came." But when you mention these trials, Mrs. Anderson's eyes only brighten with a half-scornful amusement, seeming to say, "Yes, there were hardships such as you, young lady, can never know anything about, but they were to be borne and that was all there was to it." Looking into the steady eyes, spirited and resolute still in spite of the wrinkled skin and tremulous mouth, you feel that she is indeed of the same blood as the frail, blue-eyed girl who was "ready to risk her life to save others, but asked no praise."

It is just seventy years since that seventh of September, 1838, when the good ship "Forfarshire" was wrecked, but Mrs. Anderson remembers clearly how the wind rose and rose all during the evening, and with it came the rain, until by bed-time the roar of the wind was so great and the rain came down in such sheets that the farmhouse seemed cut off from all the world. The family shuddered as they thought of boats being out in that tempest, and wondered how their cousins on the bleak island were faring. But it was some days before their anxiety was relieved. The next morning the lighthouse signaled for aid from the mainland, and a boat put out from Sunderland to go to its relief. The anxious watchers on shore saw it reach the island safely, but then the storm rose again and the boat could not get away for several days. When at last it reached port again and the crew and survivors told the story of the wreck and the rescue, the whole coast was wrought up to a great pitch of excitement between admiration for the heroic deed and wrath at the owners of the vessel for allowing it to sail with leaking boilers.

The "Forfarshire" was a staunch new boat, built only two years before, but with defective boilers. Some patched-up repairs were made on them that afternoon before she sailed from Hull for Dundee, but as she steamed through the Fairway between the Farne Islands and the mainland against a strong north wind, the boilers began to leak. The leaks grew worse and worse as the wind rose. By midnight the storm was at its height; then the fires went out entirely. The helpless boat was buffeted about for three hours till at last it was driven onto one of the rocks of the Farne Islands. For a few minutes it hung on its rough support, while crew and passengers stood breathless; then a mighty sea lifted it high in the air and brought it crashing down on the jagged rib of rock; a sickening rending, and the whole rear half fell back into the raging waters and was swept away through a terrific current called the Piper Gut. On the rock were left the splintered remains of the bows and eleven terrified souls, all that were left of the sixty-three who sailed from Hull a few hours before. With the sea breaking over them, and the north wind lashing them, they clung to the sharp rock, eight men and one woman, clasping in her arms two little children. They were very quiet as it took all their strength to hold on to the slippery support, but at times as they gazed hopelessly at the light showing dimly through the driving rain, they shrieked aloud in their agony.

Meanwhile the little household at the Longstone Light had spent an evening of anxiety. It was a perilous post, given only to men of tried faithfulness and courage, so they were accustomed to storm and danger. But as they watched the rising wind and torrents of rain they grew fearful and went to bed with forebodings of disaster. Grace was restless, listening to the howl of the storm. About dawn she was roused with a cry echoing dimly in her ears. Rising quickly, she called her father and insisted on his searching the sea with his glass. He thought that she had been dreaming, and at first could find nothing, but at last dimly, through the gusts of driving rain, he

descried the poor remnant of the crew of the "Forfarshire" clinging to a rock far away to the north.

On the island there were only William Darling, his wife, and daughter. Between them and the shipwrecked there flowed a raging sea. No one man alone could possibly get a boat across. It was hopeless.

Yet not quite hopeless; Grace had taken a great resolution. In spite of the protests of the old mother, in spite of their certain knowledge that the tide would make it impossible for them to get back unless some of the men on the rock should have strength enough left to help with the rowing, in spite of the smallness of the chance that they would ever be able to reach the rock at all, the cobbles were launched and father and daughter bent to the oars. Slowly the boat made its way across the rolling water, now appearing on the top of a wave, now lost to view so long that the straining watchers on the rock and the frantic mother on the island uttered prayers of thankfulness when at last it crested a wave again. So the two toiled on, the strong man and the frail girl putting every ounce of her strength and all her gallant spirit into every pull on her oar. Tears streamed down the cheeks of the rough sailors as they watched her straining efforts. As the boat neared the rock another danger confronted them; the boat had to be steadied so that it would not be ground to pieces on the rough projections. One of the men on the rock had held on to a great spike and with it he helped to hold the boat. After several attempts and narrow escapes it was accomplished, and four men and the woman were taken off. The woman still held, hugged to her breast almost insanely, the stiff little bodies of her children, who had died in her arms from the exposure and terror of the night.

A second trip was made by William Darling to take off the four men who had been left behind on the rock. This time two of the sailors took Grace's place; her task was done.

This was the story brought back from the island by the Sunderland relief boat. Is it strange that it caused

great excitement, not only on that remote Northumberland coast, but all over England? Do you wonder that it made a deep impression on that young girl of fourteen, who now sits, a bent old woman, telling of the events of her youth as though they happened yesterday? Yes, it must be very real to her. Even as she ceases to speak, her eyes fix themselves on space and grow dreamy, and we feel that her spirit has flown back over the lapse of years, across land and sea, to the picturesque coast of Northumberland, where she is once more wandering about her father's farm at Alderstone or tramping down to the shore from which she can gaze out over the restless waters of the North Sea to a lonely lighthouse among its rocks where lives the cousin to whom all the world is paying tribute. A wagon rumbles past the house, and the coal in the base burner stove settles with a rattle, but she hears only the roar of the surf.

We hesitate to break in upon her thoughts. A golden-haired great-grandchild presses against the old lady's knee and pats her hand. With a little start Mrs. Anderson exclaims, "Why, bless me, how I have been dreaming. When we were talking about Grace Darling the name sent me back seventy years and I was thinking about how excited I was over the big storm and the rescue. You see I was only a slip of a romantic young thing and I used to wonder if I would have dared to do it if I had been on the Island in her place. . . . Well, it's hard to tell.

"Grace was always modest and sensible, and the notice she received troubled her sorely. Of course the medals and money from the societies were welcome enough, but she hated to sit for her portrait as often as it was asked, and really felt almost insulted when theatre and circus managers offered her large salaries. Visitors went to the island by hundreds trying to get a word with her, and she would have been quite bald if she had given away half the locks of hair that people demanded. It really was hard for a modest girl who felt that she had only done her duty. It was

a sad blow to the family when she died less than four years after the rescue. Yes, it was consumption. Some of the family thought it came from the strain and exposure of that morning. She was very patient, never complaining during all of her long illness and at the last she laid her life down cheerfully.

"She had a short life and I have had

is my oldest daughter's child. I took her when her mother died, leaving her a tiny thing sixteen days old, and we have been together ever since."

As she speaks, the little baby wakes up and cries. She hurries to pick it up and comfort it, in a moment proudly displaying a smiling infant, "my baby's youngest."

And so we leave her. Looking back



MRS. ANNE GATES ANDERSON

A cousin and contemporary of Grace Darling, lives in Winnipeg, and is our only link with the famous heroine of the "Forfarshire."

a very long one, eight-four years. She never married and I was married before I was eighteen and have had six children, thirty grandchildren, and fifteen great-grandchildren. No, they are not all living, and a shade of sorrow passes over the patient face. "I lost three daughters when they were women grown. The mother of these children

at the quaint old figure with her white head in its black lace cap bending over the bright-eyed babe in her lap, recalling the brave smile in the blue eyes when she spoke of the sorrows of a long, long life, we feel that her voice is so sweet and her eyes so young because she is akin, not only in blood, but in soul also, to that brave and steadfast spirit, Grace Darling.



THE SONGS I LONG FOR

BY E. LAURENCE LEE

SING me a song of a Christmas meal,
A song of old time love.

Sing of the earthly things I feel,
And the wondrous sky above.

Sing to me of the bursting sod
That breathes the life of earth.
And the old creek's bed where the
daisies nod;

And the ripple's chuckling mirth.

Sing to me of the gleaming pond
Where the minnows swam so thick.
Or sing of the old schoolhouse beyond,
And the old red church of brick.

Sing of a good old taffy-pull.
Sing of the snow and rain.
Sing of the dun old bellowing bull.
Sing of the waving grain.

Sing to me of the winter's night.
Sing of a mother grey.
Sing of a back-log burning bright —
And the little ones at play.
Sing of whatever makes the flow
Of the flood that goes back there
To a home where the firelight shadows
glow
And all of us kneel in prayer.

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES:

A GIRL with small feet always has
the hammock swung where it can
be seen from the street.

Chestnuts and Cheese

Tempus mutantur, as the fellow says.
Nowadays you can go to a picnic and
not see some young man put on the
girls' hats and get a reputation as a
comic.

Probably even a deaf and dumb
pugilist would hire some one to do his
talking for him.

People will say things about your
photograph they wouldn't dare to say
about your face.

Some people are like the turtles.
The Turtle family has been resting for
years on the laurels of the ancestor
who outran the hare.

What can women think of men who
profess to relish these little sandwiches
made of thin bread and a lettuce leaf?

It is a smart child that can recognize
its own smartness after its parents have
told of it a few times.

Don't think your chronic invalid
friend is better when he smiles. He
may have discovered a new symptom
to talk about.

COULDN'T FOOL HER

"MISS BROWN," asks the austere
chaperon, "what would you do
if a young man should ask you for a
kiss?"

"Now, don't try to make me think
you have lived as long as you have and
haven't mastered that subject!" giggles
Miss Brown.

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Desk No. 5, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

F. T. GRIFFIN,
Land Commissioner.

J. L. DOUPE,
Asst. Land Commissioner.

BALLADE TO CECILE

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY

The flying years will rise and pass,
The tides of being ebb and flow,
The individual and the mass
Like shadows come, or shadows go,
The seven seas sway to and fro,
The grape's red blood dissolve to wine,
This at the last is all I know:
You, only, are my Valentine.

The moon beyond the grey morass
Drifts with the cloud-wrack, sailing slow,
The night-wind's mingled reed and brass
Now rises high, now whispers low,
Far southward is Orion's glow
And overhead the Pleiads twine,
This at the last is all I know:
You, only, are my Valentine.

All life is frail, all flesh is grass,
However trends our joy or woe,
We melt like rain-drops on the glass
The three weird sisters willed it so,
Across our graves the grasses blow
Above our dust will bloom the vine,
This at the last is all I know:
You, only, are my Valentine.

ENVOY

Sweet! under rue or mistletoe
Yours was the soul that stood with mine;
This at the last is all I know:
You, only, are my Valentine.



Drawn by Arno Bretsnyder

The New Manager—see page 231

TRANTER, STIFF AND RIGID, WAS LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL OF
CARTON'S SIX-SHOOTER

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DAIRYING IN ALBERTA IS A RECOGNIZED INDUSTRY

SYSTEM IN THE BUTTERPAIL

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Author of "The New North," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Canadian province of Alberta is different. It is larger than Germany, it has been a province of Canada only three years, and it does things its own way.

Edmonton, its capital city, levies its rates on the single-tax system, its inter-urban railway is owned by the citizens,

and the province at large is the absolute owner of the provincial system of telephones. But, perhaps, the most interesting economic innovation from an outsider's viewpoint is evidenced in the fact that in Alberta the government churns the cream and makes the butter. The Provincial Government maintains

at Calgary the largest and most important cold storage and dairy station in the West. The way this came about is interesting.

At the time the province of Alberta was formed the dairymen became dissatisfied with the private creameries then in operation throughout the country, and asked the Federal Government to take charge of these industries. The Dominion sympathized in the demand, sent out experts to size up the situation, and as an outcome of their investigation, organized a chain of co-operative creameries throughout Alberta. These admirable and well-run institutions are subject to the control of the patrons through boards of directors under absolute government management.

The farmers separate their milk on their own farms by means of hand-separators, and the cream is brought to the government dairy-station three or four times a week. The cream on its arrival is carefully weighed and tested, and at the end of every month each patron gets credit for his butter-equivalent and receives a cash advance from the creamery of ten cents per pound.

Every thirty days a cheque for the

balance due each cream-contributor reaches him from the Department of Agriculture. The government makes a uniform charge of four cents per pound for its official butter-making, and one cent per pound is also levied for the creation of a fund to purchase buildings and machinery, of which asset the patrons are made part owners *pro rata*, according to their individual contributions.

The beneficial result of this paternal handling of the churn-dasher is readily seen. A settler having the means to buy half a dozen milch-cows is ensured a cash income from the moment he starts in to milk his first mooley-cow. The Government-stamped butter was first sold in British Columbia and the Yukon, now it crosses the Rocky Mountain continental-spine, is received at Vancouver and Victoria in the holds of waiting "Empresses" and the lordly boats of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha line and floats off across the blue Pacific to tickle the yellow palates of China, Japan, and the far Isles of the Orient. The creamery service inaugurated by the Dominion Government has since passed under the control of the Provincial Government of Alberta.

The dairying combination in golden



THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT DAIRY STATION HAS COMFORTABLE QUARTERS

Alberta is a most alluring one: inexhaustible abundance of the best possible food for cattle; marvellous native grasses, alfalfa, and peas; a neverlacking plethora of pure water; immunity from mosquitoes and flies. Then, when the farmer has separated his cream, there are the open doors of those paternal provincial creameries just waiting to gather in his creamy contribution and turn it into butter and sell it for him in the best market, all at the nominal charge of four cents per pound.

Has the thing been a success? The figures tell the story. From less than four hundred pounds in 1902, the butter output of Alberta steadily increased until 1,050,536 pounds were co-operatively manufactured in 1906, and the increase has been by leaps and bounds since.

At the inception of its provincial existence, dairying in Southern Alberta was regarded as a sort of necessary evil, a present necessity to provide a little needful cash, but withal a mere makeshift to be abandoned as soon as the wheat and stock output became sufficiently large to supply the farmer with his immediate needs and the accessories and comforts of life.

But it is not so now. Dairying in Alberta is a recognized industry in the province, an industry which gives sufficient scope and satisfactory returns for the intelligence and ability devoted to it by the dairyman.

In order to make a co-operative creamery pay in Alberta in any district,



THE FARMERS BRING IN THEIR CREAM THREE TIMES A WEEK

the government has calculated that it must be assured of the regular output from four hundred cows. So far as our information goes, taking the average of over one thousand dairy herds in Alberta, of which we have accessible records, the butter-production per cow is about 100 pounds for the six summer months. Taking this figure as a basis, the creamery-butter output from four hundred cows will be in the neighborhood of 40,000 pounds, or 20 tons, a quantity which makes it possible for the government to keep its manufacturing-cost within the four-cents-per-pound charge made to the farmer. *Such are the virtues of system and co-operation.*





HIS FANCY HAD FORMED A MASTER FOR HIM OUT OF THAT STRANGE, INCESSANT CITY-MURMUR

THE INTERPRETER

BY EDWIN BALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHARINE MACHARG BALMER

TO Kean, it was business, exchange—barter. Though a quarter million turned daily to his *Express* for counsel, hope and protection; though they made it, in trust, their speaker; and though half the city set and supported it, high-proclaimed guardian of them as their advisor and friend, it was all business to Kean—business and *his* business.

Merchant, therefore, and mere trader in news he was free to buy and sell whatever news he found cheapest, most popular and most profitable—murders, suicides, scandals, wrecks, catastrophes women ruined and all the shatterings of life. So it was a paying business indeed, the *Express*, and good business.

Yet somehow upon that *Express*—which was all business to Kean and to the hundred other hirelings of Kean's which made it profitable—somehow there was Trumbull. His name, the readers knew as little as any other unimportant detail about him. But they knew, as they caught up the *Express* one morning, that the blurs and blotches of sensations, the muddles of lies which for years they had been made to accept as news was not news. They read that morning, as usual, the leading story of the yesterday's inevitable tragedy in

their city of two millions; but that morning somehow the daub and smear of horror was wiped away from the page and there was some strange thing besides sensation to them in that tragedy.

And the next day, as they read that man's story again, the same strange feeling gripped them. A month passed and still, though he covered and replaced the ghastly and sensational with the meaning of it all, still they followed his words to the end and dropped the paper.

But then—as suddenly and as without warning as he had been raised before the *Express*'s readers, he dropped away. The blur and blotch which he had brushed from his portions of the page, covered it again. That was all. An unknown newspaper man—a bright, clear light had flashed into being before them, burned, incandesced and was gone.

The tingle and thrill of the holidays were over the city. Christmas, with its brightest tokens of the full and prosperous year, held all the streets; and the emblems, from the simplest holly and evergreens in the smallest shop to the most elaborate display in the biggest store windows, everywhere

glistened and shone with the joy and spirit of the season.

For it was the Christmas season, with the clean, crisp cheer in the late December air pervading everyone. Even the beggars and fakirs crying their tinsel toys upon the sidewalks, instinctively silenced their professional whines and glanced about as though they knew they would not be forgotten. And to the cash girls and clerks hurrying by, glowing and red in the brisk noon sunshine; to the holiday shoppers and the others idling along contentedly in the festivity of the streets; to the young fathers and mothers bustling by with their children to the half dozen extra children's holiday matinees: to all, it seemed, Christmas had brought only its brightest and best; and it seemed very good to be alive that day.

It felt good indeed to be alive, Trumbull told himself gladly as he breasted the quickening tides of the street—good to be alive again with the full flush and surge of blood in his veins, full alive again that day. The glorious fever of his strength and power beat and pulsated hot within him and he smiled as he hurried along. Like one awakened and warm again and smiling at his shiver and cowardice in his dream, he smiled then at himself—the strange, incomprehensible self of yesterday and the two hundred dark yesterdays before.

Each other time since the terrible day now almost a year gone—the day the cocaine first failed and the drug threw over its short, false allegiance and turned openly against him—each time before when he had fought off the drug for a while, some of his old glow and warmth had come back. But never like this!

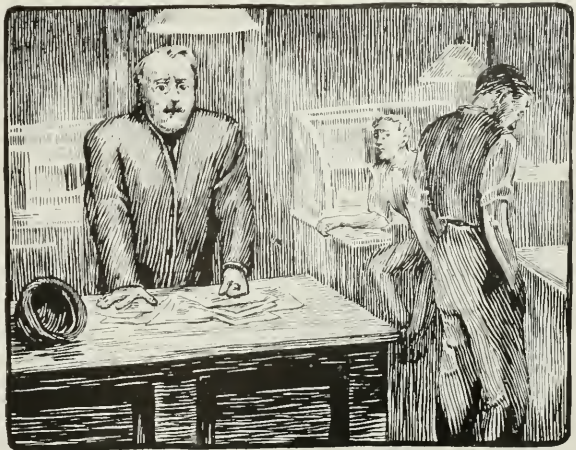
Always before, even in the struggles when he hurled his hypodermics through the window and swore frantically to die before touching them again, yet he had known that he would surely slink out for them afterwards and pick

up the needles from the ash-heap and beg again the increasing dose from the apothecary's back window. But today something was telling him, quietly and convincingly, that he would not.

It had come to him that morning when he had put up the hypodermics for the last time—quietly, he remembered, and with none of the old mad pledges and empty heroics. He had laid them simply upon the shelf; but he had known he would never take them down. And he knew it now in the fever of his strength—the strange hot fever of his strength which the drug had denied him so long and at last had let him suck again.

The feeling flashed him far back, long before he had ever known of drugs or thought of them—far back to the time when he had come as a little copy boy into the newspaper office and had thrilled and tingled so as he felt the beat of the news-heart of the city.

He remembered how, when he heard the outlines and the short, terse elements of the day's doings given to the city editor before the reporters wrote their stories, how even then the stories had formed themselves hotly in his mind in advance and how—yes how the shock of the written stories, when he read them, came to him, sickeningly sometimes, despairingly often, and then—inspiringly. He remembered how he used to hide himself on the



HIS EYES WERE STRAINING OVER THE PROOFS ON HIS DESK TO THE MEN BEYOND

corner windowsill, while the presses waited their work from the composing room, and the reporters' room, except for a chance message or two, was silent and still—and how, when the rest were going and he stayed there to stare out wonderingly into the great spotted blackness of the city, his fancy had formed a master for him out of that strange, incessant city-murmur. The sound of his city had come to him as the sounds of their seas and mountains had come to the aboriginal minds of his fathers long ago; and just as they had formed their gods from the voices of their elements, so the boy, lying with head raised to listen, made the city his master and stayed every night to speak to it when the work was done.

The boy's first fancy-forms soon passed, of course; but still the inspiration only grew. As his commander and master the city always kept rising before him obscuring Kean and the newspaper office. So to him the *Express* was always a very different thing from what it could be to Kean and to those who served Kean and went home when their copy was handed in.

And then, one night when the local room was emptied of the regular reporters and the cry of a catastrophe came into the office, Kean had no one to send but—Trumbull; and he sent him.

He recalled how, when he returned with all the story formed and fused together in the heat of his boy's fury, at last, trembling, he had sat down in the office to write it out for his master—his master which had spoken to him every night as he lay in the window and listened, and had told him how he should write. When he finished he drew himself back, calm and quiet. Kean himself had come into the office then; and, as the managing editor picked up the sheets, the boy watched without exultation how the words gripped that granite man and would not let him go. Without exultation, for he knew, even then, that they were not his words. And Kean himself had ordered the story upon the first page.

And then he remembered how, in the flush of his victory and in the freshness of his catch upon the city, Kean had sent him upon story after story and daily

"played him up" and featured his work; and how in his triumph he had not spared himself. He knew that the others were only waiting confidently to see the thousands of readers he had mustered to him become as quickly disaffected, and desert. He knew that Kean was featuring him, willing to wear him out for the profit of the flurry he had created; and that then, squeezed forever, of all profit or use, he would be tossed aside. And at that bitterest moment, his strength had broken.

But he couldn't stop. He couldn't give up then and admit that his "vein" had been worked and had played out. He would show it to them permanent, vital, inexhaustible—if he had only a little more strength. He could not lose everything then when just a little something would save all—just a little something he would not need or anyway wouldn't take again after tomorrow—after tomorrow—tomorrow. So, what harm?

The cold March morning long ago had answered. Even the sunshine which streaked into his room was grey and dead and dull to all his senses. But it would brighten in a moment and his limpness and weakness go too—in a moment. He inserted the needle and waited. Then—of course! He had needed double the amount recently. Again he waited. Then a third dose. A fourth? What if it wasn't safe? The numbness and depression had to go—it *had* to go. It didn't though; but he dared take no more. He would be all right surely, by the time he reached the office. He must be. But when there he scarcely cared if they knew. He had no reserve to resist as they pulled up his sleeve and drew back. "Cocaine!" he remembered precisely the curl of their lips. "So it was cocaine that was writing for you!"

He could make no answer as he stumbled from the office where in ten years, he had dreamed his dream, fulfilled its realization and destroyed it. And for months since, in the fever of his fights, it had been cocaine. But now as he thrilled up with the surge of his old strength, somehow, somewhere, something told him it had returned to him to answer them.

The low winter sun, shaded already by the city's sheer cliff-buildings was beginning to fail. The sharper frost of the approaching twilight began to bite in the air of the darkening canyons of the city's streets. Yet in the calm, he found himself listening as he had listened, lifting his head from his windowsill, when the bells and alarms rang out and the blood flushed and choked him as he heard the cry of his master, the city. He checked himself suddenly, flushed, fearful and wondering; when suddenly, instantaneously as the giant puff of the blasting charge bursts from the side of the mountain, out from the grim granite wall to the right a great grey cloud shot forth; hovered over, concealing and enveloping, then lifted and cleared away. And as the mountain's wreck rends and grinds down, crushed and shivered, a hurling human mass hurtled out from the wall, reeled, toppled and fell, then gathered again with a crash and shriek, gruelled together and ground on to shatter itself in the street.

A thousand tongues trembled out the alarm; the terror of a thousand more trumpeted it forth; the frantic bells of the careering engines beat it against the sky. "The New Theatre is on fire!" they cried; and violently, uncontrollably as particles on a drum-head recoil and fling themselves to the spot where the membrane is battered, those thousands sprang up, hurled themselves to the theatre doors, blenched and shrank back.

Black and blinding as it leaped in pursuit, a great burst of gas and smoke followed and fled after the fugitive column; and with it the flames roared out, then fell back again before the firemen's floods. And from the doors, no more came forth.

"Everyone is out! They're all out!" the cry rose and ran joyfully, quickly through the streets. "They're all out!" it met the tumult choking in on every side. "They're all out!" the mass repeated as the speakers themselves pressed closer. "They're all out!" the mouths repeated mechanically as the eyes strained forward. For into the trap of blazing gas and smoke, half a hundred of those in advance had hurled themselves; a score staggered



AS HE FOUGHT HIS WAY OUT, HE KNEW THAT THE EYES WERE STARING PAST AND BEYOND HIM

up again, as they fell, and thrashed their way in.

It seemed to Trumbull, as he fought inside, that his eyes were being battered back upon his brain—that the assaults of his sight, shattering upon his mind, must splinter and riddle it through. The blood boiling up through his swollen neck, burst from his nose; a chill, rank sweat soaked his clothes; and great tears started from his eyes.

He grasped the man who had flung himself in beside him and pleaded to him despairingly for denial of his delusion. But "They didn't all get out. These—these didn't get out! They didn't get out—they didn't get out!" he found himself crying over and over again. And the other stared back as wildly, pale and trembling. "They're dead," he repeated.

They were all dead. What if a boy's poor reason broke before it? They were dead. What if the murmur from without which rose with fear and fury, refused to credit or believe? All these within were dead. Already with hopeless alacrity the police were performing the single service left them. Lines with lanterns moved about and between them already men were being admitted to bear the dead forth. And somewhere in the awful silence within, a voice took command and boomed its directions in a deep monotone. Trumbull attended it tensely for an instant and then, as the stronger men admitted moved and ordered themselves to obey, he turned; and as the murmur again came in from the street, he stumbled and swung out to the foyer.

But as he came out, the moan and whistle of the thousand whispering voices, stifled suddenly and hissed away. In their hush and with the awe of the eyes of those thousands upon him, Trumbull came half way down; and then as they cried and called out to him and he felt the intolerable pressure of their eyes, suddenly with an uncanny sense of being blotted out, he knew that the eyes were staring past and beyond him.

Behind him a man bearing the first of the dead, reeled into the entrance; at his heels came another; then three more; then another. And in the street the throngs, tense and rooted, chafed a little and began to fret and stir. A seventh man lurched into sight; an eighth; a tenth. The multitude, whimpering in its fright, roughened and bristled and began stretching and straining up. More men appeared; and still another. As the line continued the swaying mass in the street rose and held together, rocking to and fro upon its tip-toes; a wild, rebellious

fever struck through it, welded it there in the crazed frenzy of its fear and dropped it back—a mob.

"The theatre is safe!" men murmured piteously to their fear. Staring into each other's eyes, they repeated it furiously and began again to believe, catching credence for their own words from their repetition from the others' lips. "The theatre," the avowal swept irresistibly through the rising tumult, "the new theatre is safe!"

They turned from each other then and stared in new fascination upon the theatre building before them. And indeed as far as they could see all its facing marble still gleamed white and unspotted in the grey light; its metal and lacquer were bright; the glass in its windows uncracked. Why—even the morning's snow upon the entrance awning was undisturbed. The theatre, of course, was safe:

And then they looked again and saw. And over that multitude as it fell back, a drugged stupor seemed creeping. Trumbull felt that where men had cried out and clamored to him at first without reason in their flushed faces, now they met him without sense or feeling or knowledge with eyes dull and cheeks bloodless and livid. And upon the multitude packed and clinging in that stupor, the impact of the bearers of the dead as they bore the bodies forth, could cause no further feeling, sense or realization. Still they came, as twilight failed and night fell suddenly; and still the multitude in the street stayed stunned, senseless and stupored. So that, Trumbull knew, though in all the rest of the world that night men must know that the theatre there had trapped the women and children who had crowded to its holiday matinee and snuffed out their lives, yet he knew that to those who stood there about him before the theatre and had seen it all, and to those too throughout all his stricken, murmuring city that night—to them alone, he knew, could come no meaning or realization of it.

At eleven o'clock in the city room of the *Express*, the story of the great theatre fire lay waiting Kean's approval.

Mr. Hardin, the city editor, fingered

the sheets complacently as he waited. Early this evening, when news of the full extent of the calamity at the theatre had reached the office, Kean had gone out; but his men had faithfully prepared the story and procured the pictures which would insure for Kean the next morning the best possible sale for his paper.

Yet as they heard the click of Kean's tread in the hall, they waited less complacently. They were used to a shrinking and a loss of the sense of their sufficiency at his approach; but now his presence brought with it a challenge which was new to them.

The copy and proofs which had been waiting him lay under his hands as he threw his weight upon his fingertips on the flat desk in the centre; but he was not looking down at them. His eyes were straining over them to the men who, as they had drawn back, had put the desk between themselves and the managing editor. The assault of his challenge jumped from one to another and probed them through; then, unanswered, dropped suddenly to the proofs upon the table.

His face hidden, the others saw only that his arms which had held rigid before, now trembled under the strain of his body; they broke under him; and slipping down into the chair beneath him, he dropped his head forward into his palms.

The long suck of his breath whistled audibly in the hush which deadened over the local room. Even the whir and click of the linotype machines on the floor below became distinct; then softly in little more than a whisper, came the low repetition from the reporter at the telephone in the corner who all that evening had been verifying the new names of the identified as they came in from the police stations.

The rest heard the slow roll mechanically; but the city editor noticed that, as the names were repeated, even the suck of the breath was checked in the form bent over the desk. Mr. Hardin leaned to the telephone upon a table beyond.

"Give me police—central station," he said. Then:

"Central police?... Is there anyone on your lists—"

The form bent over the desk, rigid before, petrified now. The city editor began again patiently.

"I want to know if you have anyone," he said. "I mean give me, please, the latest identifications under K—all you have under K."

He turned his face away as he listened and then putting down the receiver, turned his back to the managing editor and faced the men.

"They have found and—and identified them, Hardin—Hardin?" the city editor was not conscious till afterward of the physical pain in the crush of his shoulders as he put down the receiver; for the iron fingers pressed into his flesh as Kean turned him about and held him before him.

"Yes, Hardin, I understand," he spared the weaker man as the other turned his face away. "My wife and—and Harry and Edith. Both—all—I—I couldn't find them myself; but—but one of you seem to have been able. I knew it when I first saw—those," he pointed to the proofs upon the table. "And the police have identified them—all, Hardin?"

"Them all," the city editor muttered.

The managing editor dropped him and fell back. His hand, released, struck the proofs upon the table and jerked spasmodically from them. He recovered himself almost at once, however, and turned with head raised and faced his men.

"Men," he said to them at last, "this means nothing to me now—to-night. It can mean nothing—little to any of—of us to-night. We sent all we had to the theatre and they haven't come back. I can say it, but it is only so many words to-night—and that is all—when I say I know they can never come back. It must be the same with all of—with all of us who sent their wife and children there too and haven't got them back. It can't mean much to us to-night," he repeated again. "Perhaps it would be better if it could; but it can't.

"The night," the strange Kean went

on, "the night, you know, is always still and empty anyhow. If we don't go into their rooms, we won't know that they're not there or—or if they are, that they are not just—just sleeping. But in the morning it must come. There's always stir and sound in the morning; yet even to-morrow when—when there won't be, we won't understand, at first. I'll—we'll listen and wait for it but—but it won't come. There'll be no voice or step in the hall; still at first we'll be waiting for it. For we can't—we won't be able to comprehend at first that just because we sent them to the play yesterday, we can never hear our wife's voice again or see her or touch her and that—that our children can never come to us again and I—we can never look down again at their pull on my sleeve. Even when we've given up waiting for them and have gone down to breakfast alone, we won't understand. We must stop every instant and look up and listen for them and then—then—"

He shrank suddenly away from the men and touching again the papers as if they burnt him, he pleaded with his hand above them:

"And then—and then, men, are you going to send me this? Are you going to tell us *this* way? My God, men," he begged, "don't send us this! Don't. . . ." He gathered himself up with his old authority and dominance. "You're not going to send me this! You're not. You're not! But you are!"

He pulled himself violently from his outbreak.

"I don't mean that," he corrected. "I mean—there are a thousand homes in this city to-night where are men like me—and women too. They are the husbands and the fathers and the wives who sent theirs too to that theatre and shall never get them back. But they can't know that yet. Even if a few are told, they can only know it as I do to-night. They will wait for the morning before they can give up or admit it even to themselves. They must wait for the morning—for the morning? The *morning* will tell them nothing, men; the morning can tell them nothing and they are not waiting for that. They

are waiting for the newspaper! They are waiting for the newspaper to come to them and tell them before they can accept what that silence means, and that it is not a mad dream which they have dreamed, and that—that theirs can never come back. Yes; they are waiting for the newspaper—for the newspaper—and you are to send the newspaper to them! But men—men you can't tell them this way! Oh you can't tell them—us—this way! You must tell them but—but so they can believe at least, if they can't bear it! For they won't understand it at all at first; but you must help them. They think—they believe that their—theirs, though they haven't come home, must have got out somehow and that theirs must be at a hospital or a hotel and not—not in those black rows in the stations. But you have got to tell them that they are there and—and you must tell them so that they can go back and take them.

"Yes; men, to-night you must tell them so that they can believe, I say, that theirs are—where they are and that they may go there and take them. And when you tell them, you must give them some reason for it—some reason and put some—oh some, some sense into it, men, or they won't believe. They'll say that it can't be so and that it isn't and they'll throw it all away. But you must bear it to them again. You—they wait for you to-night; they turn to you and look to you and you—you—"

He seemed to see for the first time the individuals before him; and the words broke in his throat. There was Dawson, his seller of the sensational; Cardan, his huckster of news, Jackson, Lassen and the dozen others whom he, Kean, had hired and who held their positions under him for their capacity to prepare news for sale as they had prepared this for sale—and little else. Wildly, terribly, while they felt it too and cringed back from him and he hated them and despised them, yet again he tried to call upon them; but as the words choked and stifled in his throat and the blood pounded dizzily in his brain, he started toward them suddenly.

"Where—where is Trumbull?" he cried. "Oh where is—Trumbull? Hardin—Hardin," he called madly. "Where is Trumbull? Why is he not here?"

"Trumbull!" the city editor gripped himself up and echoed hopelessly, "Trum-bull, Mr. Kean—Trumbull is—is—"

"Stop! I know! I remember, Hardin. Stop!" he struggled up again desperately, fighting for his former command as he faced his men again.

"You!" he charged terribly. "You—yes, you—you have to do it! You men—yes, you have to do it! You—I'll wait for it in the composing room below!"

They listened without sound or move while his steps thudded over the flags in the hall, muffled upon the stairs, then thudded again in the hall below till the slam of the composing room door ended them. The confusion of voices arose. It was half past eleven; but, as the city editor glanced about, he sat back and waited helplessly. A damp sheet, giving a few later items, shot up through the tube and he seized upon it and corrected it absorbedly—so absorbedly that he seemed not to hear the door of the local room open again; but suddenly, in the new presence, he sprang up.

"Trumbull!" he articulated dazed. He put forth his hand and fingered the cloth of the other's sleeve dully. Trumbull!"

The other shook him off, unconscious that he did so. He seemed drugged and heavy in his movements; but as they looked closer, they saw that his limbs were really being held rigid in a violent control except for an almost imperceptible quiver as the blood jumped irregularly through his arteries and tingled in red patches under his skin. Still unconscious of the others shouldering about him and even of the city editor at his elbow, he turned from the proofs upon the table.

He looked up from them and as he grasped the city editor's sleeve and stood a moment staring past and beyond them all and out to the great, black

waiting city, Mr. Hardin felt his impulse, as long ago, and his thrill.

"Trumbull!" he murmured again. "Trumbull!"

And to the managing editor, shifting and replacing and shifting again the make up of the forms as he tried to busy himself in the composing room below, the story of the great theatre fire came down in the little brass carriers through the pneumatic tube, page by page as it was written. And as it came, it silenced for him the rattle and clang of the machines; even the bustle of the men making up the forms beside him, it hushed and made far away. For in the cloister which the words closed about him, the story of the death of his own was told to Kean; told, as he had pleaded that it be told, without fear or horror in it. His loss came to him, and the loss of the others would come to them, as part of the whole people; and yet it was personal, for it comforted him. The death of his was not a thing ghastly and terrible, a senseless, useless deprivation, but something accomplished for an end and with a reason. The death of his and of those who died with them was no longer vain and incredible; but had come to call to all the nation and all the people, of which they were a part, in a voice that must be heard to make the lives of the nation's thousands, millions and tens of millions in every building, home, hotel and factory safer from that day forever.

And then facing the fact of death—death now noble and triumphant, but still death—the words began to come with a strange hope and comfort, the strange comfort and surety which he alone can give who himself faces the darkness and is unafraid. And to the managing editor for the moment as he caught the sublimity and disregard of those words, there was gone the suffering from the death of his; and there remained only the peace of its attainment.

In the local room above, as Kean opened the door, the dozen men within were grouped about one who had fallen. The city editor was kneeling and trying to raise him; but as Kean broke through the circle and recognized

him, he took the still form from the city editor and supported it in his arms. Trumbull opened his eyes and recognized the man who held him and the new meaning of his pressure against him, but his eyes closed again and he shuddered helplessly in the chill convulsion of his collapse. Kean held him closer.

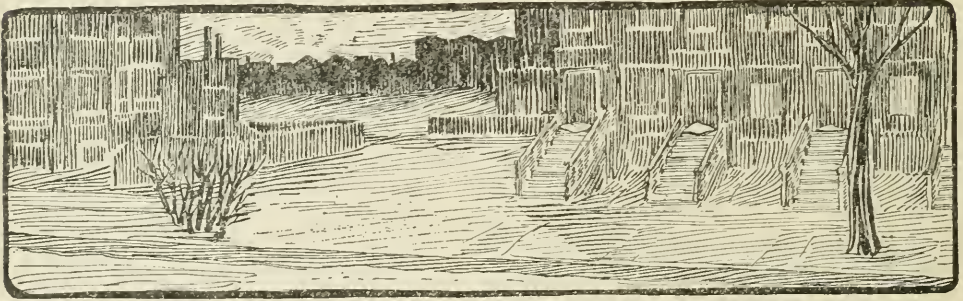
"Cocaine!" some one cried quickly. "Get cocaine!"

But Kean's head jerked up and he silenced him. He took one arm from about the other's frame and tearing open his coat and vest and holding the reporter so close that he must feel

the hot life and beat and warmth of his heart, he revived him.

From far below came a rumble; then settling to their continuous rush, came the roar of the great presses. And out to the silent, echoing homes throughout all the city where men waited with white lips for his message, the newspapers began to go.

The strain on the figure in Kean's arms relaxed; but the managing editor only caught him closer and held him against him till the collapse was over and the blood began to run warm again and his strength return.



THEY ARE WAITING FOR THE MORNING—WAITING FOR THE NEWSPAPER

OPTIMISM

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

SOMEWHERE

On this jolly, round old earth
A warm and radiant

Sun

Is always shining,

And the cloud we see to-day

Will, to-morrow,

Fade away

And leave

Just

A silver lining.

THE NEW MANAGER

BY JESSIE M. ORCHARD

ILLUSTRATED BY ARNO BRETSNYDER (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

"I AM sorry, but—I think there is some mistake."

"There is no mistake. You advertised for a competent manager for a cattle ranch in British Columbia, and—I am he."

"But I have only your word for it. You inform me that you left your recommendations behind."

Angus Carton flushed at the implied accusation. "Up to now," he said, in tones as haughty as those of the girl were scornful, "my word has never been doubted."

Brenda Mortimer shrugged her shoulders. "If less were at stake I might wish to take chances on proving it for myself. As it is—" she paused.

"As it is," Carton returned, in measured utterance, "I am to understand that you wish me to leave as soon as possible. In your eyes I am a deliberate impostor, as well as a useless greenhorn." His face hardened as he drily added: "Allow me to tell you, Miss Mortimer, that had you given me an inkling of your sex in the advertisement that I have been so unfortunate as to answer. I should have been saved the journey here."

For a moment there was silence. Then it was suddenly broken by the sound of hurrying feet. They mounted the verandah steps, and a lad came racing up to the door of the room in which Brenda and Carton stood facing each other.

"Miss Brenda," he said, quickly. "There's trouble with the men. They say that you are to—" he hesitated, and glanced at Carton—"send off this new manager and take on Maxwell again. Tranter called me into the bunkhouse just now and told me to come up and tell you so. Else there'll be doin's. They'll ride him off the ranch to-morrow mornin' sure if you don't give him the go-by yourself."

The girl laughed contemptuously. "You see why I wanted experienced help," she remarked to Carton. "I want a capable, strong-willed man to take these insolent wretches in hand. Up to now I've been able to do it myself, but I admit they're getting beyond me at last. For the present, though, I'll let them see that I am mistress here still." She addressed herself to the boy again. "Tom, go back and tell Tranter and the rest what I say—that I will not have that drunken brute, Maxwell, back again to encourage them in laziness and impudence. I am running this place, not Maxwell, and all their bluster will not scare me in the least. I shall go my own way just the same."

And, as the boy tramped off in the direction of the bunkhouse, she observed, with another little laugh: "You see, Mr. Carton, the men seem to be in the same mind about you as myself."

"With this difference," he said, concisely, intentionally returning her rudeness, "that they treat you like this because they know you; if they treat me in the same manner, it is because they don't know me."

She looked at him with an angry sparkle in her eye, and found him regarding her intently.

"Do you still, in the face of what you have just heard, wish me to go?" he inquired.

She nodded, too offended to answer politely, and he looked at her in astonishment. Was she so ignorant of her peril, so oblivious of the rough treatment to which she and her property were exposed that she could afford to treat him as she did. Here was she, a mere girl, an orphan, owning the big ranch with some two thousand head of cattle, intending to continue its supervision, yet evidently so unaware of the temper of the rangers that she believed

she could defy them and their ring-leaders with impunity. With quick intuition she guessed the trend of his thoughts.

"I am not a tyro at this sort of thing," she informed him, proudly. "My father had trouble sometimes with the men when he was alive. I have lived on the ranch a good deal since I left college, and know almost as much as he did about the management in a general way. I am dealing with the boys as he would have done, and no suggestions of possible unpleasantness to follow shall make me alter my treatment of them." And as if to end the subject she slipped off the quirt that hung by its thong to her wrist, and throwing it aside, dropped into one of the lounge chairs placed on the wide verandah.

Excitement had deepened the carmine that underlay the healthy brown of her cheek. Her dark eyes glowed brilliantly beneath the wide-brimmed sombrero. She was a striking-looking girl under any circumstances, yet, strange to say, her looks did not appeal to Carton so much as her queer, unconventional ways, and her brusque treatment of himself.

He was not an ordinary type of man himself. Calm in temperament, possessing an iron will and steady, unflinching nerve, living in the open, and accustomed to handling men, cattle and horses all his life in preference to the restrictions of town and the narrow conventions of society, he had unavoidably developed a personality far different from that owned by the general run of mankind. Consequently, Brenda's disparaging criticism of himself amused rather than angered him, while her bluntly-expressed doubts of his intelligence and ability only made him the more determined to exert them on her behalf. He had come to the ranch intending to stay, and he would not be driven away by a captious girl or a handful of ill-conditioned rangers.

He had recently sold his own ranch on the great prairie land of Canada, and, tiring of the city life in Vancouver, where he had taken up his residence, had answered Brenda's advertisement with the view of finding out whether he

would care to settle in the western part of the country himself. It was annoying, therefore, to find on descending from the wagon that had brought him from the station that the young woman who had just ridden up to the house was his prospective boss. When, too, after eyeing him critically, she calmly proceeded to decline his services, on the score of his oversight with regard to his recommendations, his astonishment changed into active displeasure. Later developments, however, only caused him to smile at the feminine unreasonableness which prompted her to reject him without a trial for so trivial a cause. She seemed entirely to forget that the circumstances in which she was placed might shortly make her wish for an ally on whom she might depend. Moreover, her unconscious helplessness had aroused his chivalrous instincts, while the impudent assurance of the message respecting himself only made him the more determined to stay where he was until he chose to depart on his own account.

Therefore, when she presently announced her intention of paying the rebellious cowboys off that very night he was glad of his resolution. He knew, if she did not, the rashness of taking such a step without adequate means to enforce her orders.

"I have all the pay-sheets fixed up to date," she told him; "so I shall have no bother on that score."

"That is well," he gravely rejoined, "for I fear you will find that the measure you propose will give you sufficient trouble as it is."

She made an impatient movement. "You seem to think I am absolutely mad!" she cried, angrily. "There are some of the men who are faithful to me. I should not be so ridiculous as to think that I could get rid of all the others if I had nobody to back me up. Of course I can manage them!"

Carton again smiled to himself as he looked down at her. In her short leather skirt and loose blouse, the latter open at the throat for the sake of coolness, she looked almost childishly youthful; but there was arrogant womanhood in the derisive superiority of the glance she gave him whilst inti-

mating the full sum of her powers, as well as girlish impetuosity in the impatient beating of her spurred boot-heel on the floor.

"Spoilt child!" was Carton's inward comment. Aloud, he said good-humoredly: "Well, Miss Mortimer, with your permission I'll go and rescue my baggage. I fancy it was taken round to the outbuildings and there's no knowing what tricks these pet lambs of yours may be up to. If possible, I should prefer to have it carted back intact to the station to-morrow." He allowed himself this much of deceit, for he judged it best not to tell her just then of his intention to remain. So, declining her conventionally expressed invitation to take supper with her, he said he would get something to eat at the men's quarters instead, and went off on a tour of inspection.

He found, as he expected, that things were in a bad way. The stables, cattle-sheds and hay-barns were in a state of dirt and disorder. Saddles, bridles, pails and brooms had been flung down anywhere on the refuse-bestrewn floors, while, outside, the corral-fences were dangerously weak in many places, and he noticed that a quantity of hides had been left to rot on the ground.

When the cook hammered supper on the iron triangle that hung at the door of the eating-house, Carton with the rest obeyed the summons, and found himself in the midst of a vociferous and angry crowd. The mutinous rangers had just received Brenda's orders to be at the office by seven o'clock to receive what was due to them, and they were inflaming themselves by noisily discussing the matter. Two or three surlily accosted Carton as he entered, roughly intimating that he was the instigator of the summons; but when he blandly informed them that he also had been told by Miss Mortimer to go, they changed their tune, and openly said that they would refuse to quit. Carton's blood boiled as he heard their bragging assertions of being able to dictate their own terms to Brenda, and so intimidate her that she would be compelled to take back the previous manager.

Thus, later on, it was a pale, scared girl who stood facing a turbulent crew of men outside the office door. On a table before her were envelopes with each man's pay in it, which one and all when called up had refused to take. They bluntly told her that unless they were given a month's pay for being fired, they did not intend to go; covertly hinted that she was practically a prisoner in their hands, and wound up by saying that they were ready to resume work as usual, provided she agreed to let Maxwell return to the ranch. Brenda stood helplessly looking at them. Three men and the youth, Tom, were behind her chair, apparently as incapable of action as herself. They were all listening to the oration that Tranter, a swarthy, black-bearded man, was just concluding.

"Let us have Maxwell back, and we'll do the square thing. If not, the boys'll cut up rough. Send us off if you want to, but we'll take good care to hold the cattle till we get our money. And like as not we'll take 'em with us as it is."

Brenda trembled visibly, but her pluck had not all evaporated yet. "You cowards!" she broke out; then stopped with a gasp of relief. From around the corner of the office a man had come quietly to her side.

"Miss Mortimer," Carton said, calmly, "let me settle these men for you." Then he turned like lightning on the throng before him. He did not appear to raise his voice, but every word cut like a knife.

"I remember you, Tranter, or Pete Ellis, as your name used to be. Who set fire last year to the granaries at Red Gulch because you were dismissed for disorderly conduct? I fancy you are still wanted by the police for that, my friend. Apparently you've gone out of the fire-bug business, and bully women instead."

The man addressed started forward with upraised fists, and, using fearful language, denied the truth of what Carton said.

"You've grown a beard since then, and your talk and your clothing are dirtier," Carton returned, nonchalantly; "but you're Pete Ellis just the same. I can see part of the scar that

runs from your cheek to the side of your mouth, though you have tried to hide it by growing whiskers. Don't try to fool me."

Tranter brought himself up short, his face working with rage, and Carton, still in the same level, forceful tone, proceeded:

"Boys! Miss Mortimer is right, and I'll stand to prove it. So you'll just take your time up to date and be away from this ranch in half an hour—every man-Jack of you. And here's another for you. The man who interferes with hair or hide of a single beef will have Carton to reckon with. And, after me, the law—as hard as I can make it for him. So now, get! The whole lot of you. Up to the table you come. Take your money, and vamoose!"

His tone and manner had changed in an instant. Peremptory, incisive, alert, the rangers in a body instinctively submitted to his control, and went up to the table in sullen silence. All but Tranter. He sprang with blazing eyes and the growl of a wild beast at Carton, whirling his mighty arms aloft as he rushed. Brenda screamed and closed her eyes. But dead silence ensued: there was no sound of a blow or fall; and she looked up again. Tranter, stiff and rigid, was looking down the barrel of Carton's six-shooter.

"Now, Mr. Tranter, perhaps you'll take your money," the latter observed, dropping his voice to its former quiet. And without further demur the man went up to Brenda to receive it.

"But I'll have my day yet!" he said, glancing back with a final oath at Carton, as he put the bills in his wallet and went away.

Carton merely inclined his head. He had the whip hand. There was no need to crow any more.

After the men, one by one, had gone, and they were left alone, Brenda suddenly hid her face in her hands, and began to sob. Carton's jaw almost dropped. In this dilemma he did not know how to act. Except his sisters years ago in their childish days, no woman had ever wept in front of him. He could face angry men, handle enraged cattle, and break in the wildest horses; but a weeping girl was a fear-

some thing. And in his consternation, with some vague reminiscence of a mother he had once seen with a screaming or choking child, he patted Brenda heavily between the shoulders by way of administering a wholesome and soothing remedy. She started up with flaming cheeks.

"How dare you—how dare you—touch me, insult me like that!" she cried. And before he could utter a word in self-defence she had rushed from the office and flown, like a wild thing, back to the house.

For a moment he stood looking after her in amazed perplexity. Certainly he did not understand women! But pressing matters were on hand, and he went off to find Tom and the two or three men on whom he could depend.

Having interviewed them he rode out to inspect the cattle, took a look at the land, and occupied himself in various ways until dusk. He found on his return to the men's quarters that the manager's shack had been placed at his disposal by Brenda, and preparations made for his occupying it during the night. But the night was hot and sultry. He did not sleep inside, preferring a hammock and the mosquitoes in the porch: and with his pipe in his mouth lay there considering how best to arrange the affairs of the ranch. He laughed to himself when he suddenly discovered how entirely he had left the owner out of his calculations.

"But then she's such a kid. She's no idea of what ought to be done," was his last thought before he finally turned over and slept.

And in the meantime the "kid," with bright eyes and a beating heart, was going over one by one the incidents of the day in which this quiet, masterful man had taken part. She blushed for shame when she remembered that, because he had not flourished a sheaf of credentials in her face she had practically accused him of being a cheat and a useless nonentity.

The next morning Carton was up long before the first gong, piling rubbish into a wagon which stood awaiting the team. To his surprise he presently found Brenda at his side.

"Mr. Carton," she began, hesitat-

ingly, "I did not thank you for your help last evening. I do so now with all my heart. I cannot imagine what would have become of me without you. And—will you forgive the way in which I treated you at first?"

With a wholly new and half-shy manner she put out her hand, slowly, as if doubtful whether he would take it. But Carton grasped it cordially.

"That's all right," he returned, heartily, "You were wise to treat me with the caution you did. You've nobody to look after you but yourself. And now," he added, "I suppose after what you've said I ought to ask your pardon for butting in on your business yesterday with the men."

They both laughed, and after some discussion of the day's plans Brenda went away contented. She had waited in intense trepidation fearing to hear that Carton was leaving in accordance with her wish of the preceding day.

He leaned on his fork and looked thoughtfully after her. In her white morning dress, with its plain turn-down collar, and neatly belted waist, she appeared a different creature from the half-pert hoyden of yesterday. This was an altogether gentler, more womanly being, and he wondered what had produced the change. But time was flying, and Carton fell to working again. Directly he had dispatched his breakfast he saddled up. He was going to the town, ten miles distant, to see what men he could find to take the place of those who had left. Before he started, he went to the bungalow to inquire if Brenda had any commissions for him to execute, and found her busily engaged in cake-making. Her sleeves were rolled up, and her pretty rounded arms plunged in the bowl of ingredients before her. There was a dab of flour on her nose, and Carton stood looking at it, and her, forgetting what he had come for. It had never struck him till then how adorable a girl could look wearing a large blue overall, and with a floury mark on her nose. And it was only the sight of her blushes at his prolonged regard that recalled him to himself and made him hastily tell her what he had come for, while all the way into town there hovered before

his eyes an alluring vision of a dark-eyed girl bending lightly over a pastry-board with cheeks that went rose-pink each time she caught his eye upon her.

The ranch gradually began to get into better shape with Carton as overseer, and everything was going smoothly until, about a fortnight later, he was startled from sleep by a series of sudden, sharp reports in the home pasture, where about five hundred head of cattle had been collected. He shouted to rouse the men in the bunkhouse, and within five minutes was on his horse and galloping towards the spot where evidently some dynamite cartridges had maliciously been placed. But every beast was already on its feet and tearing madly forward in the direction of Boulder River. Nothing would save them unless he could turn them from their course, and this he determined to try to do. He had a fast horse under him, and soon forged ahead. At first he had been behind the stragglers, then he crept up until he was almost abreast of the leaders.

Yet it seemed impossible to save the herd. If only he could head off the frenzied creatures in front and swing them well to the right all danger would be avoided, as the others would immediately follow. But the time now was so short for this to be done. Each minute brought them nearer the turbulent stream; the ground was dipping; and the pace was accelerating. To make matters worse they were crossing a rough, broken spot where the slightest trip on the part of his broncho would mean a fall from which neither could rise again. The hoofs of the infuriated animals by whose side he was now closely riding would pound them instantly to death.

But Carton did not hesitate. It was worth the risk, and he held himself partly responsible for this stampede. He should have set more guards, and watched more carefully, remembering Tranter's threat. And he bent himself lower over his saddle, urging on his horse still more desperately. He was conscious that one of the hands was following close on his heels. Two of them could possibly turn the herd. It was a chance, and fortune presently

avored them. A rocky knoll deflected the leaders slightly from their course. They swayed to the right, keeping to the lower ground, and now was the men's opportunity. They charged the slope, raced up to the summit, swept down the other side in one terrific, headlong rush, and had gained the leaders before they could round the corner of the hillock. Then, by dint of yelling madly, and slashing at them with their stockwhips, they soon had them swerving safely away from the river, and finally, after repeated charges and shouting the whole mass was gradually manoeuvred into one huge revolving circle that turned more and more slowly until the exhausted animals stumblingly came to rest. At last, able to relax his concentration upon the herd, Carton wiped his brow and called out cheerfully to the man behind him.

"Well," he said, "I guess we've got out of that by the skin of our teeth."

The other did not reply immediately, but he lifted his head, and, in the light of the early dawn, Carton saw that it was not a man but Brenda who had followed him.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, thunderstruck, "Brenda—Miss Mortimer! What on earth are you doing out here!" he spoke almost roughly, so overwhelmed with consternation was he at realizing the risks she had run.

"I have done this before—with father," she said, riding slowly up to him. "And why shouldn't I help to protect my property! I expected something of the sort to happen after the row with the men. I knew you couldn't spare more men to watch at night, so I used to sit up, too, and kept Peter always saddled and fastened to the verandah so as to be ready to start off if necessary. But, of course, you think me unwomanly for riding out like this!" And she looked at him with a touch of the old defiance in her eyes.

"I don't," he returned, strenuously. "I should never think you that. I only thought of the danger. Child, you might have been killed!" he cried, with a sudden break in his voice.

"And no one would care," she rejoined, nervelessly, pale and weary now that the strain and excitement were over. There was the sound of a half-stifled sob in her throat.

"I should!" And his voice was low and tense. He had dismounted, and stood, looking up at her, one hand on Peter's bridle, the other, entreatingly seeking hers. "Brenda—sweetheart! I never accepted the dismissal you gave me. Tell me, am I to take it now? What is my fate to be?"

Light came into Brenda's eyes as she met his ardent, anxious look. She gave a sudden, happy laugh. "My manager—always!" she whispered.

TWILIGHT IN TOWN

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

THE city hurries past with brazen feet,
A thousand things are at my hand to do;
And then the pale dream-children come and pull
At my swift-flying hands and busy heart.
Frail ravelled shreds and silken strands of song
Net my unheeding feet and mist my eyes,
Till, mazed among my figures, I look up;
See the lamps lighted, and above the smoke,
The clear, pale, pitying glory of a star.



The Ramferinkus

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

FROM the big tents glowing dull yellow softly came the sound of the circus band. Back of the dressing tent a few of the hands were lying to each other in an interval of leisure. The transfer wagons bulked against the dim lights of a distant street. It was a peaceful night, and moonless.

The old circus man sat removed, subsiding after a remarkable demonstration of the comminatory possibilities of English speech. He had been recalled from the "paper car," away out in advance, to straighten a tangled printing order, and his hour with "the old man" had been one of trial, aggravated by what he had been compelled to hear about the efficiency of certain press agents.

"Hawt air," said he. "Some of these kiddos in the circus business has got to learn that a show ain't run by

press agents. A show ain't nawthin' without printin', and press agents don't know nawthin' about it. An' printin' ain't nawthin' unless it shows up nachrel histry an' performers with enough 'magination accordin' to nacher an' performers. Besides, printin' ain't no good unless its away ahead of the show—an' *i* believe in starch paste. It's weather-proof.

"This old man we got now ain't like the ones that used to be in the business. He leans too much on press agents an' what's in the ring, 'stead o' what's in the printin'. I bin in the business ever since I was old enough to let go of mother's skirts, an' I've seen old men of all kinds. But this one gets me. The business is certainly gettin' on the blink."

He filled his pipe carefully and lighted up.

"Things ain't like they used to be," he resumed. "In the good old days, anybody would lend a hand to anything that had to be done, an' the show was run on the printin', like it ought to be. The printin' end was the big end, and a man had to work up to it from the bottom. I begun with bein' a candy butcher, an' it was long after I'd bin round the world clectin' animals an' curiosities that I got into handlin' the paper exclusive. That was way back.

"Mr. Barnum was the best old man we ever had, an' I worked up under him. He knew what printin' was—Mr. Barnum did. Run the show on it. An' no man ever got into the paper car that hadn't showed what he could do in the other work. We was all subject to orders at a minit's notice in them times. Go to the other side o' the yearth quicker'n a monkey'd take his hat off, if the old man said so—an' if we didn't get what we went fer, we needn't come back.

"Wunst when we was playin' a three day stand in Montreal I was goin' along past the custom house to the river with some o' the fellers to a boat we'd hired to go across to the other side, jes to get away from the crowd for an hour or two, when along comes Barnum himself, an' Lew June.

"Lew June was the oldest man in the business then. Nobody ever knew how long he'd bin in it. Away back he'd had two pardners by the name of Angevine an' Titus. I heard Mr. Barnum say wunst that June, Angevine and Titus hired Noah's menagerie soon as the ark bumped the beach, an' made a round of the northern circuit

afore the mud had time to dry, but I guess that was a josh.

"Well, anyhow, when Mr. Barnum sees me, he lets out a hail.

" 'Where you goin', Bill?' says he.

" 'Crost the river, with some o' the gang,' says I.

" 'No you ain't,' says he. 'You goes to Africky,' says he, 'in half an hour. The Lively Polly is tied up jes down there, with all your supplies aboard.'

" 'What am I goin' to Africky fer?' says I.

" 'What does any showman go to Africky fer?' says he. 'Animiles, acourse. Strange animiles an' curiosities.'

"That was all they was to it fer me. So off I goes to where the Lively Polly sloop was lyin' awaitin', an' hops aboard with jes what I'd got on, an' we ups an' sails fer Africky insida ten minits.

"What was my supplies? Beads—red, blue an' yalla. Hand glasses—big, little an' mejum. Britch-clouts—linen, cotton and duck, fer men, wimmin an' children. Safety-pins—brass, steel and nickel, big an' little. Calico cloth, all colors. A hundred blocks o' free passes fer missionaries, an' complimentaries fer the press. An' printin'. Slathers of it. An' paste—starch paste—an'

brushes big an' little, long an' short handles, fer puttin' it up high an' low.

"Well, anyhow. After a tempeschus voyage o' six weeks or so we throws over the anchor one mornin' in a cove o' water called Table Bay, at the tail end of Africky, an' insida two hours we makes procession an' drives on the lot in Cape Town

"That town ain't good for more'n a one-day stand, anyhow, so after we've



"I'M GOIN' DOWN END OVER END THROUGH THE AIR"

stretched the sea-cramps out of us, off we goes up the country, with a train o' supply wagons an' a string o' tame camels and zee-byous, an' a brass band to let the natives know we was a comin'. 'Nafter some triflin' barter just to get my hand in, I hits up against King Bullywayo's ranch, on the Congo river, an' casts around for the lay o' the land. He was the king of the Zoo-loos.

"Did I know Bullywayo? Did I kn— Say! He ain't nawthin' but a great big moke. That's what he is. But

when he speaks up an' says to me, he says:

"'Bill, jever hear about them ram-ferinkuses what used to be so thick round here an' about a hundred to a hundred an' fifty mile inland?'

"'No, Bull,' says I, an' I begins to listen good, because rare animiles was gittin' pretty gol-darned rare. 'Is they animiles?' says I, lookin' kinda unconcerned.

"'They sure is,' says Bull, 'if they's any of 'em left. I know they was two stags last season, for some o' my imp-



"ME AN' BULLYWAYO ARE A-SITTIN' ON HIS PORCH SMOKIN' OUR ROPES"

he's a good deal of a sport, an' white—fer a moke. Me an' him gits to be thicker'n nine in a bed. He'd got a big new barn just built, an' painted red, an' he let me cover all four sides of it an' the roof with printin' for the One an' Only Greatest. I put it on with starch paste, too, an' I'll betcha it's there yet. That's how much he thoughta me.

"I stayed with the old coon about a week, an' then one evenin' when I was gettin' ready to move along, we're a settin' on his porch smokin' our ropes,

eyes seen 'em while they was scoutin' around after some cannibal coons up on the Gum-bo river that had run off some o' my field hands fer a barbecue they was goin' to hold. They's only them two old stags left,' says he, 'an' when they fights they starts a yearthquake.'

"'What kind of a animile is it, Bull?' says I.

"'It's about as long as a railroad car,' says he, 'an' it's got horns an' hoofs an' tushes, an' it rares up an' fights with any one o' them. An' it's

got hair on its breast, an' a tail as big around as the Nova Scotia giantess an' as long as a centre pole, with an iron stinger on the end. 'Fyou want a rare animile, Bill,' says he, 'you go an' get one of them. I'll help you,' says he.

" 'How'll you help me, Bull?' says I.

" 'I'll give you a rijment o' my Zoo-loo imp-eyes,' says he. 'They's a thousand o' them, an' they ain't afraid o' nawthin', and they won't cost you a bone,' says he. 'They'll find theirselves,' says he, 'an' anyhow you'll need 'em if them cannibals tries to jolt you.'

" 'Well, Bull,' says I, 'I've bin in this business almost forty year, an' I've bin in every kind of a clemmin' match in all America, an' if any of them up-the-country coons cuts my guy-ropes they'll get the hey-rube right off the bat. I ain't scared of 'em,' says I. 'But,' I says, 'them imp-eyes o' yourn might come in handy when I rope that there ramferinkus.'

" 'If you find him,' says Bull.

" 'I'll find him all right,' says I. 'Betcher life. When a man in my business goes out fer anything, he gets it. He's got to.'

"The next morning old Bullywayo he stands up a thousand o' them Zoo-loo imp-eyes of his in a row, and I takes a bucket o' glue—glue this time, not starch—and goes along behind 'em, an' I has a boy with a push-cart full o' gutter snipes and date-strips, with nawthin' printed on them but the name o' the show an' a blank fer a date, an' I slaps one o' them on the back of every imp-eye in the hull row, just above the britch-clout, so's I'd know 'em from any other kind if we gets into a rough-house. An' then, just as I was a climbin' aboard o' my camel, Bull he comes up an' hangs a little bag around my neck with a string.

" 'What's that, Bull?' says I.

" 'That,' says Bull, 'is a omelette, but the ignorant niggers calls it a fetchit. It's a charm,' says he, 'to save your life. You'll never get your eye blacked while you wear that,' he says.

"I thanks him, an' off we goes for about thirty mile down the turnpike,

till we comes to a dirt road an' a toll-gate. An' at this here toll-gate there's a guy with a old-fashioned tin-type outfit that wants to take my picture sittin' on my camel hagglin' with Arabs for tigers and sich-like cattle, two tintypes fer a quarter. Instead o' which I gives him a pass to the show. Afterwards the old man had the finest window-piece I ever seen made out of that picture, only he had the printer put more clothes on me than it showed. You see, all they wear in that part of Africky is a britch-clout an' a coat o' ile, it's so hawt an' close. An' I was dressed accordin' to the custom of the country when the tintype was took. 'It's all right, Bill,' says the old man when he seen it, 'only this is a moral show, an' the moral towns won't stand fer it. They're kickin' about the tattood man already. I'll have to put some more duds on ye in this,' he says. An' he done it.

"Well, anyhow. A coupla days after that we come to the Gum-bo river, an sure enough there was them cannibal coons layin' fer me—ten thousand o' them, I guess, but they looked like fifty thousand, an' of all the scraps!—Say! Every one o' them had a self-cookin' asseguy an' a pocket-gun. An' fight!

"I seen a cupla hundred hippopotamuses wunst a fightin' up on the Nile river one Sunday afternoon, an' the way they chewed an' chanked each other an' bellered was—you know the hippopotamus is said by the college faculty to be the Beeheemawth of Holy Writ. An' them there Beeheemawths churned up that there Nile river till it looked like ten mile o' suds, but that wan't nawthin' to what happened on the Gum-bo river. Did we put it over 'em? Say! I got a fur overcoat to home now that I had made out'n the scalps we took that day. Captured their king, too, an' had 'im in the show fer five years, till he boozed himself to death. I had 'im tied by the thumbs with a piece of twine to the tail of a wagon when we made procession again. His wife traipsed after us most a week tryin' to buy 'im off—offered me a wagon load of elphunts' tushes an' a barl o' gold dust,



"I SLAPS A DATE-STRIP ON THE BACK OF EVERY IMP-EYE IN THE HULL ROW"

but that wan't nawthin' to what a genyouine captive king was worth to the show, so I give her the throw-down. I wan't in Africky doin' no kidnappin' fer ransom. 'Nanyhow, he died happy ever afterwards, as they say in the story books.

"We had a quiet time for a few days after that big clem on the Gum-bo, an' I didn't get much that was reely good—except a bunch o' Jypshun jugglers with rings in their ears an' noses that had went broke givin' a little hall show through Africky, an' was walkin' between stands. They was glad enough to sign on for ten a week an' cakes for the whole troupe.

"Then one night when I was sound asleep in a crossroads tavern, in bumps the landlord fit to bust.

"'Git up, Bill!' says he. 'Git up quick an' go to it. Them there ramferinkuses is makin' it thick about five miles from here. Now's your chance!'

"I rolls out o' bed an' slings on a coat o' ile an' feels for my omelette, an' off we goes, my own gang an' old Bullywayo's imp-eyes, all on the hot-foot. All the while the ground is a shakin' like they was a yearthquake sure enough, just like Bull said, an' when we had gone about four miles we begins to find blood an' hair an' chunks of ivory as big as your hat, that them two beasts has knocked out of each other's tushes. An' when we gets to where they are, whaddya think!

"There they stands, the two o' them—the only two ramferinkuses in the world born out of captivity, an' entirely extinct all but them. An' them two old stags has raired up on their hind legs an' their horns has got buckled, and there they stands, locked fast!

"'Gee!' says I to myself. 'I comes out fer one an' I gets 'em both. Barnum luck,' says I.

"So I calls fer a cable an' jist as I'm

passing it round their hind legs, they ups an' comes unbuckled, an' then—

"Say! If ever they was a palm tree clum in all this world, they was one clim right then, my son. I'm up there before I knows I'm started, an' there I am, with them two ramferinkuses tearin' an' snortin' for me, an' reachin' up an' blowin' their hawt breath on me, ragin' for my blood. An' them there imp-eyes in the gray o' the mornin' showin' me a thousand o' my own date-strips, beatin' it out o' that like all creation poundin' tan bark—an' not one o' my own men in sight!

"Whad I do? Nawthin'. They wan't nawthin' to do but wait. And there I waited, six days an' five nights, in the cool o' the year, with nawthin' on but a britch-clout an' a omelette an' a coat o' ile, with them two infuriated beasts tryin' to butt my tree down, an' slingin' the sting-ends o' their tails to within three feet o' the top, where I was. An' not a bite to eat but cocynuts an' dates an' bread-fruit that grew on the palm tree I was up. An' nawthin' to drink but cocynut ile outa the nuts.

"I mighta bin there yet, fer afterwards I found out that everybody thought I was dead, if it hadn't bin for a hawt mornin' an' a hungry bird.

"Them enraged animiles was in a extra grouch that mornin', an' the vertikle rays o' the trawpickle sun was a burnin' me back an' front, an' I hadn't changed my coat o' ile for so long that the cookery smell of it got to a giant con-dor that was sailin' around in the air lookin' fer his breakfast. He cocks his head on one side an' sees me, and he thinks I'm it, an' what does he up an' do but swoop down an' dig his talents into my britch-clout—an' me—an' pick me up an' sail off, lookin' for a good place to light an' have his little refreshment.

"But there's where the superiority of civilization come in.

"'Bill,' I says to myself, 'I guess

they ain't so shy on angels yet that they got to call you in. You just wiggle outa this, somehow.'

"So I works around an' gets a holt on one o' his legs, and then I begins to chew, an' I chews one foot off him, an' it's such a big one it makes a dint in the ground when it lights. He *was* a bird—fifty feet across the wings, easy. An' the toughest ten-dons in his legs you ever tried to bite in two. I tell you son, that other leg had me goin'. Three o' my teeth stuck in it, an' he owes 'em to me yet, but it fetched loose after all, an' first I knows I'm goin' down end over end through the air, hangin' onto that foot like it could save me, an' the screams o' the con-dor flying away with his legs half gone a-ringin' in my ears, an' gettin' fainter, till I hits the water o' Table Bay with a splash that sends the spray clean over the mast-heads of a sloop that was there. An' when I comes up, it's the Lively Polly!

"That was a quick return date, I can tell you, son. I got my gang together, an' one o' them had a snap-shot o' them two ramferinkuses that developed good, an' I wanted the old man to work it up into a thirty-eight sheet stand, but he wouldn't. Said the public o' the moral towns didn't have 'magination enough to foller such a piece o' printin'. That's the only time I ever knew the old man to fall down.

"This one hain't stood up yet. I mean this old man we got now. You can't get him to get out no printin' that's got 'magination an' a story to it. He's stuck on performers, as if performers was any good fer a show. No sir! No show ain't no good without printin', an no printin' ain't no good without 'magination. Everything ain't real what you see in a show. An' the old man's bin braggin' to me about his press agent. Press agent? These here press agents ain't dry behind the ears yet. Hell!"

THE WOMAN DOCTOR IN CANADA

BY LEE M. EDWARD, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



DR. BEATTY

FI F T Y years ago this would have been an unheard of subject, and yet at the present day, the woman doctor has gained undisputed prestige in Canada as well as in other parts of the world. Canada was among

the last to accord to women a place in medicine, but in spite of her tardiness she has advanced with great strides and now welcomes the woman practitioner as warmly as other countries, which were earlier in their acknowledgment of her ability and service.

As early as the time of Homer we read of women doctors. Among the Greeks, Olympia of Thebes, Aspasia and Agnodice were renowned in the practice of medicine, and even in the eleventh century, B. C., Egypt had a medical college which provided for the education of both sexes. Through succeeding ages we find them in Bologna, Paris, Berlin, London, Zurich and St. Petersburg. In England the prejudice was keen. The first woman to study medicine was Elizabeth Garrett (now Dr. Garrett-Anderson). Some of her work she was obliged to take privately and pay enormous fees for, and subsequently was compelled to receive her degree from Paris, 1868, as she could not obtain it in England. She is now one of the most noted women in England.

In America, where everything is for advancement and youth and optimism lend their aid, greater progress has been made. In Boston, in 1848, a college for women was established, and since then many have sprung up in the United States—some in affiliation with different universities, and some for women alone.

In one of the latter, the New York Medical College for Women we find, in 1867, Emily Howard Stowe, who was destined to open the medical profession to women in Canada. She was a strong woman of noble character and lofty resolve, and was amply fitted for her task. She had had a difficult life, having been principal of a public school in Brantford, which was an unusual position for a young woman in those days. After her marriage she took up



EMILY STOWE, M.D.

Pioneer woman doctor in Canada

the study of medicine, which had been a long cherished hope, and in 1867, after graduation, came to Toronto, where she was a pioneer in the profession. She met the many difficulties incidental to her position with courage and fortitude, and was a leader in all movements for the higher education of women. She strove to better the conditions of the poorer classes, and in all her endeavors the ennobling influence of medicine was seen.

So impressed was she with the idea of the necessity for women in medicine that her daughter, Augusta Stowe, who was as yet a young girl, undertook to study in Toronto at the old school of medicine, which was still a college by itself. Here she received most of her instruction with the men, and no little resentment was felt by the latter. They felt it keenly that a woman should enter their classes and made her position as hard for her as possible. They sought every opportunity of making disagreeable situations and never lost a chance of making her uncomfortable. The strain of these conditions as well as the heavy work almost broke down her health, but she continued her studies arduously and in 1883 went up for her final examination, where she was successful. Her degree was granted from Victoria University in Cobourg, as the University of Toronto and Trinity University, where the men graduated, at that time gave no degrees to women in any faculty. This degree, however, enabled her to practice in Ontario, and Dr. Stowe-Gullen is now one of the prominent women practitioners of Toronto, where she holds a position on the staff of the Western Hospital, and also of the Haven for Women and Children.

The difficulties and trials of Dr. Stowe appealed to one of the Toronto physicians, who was professor of physiology in the Toronto School of Medicine, and believing that much good could be done by women in medicine, Dr. Barrett decided to support their cause and to endeavor to establish a medical college for them. Accordingly he called a public meeting in Shaftesbury Hall, under the auspices of the Women's Suffrage Club, in 1883. Honorable Justice Patterson presided and Dr. Barrett brought forward the question of medical education for women, and the necessity for a college. James

Beatty, Q. C., M. P., moved that medical education for women was a recognized necessity, and consequently facilities for such instruction should be provided. Rev. Dr. King, in seconding the motion, contended that the establishment of such a school was a public necessity. It was decided to secure requisite funds for the building of a college and to proceed at once with it. It was resolved to have a Board of Directors of four of the faculty and three women, chosen by the subscribers



MARGARET MCALPINE, M.D.

to the endowment fund. The board of trustees consisted of many of the most prominent and cultured men and women of Toronto. They succeeded in collecting enough money to proceed with the building of a college, and on October 1st, 1883, the Women's Medical College opened. Since then, Toronto has practically been the centre of medical education for women in Canada, and while it existed the Women's Medical College in Toronto was the only one in Canada. There are other colleges in which women can study medicine, but they have very few in attendance.



IDA LYND, M.D.

able to exist at all, for their finances were at a low ebb. The faculty were paid almost nothing, in many cases not receiving enough to pay their car fare to and from the college. In 1894 failure threatened from lack of funds, and a joint stock company was formed to meet expenses.

Through the years from 1883 to 1904, the college proceeded with increasing numbers of students, and was sending out a class of strong, earnest women with a zeal for doing good. Many of them now are settled in different parts of the world, some as missionaries, some as successful practitioners. In 1901, however, the University of To-

At the opening of the college in 1883, the Mayor of Toronto was in the chair, and Dr. Barrett presented the opening address. The college had at first a very scanty attendance, but those who registered there received the best tuition as the staff consisted of many of the University professors, as well as many doctors who are at the top of the profession in Canada. Dr. Barrett was the first Dean and a kind and able man he was. Those who knew him have only good to say of him. He was a friend to women and always generous and chivalrous. On the staff was appointed Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, who was the first woman in Canada to receive an appointment in a medical college. She was demonstrator in anatomy. Dr. Barrett was Dean until his death in 1887, when the cause lost a true friend and able supporter. After his death, Dr. McPherson became Dean but resigned very shortly owing to stress of professional and academic duties. Following him, Dr. Nevitt was chosen, and held the position until the college closed in 1906. It was only owing to the indefatigable work and almost thankless service of the members of the staff that the college was



AUGUSTA STOWE-GULLEN, M.D.

ronto, which had by this time taken in the old school of medicine, registered women in the new combined six years' course in arts and medicine. This procedure took students from the college, as of course facilities at the University were much greater for medical study. Their registration threatened to ruin the college, and in consequence of this the *alumnæ* formed a committee to meet a committee from the University to discuss matters. The University declared its intention to give instruction in anatomy only, but this gave no redress, as the fees in anatomy were one of the chief sources of revenue to the college. Thus the committees could not agree on this point, and the University accordingly proposed having a faculty for women. This was not satisfactorily arranged, however, for it was contended that the University was co-educational, and could not under these circumstances exclude women from any of its departments. Finally, a commission was appointed by the Government of Ontario to look into the management of the University and its relation to colleges in affiliation with it. The question was discussed with the faculty and *alumnæ* of the Women's Medical College, and existing conditions in other universities were looked into. The University of Manitoba at Winnipeg and Dalhousie at Halifax admitted women for instruction in medicine, though the attendance was small. Women at this time were admitted to schools of medicine in Dublin, Durham, Liverpool, Johns' Hopkins, Sydney, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham and Aberdeen, and in many others to special classes, i. e., Edinburgh, Glasgow and Michigan, and in many of these women held university appointments. After long and heated discussions it was decided to admit women to medicine in the University of Toronto, and this of course premised the closing of the Women's Medical College. Thus it passed out of existence after twenty-three years of great usefulness and in the fall of 1906 women were registered in medicine in the University of Toronto, and received all their instruction in that faculty from University pro-

fessors and teachers. This was the first great change since the founding of the college, and though many had feelings of regret at its passing, it was felt by all to be an advance in the right direction and was looked upon by many as the dawn of a new age in women's education.

There were about twenty-five women registered in all the four years, of whom thirteen were in the two final years. The women received their lectures in classes separate from the men and in some cases the two final years had their lectures combined. Separate lectures, however, necessitated the repetition of each course delivered by the professors. In many cases the latter was found an impossibility, as many of the professors were professional men and had not the time to devote. As a result younger men were appointed to lecture to the women. This was found a serious disadvantage to many of the students who felt that they could not compete with the men on such unequal terms. On this account some of the fourth year women students with some of the *alumnæ* visited the president and different professors and stated their grievance.

At present the study of medicine is practically co-educational. A few of the classes are taken separately in one or two subjects, but exactly the same instruction is given to both. This is shown by a remark of one of the professors in the fall of 1907 under the new regime: "All students are to be treated the same whether wearing a coat or a skirt." In fact every advantage is now given to the women.

Probably the most noted in an academic way is Dr. Maude E. Abbot, who is Governor's fellow in Pathology at McGill University, and is curator of the museum there, where she has improved the system of museum teaching. Her article on "Congenital Cardiac Disease," in Dr. Osler's "Modern Medicine" has been greatly appreciated, and for years to come will be the authority on that subject.

Dr. Helen MacMurchy is the only other medical woman in Canada to hold a University appointment, and she demonstrates in gynecology in the



MARGARET GORDON, M.D.

museum in the University of Toronto. She is also on the staff of the Toronto General Hospital, where she is assistant to Dr. Ross in gynæcology. She is keenly interested in questions of public health—i. e., milk supply, water filtration, etc. Last year she had an appointment from the Government to compile a census of the feeble-minded in Ontario, and report on their conditions, which she ably did. She is a clever, active woman, thoroughly *au fait* with the questions of the day.

In Montreal, Dr. McDonald is well known and holds an appointment as Medical Inspector of High Schools.

The woman who probably does the largest practice is Dr. Ida Lynd, of Toronto. She has an appointment as assistant to Dr. Ross in gynæcology at the Toronto General Hospital. She was one of the lecturers in the old Women's Medical College, and has practised in Toronto for the last eighteen years.

Dr. Jennie Gray has also a large practice in Toronto. She is on the staff of the Western Hospital, and is at the head of the Gynæcological Department in the Women's Dispensary. The latter is the only one of its kind in Canada. It is managed by women alone and here women of the poorer classes receive treatment free, and dozens attend the daily clinics. Dr. Gray lectured in gynæcology for years at the Women's Medical College, and was always a favorite with her students.

Dr. Eliza Gray, her sister, practices with her, but follows more general work in practice, and has not specialized in gynæcology as Dr. Jennie Gray has.

Another woman with a large practice is Dr. E. L. Skinner-Gordon, who is at the head of the obstetrical department in the Women's Dispensary. The women students attend some of the clinics here and receive instruction though it is not prescribed in the regular course. Dr. Skinner-Gordon was for years a lecturer to final students in obstetrics and to juniors in anatomy.

Dr. Lelia Davis was the first woman to receive a hospital appointment in Canada, and is still on the staff of the Western in Toronto, and pathologist at that hospital. She graduated from the Women's Medical College, and also studied abroad.

Dr. Grace Ritchie-England is doing good work in Montreal where she has a large practice. Dr. Bessie Mitchell has a good practice there also.

Dr. Margaret Gordon is one of the older practitioners in Toronto, and is interested in the suffrage question.

Of the younger physicians in Toronto Dr. Beatty, '05, is well known from her position as Superintendent of Grace Hospital, as is also Dr. Margaret McAlpine, of the same year, who took quite brilliant honors at the University.



JENNIE GRAY, M.D.



ST. ANDREW'S LOCK IS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA

THE HISTORIC RED RIVER WATERWAY

BY ARTHUR J. FORWARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

PART II.—CONTINUED

In 1872 the "end of the rails" on the Northern Pacific Railway reached Moorhead, Minn., from Duluth. Trade on the river took a fresh start, and immigrants began to pour into Winnipeg in large numbers. During 1875 it is said that more freight was transported on the Red River between Fargo and Winnipeg, than on the Mississippi between St. Paul and St. Louis.

Something of the meaning of this early navigation to the settlers is reflected in a humorous description of the arrival of "the first boat" in 1873 by Jeff Gee in "Both Sides of Manitoba":

"On May 2nd the first boat of the season arrived. Nearly every one had friends to arrive, and the shelves of the merchants were empty, and not to be replenished until navigation opened, and no one, mind you, would wait for the second or third boat.

No, everybody and everything was coming by the first boat—the glorious, gorgeous first boat. On paper that boat would carry freight and passengers enough to load a hundred ocean steamers; actually she was a flat-bottomed river-boat of 200 tons. No one not similarly placed can imagine with what intense longing the inhabitants looked forward to the opening of navigation. From day to day little extras were issued by the press, announcing that the ice was moving at Moorhead, then at Grand Forks, then at Pembina, then, Heaven be praised, at Winnipeg. Then an extra announced that the 'International' had left winter quarters at Grand Forks, was taking on freight at Moorhead, had left Moorhead, was again at Grand Forks, was ten miles from Pembina, was at Pembina, was ten miles this side of Pembina behind an ice jam. Then a few hours of bursting anxiety, and a few miles up the river the long and shrill scream of the steam whistle."

A noteworthy episode of this era of Red River navigation was the visit of Lord Dufferin to Manitoba in 1877, when he drove the first spike in the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific

Railway, and, although he appears to have been greatly impressed on the journey by the immensities and possibilities of Canada's waterways thereby incidentally sounded the knell of the picturesque Red River steamboat. His party was met at the head of navigation by the "Minnesota", which was to convey them to Winnipeg. En route, they met the companion boat "Manitoba," having on board Cool Burgess with a concert company who had just closed an engagement at Winnipeg. The vessels were tied together, a small organ on board the "Manitoba" brought on deck, and Her Majesty's representative was regaled with an impromptu concert of patriotic airs, "Canada, fair Canada," "Rule Britannia," etc.

About this time, too, without aught of pomp or circumstance, there came down the stream in a rude and shapeless barge, low in the water and insignificant of appearance, a cargo that spelled destiny to the Northwest,—the first consignment of rails for the construction of the railway. For already

the utter inadequacy of the river boats to meet the demands of the colony for cheap and ample means of transportation for its products had become clear. A writer in 1876 says:

"The St. Paul company charge what they please, and their vessels are loaded to the water's edge. Produce not required for home consumption will scarcely pay the cost of removal to markets by the present expensive and crowded ways of transport. Until some Canadian route is completed the Northern Pacific and Kittson line continue to carry the traffic of Manitoba through Minnesota and down Red River for \$40 per ton, pocketing \$500,000 per annum by the process and crippling the progress of settlement in the Province."

As the railway drew measurably near, popular impatience with the slow and costly river route grew to fever heat. "A short harvest, but a merry," would seem to have been the motto of the steamboat men. Thus we read such inveighings against them as this:

"The Kittson line, or Red River Transportation Company has for shareholders Hudson's Bay Company officials and St. Paul merchants. They have been ac-



WINTER WORK ON THE DAM REQUIRES CAREFUL HOUSING OF ALL THE PRELIMINARY CONSTRUCTION



THE DAM CONSISTS OF FIVE PIERS AND TWO ABUTMENTS WITH SIX SPANS OF 120 FEET EACH

customed to charge such freights that *one trip at high water repaid to the Company the whole cost of the vessel.* Until railway communication comes to its relief, the Red River region will thus be held like the cow in the story, the 'Adventurers of England' at one end, and 'Kittson, Sibley & Co.' at the other, and the restive creature will be milked between them."

From this time on events moved rapidly to a close. In 1878 the traffic was over 42,000 tons, while the Kittson line alone carried over 13,000 passengers. In addition to the Kittson boats were the "Grandin", an independent American boat owned by the Great Grandin Farm, thirty miles north of Fargo, the boats of the "Western Transportation Company" on the Assiniboine and Lower Red, the "Swallow," "Prince Rupert", "Keewatin", "Lady Ellen", and a boat building to run in the lower Red, and a large fleet of barges and flat-boats. On Lake Winnipeg was the Company's steamer "Colville", connecting at the mouth of the Saskatchewan with their two steamers "Northcote" and "Lily", running to Edmonton.

Early in 1879 the cars reached Winnipeg, and at once the attention of steamboat owners was turned to the navigation of the Assiniboine. The "Marquette", Capt. Webber, was the first to ascend the river to Fort Ellice. An immense trade was done on both the Red and Assiniboine in 1879-81. In the reports of traffic for those years, wheat appears to have been carried to the extent of 260,000 bushels in 1880, and 450,000 bushels in 1881. In September of the latter year the railway was opened to Brandon. The "Alpha" continued her trips from Brandon to Fort Ellice until winter set in. And the first chapter in the history of navigation of the Red River was finally closed.

The steamers engaged in this traffic were at best of fleeting character, and when profitable freights were no longer forthcoming soon vanished. The "Swallow", built in 1868 at Burlington, Iowa, for Jas. Flannigan, was dismantled and broken up in 1879, as was also the "Keewatin", a side

wheeler, 72 feet long, built at Winnipeg in 1876 for Powlin & Radford. The "Prince Rupert", built on Lake Winnipeg in 1872 for Peter McArthur, met with a like fate in 1880. The "Minnesota" and "Manitoba" were companion stern-wheelers 128 ft. in length, built at Moorhead, Minn., in 1875, to compete with Kittson and Hill's boats. The "Minnesota" was lengthened in 1881 to 165 feet, and her name changed to "City of Winnipeg," but she was lost on Lake Winnipeg in the fall of the same year. The "Manitoba" was taken to the Saskatchewan River, and was there crushed by ice in 1885. In the same year the "Cheyenne" sank at St. Agathe in the Red River and became a total loss.

The "Lady Ellen", a propeller forty-six feet long, built at Toronto in 1877, was taken to Lake Winnipegosis. The "Northwest," a large stern-wheeler built at Moorhead in 1881 went to the Saskatchewan where she was wrecked in 1899. The "Marquis" also went to the Saskatchewan, while the "Red River" ran on Lake Winni-

peg for several years, and then was made over into a barge, subsequently wrecked.

The picturesque, old-time stern-wheelers have gone the way of the canoe of the voyageurs. The day of the steel barge on the northern waters of Canada is rapidly approaching.

III.

During the steamboat era talk was rife of making Winnipeg a great inland port. The crown of her glory was to come out of the North, whose resources were unknown, and therefore unlimited in the public mind, which loves to revel in the realm of the imagination. The Red was to be improved, and lake vessels were to tie up at the piers of Winnipeg. Her argosies were to ascend the Saskatchewan, and float under the very shadow of the Rockies. All the grain of the western plains, all the cattle of a thousand hills, all the iron, the coal, the timber, the fish, the furs, the untold wealth of the Northland, was to come to Winnipeg, borne on the bosom of the humble Red



THE CONCRETE IS DEPOSITED IN PLACE AT A TEMPERATURE OF ABOUT FIFTY DEGREES FAHRENHEIT AND IS KEPT WELL ABOVE THE FREEZING POINT UNTIL HARDENED

River. These pipe dreams of the old timers vanished like mist before the rising sun with the advent of the locomotive. For a generation the locomotive has usurped the undivided public attention. By its aid the hamlet of a quarter of a century ago has reached the proud position of one of the leading trade centres of the continent, the great mart of a country of nearly 2,000,000,000 acres of territory. The three tributary Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta alone comprise an area equal to that of the German Empire, France, Holland, Belgium and the British Isles combined, and there is perhaps no area of equal extent on the earth's surface with any higher percentage of tillable soil. Seventy-five per cent. of the wheat lands of North America are tributary to her markets. Already we see a second and a third transcontinental railway passing her doors. Her commercial supremacy is unquestioned, and her interests extend beyond the bounds of the continent itself.

It is due to this marvellous prosperity, the fruit of railway construction, that the fulfilment of at least one of those ancient dreams can go unheeded and almost unnoticed. For the Federal Government has nearly completed improvements in the Red River that will permit vessels drawing nine feet of water to ascend from Lake Winnipeg to the city.

The present import for all lake shipping is West Selkirk, twenty miles from the mouth of the river, and twenty-five miles below Winnipeg. Seven miles above Selkirk further progress is barred by St. Andrew's Rapid. Here a limestone ridge about ten miles wide crosses the river, and throughout that distance the water is for the most part rapid and shallow, falling about fifteen feet. Beyond this the river lies almost level to the city, having not more than a fall of one foot in the entire distance. At the foot of the rapids a lock and dam are now under construction, on completion of which a new water level will be established eighteen feet above the present one, obliterating the rapids,

and giving increased depth in the reach above.

The regulating works consist of a lock (200x45x9 ft.) in the west bank, with a short canal approach from the south about 1,500 feet long, and a wing dam extending to the west bank, a distance of 800 feet. The permanent structures are all of concrete. The lock, which is of the most modern and approved type, is on a rock foundation throughout, is 290x85 feet over all, and contains about 17,000 cubic yards of concrete. It was completed in 1907. It will be filled in six minutes through culverts, each 6x4½ feet, extending through the walls, and each connected with the lock chamber by cylindrical valves five feet two inches in diameter, and of the improved Fontaine type. The gates, which are of British Columbia fir, will be operated by electricity.

The dam consists of five piers and two abutments with six spans of 120 feet each. The stationary dam is of concrete on rock foundation, and rises about five feet above the elevation of mean summer water, though the river in flood will rise from ten to fifteen feet higher still. This obstruction, being so far below flood water levels, will permit the ice to pass freely, making the possibility of a serious jam very remote.

A unique feature of construction of the dam has been the continuous carrying on of work through all the rigours of northern winter. About 300 feet of the stationary dam was built during the winter of 1907-08. A portion of the bed of the river was enclosed in a crib coffer dam, and pumped dry. The earth was then stripped off the rock, and the latter excavated to a good impervious bed. Over the portion thus made ready a building was erected, in which was installed a steam heating plant. By enclosing the mixing plant and having a large bin of 180 cubic yards capacity for heating the material, it was not difficult to deposit the concrete in place at a temperature of about fifty Fahrenheit, and the enclosure was kept well above the freezing point during, and for a couple of weeks after, the laying of the

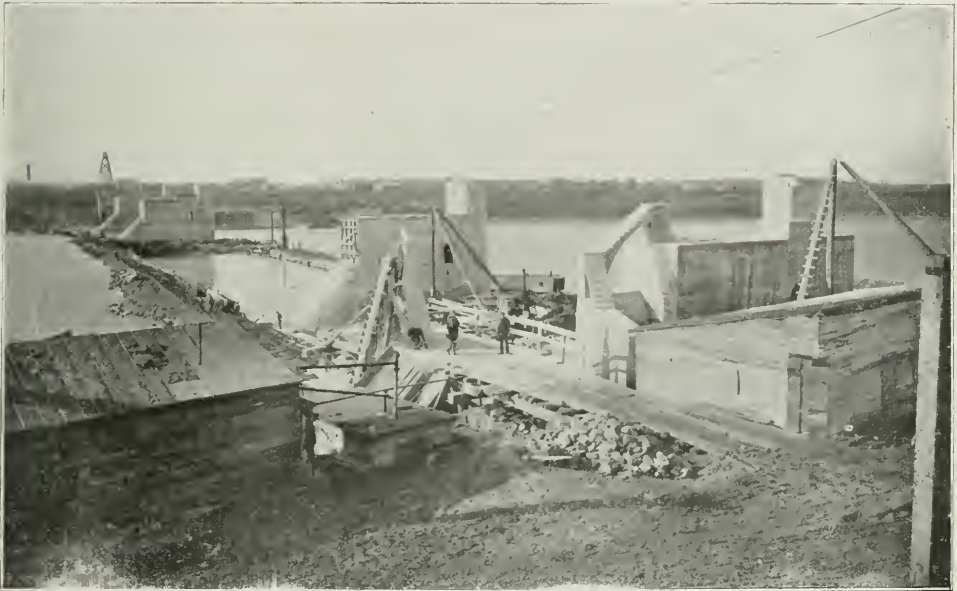
concrete. After the first three days the heat of setting of the concrete makes it a much easier task to maintain the required temperature.

During the past summer the whole dam has been completed, except about 290 feet in the centre of the river, which has been coffer-dammed and unwatered, and is now in course of construction.

Upon the heavy piers and abutments will be placed a steel bridge carrying a movable steel dam of the curtain type, the operating machinery to raise and lower the curtains and frames, and a highway bridge. This

pass, or the reverse. At the close of navigation, and before the ice takes, all the curtains will be rolled up and removed, the steel girder frames swung up well above spring floods, allowing the river free and unobstructed passage at a low level between the piers.

An immediate result of this work will be the creation of a beautiful, slackwater stretch eighteen miles long, between Winnipeg and the dam at Lockport, a paradise for launches and other small craft. The adjacent banks will afford pleasant sites for summer residences with easy access to the city by steamer and electric railway. Pass-



THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE DAM HAS CREATED A BEAUTIFUL SLACKWATER STRETCH BETWEEN WINNIPEG AND LOCKPORT, EXCELLENT FOR LAUNCHES AND SMALL CRAFT

will be the first dam of this type in America, though several are in successful operation in Europe. Heavy girder frames are pivoted from the bridge truss, swinging down to step socket castings set in the stationary dam, and these frames may be raised and lowered by means of an electric crane. On the upstream face of the frames, curtains of wood and steel are rolled down to form a dam retaining the water of the upper reach at an elevation thirteen feet above the concrete dam. The flow will be regulated by rolling up the curtain to let more water

ing through the lock, vessels from Winnipeg will be able to ply for over 350 miles to the north end of Lake Winnipeg, thus laying open to the city all the resources of the district about the lake, already known to be of great value, and enabling connection to be made with steamers from Edmonton at the mouth of the Saskatchewan.

The first steamboat on the Saskatchewan was the Hudson's Bay Company's "Commissioner", in 1873, but she was wrecked on her first trip, owing to parting of the cables by means of which she was being hauled up a rapid.

Later on, the "Lily", a steel boat built in England for the Company, and the "Northcote," were put on the river the former plying from Edmonton to Prince Albert, and the latter from Prince Albert to Grand Rapids. The "Colville", a screw propeller 108 feet in length, built at Grand Forks, N.D., in 1875, ran from the Grand Rapids to the Stone Fort on Red River, the fare for the trip from Edmonton to Fort Garry being \$80.00. As a sample of the uncertainties of travel at that time, M. Jean d'Artigue relates that in 1880 he left Edmonton on the "Lily" on June 15th. Arriving at Prince Albert on the 20th, he found that the "Northcote" would not probably be up the river to meet her before July 20th. Not only had the ice been late in breaking up, but the capacity of the "Northcote" was so much greater, that it required three voyages of the "Colville" from Fort Garry, each occupying a week or more, to fetch up her load. Hiring a "breed" to build a small boat, d'Artigue and his companions went down the river in it to Grand Rapids, where, after a further wait of ten days, they succeeded in catching the "Colville", and embarked for Fort Garry.

The "Lily" was sold in 1882 to the Western Transportation Company and was wrecked in the following year. "The "Colville" was burned at her dock at Grand Rapids in 1894, but the "Northcote" continued in service until 1899, when, being condemned, she was hauled out of the water, and her hull rotted on the bank.

The early improvement of navigation of the Saskatchewan may be looked for with confidence. Recently the Federated Boards of Trade of the Northwest requested the Dominion Government to investigate at once its commercial possibilities. The Grand Rapids, two and three-quarter miles in length, with a descent of forty-three and a half feet and situated three miles from Lake Winnipeg, present the greatest natural obstruction. These will no doubt be overcome by locks, and after they are surmounted there appears to be no serious obstacle in the way

of steamers ascending the river almost to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. That coal will be carried to Winnipeg by this route is among the certainties of the future.

The question of an outlet by water from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay assumes a new importance, now that the Dominion Government is committed to the immediate construction of a railway to Fort Churchill, the building of which will open up 500 miles of country with valuable resources, and will aid in the settlement and development of 100,000,000 acres of land north of the Canadian Northern railway, which is not yet even surveyed. The Speech from the Throne at the opening of a recent Parliament stated: "The provision of the Dominion Lands Act of last Session for the sale of pre-emptions and purchased homesteads has created a new source of revenue that will be sufficient to bear the cost of the railway to Hudson's Bay without burdening the ordinary revenues. From September 1st, when the Act came in force until January 1st, sales have amounted to over 2,000,000 acres."

From what is known of Hayes River, the old route from the north end of Lake Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, it is no doubt feasible to canalize it for inland vessels of nine feet draft. The average dates of opening and closing of the river for fifty years, on the authority of the official meteorological observer at York Factory are: Opening, 20th May; Closing, 23rd November, leaving six months clear for traffic.

It is even among the possibilities, according to H. N. Ruttan, C.E., of Winnipeg, that by canalization ocean steamers of considerable size may be eventually brought into Lake Winnipeg, via the Nelson River. Considering, however, the special character of the steamers required for navigation of Hudson Strait, their necessarily small carrying capacity compared with cost of their construction and operation, and the shortness of the season during which the bay may be entered from the Atlantic, it may be regarded as certain that any waterborn traffic between Lake Winnipeg and the bay

must be carried in vessels specially adapted for inland traffic.

The people of a large territory south of the boundary, in the United States, are looking forward to the opening of the Hudson Bay Route as means of securing cheap transportation for their products direct to European markets, and there is said to be a strong conviction among them that the Red River will be utilized in connection with Lake Winnipeg, as a factor in moving their produce. The United States Congress has spent large sums in dredging and snagging the upper river, and also in permanent improvements. In a communication from the Commercial Club of Grand Forks, N. D., to the Board of Trade of the city of Winnipeg in March last, it is stated: "*The Red River is just coming into its own*, and it will be but a short time until it becomes a busy and important waterway. A line with headquarters here is now in strong business hands, and other lines are contemplated." Considerable quantities of wheat have recently been moved on the upper river, and there are indications that the traffic will assume greater proportions before long.

The important role in development of the natural resources of the country to be played by the Saskatchewan—Lake Winnipeg—Red River chain of waters may be in some measure forecast from observation of what has been accomplished on the Ohio River, a stream naturally inferior for purposes of navigation to the waters mentioned. Ohio River boats now carry an annual traffic of about 15,000,000 tons, and on it are found the lowest transportation rates in the world, coal having been carried as low as one one-hundredth of a cent per ton per mile. An Ohio River towboat with barges has taken down river at one trip a load of coal which would require to haul it a *train of freight cars eleven miles long*. And the same boat which is capable of taking one hundred barges down stream has brought seventy up. So important has the river traffic become, that during the past decade Congress has appropriated \$20,000,000 for further im-

provements of the Ohio system. If coal can be thus carried on the Ohio, why not on the Saskatchewan? And if coal, why not grain, on both Saskatchewan and Red? And if so large expenditures on the Ohio are well advised, surely our great Northwestern rivers are worthy of attention by the Canadian government!

The striking revival of interest in inland navigation on this continent in the past decade will undoubtedly bring about great economic changes within the next few years. To no country in the world perhaps is the movement of greater import than to Canada. There are 10,000 miles of rivers and lakes in the Canadian Northwest alone, navigable by steamboats. The Red and Saskatchewan have long been navigated. Steamers ply regularly on the Athabasca river and lake, the Slave river, and Great Slave lake, an inland sea comparing in size with Lake Superior. And the Hudson's Bay Company have completed a new steel steamer, equipped with electric lights, baths, and the conveniences of an up-to-date floating hostelry, whereby one may descend the great Mackenzie River over a thousand miles to the Arctic Ocean, and the land of the midnight sun, with as great comfort as he would enjoy on the palatial steamers of the Great Lakes.

But this leads us far from Red River and its possibilities. The third member of the triumvirate of great rivers dominating the Lake Winnipeg basin must not be overlooked. The Winnipeg river will deserve its name, when the immense energies of its waterfalls are made to turn the wheels and bear the burdens of industry in the great city, which is its namesake. And when the grain-laden vessels of the West and South meet at the city's docks the coal, ore and lumber barges of the North, and all their contents are by the aid of the alchemic force of "white coal", derived from the Winnipeg, transmuted into the many forms demanded by our complex civilization, to be whirled away again in all directions by the radiating network of railways, then not only the Red River

but Winnipeg also will truly "come into her own", becoming the industrial, as well as the distributing centre of the

West, and in every respect worthy the title, "the great central city of Canada."

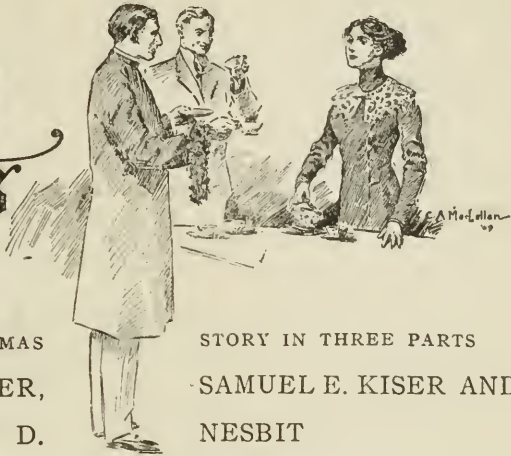
THE OPTIMIST

BY S. E. KISER

AN optimist who paused a while
 Where all the scene was fair,
 Perceived a man whose look was sad,
 And thus addressed him there:
 "You've lost your right arm, I perceive—
 Up near the shoulder, too:
 But why permit an empty sleeve
 To bring regret to you?
 You cannot cope with other men,
 Yet why should you be glum?
 You've lost your good right arm, but then,
 You cannot pound your thumb."
 This optimist could bravely hope
 When he was well or ill;
 When Trouble pounded at his door
 He was undaunted still.
 A mule once kicked him through a fence,
 But, though he could not rise
 And suffered pain that was intense,
 He could philosophize.
 "Why should I mourn my lot?" he thought,
 "Or speak a foolish oath?
 She kicked with one hind foot—ah, what
 If she had kicked with both!"
 One day he filled his stove with wood,
 And then poured in some oil;
 Eftsoons as swiftly as he could
 He left his native soil;
 But as he soared away he said:
 "How fortunate am I;
 The kitchen roof blew off just as
 I started for the sky,
 And if this had not happened who
 Can entertain a doubt
 That I would have been injured by
 The rafters, coming out?"



Only Jones



A DAY-BEFORE-CHRISTMAS

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER,
WILBUR D.

STORY IN THREE PARTS

SAMUEL E. KISER AND
NESBIT

PART III.

By Henry Kitchell Webster.

JABEZ had often thought of running for Parliament. He wasn't thinking of it now, but force of habit is strong. "The Law," he observed with satisfaction, as he eyed the dwindling red light of the automobile, "the law has got to come down just as hard on the just as on the unjust. That's what democracy means and it's according to the Bible, too."

Ursula, with something between a shiver and shrug, began picking up the packages at her feet.

"Never mind about them," said Jabez. "I'll get a cab in a minute."

"We'll take the street car, if you please," said Miss Allen. If her voice was as cold as that, no wonder she shivered. She seemed to try to thaw it out a little as she went on. "They run right near Mrs. Bigg's house—and there's one coming now. Oh, no, these things aren't heavy. I'm leaving the goose for you." She was already crossing the street. Jabez and the goose followed reluctantly.

The car was slowing down for them. "We'd better take a cab after all," pleaded Jabez. "This seems pretty public."

She looked at him in cold surprise. "That's exactly what it is," she answered,

and the conductor helped her up the step.

They found a seat and wedged themselves into it, heaping their packages in the aisle.

"I was mighty sorry to leave those unfortunate men to their fate," Jabez began.

Miss Allen made no reply in words but her face was expressive, and Jabez caught the idea.

"Well, I'll own up," he said. "I was glad to have the chumps pulled. They were in my way. They might as well learn one time as another that that's a dangerous place for little boys to play around in. I wanted to see you by yourself. I didn't come back to town and run my head right into the—"

He checked himself, "noose" was coarse as well as, fortunately, inaccurate, so he changed the figure.

"—didn't run into all sorts of perils just for nothing, Miss Allen—Ursula—"

He glanced at her sideways, to see how she took it. The look about the corners of her mouth was not unfriendly, but her eye was occupied with some one across the car.

"It is what you call public here," she said. "We seem to be attracting some attention."

He followed her look. It rested on a nondescript person in a tan overcoat.

Jabez expected to find him staring at Miss Allen (the expectation was reasonable) and was surprised to find the gleaming, sinister eye of the stranger fixed upon himself. Jabez pulled his hat a little lower over his own eyes and turned what you may call a cold shoulder upon him.

Had the man in the tan overcoat been a tender, sensitive soul he would have shrunk away at this rebuff. But he was not. He leaned across the aisle and tapped over his hero confidentially on the knee. "Isn't your name Jabez McAdam?" he asked.

"You've made a mistake this time," said Jabez over his shoulder. "You need another guess."

"I've got it coming," said the other, darkly, and he walked to the forward platform, which was crowded with smokers.

Jabez looked remorsefully after him and uncertainly at Miss Allen. She looked serenely out of the opposite window of the car.

"What sort of perils can you have meant," she said. "You certainly can't be evading the clutches of the law."

"Why, it's nothing," said Jabez. "A pack of busybodies want to meddle in my private affairs. And you wouldn't believe the way they've hounded me. I have to dodge a constable on every street corner. They've made it impossible for me to tend to necessary business. But I had to come in to see you. Miss Allen,—er—can you see what that fellow is doing on the front platform?"

"He seems to be talking to a friend of his," said Ursula. "—and now the other man is looking in through the window."

"At me?" demanded Jabez.

Ursula glanced over his shoulder and pursed her lips judicially. "I think so," she said.

Jabez turned to look, then thought he wouldn't.

"And now," continued Ursula, "they're coming back into the car."

"Good-bye!" yelled Jabez. The door stuck, as car doors will, when the man in the tan overcoat got it open, Jabez was gone. The car was crowded.

It was Christmas eve, and a good deal happened in a very short time. But we cannot pause for the feelings of the old lady into whose lap Jabez's first mad leap had plunged the goose,—for the look on which the lunch-counter cashier impaled the man in the tan overcoat when he trod on her daintily pointed toe,—for the language of the messenger boy. They were gone, leaving a wake of wrath and destruction behind.

Ursula, too, was left behind, though for a moment she did not realize it. Looking eagerly out of the window she thought she saw a man scuttling like a scared cat up a dark little cross street; she thought she saw him take a header over an ash barrel half submerged in an old snow bank, but she could not be sure.

Then she turned back and began gathering up what she could find of Mrs. Bigg's Christmas dinner. She was so busy at this and so intent on ignoring the thirty-two pairs of eyes which were trying to bore holes in her, that she was unaware that the conductor had come in and was standing over her.

"Fare, please," he said, coldly. "And," he added, "if that gent that just skipped out was wid you, you kin pay for him, too."

Ursula began tumbling over the things in her lap. "I'm—" in a sort of gasp,—"I'm afraid," she said, "that I must have left my purse in the automobile."

The conductor was not an amiable man. "It makes no odds to the comp'ny where you left it," he began. "Ten cents, please, now." But at this moment a man who had been riding on the front platform with a turkey came back into the car. "Here's your ten cents," he said, and sat in the vacant place beside Miss Allen.

"I was taking this bird out to Mrs. Callahan's," he observed in his prosaic way as he tucked it between his feet. "I'm glad I happened to be on the same car."

It was Jones.

"I'm glad, too," said Ursula.

We now return to the man who fell over the ash-barrel. McAdam, for it

was indeed he, was not hurt, for the barrel was covered with a heap of last week's snow, shoveled up there from the street. He decided that, for the moment, he was safest where he was. He crouched down in the snow behind the barrel "with listening ear," as Shakespeare says, waiting for the chase to go by. Two, three, five minutes passed and nothing of the sort happened. Only the snow, in which he nestled, slowly melted around him, became, in fact, uncomfortably slushy. Perhaps the pursuit was abandoned, or perhaps there was some trick about this apparent inactivity. He would try to find out.

Cautiously he lifted his head and looked down the street. Nothing to be seen at first but the crowd hurrying along the well-lighted avenue where the cars ran. But when he looked again he had the doubtful satisfaction of seeing two dim figures—one unmistakably in a tan overcoat—lounging in an entry near the corner. They didn't seem to mind waiting.

McAdam sagaciously reflected that if they remained so cheerfully at this end of the street it must be because they knew there was no way for him to get out the other. Perhaps they would give him up eventually, but in the meantime—How warm and dry Delancey and the Reverend Arthur must be in the comfortable police station.

Suddenly he straightened up. "Shucks!" he murmured, "It's Christ-

mas eve. They'll be glad of a little peace and good will on their own account. I'll put it strong. Say two hundred apiece." He reached back to his hip pocket, where his joy-dispenser, still obese, unimpaired by the stray leaves which had fluttered from it that evening, should have reposed. You

know what had become of it. McAdam, happily for him, did not. He paddled around in the snow in search of it, then gave it up and collected from his various pockets his total cash resources. They came to two dollars and fifty-five cents. Would the constables accept his promise to pay? He was inclined to think not.

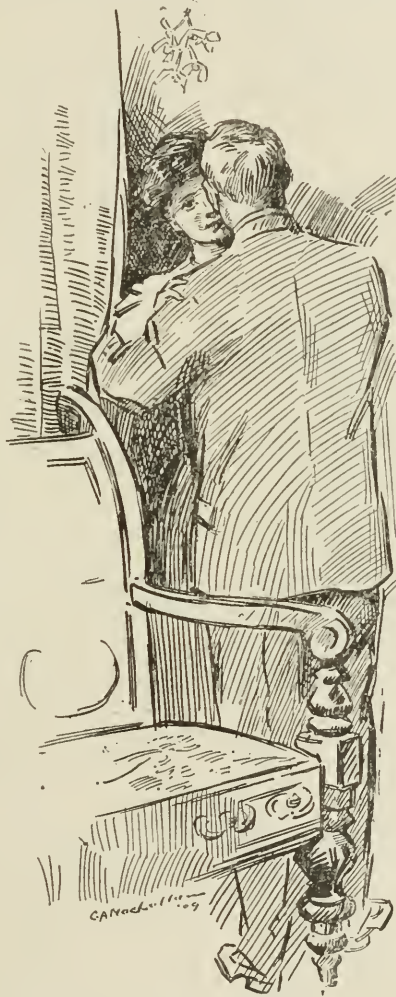
He uttered a sigh of despair, for without that friendly bulge in his hip-pocket he felt forsaken indeed, when his eye chanced on a lighted window across the street. "J. Schoenhoeven," was printed on it, "Wigs and Costumes." And then his eye lighted with hope. "Saved!" he murmured.

Snatching his chance when a fire engine went tearing down the avenue—on its way no doubt to some premature Santa Claus afire in a Christmas tree—he dashed across the

street, up the stairs, into the shop.

"I'm going to a party to-night," he said to the young man in charge. I want to wear something neat and handsome that—that'll keep my friends from knowing me."

Ordinarily, McAdam had only to appear to command respect, but falling over an ash barrel, staving in his hat,



AND THEN IN A MOMENT THEY KNEW WHERE
JONES HAD HUNG THE MISTLETOE

and lying for half an hour in the street had made him a good deal less impressive. At least it did not overpower the clerk.

"About what price?" he asked, coldly.

Jabez looked a bit sick at that, "Something about two fifty," he said.

With a haughty wave of the hand, the young man pointed to a dingy heap upon the counter, the last of its race. "That's all we have at two fifty," he said.

* * * * *

The Reverend Arthur and Delancey reached the Allen's house at exactly eight o'clock, simultaneously with six little girls from across the street. In the hall they encountered Ursula. She bundled the little girls off upstairs.

"And I must be off, too," she said. "We're just this minute up from dinner. We were dreadfully late getting home, and I have to dress. I wish I had time to hear how you two got out of jail."

"We didn't find it necessary to accompany the officers to the station—" began the Reverend Arthur, coolly. "We—"

"I'll hear all about it later," she interrupted. "Now run along and help Mr. Jones with the Christmas tree in the music room, you know—"

"Ah, Mr. Jones is here," said Delancey. "Has Mr. Mc—"

"Mr. Jones dined here," said Ursula, turning toward the stairway. "You must help him get through with the tree because he has to dress. He is going to be my Santa Claus, you know."

My Santa Claus! If they had known she regarded it in just that light they would have fought for the part themselves. Well, it was too late now.

So they went to the music room to the menial occupation of "helping Jones." But Jones said they could do nothing for him: indeed his expression of the fact was so vivacious when they all but set fire to the tree with a cigarette, that they retired in good order to the great hall.

"Think of his dining here in a morning coat," observed Delancey.

"He makes himself useful," said the Rev. Arthur. So they stood where they commanded a view of the great

front door, lazily looked over the new arrivals, and waited for Ursula's re-appearance on the scene to make it worth while taking a part.

Jeems stood by the big door grandly admitting the guests. The bell rang downstairs where he could not hear it, but a foot fall on the porch or the crunching of a carriage in the drive told him when any one was coming. So he was a good deal surprised, not to say startled at hearing, without any preliminary sound whatever, a faint rat-tat on the door.

He opened it a little way and was still more surprised at seeing no one there. Then, as he was about to close it again, he was electrified by a hoarse whisper:

"Open the door. Let me in."

Opening wider he made out a dark figure with a venerable beard huddled in the shadow of the doorway. This was scandalous.

"Be off, now," he said, severely. "No beggars allowed."

"Beggar," said the hoarse voice, as though something were choking it. "I'm a friend of Miss Allen's. Stand aside, you fool, and let me in. Quick! They'll see me in a minute."

"You look like a friend of hers!! You do indeed! Come, be off now, or I'll turn you over to the police."

"I'm her Santa Claus. That's why I'm dressed this way," shouted the applicant, furiously, but not forgetting caution so far as to come out into the light.

"You're drunk," said Jeems, advancing into the dark, courageously intent on flinging the intruder off the porch.

It was a false move. Disreputable he looked, drunk he might be, but the unknown was certainly quick. Before Jeems had fairly got clear of the door he had shot past him into the vestibule.

The light revealed the full horror of him, a tunic of greasy red cotton flannel with dragged tufts of white along the edges. Red worsted tights of which the less said the better. A pair of yellow oil-cloth boots broken and muddy, and over his head a torn tangle of frowsy white hair. And this hideous travesty prefigured Santa

Claus! Here was the saint of Christmas!

Upon this blasphemous parody, Jeems sprang with a cry of horror. But the parody was more than he bargained for, that was evident in less than five seconds. However, reinforcements were at hand. The Reverend Arthur rushed to the rescue, and a little behind came Delancey.

The door stood wide open. The scuffle was plainly to be seen from the street, and two men, one in a tan overcoat, were rushing across the lawn, intent on taking a hand of their own in the affair. Altogether, it was lively while it lasted. But it was short.

As the two men from outside dashed up the steps, the big door swung to with a click, and Jones, who had closed it, said, in his quiet way:

"Get up. Get up. Don't you know his voice? It's McAdam."

They scrambled to their feet. It is safe to say that unless they knew his voice they could hardly have recognized him. The disguise by now, at least, was effective.

They looked at him aghast. Then, as they heard Ursula's step on the stairs, Jeems, with, as Shakespeare says, "one auspicious and one dropping eye," helped him to his feet.

Jabez pulled off his wig and dropped it on the floor. He tugged impotently at his beard. "The damned thing won't come off," he said with something like a sob. "It's glued on!"

Ursula stood before him. Pretty much every one else in the house was there, too, for the sound of the scuffle had been audible all over it, but his experience of the last two hours had reduced him to his element. There was an epic simplicity about him. He saw only Ursula.

"I've come back," he said. "I wanted to speak to you, so I came back—"

"Come in here," said Ursula. She led him through the crowd into a little reception room, and closed the door after her.

Jones herded the mob back into the drawing rooms. Jeems went back to opening the door again, looking, except as to his eyes, as though nothing

had happened. But the Rev. Arthur and P. Wilmering remained frozen when they stood and gazed at each other.

This is what was happening behind that closed door.

"Before you say anything to me, Mr. McAdam, I want to ask for your good wishes," said Ursula.

"My good wishes!" he echoed.

She held out her hands and he saw that she wore no rings but one solitaire brilliant upon a third finger.

It was a moment before he comprehended.

"So my account is closed out," he said. "I wasn't in time to cover my margins after all."

"It wasn't a matter of time," said Ursula, blushing a little, "but you do give me your good wishes, don't you?"

"All of 'em," he said, shaking hands.

"—Can I have a cup of coffee?"

After he had had it, he felt enough better to look up his two rivals. He found them at last in an obscure corner of the great hall, gloomily—he would have said—watching the festivities in the drawing room.

There was a complex tissue of emotions to be read in his face, but a smile of pure good humor dominated it.

He had not asked Ursula which of them was the successful one. At the time he hadn't cared much. But now he was puzzled to, as it were, pick the winner. Whichever it was, he looked exactly as the other must feel.

"Well," said Jabez with what cheerfulness he could muster, "which one of you fellows do I congratulate?"

"What?" shouted the Reverend Arthur.

"What?" echoed Delancey.

"Whose ring is it she's wearing?" demanded Jabez. "One of you ought to know."

"Not I," said the Reverend Arthur. Again echo answered,

"Not I"

And then a sickening silence enveloped them.

In the drawing room the tide of fun was rising steadily. Expectation stood a-tiptoe. It was nearly time for the Christmas tree. But for the moment the leaders of the merriment had

disappeared. Ursula and—Jones, were nowhere to be seen.

Weren't they, though?

Suddenly, Jabez laid compelling hands on the other two. They turned and followed his look.

There were two figures in the dark—the almost dark recess at the far end of the hall. This was a children's party, but these weren't children.

And then in a moment Jabez, the Reverend Arthur and Mr. P. Wilmering Delancey knew where Jones had hung the mistletoe.

"I'm going to get out of this," said Wilmering.

"I think I must be going myself," said the Rev. Arthur.

"I can't go," said Jabez.

"My car is here," said Delancey. "We could make a dash—"

"I never could get out to it," said Jabez. "They're waiting for me on the side-walk.

"Possibly," hesitated the Rev. Arthur, "if I were to go first—er—dressed in such a manner as to create a diversion—?"

"Reverend!" exclaimed Jabez, "you're a brick." He opened a door that

happened to be at hand. "I guess we can change clothes in here," he said.

Five minutes later Jones and Ursula came upon the product of the metamorphosis.

"But you need the wig to make you complete," said Jones. "Here it is."

The Reverend Arthur had put his hand to the plow. He put on the wig.

Delancey returned from a momentary sortie to the carriage drive. "My man has the motor going," he reported, "and there isn't snow enough to bother us. We can be off in a minute."

The Rev. Arthur shook hands with Ursula, walked into the vestibule and Jeems let him out into the night.

From a darkened window they watched him as he vaulted the low fence and sped away down the street pursued by a volcanic figure in a tan overcoat.

"Now!" cried Ursula. "Now is your time! Oh, don't stop, Good luck! Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all of you!"

They were gone. Jones, alone, remained at her side;—only Jones!



THE PASSING OF EVE

BY GLADYS MUIR

I.

ALL WAS silent. No sound broke in upon the quiet of the noon-tide. The trees of the primeval forest grew tall and mighty, their giant limbs stretching ever upwards, toward the sun, whose piercing rays dared not penetrate their luxuriant foliage.

Far down beneath them, at the feet of these ancient monarchs, all Nature slept in the siesta of the Orient, deep in slumber.

Even the huge, palm-like ferns were bending low as if they too sensed sleep in the humid air; and on the limpid waters of the stream the waxy lotus floated with half-closed petals.

Pervading everywhere, a soft green twilight, caused from the leafy canopy overhead, diffused itself, making almost imperceptible the shadowy outlines of a superb figure, which lay half-concealed amidst a mass of gorgeous, drooping orchids.

Ah! the acme of God's handiwork was that perfect form, before which even Diana would pale, and no alien in that adytum of nature, for to her belonged the kingdom, to the Queen of All, Eve, First Woman of the World.

With head pillowed on one graceful arm, her face was turned to view, a face beyond description, lent additional charm by the ever-deepening flush of fever.

And joyous must have been her dreams, which often caused her lips to wreath in blissful smiles.

And over all watched the eye of the Great Creator.

II.

An hour passed slowly by, and yet all was serene; but ere another wore itself away the change began.

The leopard which had lain crouched upon a moss-grown tree trunk blinked his eyes and, leaping down, sneaked furtively past the unconscious sleeper

among the orchids, sniffing the air uneasily as he went his way. The ferns lifted their drooping fronds, while the flowers slowly raised their wilted petals into position; and high above faint twitterings were heard from the awakening birds, faint, as if they were repressed by fear, and yet wished to give full vent to the music in their throats.

Darker grew the twilight; it deepened into gloom.

A crackling sound among the twigs of the underbrush roused the Fair One from her dreams.

"Ah! it is thou, my Beloved," she murmured, "thy coming seemeth late this day." Opening her heavy eyelids, she gazed far into the branches overhead.

"What meaneth this strange darkness which is come upon us, O Wise One? Do mine eyes deceive me, that I see thee not, or, perchance, the fever hath it left me blind?" she questioned.

In the pause which followed, she called again, "Adam where are thou?" to which came no reply.

Something lightly touched her shoulder; putting up her hand she encountered the dainty head of a fawn.

"Ah, Favorite," she exclaimed, "thou wert not he whom I would see,—but thou wilt do. Aye, 'tis better thou art come, pretty creature, that I may not die of loneliness." At this a silvery peal of laughter escaped her lips. Never had the thought of death been more remote.

She had closed her eyes again, but now opened them as the fawn, in search of some accustomed favor, thrust its slender nose into her outstretched palm.

"Alas, Beauty, I have naught to give thee now; no, and never again shall I pluck the sweets of Eden and give them to thee, for our Eden is lost to us; we are cast out forever, Beauty," she continued, sadly, "and the Almighty

hath forbidden us ever to enter within the gates. Beauty, although I still live on, that measure of God's wrath was the death-stroke to my happiness, and though I fain would appear as it mattered not, the very thought gnaweth mine heart as fire eateth the flesh.

"Oh, why listened I to the luring of the Evil One? Why —?" she stopped, abruptly. "But why should I complain thus. It is no fault of mine; the blame lies with the serpent who tempted me to sin," she exclaimed, with a defiant toss of her noble head.

"I will not suffer," she continued, a bitter inflection toning her voice. "It is as fair here; Eden bloomed—no—greater—" she faltered.

It was growing more difficult for her to speak, for the fever was asserting itself in sharp little pains which seemed to shoot through her very heart.

A long, low rumble broke upon the silence, a rumble afar off, yet heavy with impending danger; the sultry air was close to breathe.

Eve gasped. Ah! well she remembered that dreadful sound; how the Heavens had bellowed it forth as she passed from the Garden of Eden.

With one hand placed upon the quivering shoulder of the fawn, she struggled to her feet. A great anger overcame and maddened her.

"I defy every living creature on the earth or under it. I defy the Heavens," she hissed, and her voice grew into a piercing scream as she ended with "I defy my Father."

The thunders rolled on.

A vivid streak of lightning revealed her as she stood there—a perfect Amazon of dazzling beauty, one arm raised aloft in bold defiance, her lustrous eyes flashing the fire of anger. Ah! it needed but one glance of those eyes to lose a man's soul, as poor Adam discovered to his infinite sorrow or perhaps joy,—who can tell?

III.

One moment passed in breathless stillness. The fawn, which had been mutely endeavoring to allay the frenzied woman's outburst, fled.

The seconds passed; the death-like

hush continued; a horrible fear of an unknown something crept over Eve. She stood transfixed, unable to move, paralyzed by a foreboding of doom.

Then came the crash! The pent-up fury of the storm hurled itself down with the force of ten thousand Hercules. The Heavens had accepted the challenge of Eve. Great trees might have been twigs, so quickly were they fallen.

Frightened birds, tossed from their nests in the swaying branches, fluttered feebly trying to regain their poise, but all their efforts were vain, for in a few seconds they were crushed to earth, their brilliant plumage scorched by the breath of Satan, the lightning.

Cowering and sobbing, the Queen of All lay prostrate on the grass. How insignificant a thing was woman.

A huge cobra glided over the limp form, scorning the being who had sunk so low, although he brought a message from his master. "Would Eve yield to him?—another kingdom would be hers."

But Eve vouched no reply, and the serpent glided on.

"O my Father!" she moaned, "wilt thou forgive thine erring one? Grant thy mercy to a most wretched sinner, who hast wilfully gone astray. Father, take thy child home,—mine heart has grown cold in thy displeasure. I am so tired; oh, take me home."

As suddenly as it had arisen, the awful storm abated; the thunders ceased as with the twinkling of an eye. The hand of God was present.

A strange, sweet sense of peace stole over Eve; she smiled and lapsed into unconsciousness from which she was never to awaken.

* * * * *

Later, when the magnificent splendor of the setting sun turned each pendant raindrop into a sparkling diamond, Adam returned, and gazed with awe upon that symbol of divine forgiveness, the smile written upon the face before him.

And as he stood, there fell upon his ears a symphony of rippling bird melody, in cadence sweet and low, to render thanks unto the Giver of All,—a prelude to the night.



Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him, but when he asks her to marry him, she decides that she cares more for him than for her revenge and accepts his proposal.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Robert lifted the miserable little face to his and kissed the trembling lips very quietly.

"I want to ask you a question," he said.

"Well?"

"Do you think I am strong?"

"Yes."

"Why and how?"

"Because you never lose control of yourself," answered Fay slowly, "you seem to decide a thing entirely with your mind, your senses have nothing to do with it, I suppose."

"And do you trust me; I mean, would you trust me to decide something for you?"

"Absolutely."

"Again why?"

"Because your perspective is good. I would have the certainty that you would play fair. You are a wonderful man, Bobbie—if I do say so—I who had a hand in your education."

"Then," he continued, without giv-

ing heed to the last part of Fay's speech, "don't you think you are worrying needlessly?"

The girl was silent, even now she was strangely depressed.

"You mean that you consider yourself a foeman worthy of him?" she asked.

"More than that," was the triumphant answer, "by your own admission, he only is strong in spots, whereas you trust in me and depend on my strength all the time. As for the reformation, it will never be; I have not had much experience, but something intuitive tells me that he will always be as you know him now, or worse."

"Yes, that sort of abandon amounts to insanity. I should not be surprised at anything he did. He is coming back in a fortnight," she said presently. "He has sent for his steam launch. That will be fun, don't you think?"

"Jolly," agreed Patterson, "and if he does not see fit to include me in his parties, I will get on, myself, although

it seems hardly worth while for the few weeks we will be here. Could you be ready in two months, dear?"

Fay laughed. "Oh, yes, I am not the kind of girl who sews herself into a frazzle a year before her wedding. I hate a fuss; it makes me sick to think of choosing a trousseau!"

Bobbie smiled affectionately at the vehemence of the speaker.

"I thought all women loved shopping," he said teasingly.

"I hate it!" cried Fay. "Pushing and fighting one's way through a crowded store, watching a hundred women sticking like barnacles around a bargain counter; ugh, it's disgusting!"

"Quite," agreed Robert.

"I *hate* best clothes," the girl went on, "I hate looking dressed up *sometimes*, and there's nothing which makes me more furious than for someone to say 'How well you look to-night.' If you expect a splurge when I buy my trousseau, Robert Patterson, you will be disappointed, for it will be identically the same as my ordinary fall wardrobe. Those sparks are flying on my dress; you will have to give up smoking for the present, or sit over there on that log," and to Fay's intense surprise and secret pleasure, Bobbie immediately rose and seated himself on the piece of wreckage.

"I can look at you better from here," he said.

"Does your mother still feel so cut up?" asked Fay suddenly.

"I can't say she is entirely reconciled." Robert looked at his *fiancee* and smiled.

"Poor Mrs. Patterson," sighed the girl, "you may not believe it, but I am truly sorry for her, it must be dreadfully hard."

Robert's grief was well controlled. "Don't bother," he said, "she has her Foreign Missions and Coal Heavers' Unions. There, now, you are getting blue again. Is it the mater or Wylde, this time?"

"Neither," answered Fay dreamily, "it is myself. Did you ever have a feeling that something big and strong, something from which there was no escape was coming upon you?" She watched a tiny sail far out on the

horizon catching the glint of the sunlight. "I feel that now; there is something which I can't escape, I might even say I don't want to try. I am so tired fighting things, I feel there is something to happen that I can't resist. Did you ever experience that?"

Patterson knocked the ashes from his pipe and walked slowly over to Fay dropping down beside her, and taking her in his arms.

"I feel exactly like that now," he whispered mischievously. "There seems to be something I can't resist,—I don't want to—a something from which I can't escape"; he bent closer, "the absolute necessity of kissing you."

* * * * *

"I feel that I am going to drown."

"Fay!"

"Come, let us go back; the ocean is making me sad."

CHAPTER XIV.

WE NEED variety in charity, as well as anything else. There are few people who can stand the monotony of having their sympathies called upon in one direction for any length of time.

The case of Mrs. Sayre was such an example. When her husband first went away, and little by little, the facts about his illness were known, some few people made sympathetic advances to Lorna. But while she did not repel them, the extreme sensitiveness of her nature scarcely could be said to invite them, and the constant illness of her children made it quite impossible for her to keep in touch with what friends she had. The few offers of help, such as doing embroidery, were soon withdrawn, and her very courage was to many an unfavorable sign.

It is hard to realize that persons are in want or pain when they are able to stand erect, and look the world squarely and unflinchingly in the eye. Had Lorna been crushed or broken, she would doubtless have had numbers of people waiting at her door to help; they would have enjoyed doing charitable acts, ostensibly. But this self-reliance was almost a repulse, so they soon forgot her—all but one.

And that one—she was no other than Mrs. Jerrold Patterson.

The news of Chester's illness came to her in a roundabout manner; she was visiting a workman who had met with a serious accident, one day just before Christmas. Suddenly his wife began to cry because there would be no stockings for the children.

"With my man out of work, and the boss away, and his lady havin' so much trouble, there'll be a sorry Christmas for the Hudson's this year, ma'am."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Patterson.

"Mr. Sayre, ma'am. He was took sick a couple of months ago and had to go off to a hospital, I take it; and just lately his baby died, and the missus is havin' no end of trouble. She used always to remember us at Christmas, that she did, ma'am. Ah, I sez to Hudson, there, 'taint just the poor folks who have their troubles, ma'am."

"Very sad," agreed Mrs. Patterson, tonelessly, "very sad, I shall go to see her, directly."

"And 'taint that she won't have us in mind, ma'am, either," continued the woman, "for she sent us some things by a gentleman just the other day; 'tis that she is feeling the pinch of havin' her man laid up, ma'am, I know. Mrs. O'Brien the lady a-living with her let so much drop when I was last havin' a cup of tea with her. My, but he is a grand fine gentleman that Mr. Northrop, ma'am! 'Tis a lucky thing that the madam has him to cheer her while the boss is away."

It is interesting to note that the woman of the lower class spoke with childlike innocence, and that the woman of the upper class spoke with veiled suspicion.

"Perhaps," she said, insinuatingly, "she is none too lucky. However, I shall make it my business to find out all I can, and go to see her. If she is

really in want, I may be able to secure her a suitable position."

With infinite satisfaction Mrs. Patterson looked upon this case from a reporter's standpoint, anticipating good material for her next paper, "Modern Homes and Their Corruptions."

During the next few days she found out quite a good many things concerning Mrs. Sayre, or thought she did. She discovered that Lorna had tried to dispose of her rooms, and had failed (which was quite proper, too; no one would wish to live in an infected house), she learned about the needle work, and she heard gossip which



MRS. PATTERSON IGNORED LORNA'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND

stimulated her curiosity to know more.

She began a system of espionage, for she wished to be sure, walking past the Sayre's home several times a day, and often she was abundantly rewarded, for Northrop made it his business to stop there at least once through the day to see how Phoebe was. Often he went straight there from the office with something for the child, and sat with her while Lorna rested, and Nanny prepared the tea. And on several of these occasions Mrs. Patterson saw

him, and drew her own conclusions.

So early one morning Nanny brought word that a lady wished to see Mrs. Sayre.

But for the hope that someone wanted to see the rooms, Lorna would not have left Phoebe, who had passed a wretched night. She bent over the cot anxiously a moment, then with a stifled sigh went to the drawing room, with a vague feeling of uneasiness.

"Why, it is Mrs. Patterson!" she cried in surprise.

"I came," began the visitor, ignoring Mrs. Sayre's outstretched hand, "to offer you assistance, I should have come before, had I known you needed it. The Hudson man, who was employed by your husband, told me."

"Yes," said Lorna, "you are very kind."

Mrs. Patterson bowed in acknowledgment of the truth of this statement.

"This room is cold," she said, drawing her furs closer. "You should keep your house at 78°; what makes that child cry so?"

"She probably wants me, she is not very well," answered the mother, uneasily. "You were about to suggest something, Mrs. Patterson." She was anxious to get back to Phoebe, whose voice could be heard, distinctly.

Mrs. Patterson cleared her throat. "You know doubtless," she said, sitting rigidly erect, "that I am a prime mover in all the charitable schemes of this city. I am the president of most of them, and chairman of many, and there are none in which I am not interested. Now, it happens that one or the other of them has a meeting once a month in the Drayton building, and both the ladies on the various committees and the women or men belonging to the organizations, meet to report their progress during the time which has elapsed since the last meeting. In each case we need some one to take charge of things for us and would pay well for efficient services." She paused a moment, and Lorna spoke.

"But, if you have me in mind, I have had no experience in such things, and fear that it would give you more

trouble teaching me, than I would be worth to you in the end. What would I have to do?"

"To take charge of the place," Mrs. Patterson repeated impatiently. She had every reason to be annoyed; here she was giving her valuable time and offering assistance to this Mrs. Sayre, who insisted upon being told just what she had to do.

There were very few times when the president felt uncomfortable, but this was one. By a strange chain of circumstances she was reminded of the morning of her call upon Mrs. Harris, and a hesitation (born purely of weakness, at other times unknown to her) a feeling that somehow she was not going to say just the right thing occurred to her. It was tactless of Mrs. Sayre to put her in that position.

"You would have to go to the building early, and see that it was clean and swept, you know," something prompted the charitable person to say. "I have often swept, and aired my room, then you would have to prepare the refreshments, sandwiches, tea, etcetera (there is a very convenient kitchen there) in the afternoon,—these women have to be examined, carefully, to see that they are in a fit and cleanly state, before they seat themselves in the hall—that you would see to, keeping wash cloths, towels and soap convenient. After the business part of the meeting is completed you would serve refreshments, and finally clear out the hall, removing the debris, and ventilating it properly, before closing it."

Through the whole of this information, Lorna was distracted between trying to follow Mrs. Patterson, and listening to the child crying. Her teeth were chattering with cold and nervousness, and every breath was a struggle.

She did not answer at once—wondering just how much of this proposal she had heard aright. The fact that she was being offered a menial position and not offend her, she did not give a thought to that; if she hesitated at all it was because she disliked the thought of being all day away from her home,

and the doubt as to whether she was physically able to do the necessary work.

But Mrs. Patterson interpreted her silence erroneously, and a hard look came over her face. The ingratitude of some people!

"I should remind you," she said, patronizingly, "that even though there *might* be people who would be impelled by—pity, to help you, I understand there are none such here, they have not had the courage to come forward as I have done and offer you help."

Even the look of bewilderment in Lorna's face did not deter Mrs. Patterson from sending her shaft.

"I gave you the benefit of the doubt, however, and persuaded myself that you would prefer earning your own living to accepting aid from—from—other quarters," she concluded with meaning.

For an instant Chester Sayre's wife was speechless. She could not believe her senses, surely her own evil mind imagined this; her conscience must indeed be guilty! But the look of cruelty and suspicion on the face opposite, was a proof that she had heard aright, and the red flushed into her thin cheeks, painfully.

She rose.

"I don't pretend to misunderstand you," Lorna said, hoarsely, she was a little frightened, for the room swayed unsteadily, and Mrs. Patterson's face seemed covered with red spots, "and I won't stoop to deny your implied accusation. However, I *do* refuse your noble offer of assistance. I used to feel that I belonged to your kind; now, I thank God I do not. I used to try to help people, gaining an immense amount of pleasure from the thought that I was of use in the world. But, if I ever gave so much pain to the innocent victim of my charity as you have given, this morning, to me, I swear that I have been amply punished." She opened the front door. "I will now ask you to excuse me."

Mrs. Patterson left the house in deep disgust. It was what she might have expected from such a person. But at least she had proof that what was hinted at was correct. The flaming

red which flew to Lorna's face when she understood that Mrs. Patterson knew! And the way she refused her offer of help, she supposed the position was too lowly, and would prefer to be kept in luxury by her husband's friend! And the longer she pondered over it, the more aggrieved she felt until by the time her home was reached *she* was the one who had received the insult.

At first people had said, "Poor dear little Mrs. Sayre," then as weeks went by, "poor Mrs. Sayre"; later it was "that little Mrs. Sayre," and from now—thanks to Mrs. Patterson—"That Mrs. Sayre, who—well, you know what I mean"—

As she shut out the figure of Mrs. Jerrold Patterson, a dozen emotions worked in Lorna's breast. She trembled violently, but not from cold; she was faint with nausea, and her knees almost refused to support her.

"The house *is* cold" she said to herself, as she mechanically tottered down the steps into the cellar. The fire was very low, and for a quarter of an hour Lorna worked unceasingly with the furnace, shaking, sifting and feeding it. Her mouth was dry and her nostrils smarted with the dense cloud of ashes in the cellar, but she was scarcely conscious of it. Her mind was rehearsing Mrs. Patterson's words, and their hideous meaning. So in all her innocence people thought her guilty—what a reward to set on virtue!

She lifted a shovel full of coal and prepared to throw it into the fire; in that instant a blinding, stabbing pain shot through her back, and the red light in the furnace suddenly went black. Something thick and warm choked her, as she leaned forward against the cement floor which rose obligingly to the level of her head.

Nanny found her and put her to bed, but could only prevail upon her to remain there for a few hours. "The child needs me," she said, and spent her time with the little girl, who would never know of her mother's sacrifice and agony. All this occurred a few days before Phoebe's death and even Northrop never knew of it.

A week or so afterwards he an-

nounced his intention of going to Saranac. "Do you think it wise?" he asked.

"You mean on Chester's account?" Lorna was leaning back against some pillows, on the couch where Fay had sat six months before, presenting a very different picture. Her hair was also black and lay loose and heavy on her forehead, but her eyes had the restless, troubled look of one who dreads to be alone, who looks beyond the present, either into a past, hideous with thoughts of what might have been, or into a future mysterious with shadows of what is to be. Her face was thin, but Northrop thought he never had seen her so lovely, her lips and cheeks dyed with a deep crimson, her eyes, shadowed, but bright.

"Yes, on Chester's account; we really do not know how he is; how much my visit would excite him, I don't know, although, of course, if they did not want me to see him, they need not tell him I had come."

"If you can spare the time, by all means go," Lorna's voice sounded heavy and dull, and even Northrop only partly guessed how very ill she was. Aside from the weakness which comes with burning fever the accusing words of Mrs. Patterson were never absent from her thoughts. Even now, as she answered Clinton, she began conjecturing what construction "they" would put upon his going. Every moment he stayed in the house she felt as though some one stood by to accuse her, and the hardest part of it all was that she had allowed herself to grow dependent upon his sympathy and help, and yet this oppressive burden must be borne alone.

"It will be hard to talk to the dear old chap," Northrop was saying, "there will be so many things I must not tell and I was never good at evasions. I wish you were going, Lorna."

"Perhaps I can go later," she answered mechanically, and instantly she began to wonder what "they" would say if she went to see her husband.

If Northrop went to Saranac and found him better they would say he hurried back to warn her and cover

their tracks, and being better she need not go to see him. If he were worse, in a critical state, she would go in all probability to give a decent appearance to the business, and come back to Northrop feeling that they had stood by Chester faithfully.

God, they would think she wanted him to die! The horror of the thought turned her faint, and she caught her breath, choking. Her boy, her big, loving dependent Chester!

Her cough had a peculiar hollowness which Northrop had never noticed before. "Have you had the doctor?" he asked.

"No, I am all right, except for a little cold. It is hard to get rid of one in the winter. Does the house feel quite warm to you?"

"Quite, are you chilly?"

Lorna laughed a little.

"I am both burning and freezing," she said, "and worse, I am cross and irritable. You had better go before I am rude."

Clinton left his chair and sat down on the edge of the couch beside her. "Your hands are burning," he said, taking one of them, and holding it firmly, "but you are shaking with cold. Lorna, Lorna, don't get ill," his voice throbbed with suffering. "What do you think is the matter?" he asked more quietly. Surely it was not for him to add to her troubles, by the sight of his anxiety.

"Cold, I tell you, cold," she answered petulantly, and drew her hand away.

He sat there a moment in silence.

"There is something bothering you," Clinton took her hand again and looked earnestly into the hazel eyes, which of late seemed to be always suffused with tears; "something new, I mean. Can't you tell me, dear?"

For an instant Lorna wavered, she came very near repeating Mrs. Patterson's words feeling that Northrop would take the burden from her shoulders and life would be, at least, bearable. During the moments of her indecision though, he turned the palm of her hand toward the light and saw there indelible marks of toil. "What makes your hand so rough?" he asked.

"Hardened, by trying to pull the

belt of sufficiency around the waist of necessity," was the woman's bitter reply, and she burst into weak tears.

CHAPTER XV.

"FAY," cried Millie Evans bursting into Miss Chester's room, "come at once—we want you! Walter has the boat in proper running order and we are going to the bay for an oyster supper, then home by moonlight. Hurry."

"Oh, not to-day, Millie," Fay answered, hardly looking up from the letter she was reading, "you know the limit of my amiability is two and one half hours, and you would have me struggling to be pleasant an extra three or four, depending upon the humor of the engine, and Walter's ingenuity. I don't feel a bit funny to-day." The letter was from Lorna.

"Never mind," said Millie, magnanimously, "we can stand it, and I've already asked Mr. Patterson. Of course, his going rests with you, but if you don't come, you'll spoil the party."

"What party?"

"Why, I forgot to mention the *raison d'être* of this jollification is an old friend of yours."

"A man or merely a male?"

Mrs. Evans laughed. "That's like you! I suppose it would never occur to you that an old friend might be a woman. Guess."

Fay removed her tan-shod feet from the chair opposite and folded up Lorna's letter.

"You interest me," she said with dramatic nonchalance, "who is she?"

"Mrs. Corbett!"

Fay uttered a cry of surprise. "Corbett! Do you mean the Mrs. Corbett I used to know when I lived with aunt Emmaline?"

Millie nodded. "One and the same," she said. "She only came last night, but somehow we drifted together this morning, and she gleaned from my conversation that I had a friend over here named Chester. From that, it was but a step to learn who Miss Chester really was. I told her everything I knew—she made me—and hinted at many things I am not sure of. We made you the sole subject of our

morning's conversation. Didn't your ears burn?"

"Nope; made of asbestos. Finest thing in the world for ears, noses and other susceptible parts, price per dozen boxes—"

"Well, anyway, you really should be awfully flattered, for I never have had such an interested listener. I felt quite brilliant and entertaining, while talking to her."

"That's the secret of her fascination, child. You were not brilliant, *she* is clever. And Mr. Corbett?"

"Defunct, I gather," answered Millie, not at all ruffled by Fay's remark. "She has a satellite at her beck and call, whom she treats with flattering and supercilious indifference. His name is Ponsonby, and Walter says he is very nice. Now will you come?"

"By all means," cried Miss Chester excitedly. "Help me find some clothes there's a dear! No, no, not that suit; I hate pink before sunset, and if I should burn worse than I am, picture a boiled tomato! That green thing will do. I want to look awfully decent, you know."

"Oh, Fay," sighed Millie, with the dove-like languor of a bride, "don't bother Mr. Ponsonby, he is already checked, I told you."

Miss Chester turned genuinely indignant eyes upon her visitor.

"Dunce," she snapped, "I am dressing to please Mrs. Corbett; I used to be wild about her, she used to fascinate me, as much as the hosts of men, who bothered her to suffocation. She was considered fast, because she did not sit at home every night with her husband, patiently enduring the sight of him reading his evening paper, and because she had a splendid governess for her two little girls, and never allowed them the freedom of her own room nor the drawing room. Yet they were the nicest children I ever knew and both they and the late Mr. Corbett, worshipped the cast off hairpins she threw into her waste paper basket. She once said to me. 'When you are sure of your fascination for people, hedge, cover your tracks, be like a magician—never let the audience see how you do it,' and at my begging for further ex-

planation she whispered mischievously, 'keep by yourself a whole lot,' and left me, just when I wanted to talk to her the most."

"That must be very hard," sighed Millie, plaintively, "if you really love your husband."

"Um-hum," agreed Fay, with her mouth full of hair pins, "but that's the only way to make it last. What is it Max O'Rell says: 'Live on the interest of Love.' Most of us wade right in on the capital and spend it during the first few months, then bankruptcy for the rest of our lives." She looked critically at the back of her hair, then, with the mirror poised in the air, asked:

"Did you tell her about Bobbie?"

"Yes."

"And Gordon?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She closed her eyes a little and said 'That is not a wise solution, and I can't believe Fay will ever marry either of them'."

Fay laughed.

"She is going to be mistaken for once, then," she said locking her door and handing Millie the key. "Go ahead, and leave that in the office, while I whistle for Bobbie; his mother hates me to do that."

The others were waiting when Fay and Robert reached the landing. Mrs. Corbett greeted the girl with enthusiasm and undisguised pleasure. Each seemed conscious of a buoyancy in the other's presence.

"But for my reputation suffering, I should be tempted to say, 'How small the world is,' child—fancy meeting you here!"

Fay's eyes were gleaming, and laughter bubbled happily from her lips; to Robert she was the embodiment of unrestrained joy.

"I can't find words to tell you how surprised and delighted I was when Mrs. Evans told me you were here, and Mrs. Corbett this is my—fiasco."

Patterson laughed with the others. He enjoyed a joke on himself as well as anyone else, and it was always a source of pleasure to him, this uncertainty of Fay's remarks.

"Not as bad as that, I hope," he replied, helping her into the boat, "rather her *foie*, or stage setting, her most appreciative audience, something to whom she can rehearse her lines before giving the parts to the fastidious public."

"A kind of animated moonlight scene, kind hearted press agent, satisfactory meal ticket, and railroad fare combination; I see. Very well, leave your hat in the back hall, I suppose you will suit—Oh, heavens, I was forgetting! Miss Chester, allow me to introduce Mortimer Ponsonby, the stupidest man on earth. Why I waste my time, or my clothes on him, I can't tell you. Don't pay the slightest attention to him, your charity will be entirely unrewarded."

Fay turned with interest to Mr. Ponsonby. That Mrs. Corbett never bothered herself with stupid people, she fully recognized, and this little burst of apparent scorn was rather high praise from the lady in question. Evidently Mortimer was well worth cultivating.

The introduction was being completed.

"Mr. Patterson, ditto. Two P's in a pod, or rather I should say launch! Mr. Evans, you will forgive my calling your launch a pod, no offence intended, I assure you." Then turning abruptly to Ponsonby who was shaking hands with Robert, she said in an aggrieved tone:

"Why didn't you say something? speak up, little one, you are among friends! Can't you sneeze or cough or do *something* to remind one of your existence? Hopeless," she sighed, in a loud aside to Fay, "perfectly hopeless, but good natured and handy; I was always a patient woman!"

To be continued



A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

KELCEY STAUNTON

A LOOK at Hugh Stuart Campbell's portrait of Kelcey Staunton, which appears on the cover of this number, will explain the remarkable vogue of this young woman, who is one of the discoveries of industrious and quick-witted Anna Held. Miss Staunton has won at sight a place in the gallery of picture beauties who grace the history of the theatre.

ALIAS JIMMIE VALENTINE

MR. H. B. WARNER, who is pleasantly remembered in Canada for his work as leading man with Eleanor Robson for several seasons has blossomed forth as a Liebler and Company star in a new play, *Alias Jimmie Valentine*, dramatized by Paul Armstrong from a short story by O. Henry.



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

H. B. WARNER

Starring in *Alias Jimmie Valentine*

Jimmie Valentine, as played by Mr. Warner, is a most engaging young scamp, whose charming manners attract the attention of "The Gate of Hope" society, a band of women who endeavor to relieve the monotony of fashionable existence by an effort to ameliorate the condition of the convicts at Sing Sing.

With these estimable and well-intentioned ladies there comes one day a young girl, Rose Lane, who recognizes in Jimmie Valentine the man who has protected her from insult on one occasion when she was travelling alone on a railway train. She appeals to the governor of the state, who pardons Valentine. Miss Lane then persuades her father, president of the Fourth National Bank at Springfield, to give the



ex-convict a position in the bank.

There, under the name of Lee Randall, he establishes an excellent reputation as a banker and causes that charming young person, Rose Lane, to fall violently in love with him.

Just as Rose has consented to marry him and his prospects look brightest, a detective, who has discovered another "job" in Jimmie Valentine's past, turns up to arrest Lee Randall, but Mr. Randall outbluffs the detective, who is about to retire, discomfited, when one of Jimmie's old pals, now watchman in the bank, dashes in and calls on "Jimmie," in agitated tones, to open the new vault in which Rose's little sister, Kittie,

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LAURETTE TAYLOR

Leading woman with H. B. Warner in *Alias Jimmie Valentine*

has been locked by the mistake of her young brother.

No one knows the combination, so Lee Randall, alias Jimmie Valentine, throws away all his hopes of freedom and love to save little Kittie, and opens the safe by the sense of touch while the detective and Rose watch the manipulations of the man who has been called the "cleverest bank-robber of the time".

He succeeds, and as the little girl falls limp and apparently lifeless through the open door of the vault, "Jimmie" sinks exhausted against the wall and tears the bandage from his eyes only to meet the triumphant gaze of Doyle, the detective, and the reproachful face of the girl he loves.

He gives up and turning to Doyle,

says: "Take me, I'm ready to go now," but Rose, with all the inconsequence of a woman in love, runs to him, flings herself into his arms and says: "I don't care. I love you anyway, and I'll wait for you."

Then it is Doyle's turn. He looks at the young lovers and says: "Well, I guess we'll have to cheat the State of Massachusetts."

The play doesn't point a moral in the strictest sense of the word, for properly speaking, Jimmie Valentine should reap his just deserts and be carried off to jail, like any other evil-doer. But everyone is so delighted with Mr. Warner and so charmed with Rose (Laurette Taylor) that no one seems to have any mental reservations as to the appropriateness of the ending.

The play abounds in clever lines and excellent character bits, all of which are remarkably well done, and altogether it looks as if Mr. Warner's starring venture were to be a success.

LAURETTE TAYLOR

ONE of the most charming of the younger leading women who have sprung into public notice within the last few years is Laurette Taylor, who "plays opposite" H. B. Warner in *Alias Jimmie Valentine*. It is just ten months since Miss Taylor made her first Broadway appearance, and already her work has attracted volumes of press-notices, and what is better, a three-year contract with the Shuberts, who have loaned her, "farmed me out," as she herself expresses it, to Liebler for this production.

Miss Taylor began her career in stock work on the Pacific Coast, where she played every sort of role from Topsy to Marguerite, and where she gained experience that is invaluable to her now that she has successfully stormed the citadels of Broadway.

When the lady-in-quest-of-



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

EDITH DECKER

Prima donna with James T. Powers in *Havana*



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

DORIS KEANE

Leading woman in *Arsène Lupin*

a n - i n t e r v i e w sought Miss Taylor, that young actress was in the midst of a final performance of the play before leaving on the midnight train for New York. Her dressing-room was chaos — boxes, trunks, shoes, hats, gloves and make-up, apparently in inextricable confusion. But in the midst of chaos Miss Taylor stood, calm and unperturbed.

Clearing a chair for her visitor, she said: "You know, I've just got all my new clothes in from the shops, and I can't think of anything but colors and textures, and whether my new hat should turn up at the front or the side? There, what do you think about it?" and she turned large, anxious eyes on the visitor. "Turned at the side it looks more English, don't you know, but at the front, it really

gives a better effect." One considered the important question long and earnestly, and finally one gave the impartial opinion that it did look better at the front, and to the front it went.

It was difficult to come down from hats and color schemes to the mere trifle of a dramatic career that has graded from stock to leading parts in Broadway productions in two short years, but we accomplished the descent successfully, and then Miss Taylor said: "After all, it's merely a question of luck. I was playing the lead in a melo-



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MARGARET MORELAND

Leading woman with the Donald Robertson Players

drama when a Shubert representative happened to come into the house to kill a half-hour before train time. He saw me, liked my work, went back to New York and then wrote me, offering me a contract. That's how I got my first New York engagement, and since then, it has been comparatively easy sailing.

"Oh, yes, I've had my hard times like everyone else. I rehearsed with a Chicago production once which ran for just five days, and a girl in the company loaned me one hundred dollars to get home. I've been broke and sick and everything, but through it all, I was

determined *not* to give up, resolved that I *would* win out, and here I am, a little way up the ladder, at least."

That she will go farther seems inevitable, for Miss Taylor has talent, youth, beauty, charm and perfect health, as well as a "good start". Who, then, will gainsay her chances of success?

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT

IT IS remarkable how fashions change in plays as in clothes. Two years ago all the dramas hinged on the Seventh Commandment, and we had the unfaithful wife and the erring husband until ministers were denouncing the stage from the pulpit and serious-minded women were forming clubs to purify the drama.

With the success of *Paid in Full*, the Eighth Commandment came into vogue and now thieves perform their feats of roguery in full view of enthusiastic audiences who applaud approvingly when the clever rascal gets off scot free, and laugh uproariously at the discomfiture of the police, the representatives of law and order.

It used to be argued that the problem play imperiled the sanctity of our homes, but no one complains that the new order is teaching the young man and woman to steal.

Why? Can it be possible that the seventh is the only commandment which seriously concerns the moralist? If all are equally important, why not condemn *Alias Jimmie Valentine*, *Arsene Lupin* and the score of lesser dramas which show the thief, repentant, of course, as an honored member of society, his sins forgotten by the world and himself.

In *Arsene Lupin*, a clever young thief, whose name gives the title to the play, impersonates the Duke of Chermarac, who really died on a hunting trip, and finds Parisian society ready to receive him with open arms. As the *fiance* of Germaine Gournay-Martin, whose father has a rare collection of pictures, tapestries and jewels, Arsene has access to every part of the house, and also allows himself to become deeply enamored of Sonia Kritchhoff, Germaine's companion.

Sonia, a young Russian girl, has been

persistently stealing from Germaine, and she is afraid to allow herself to even think of the love of the Duke of Chermarac, until finally by the ruse of Guerchard, the chief of secret police, Arsene Lupin is trapped in the Duke's home. There, in the presence of the detective, they confess their love to each other and Lupin agrees to purchase Sonia's liberty with his own freedom.

She is allowed to go, and then Lupin terrorizes the detective and his assistants with a fake bomb, and disappears in an elevator concealed in the wall. He gets away with Sonia and his booty, and the audience applauds while Guerchard tears his hair and curses the name of Arsene Lupin.

MODEST MARGARET MORELAND

A YOUNG actress who will be heard from is Margaret Moreland, leading woman with the Donald Robertson players who are doing educational work of genuine value to dramatic art.

Miss Moreland, when asked for a synopsis of her career, modestly says that there is nothing really to tell.

"I was born in Baltimore, Indiana, educated at the Convent of Notre Dame of Indiana. My first stage engagement was as Mimi, the model, in the Savage version of *The Devil*. Then I was featured in vaudeville with a sketch called *Fisherman's Luck*.

"A stock engagement with Virginia Harned followed, and I played in *Iris*, *Anna Karenina* and *The Dancing Girl*. After another stock engagement, I joined the Donald Robertson Players, and this season have played 'Dorine' in Moliere's *Tartuffe*, the best thing I have done so far; 'Bettina' in Sudermann's *Happiness in a Corner*; 'Mrs. Merriman' in *The Art of Life*; 'Chispa' in *The Mayor of Zalameda*, one of Calderon's players. That's an uninteresting, chronological recital, isn't it? But I don't know how to talk about careers or that sort of thing, and there really isn't much I can say."

But the critics say much more, and all of them predict a brilliant career for Miss Moreland, whose beginnings promise much.

HAVANA

ONE of the prettiest of the musical comedies that have come out of New York is *Havana*, in which James T. Powers, or "Jimmie," as he is more familiarly known, is starring.

What can one say about it? Nothing, except that it is a riot of pretty girls with fresh, artistic costumes forming a color combination of unusual charm, and that it exploits "Jimmie" Powers, who is always the same, whether in the *locale* of *Havana* or *The Blue Moon*, or any one of the score of other musical

shows in which he has starred. Like Frank Daniels, caviar or olives, "Jimmie" is an acquired taste. However, his red wig, his pathetic, wheezy voice-with-tears-in-it, and his non-descript clothes still glad the people, so what cares Jimmie for carping criticism?

Miss Edith Decker, the prima donna of the piece, looks charming and sings well, and for the rest—"Hello, People," the telephone number, and "How Does the Bird Know That?" are "whistleable," and other musical numbers are fair.



PIERROT

BY HELEN CLARK BALMER

MY LITTLE friend meets me at the front door whenever I go out or come in. I suppose it is the possession of liberty that he vaguely recognizes in my goings and comings, and the wish to share my freedom is always with him; although, at a discouraging word, he docilely goes back to his particular window-seat to watch me out of sight. Then I feel, somewhat contritely, that he will heave a lone-doggie sigh and put his dear head on his curly paws to await my return. As I ring the bell he leaps to the door-knob, on the inner side, testifying by much barking and vigorous working of his short tail how gladly he would open the heavy door. But six pounds of Yorkshire terrier, plus all this fervid enthusiasm, equals one hundred pounds of solid oak paneling; or, in other words, noise versus weight brings a new factor (the maid), who eliminates the obdurate term and solves the problem. One hundred minutes of absence warrant a score or so of rapturous touches of his warm tongue on my hands and face, before he quiets down utterly exhausted with emotion. Short tremors

of contentment prove that he is not asleep, and the glint of a bright eye, through his soft thatch of hair, warns me of his watchfulness. For a while I dare not move beyond his jealous care; and so, to rid myself of an almost burdensome attention, I gently roll his ball across the floor. R-r-ruff! The scamp is off, tumbling over the rugs, under the tables and chairs, resembling a badly shaken rug himself or an animated moth-eaten muff in a series of kinemetographic pictures.

My small friend has a long English pedigree, and bears the French name for a clown. But he is equally as indifferent to ancestry as to a libelous appellation, obviously preferring meaty chicken-bones or after-dinner coffee to either. Moreover, like the rose, there are reasons why one name will do as well as another, so he appropriates all terms of endearment to himself. Although soft-hearted, Pierrot is not susceptible to all advances, and his genuine attachments are few. However, he is partial to lady callers, a slight sneeze being tantamount to affable interest in one's personality.

If teased, his growling is really artistic, for it is the very perfection of make-believe.

Next to his human friends, he adores the family cat; but he has two terrors—a thunder-storm and our parrot, the latter having one day ill-treated his shoe-button nose on one of its tours of investigation. Since then, his point-

of-view has been socially more elevated and less inquisitive.

But to appreciate Pierrot thoroughly you should see those gentle brown eyes, that might illumine the face of a child, looking wistfully into yours. Then, indeed, you would be quite ready to believe in the transmigration of souls.

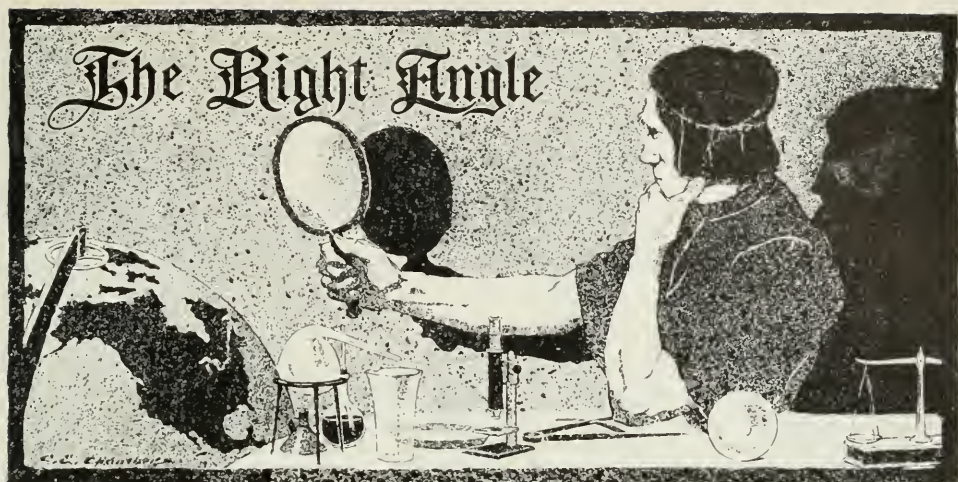
THE RESTLESS HEART

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

OH, LET me go!
 Let me out 'neath the trees,
 With the wild wand'ring breeze,
 Let me breathe the pure air,
 Blowing fresh, blowing fair,
 See the heavens' clear blue,
 And the stars shining true—
 Oh let me out, let me out!

Let me free, let me go!
 For the stars are my friends,
 And the night o'er me bends,
 There my soul is at rest
 By the night-wind caressed,
 And I wander at will
 When the world is so still,
 Let me out, Oh let me out!

Into the night! Oh, into the night!
 Oh Star-world, I come forth to thee,
 For my spirit is sad,
 Ah, the dreams I have had!
 Now the demon Unrest
 On my heart-strings hath pressed,
 And all thro' my brain
 Such a wild maddening pain—
 Oh Star-world, I come forth to thee!



THE NEW NORTH

IN "The New North," by Agnes Deans Cameron (D. Appleton and Company, New York), the author starts at Chicago and takes her reader due north-west until the edge of the Polar Ocean is reached. The narrative is easy, the style conversational. From Winnipeg the summer jaunt cuts through Calgary in the foothills and reaches Edmonton, the end of steel. Leaving behind the 1,000-mile wheat farm of the prairies, Miss Cameron takes stage at Edmonton for the journey to Athabasca Landing. From this point all the way to the Arctic lip, the route is by water.

Drifting by star-light in flat-bottomed "Sturgeon-head," with the wild geese overhead, with hair-breath 'scapes, she passes down the Athabasca to Fort McMurray. Here the scow gives place to steamer and Fort Chipewyan is reached. Next, in company with an Indian-Treaty - Payment Detachment, the party crosses Lake Athabasca to its eastern extremity, until there steps off

the deck of the little tug the first white woman at Fond du Lac. North and west the journey continues across Lake Athabasca, down the Slave River to Smith's Landing. At Fort Smith, straightened quarters give place to luxury, and passage is taken in the spacious new steamer, "Mackenzie River," of the Hudson's Bay Company. Across Great Slave Lake the journey continues, and in the marvellous unbroken sunlight of the twenty-four-hour day we float down to the summer sea,—a strange new Arctic edge where wild roses manifest cheek by jowl with tame Eskimo. The return journey by the Peace River is full of marvel.

Here, travelling against, instead of with the stream, the process is by "tracking", that is, towing open boats "by the power o' man". For upwards of six weeks we make this slow traverse of the Peace, noting the lush meadows, splendid forests, and magnificent water-powers of this Last Great West.

Coming out at Vermilion-on-the-



THREE OF A KIND—YOUNG CHIPEWEYANS



AN ARCTIC GROUP—THREE GENERATIONS OF OO-VAI-OO-AK FAMILY

Peace in latitude $58^{\circ} 30'$ north, we glimpse with the author the red roofs of America's farthest north flour mills, and see the great fields of grain white for the harvest. From Vermilion we are led across the Peace River to identify the historic spot, the last camp of Alexander Mackenzie whence he started in the spring of 1793, the first man to make a traverse "across Canada by land" to the Pacific north of the latitude of Mexico. Along the Peace River trail we follow for a hundred miles to Lesser Slave Lake, and so out by the Athabasca once more to the fatted ways of civilization. In all, the journey has covered 10,000 miles, and has taken us six months to accomplish—from mid-May to mid-November.

* * * * *

What is the excuse for the putting-out of "The New North"? What has it added to the world of creative literature? What is its message? With a passing glimpse at the Prairie Provinces of Canada, that present-day "melting-pot of the nations," the book leads us to contemplate the newer north

beyond the Saskatchewan. We learn of the latent wealth of the Athabasca, its gas wells and oil springs and salt deposits with its outcroppings of coal and tarsands and all the rich dower of timber, fur and fish. We visit each trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company and read the story of Milady's furs in its first chapters. We travel with the Mounted Police, the half-breed trapper and the solitary priest. Incidentally we gather data and find new facts regarding wild flowers, migrating birds and all the mammals from white ermine to black fox, from rabbit to musk-ox. On the lip of the Arctic we foregather with the whaler from San Francisco who is blithely carrying out from Canadian waters all the rich spoils of the bow-head whale,—the Yankee peddler in Canada's back yard!

Three whole chapters of the book are devoted to the Eskimos of the Mackenzie Delta, the hitherto unexploited Nunatalmute and Kojmollyc tribes,—and another chapter deals with Arctic whaling, deprecating the indifference shown by Canada to this spoliation of

our rich dower. The chapters on the fertility of the great Peace River country are illuminating, the writer claiming that north of the Saskatchewan and west of the Mackenzie are available one hundred million acres of land capable of producing hard wheat. Here, we are told, is a country capable of maintaining a large agrarian population,—it awaits only the coming of the railway.

The story is rich in incident,—the wreck of the "Sturgeon-head" on the Athabaskan Rapids, the drowning of Vedeed in the swirl of the Mackenzie, the navigating of the Peace River chutes, the gruesome experience of Cannibal Louise the Wetigo. The sportsman will be interested in the fishing stories, the killing of the moose on the Peace, the conservation of the herd of wood-bison on the Slave. The accurate information of the flora and fauna met with all along the route forms a welcome addition to our too-seanty knowledge of Canadian sub-Arctic lore. The recorded facts regard-

ing Arctic life and Arctic food are both valuable and interesting.

Miss Cameron excels in striking catch-words, they give a telegraphic, a silhouette effect to the narrative. Take, for example, these headings selected from the index of the book: "A Waldorf-Astoria of the Wilderness," "Sentinels of the Silence," "Grey Nuns and Brown Babies," "Fern-Odours by Untravelled Ways," "Carlyle Among the Chipeweyans," "The Hermit Padre and the Hermit Thrush," "Worn North Trails of the Trapper," "The Little Church of the Open Door," "Floating Fathers," "The Chauncey Depew of the Kojmollyes," "Pink Tea at the Pole," "Jurisprudence on Ice."

As one scans these headings he gets a realization of the wide scope of the book and the multitudinous topics touched upon. "The New North" is really a cyclopedic compendium of present day conditions in that vast hinterland that lies between Prairie Canada and the Polar Ocean. There are pickings by the wayside for the philologist, the



AGN'S DEANS CAMERON, CANNIBAL LOUISE THE WETIGO AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER



GLADYS MUIR
A seventeen year old girl of St. Catharines, Ontario,
whose unusual story, "The Passing of Eve"
appears in this number

nature-lover, the student of economics, the angler, the big-game hunter,—in short for any man or woman or child gifted with the great gift of the gods, gentle kindly humor. The book is readable, informative without being heavy, and surely will make its appeal to Canadians and to all non-Canadians who are "full of the mellow juice of life".

"SONGS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW"

SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL'S "Songs of St. Bartholomew," which comes to us from the press of Alfred Bartlett, Boston, is a dainty volume of verse breathing the spirit of fairies and flowers and moonlight, the open road and all the delights of the gypsy heart. Many of the poems have appeared in CANADA MONTHLY, and have attracted wide attention throughout the Dominion. Does this excerpt tempt you to more? Listen:

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
April's at the door,
April's whistling through the wood—
Must I call once more?

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Keen across the night
Hylas flutes among the pools,
And the road's moon-white.

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Must I whistle still,
Waiting at your silent door
On the ferny hill?

Moonlit road and breaking sea,
Wet wind from the south!
Gipsy, all your lover lacks
Is your scarlet mouth!

To those who appreciate exquisite verse, this little book will be a joy forever, and one awaits with interest Miss Birchall's next volume.

A NEW CANADIAN SHIP

NEWSPAPERS just received from England bring accounts of the launching of the "Prince Rupert," the first ship of the fleet that is being built for the Grand Trunk Pacific to supplement its land lines and enable passengers and goods to pass in the hands of a second British carrying company from Europe to the other side of the world, across Canada and both oceans. The occasion may well be credited with unusual significance in commercial history, since it is part of a movement that cannot fail to advance enormously the trade of several other countries and the prosperity of our own. This was in part the theme of Alderman Hunter, of Newcastle, one of the speakers, who described the Grand Trunk Pacific as having historic importance, and referred especially to the effect the development of its territory in Canada would have upon world-affairs. The completion of the enterprise will make it possible to go around the world by ship and rail in twenty-eight days twelve hours, by a northern route, emerging on the Pacific at a port that was undreamed of only a few years ago. Mrs. Richard L. Newman, of Victoria, "christened" the new ship. It will go into commission as soon as the machinery and fittings are in place.



HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

An artist who has a continental reputation for his portrait sketches from life of stage folk

A SONG OF THE HOMELAND

BY FRANK OLIVER CALL

I'll sing you a song of the Homeland,
Though the strains be of little worth,
A song of our own loved Homeland,
Of the noblest land upon earth,
Where the tide of the main from oceans twain
Beats high on its sunlit shores,
And the breezes sweep from the southern deep
Till they blend with the ice-pack's roars.

I'll sing you a song of the Eastland,
Of the land where our fathers died,
Where Saxon and Frank, their feuds long dead,
Are sleeping side by side.
And their sons still toil on the sacred soil
On the breast of the mighty sea,
Or they wander forth to the west and north
To conquer wherever they be.

I'll sing you a song of the Westland
Where the magic cities rise,
And the endless plains of golden grains
Wave under the azure skies.
Where the mountains grim in the clouds stretch dim
Far north to the Arctic land,
Till the northern light in its mystic flight
Flares over the gold-strewn strand.

But 'tis all a song of the Homeland
Be it north or east or west,
A land for a nation's dwelling,
And God has given His best.
So, toil we on through dark or dawn,
'Neath fair or stormy skies,
Till hand in hand, from strand to strand,
A mighty nation rise.





BOUND TO WORRY

WE note that our apprehensive friend is evidently greatly wrought up over some trouble and ask him what occasions his distress of mind.

"All these auto accidents," he answers. "I am so worried over the danger of riding in one of the machines."

"But you don't own one," we reassure him.

"I know. I am worrying over how much I would be worried if I did own one."

HOW HE LOST HIS JOB

"MR. NOSSITT," said the new man, who has been engaged as a literary adviser in the publicity department of the railway, "it seems to me that when we designate a man as traveling passenger agent, we are tautological, at the least."

"We are what?" asked the superior.

"Tautological. What does a traveling passenger agent do?"

"He goes around and gets people to ride over our lines, of course."

"Yes. He gets passengers. Why call him a traveling passenger agent? Of a necessity, a passenger must be a traveling passenger."

"How's that?"

"I say a passenger must be a traveling one or he isn't any good to us—in fact, he cannot be a passenger at all. A passenger is some one who travels. The statement that we send out an

agent to get traveling passengers is absurd on the face of it, and —"

"You may convert yourself into a traveling passenger to the street, with a stop-over at the cashier's office long enough to get what is due you to date," snorted the superior, whirling back to his desk.

AS TO TROUSERS

SENATOR BEVERIDGE and Wilton Lackaye both have this story attributed to them. It seems that an eccentric congressman was once taken to task by a constituent because of his threadbare clothing.

"A man in your position," said the constituent critically, "ought to wear handsomer trousers than that."

The congressman, offended, answered reproachfully:

"My trousers may be shabby, but they cover a warm and honest heart."

THE MAN HIGHER UP

"WHAT'S all this stuff in the papers about Mars?" asks the chief of his sleuthy assistant.

"The planet will be 10,000,000 miles closer to us than it has been for years, and the astronomers think it is inhabited."

"Train a squad of picked men to run air ships and use telescopes," orders the chief, who is wearily conducting an anti-graft crusade. "There's a chance they may locate the man higher up."

ROSES

BY CAROLYN B. STYLES

BABY fingers softly touching
 The sweet roses white and red;
 Roses climbing through the casement,
 Nodding o'er the snowy bed.
 Baby's life is just beginning
 In this June-tide, calm and fair;
 And the roses all are flinging
 Showers of fragrance on the air.
 Dimpled fingers tightly grasping
 The sweet roses white and red.

Childish fingers idly playing
 With the roses white and red;
 Roses pushing through the casement
 Falling on the golden head.
 Girlhood now is just beginning
 With the June-tide, clear and bright.
 And the roses still are bringing
 Sweetest perfume day and night.
 Careless fingers lightly holding
 The sweet roses white and red.

Maiden fingers deftly choosing
 From the roses white and red;
 Roses hurrying through the casement,
 As they hear the fairy tread,
 Married life is just beginning,
 In the June-tide this befell,
 And the roses closely clinging
 Could not bear to say farewell.
 Snowy fingers gently pressing
 The sweet roses white and red.

Woman's fingers, pulseless lying
 'Mid the roses white and red;
 Roses drooping through the casement,
 Watching now above the dead.
 Life on earth is at its ending
 In this June-tide of the year,
 And the roses low are bending
 'Neath the weight of many a tear.
 Lifeless fingers loosely clasping
 The sweet roses white and red.

DID HE WIN?

"HAVE you any of this?" asks the man, entering the drug store and handing the proprietor a piece of paper bearing some writing.

"Yes, we have lots of it," answers the druggist, reading the word on the paper. "How much podophyllin do you want?"

"None at all, thank you. I simply

wanted to decide a bet on how the word should be pronounced."

THE FOOL'S SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

I WANDER on by dale and down,
 I know not where may be the way,
 Nor if before me lie the town,
 Or if I passed it yesterday.

The Night Men called to left and right,
 The Shadow Witch sat by the fen,
 When, mazed with elfish lure and light,
 I stumbled on the fairy men.

I seek—I know not what I seek.
 I still desire—but have forgot,
 I spy afar strange chimney-reek,
 And hope to find—I know not what.

Witless I fare by holm and mere,
 I wander on a weary way,
 And look beyond my haunting fear
 In hope once more to see the day.

POETIC JUSTICE.

"NO," remarks the editor, with a mocking smile. "I cannot use your verse. You will pardon me for saying that they utterly lack sense, rhythm, meter, idea, form, construction and everything else that should be in a poem."

With a proud though peeved heart the poet strode from the magazine office, took his verses to a popular song publisher, had them printed, and within six months, a millionaire, came back, bought the magazine and fired the editor.

INTERESTING FIGURES

"WITHIN ten years after that," the lecturer is saying as we enter the hall, "the seas will be completely filled and the surface of the earth will be covered to a height of forty-nine feet, so that only the tops of the tall trees will be visible."

"What is he talking about?" we ask the person next to us.

"He is predicting what will happen after everybody begins living and traveling in air ships and throwing empty bottles, tin cans and old clothes over the stern."

THE WINNIPEG BONSPIEL

WHERE THE CURLERS OF A CONTINENT GATHER FOR THEIR BIGGEST AND BEST FESTIVAL. ONE OF THE GREAT SPORTING EVENTS OF THE WORLD.

BY GEORGE M. HALL

THE curlers of a continent gather at the Winnipeg Bonspiel, an annual event that is held in February and which is without figure or hyperbole, one of the great sporting events of the world.

Curling is king of Canadian winter sports. Hockey has its followers, snowshoeing and tobogganing their devotees, but curling can claim subjects in thousands and hold them in the thrall of a game that is second only to billiards in the severe simplicity of its elemental parts and the remarkable results that are obtained by the application of skill and judgment to the use of the tools of the game. Given good ice, stones, broom knowledge of the game and the skill and nice adjust-

ment of force and coaxing that come of long practice—to some—and the sporting Diogenes in search of a thoroughly honest, soul compelling sport, need go no farther than curling—curling is his quest; his search is ended, his longing satisfied.

Clearly, this is the thought of the subjects of King Curling whose kingdom had humble beginnings in Canada. Of course, it was brought over from Scotland where stane and besom had flourished long years and the roar-in' game had been brought to a high state of art, but—like those who brought it to Canada—it flourished in its new home. It is recorded of the organization that holds the Winnipeg Bonspiel each year—The Manitoba Curling Association—

clxxv.



*Yours fraternally,
Peter Lyall, Jr.*

PETER LYALL, JR.
President of Manitoba Curling Association

that it began its career twenty-one years ago with three clubs and possibly a hundred members. To-day there are affiliated with the Association no less than one hundred and eighteen clubs made up of more than four thousand members—good progress for Canadian curling and excellent growth for an organization which has, as the dean of the game—J. P. Robertson, of Winnipeg—remarked, just come to the age of legal majority.

Out of that inconspicuous beginning, the organization and growth of curling has spread over the length and breadth of Canada to such an extent that the Winnipeg Bonspiel is the great curling event of the season. Other bonspiels there are by the score—and very interesting ones, too—but Winnipeg is the daddy of them all and during Bonspiel week all curling roads lead to the capital of Manitoba and all curlers follow the roads of their game.

From Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia

and far-away Yukon to the west, from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces to the east, from all the northern and northwestern states to the south, curlers pour into Winnipeg to take part in the big Bonspiel. Six years ago a party of curlers came over from Scotland and this year rinks are expected from Boston and New York, besides those from Minneapolis,

St. Paul, Duluth, Butte, Montana and from cities and towns in the Dakotas. It takes the men from Dawson City four weeks to make the trip to Winnipeg if they have no mishap, and the fact that they compete for the privilege of making their long journey at their own expense shows the high estate of curling in the estimation of the Yukoner.

But, indeed, the game's the thing in

other places than the Yukon. The Right Honorable Earl Grey is honorary life patron of the curling association under whose auspices the Winnipeg Bonspiel is held. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, that remarkable man who was formerly Donald A. Smith of the Hudson's Bay Company, and is now Lord High Commissioner of Canada,—stands sponsor for one of the chief prizes competed for—the Royal Canadian Cup—and also gives, this year, four silver coffee pots valued at one hundred dollars. That other representative of His Majesty, Sir Daniel H. McMillan, K. C., M. G., Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, also



J. W. DEC. O'GRADY
Vice-President of Manitoba Curling Association

offers a handsome silver cup for annual competition and four gold lockets, these to go to the members of the rink that wins the Lieutenant Governor's cup. A magnificent trophy, both artistic and valuable, is donated by the Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited. Eleven massive silver tankards that go as high as four hundred dollars in individual value, and a



EARL GREY
Honorary Life Patron of Manitoba Curling Association



S. A. MCGAW

Vice-President and General Manager of the Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited, Winnipeg.

legion of lesser, but still handsome and valuable prizes, further bespeak the high esteem in which curling is held among the patrons of the Bonspiel. The cups are held for a year only by the winners, but the lesser prizes—comprising gold watches, diamonds, silverware, jewelry and many other articles of use and beauty—become the property of those who win them.

Two hundred rinks will compete this year and Bonspiel week will be Winnipeg's chief winter holiday season, as it has been for twenty-one years. Last year some of the leading lights of Canadian curling were over in Scotland whither they went to return a visit paid by Scottish curlers to Winnipeg five years before. Some indication of the quality of Canada's game may be had from the fact that the curlers who went "home" last year beat the best rinks of the Old Country with ease.

This year they are all on hand for the Winnipeg Bonspiel to make that event the bigger and better. From the ninth to the nineteenth, Winnipeg will keep open house to curlers from far and wide. All day long on weekdays, there will be curling at the rinks and Sundays the pastors of Winnipeg churches will preach sermons, which if they do not specifically

relate to curling, will come as near to it as Scriptural warrant can be found. Winnipeg stores will have their windows dressed in curling costumes and a good sized department of the City Hall will be given over to Bonspiel business, of which there is a good deal, for it is no small task to arrange and assign the play of two hundred rinks for ten days. The Mayor of Winnipeg will deliver an address of welcome to visiting curlers and the City Hall tower will blaze forth the city's greeting in electric letters by night. There will be no news but curling news in the daily papers, no conversation but that which relates to curling, in public. Men will curl and ladies will curl and other men and other ladies will watch them and applaud their skill or commiserate their lack of it. Doctors, lawyers, bankers, preachers, editors, clerks, reporters, mechanics; all will join in the Bonspiel and the enjoyment that goes with it. The city will, in short, be given over to curling, for the Winnipeg Bonspiel is the court week of King Curling and the chosen seat of His Majesty's government must needs be devoted, body and soul, to the celebration of this chief event of his reign.



A. A. GILROY

Manager T. Eaton Company, which has donated \$500 for a big Bonspiel fund for 1911

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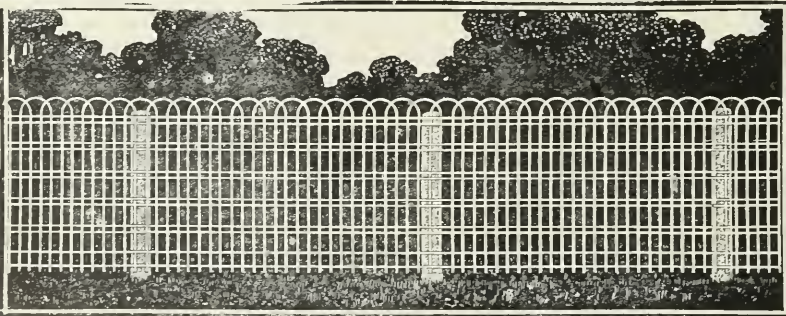
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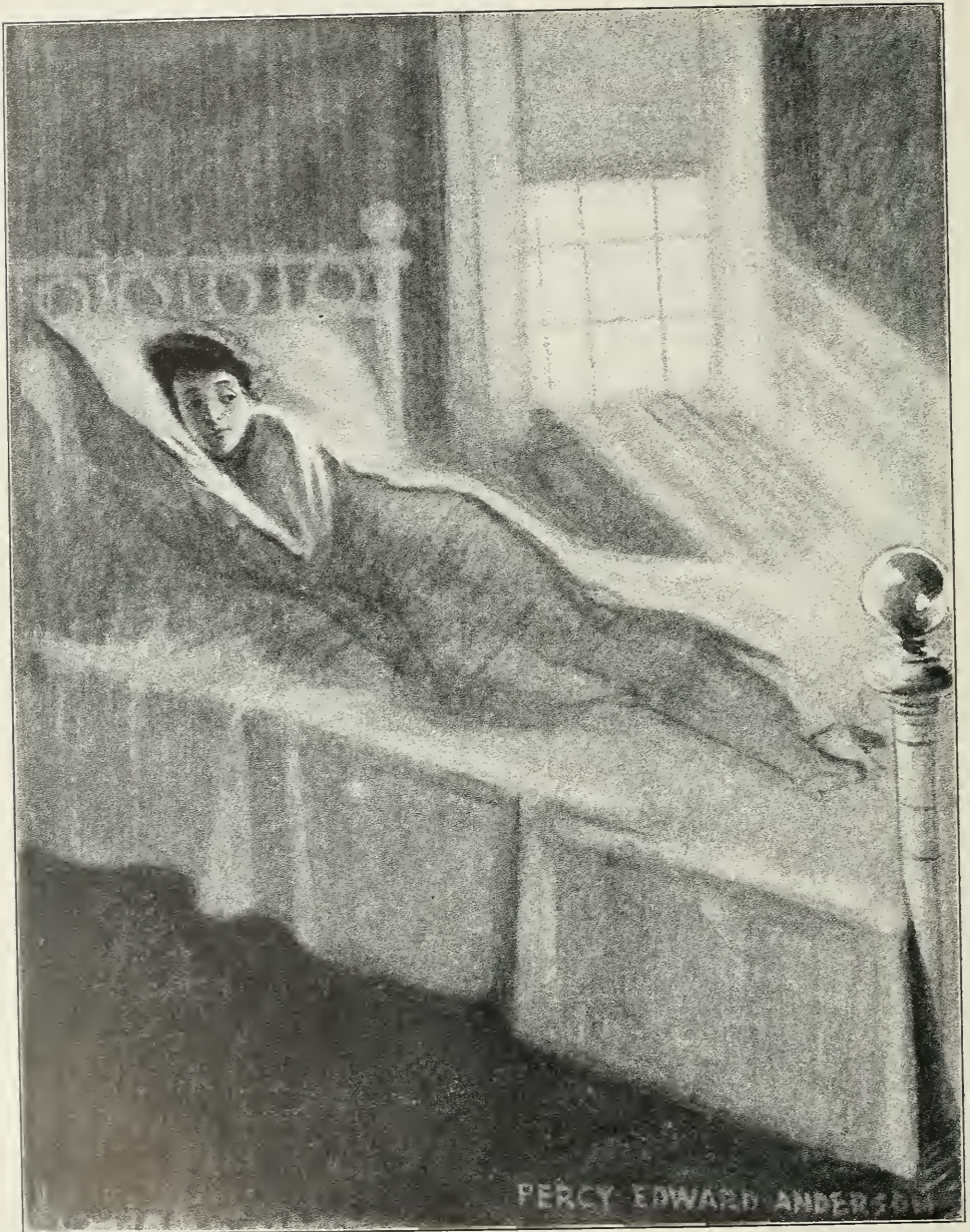
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“ÆSTRE”

BY WILL D. EATON

Beyond birth, beyond the last grave before it,
below the rim of time that was beyond that grave,
what memories lie of lives and deaths that I shall
never know again until I have reached heights tran-
scending all horizons. And they shall be softened in
renewal, and give me strength, not terror. The
transmutations have been upward alway, and I put
forth the mystery of prayer that past the graves and
births to come, I still may rise, and help up others;
in compensation of old wrongs that I have done.
In all-enfolding silence and the night, I look upon the
skies, through space between the constellations, and
know infinity to be but shoreless life. A star falls.
Lo! a new world is born.

“I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”



Drawn by Percy Edward Anderson

The Garden of Dawn—see page 296

"I SHALL LOOK AT THE BRASS KNOB AND IN THREE MINUTES—IN ONE MOMENT—
I SHALL ENTER THE GARDEN OF DAWN"

CANADA MONTHLY

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THE SOIL VERSUS THE FOOD TRUSTS

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS SHAW

Author of "Forage Crops," "Animal Breeding," Etc.

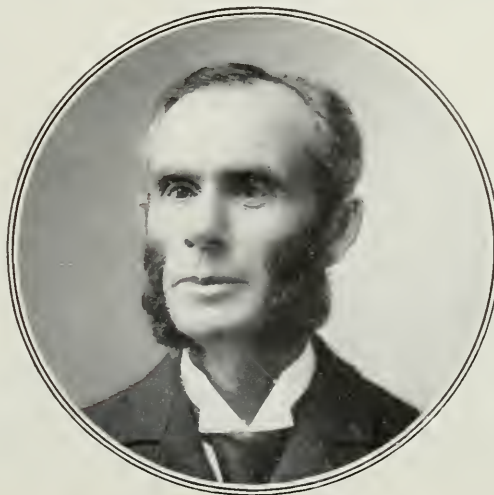
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ALL over the world, protests against the increased cost of living are going up from the people. Boycotts against the great packers of the world have been planned, and families have solemnly pledged themselves to vegetarianism in the effort to reduce the cost of meat; humorists have indulged in paragraphs relative to a thing which is "worth its weight in butter," and all Christendom wrestles with the problem of obtaining food stuffs at a price compatible with moderate incomes.

These protests, while praiseworthy in themselves, are not attacking the vital issue. The question is not how men may obtain dressed meat from the trusts at a few cents less

per pound; but how can conditions causing this increased price be remedied? The answer is: conserve the soil; protect from reckless and wasteful farming the vast new areas of land now being opened up; handle crops scientifically and make the traditional two blades of grass grow where only one grows now.

Soil conservation is easier and less expensive than soil restoration. Here in Western Canada rich territory is being opened to settlement by the Grand Trunk Pacific, and Canadian farmers, with this wonderful area under their hands, may profit by the mistakes of the farmers in the older wheat districts of the United States. Indeed, unless the methods followed by



PROFESSOR THOMAS SHAW



RAILWAY STATION AT MELVILLE, CENTRE OF A REGION WHERE WASTE IS YET UNKNOWN



RIVERS—IN THREE YEARS FROM RAW PRairie TO A BUSY LITTLE TOWN



WATROUS IS ANOTHER RICH, UNTOUCHED AREA

the American farmer are not radically changed, I feel safe in predicting that within a period of ten years or less, the United States will be importing wheat from the grain fields of Western Canada

That the evil which has brought about these inflated prices is less marked in Canada than in the United States is proven by the fact that living in Canada is cheaper than it is in the United States. A recent careful comparison shows that the cheapest cuts of beef were found to be ten cents per pound in Detroit, as compared with six and one-half cents in a Canadian city of about the same size. Cabbages were eight to fifteen cents in Detroit as against five to seven cents in Canada, turkeys twenty-five cents as compared to twenty cents; chickens, fifteen cents as against eleven cents; salt pork, twenty as against thirteen cents. While the consumer in Detroit pays thirty-five cents a pound for butter the consumer in Alberta pays only twenty-eight cents and at the same time the farmer of Alberta gets a better price for his butter than the farmer near Detroit, a beneficent condition which has been made possible by the work of the Provincial government dairies..

"Obviously," says James J. Hill, in speaking of the economic crisis now confronting the United States, "we are not producing food stuffs enough. We must enlarge the farming area of the earth, or we must apply scientific principles to farming. We must adapt ourselves to conditions as best we can, while we are going through the slow, tedious process of making the soil yield more abundantly."

The United States has made the mistake of meeting the demands of an ever-increasing population by multiplying its acres of farm land, by going in for quantity, not quality, and Western Canada, with her vast areas of rich



UNIMPAIRED SOIL IS RESPONSIBLE FOR BIG ELEVATORS LIKE THESE AT THE NEW TOWN OF SCOTT



S. A. BEDFORD

Professor of Field Husbandry at Manitoba
Agricultural College

virgin soil, much of it yet to be tapped by rail, is apt to fall into the same grievous mistake, forgetting that because a man has an unlimited purse is no reason why he should waste its contents.

Last fall at the new town of Rivers on the Grand Trunk Pacific, a farmer told me he had just burned all the straw grown on his farm that summer.

"Your country is a splendid cattle country," I told him. "Why do you burn your oat-straw when it has at least one-half the value of good hay?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't need it," he said carelessly.

Here again is the seed of the problem that is puzzling the political economists of the older lands. This man is wasting his heritage because at the moment he does not need it.

The Dominion government by sane legislation and the establishment of experiment farms all over the country, is doing its best to counteract the tendencies to fall into this mistake but to make it absolutely sure, the co-operation of the farmer is necessary. He must apply his knowledge of improved methods to

the actual cultivation of his land.

It is not enough to say: "Back to the soil." It is not enough to scatter your cities' population to the farms. When we get them there, we must teach them to farm better than nine-tenths of our American farmers now know. I believe that statistics would show that not over half of the farms in the United States are more than half under cultivation every year. By this, I mean that our present methods are so loose and slipshod and exhaustive of the soil that it becomes necessary for the average farmers to let about half of their tillable land lie fallow every other year in order that it may recuperate.

One of the most approved systems is that which involves the use, as a soil replenisher, of such crops as red clover, alfalfa, vetch and the Canadian field pea, all of which are allowed to come to maturity and are then plowed into the ground. By the growth of these leguminous plants, not only can the fertility of the soil be maintained, but increased, and the continued heavy crops insured. The farmer becomes more prosperous and land rapidly increases in value.



DR. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, C.M.G., LL.D.
Director of Experiment Farms for Canada since 1885

It is computed that clover in one crop puts into the soil enough nitrogen and humus for about three crops of wheat. Whether clover can be grown and how best to assure a crop is therefore of vital importance to every farmer in Western Canada who realizes that where he continues to raise grain, the soil is sooner or later exhausted of the nitrogen necessary to raise good crops.

Nitrogen is one of the big things the soil needs, but it may be supplied from the air, and there is enough in the air to raise all the grain everybody wants for a million years. Clover, which averages forty pounds of nitrogen to the ton, is considered the best of plants to return this property from the air to the soil.

Alfalfa, too, the best and most prolific of all forage crops, the one requiring the least care and the most powerful in maintaining itself perennially through its own inherent vitality, keeps the soil well supplied with nitrogen and can be very easily grown in the West. Alfalfa could be made a powerful weapon against the food trusts. It not only replenishes the soil, but if it were more generally used as fodder, the price of raising cattle would be lessened, and so the ultimate cost of meat to the consumer would be reduced. Virgin alfalfa lands in Western Canada are fully equal in value, acre for acre, with the highest-priced lands in the United States. The editor of the *Calgary Trade Gazette*, who has farmed for several years in Alberta, grew a mixed crop of clover and alfalfa and by the middle of June he "could hardly walk through it."

The most remarkable feature of the alfalfa field is its lasting power. In old Mexico there are fields that have been cropped for two hundred years without re-seeding. Professor Emery, of the Agricultural College at Bozeman, Montana, reports alfalfa fields in the Yellowstone district that have been cropped for sixteen years. In parts of Montana three crops are cut each season—four tons an acre being a fair average.

I have referred to the country along the new line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and with reason. I was deeply impressed by what I saw there. This

untouched area of soil affords the greatest opportunity for experiment that has been offered to the farmer in many years. The growth of the new towns is startling; Wainwright, Rivers, Melville, Scott, Watrous, have grown from raw prairie to thriving and busy little cities in the scant three years since the laying of the steel.

Why has their growth been so rapid? Because the territory, once tapped by a railway, was so rich and proved so abundantly productive that these outlets to the markets of the older lands were imperative. Elevator has risen beside elevator, wagon after wagon comes into town, loaded with the products of the soil, box-car after box-car carries the produce away to the hungry east.

Meanwhile in the United States good citizens are crying out upon the trusts and ascribing to them the fact that Smith, Jones and Robinson pay more for their loaves of bread than did their fathers. More expensive loaves, indeed! And why should not the loaves be more expensive when soil that ten years ago was yielding thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, is now giving a scant fourteen? The wealth of the soil has been wasted, and somebody must pay the piper.

It would astound you if I were to say what the state of North Dakota alone loses each year in fertility. I have made the most careful estimates on this subject and the showing is almost appalling. The same thing may come true of the farm lands of Western Canada, the conditions in the two countries being identical. No country can continue indefinitely to ship out its fertility. The end must come at last. The lands of the Canadian West, like the lands of the northwestern states, show a most remarkable fertility, and it is astonishing what the yield has continued to be under the circumstances. But if North Dakota's example is followed the yield of wheat must fall, as it is now falling in the Dakotas and Minnesota.

I estimate that in wheat and flax alone the state of North Dakota is shipping out each year fertility to the amount of fifty million dollars. It

would cost this sum annually if the farmers had to buy what they are losing, as the farmers of the east have to buy it. You will understand from this fact what the problem of the preservation of soil fertility means.

There are few things more beautiful than a crop of wheat on rich and flourishing soil, and there is absolutely nothing more discouraging to the trained eye than a scanty crop fighting for existence on wornout and misfarmed fields. For instance, I rode through the Dakotas one sunny day last fall, through what had been, not so long ago, some of the best wheat land in the western United States. A warm wind was blowing from the west, and all about the horizon there was a veil of dust. From some fields it rose in a cloud like the smoke from a prairie fire. The soil, robbed of its humus by twenty years of small-grain cropping, *was blowing away*. Every summer fallow was giving to the winds its quota of the soil which it took nature thousands of years to create. The land which once produced forty bushels of wheat, a hundred bushels of oats to the acre, here indicated yields of fifteen bushels of wheat and forty of oats. The people there will not admit it, but the unprejudiced and competent observer need have no doubt. Crop-rotation, humus-creating grasses and nitrogen-producing legumes must be resorted to in order to make up the waste of a few years.

It is this careless method of farming in the United States which has made trusts possible, and has forced up the price of food-products by lowering the ratio of crop-production.

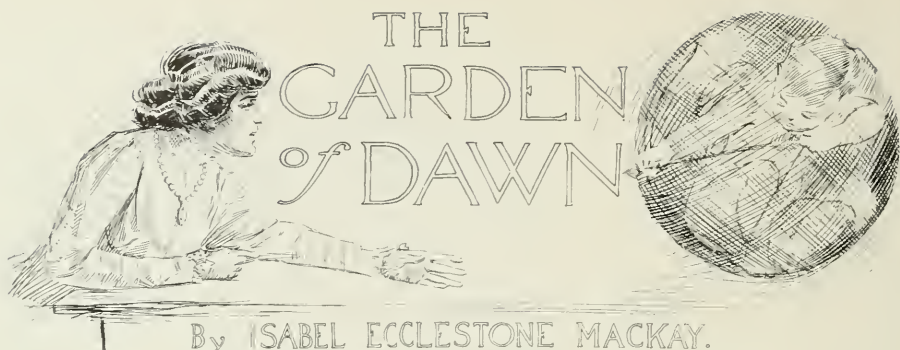
The conservation of natural re-



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE AT INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENT FARM

sources ought to begin right on your own farm. In that undulating field of yours, the bare spots in the hollows and the washed places on the slope should be covered with fresh fertilizer; the fields where the wheat and the oats are beginning to fail should be sown with alfalfa, clover or field peas, one crop of which puts into the soil just so much new life. A crop of field peas can be harvested by hogs. It will pay your farmer as well as a good crop of wheat would pay him; the expense of harvesting will be saved, and the soil enriched.

From Winnipeg west to Edmonton, and beyond to the valley of the Peace, is an almost unbroken expanse of fertile soil, perhaps unequaled on earth in natural richness. *Don't let that soil go to waste*. Remember an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Remember that soil-conservation is easier and less expensive than soil-restoration, and it is on the farmer that the prosperity of a nation depends. If you will make every acre do its work, if you will make it count for all that is in it, you will soon hear less talk of meat boycotts—and your food-trusts will be routed by the power of the soil.



By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON.

I AM beginning to be afraid of the new doctor! He is not stupid like Dr. Henshaw, and he says very little. He has ordered all the medicine to be discontinued—an alarming indication of understanding, though in itself a relief. He does not bother me with questions but he watches me. He is watching me all the time. If he sees no more than Dr. Henshaw this will make no difference, but he may see more. I am afraid he will. At any rate I am going to write down a brief record of what has happened to me in case I should—well, in any case it may be wise to write it down.

When I first came to Beechcroft to rest after the horror and strain of Guy's illness I thought that this little room with its window to the sea, its green walls, its white curtains, its white bed and its silence was the loveliest place this side of Heaven. I used to lie for hours upon the bed, not moving so much as a finger, not thinking even, steeped in a complete and delicious indifference; occasionally Nurse Agnes would quietly open the door and nod and smile; she did not expect me to speak or to nod in answer, even a smile would have been beyond me.

There were brass knobs on the posts of my white bed, quite large knobs, very shining. At first I was indifferent to them as to everything else, then they annoyed me, like a jarring note, and then I found myself staring at them idly and with a certain pleasure. I do not remember when I first found out about them. All the early part of my experience seems so far away that it

is with difficulty that I can reconstruct it; but one day I noticed that, at a certain time of the day when the sun shone brightly on the left-hand knob, if I looked at it very steadily and for a long time it made me sleep. At least it was not sleep, I think, for I did not consciously close my eyes, or dream, or wake up drowsily, but I lost all count of time. I seemed to sink into and become a part of some great sea of peace. You must imagine, for I cannot tell you, what a blessed thing it was to lose all account of everything, even of Nurse Agnes looking in and smiling.

Each day I waited more and more eagerly for the sun to glow brightly upon the shining knobs, each day I sank more quickly and easily into sleep. The days came up like shadows and I was a shadow slipping through them.

This was before I began to think and it seems, looking back, to have lasted a long time, but, little by little, for I had been almost too tired to creep back to life at all, the tide of exhaustion turned and presently I could think a little. When I thought I wondered; facts that I had read came back to me and I told myself that by staring at the bright brass ball I had, in some odd fashion, hypnotized myself. The thought excited me a little, for once, away back in the old life, we had played with hypnotism all one season. I remembered how we used to try to waken ourselves at a time set down overnight and how I was the only one who had never been able to do it. I wondered, in a vague way, if I could do

it now and my mind seemed to fasten eagerly upon this little shred of interest. After that when I stared at the brass ball I would tell myself to waken up in one hour, or two or three, or at any time I fancied and I found it quite easy. I always did wake at exactly the proper time. In a few days I went a step farther. I tried saying, "when I wake I shall feel a little stronger," and whether there was power in the suggestion or whether I was getting better anyway, both nurse and doctor were surprised at a rapid improvement.

"It is because she sleeps so much," Nurse Agnes would say. "We have never had a patient who slept so well." And Dr. Henshaw would shake his stupid old head wisely and twist his eyeglasses and say, "It is *Our Air!*"

Not until I became wonderfully better and could sit out upon the balcony and take little walks with Nurse Agnes

did I begin to regret getting well. Before that I had not had enough feeling to regret anything; but out in the air and the sun with life calling to me, a terrible depression came. I began to know how lonely I was, how utterly



"WHERE DO YOU VANISH?" HE ASKED, "ARE YOU A GODDESS?"

without purpose in my life; how devastating had been the wreck in which Guy had gone down. Not even a bit of flotsam—only me tossed up on the face of a blank sea.

It was somewhere back in those

empty days that the first thought of my experiment came to me. I had been trying, idly, to recall the word used in connection with our play-experiments which would explain my ability to waken myself at a given time. The name slipped in upon me, "auto-suggestion"? Of course auto-suggestion was the word, and with it came back many things which I had heard or read about its mysterious power. I remembered, still idly, that in a hypnotic state the subliminal mind (we used to make great fun of our subliminal minds) takes hold of any suggested idea and makes it over into reality—for the time being. Then the thought came, why not try? Why not create for myself a new world since my old world was so empty?

I laughed at the idea, but it grew. I began to play with the dream of a world of my own—a world with love in it! I did not want anything in my new world but love. I had had almost everything else in this world and had found it all so bitter; but love, as I dreamed of it, I had never had. Guy? I had never loved Guy—that was partly what made the end of it all so dreadful—

One day I stared at the brass knob and said to myself, quite solemnly and with curious confidence, "When I sleep I shall meet one I love." I said it over and over and added, "I shall meet one I love in a pleasant place!"

The blank of my waking-up was a bitter disappointment. I laughed a little at myself for having actually expected something; but in spite of ridicule my mind went searching, searching after an explanation and presently I remembered that hypnotized people never remember anything of the hypnotic state unless commanded to do so. Perhaps something *had* happened and I had quite forgotten all about it. The idea seemed almost crazy but I could not get away from it and next day when I repeated my suggestion I was careful to add, "I shall remember all about it when I wake up."

It is well that the remainder of my story has been written down already. I could not finish it now. I could not

throw myself back into that old outgrown mood of mind and trace my gradual progress from unbelief to gracious and secure knowledge. The effort I have made to tell the very beginnings of it has exhausted all my strength. I find it so hard to understand that old self of mine, I cannot realize that there was a time when I laughed—*laughed* at what seemed a foolish dream!

But my diary, begun that second day of the experiment, is open to all who care to read.

THE DIARY.

June 1.—What a strange experience! It was a dream, of course, but such a vivid dream. I am as tired and as happy as if it had been real. Nurse Agnes looks grave. She wants to know if I have been attempting to walk without her help and looks almost worried when I assure her that I have not left my bed. It is true that I feel very tired. In my dream I *walked* through an avenue of arching trees to an open space, a wild garden running over with flowers, and I wandered for a long time by a brook that sang in clear sunshine. It was so real. The long grasses and creeping plants caught and tangled about my ankles and when I bent to loosen them my hands set free their sweet wild perfume. I picked the flowers, too, and made them into little boats to sail along the stream, the moss by the brook was soft and fragrant—

Usually I do not dream, I suppose that is why this dream seemed so wonderful. I must be careful not to fancy that my idle experiment had anything to do with it. I can see a danger and a disappointment in that. I must be careful not to exalt a mere coincidence into something little short of a miracle.

They say that one is apt to dream about something which has occupied one's thoughts; so that there is no need at all to call in self-hypnotism as a possible explanation. I went to sleep thinking about—well, I was not thinking about anything consciously, but away down under I may have been thinking about just such a garden in

the woods. It is curious that the dream should have followed my auto-suggestion about a "pleasant place," but stranger things than that happen constantly. As for the—the one I met there, I may have been thinking about him too—without knowing it at all!

You see the danger of letting myself think that any suggestion may have influenced the dream lies in the natural deduction that, had I done it once, I might be able to do it again. I might be able to go again to the garden. Next time I might speak to him—see how wildly the mere idea is making me write! To-morrow I will try the experiment again, just to make myself absolutely sure of the foolishness of my fancies!

Nurse Agnes says that I must not try to take my usual walk to-day, but I do not mind. It is dull walking round and round with Nurse Agnes. I will sit on the balcony and think of my dream instead.

They say that all dreams are merely reproductions of things one has seen or heard or experienced in some way; that they cannot con-

tain any thing new. I wonder where I could have seen the face in my dream? Not on anyone living, I know, for I should never have forgotten; but perhaps in some of those wonderful old paintings! We were always in such a hurry in Europe that



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

"THE PATIENT, BEFORE SINKING INTO THIS SLEEP-STATE, FIXED HER EYES ON THE BRIGHT BRASS KNOBS ON THE POSTS OF HER BED."

I never seemed to get more than a glimpse of them. Could I have carried away some unconscious but ineffaceable impression? I cannot believe it, yet it is a possible solution—and it can't do any harm for me to amuse myself in seeking solutions. Then there was the peculiar dress he wore—Roman, I think. It was exactly what he should have worn anyway; simple and dignified, even beautiful. I wonder why men have allowed themselves to lose all the poetry out of their clothes?

It seems a long time until to-morrow!

June 2.—I am going to try again. It will come to nothing and then I shall see how foolish I have been. Nurse Agnes has left me for my afternoon sleep. It will be lonely when I wake up and know that yesterday's dream was an isolated experience—one that will never come again.

Later.—I am almost afraid to write it. I am breathless with the wonder of it but it *did* come again! It is foolish to make much of it. Dreams do come twice and even thrice I have heard. It seems almost unfortunate that it should have happened so to me, the inevitable disappointment will be so much the keener. For I cannot help hoping, I *can't* help it!

The odd thing about it is that there is no sense of dreaming. It is all absolutely real. It is as if I had stepped through a door into another world or, rather, into another part of this same world. When I wake there is no sense of waking from a dream—it is simply that now I am here, whereas a moment ago I was there. But what a difference! There the sweet, wood-scented air and the splashing brook, here a faint scent of drugs, the distant rattle of a lawnmower. How could I ever have thought this little green-walled room a haven of rest? I hate it! It is a prison—the glaring sunlight hurts my eyes.

I may as well give up trying not to think. Perhaps it is better to let my mind go its own way. What harm can it do to imagine the joy it would be if that dream world were mine? Mine to enter and dwell in whenever I wish!

What a wonderful, beautiful thing. And how unthinkable—

He spoke to me to-day. I had dropped my flowers and he gathered them up for me. He took my hand and bent down, he is very tall, to look into my face.

"Where do you vanish?" he said. "Twice I have seen you and twice I have lost you suddenly. Are you a goddess?"

I despair of making anyone understand the *realness* of it. As his hand touched mine I trembled with happiness. I seemed to have no past—to know only one thing, that I was in a pleasant place and that this was one I loved! A strange new gaiety was upon me. I felt young and light and oh, so full of possibility, something like I used to feel, long ago, before all the trouble and the pain. I looked up into his eyes wide-open and alight. And my own eyes fell. I knew that if I tried to answer him my lips would tremble.

"Tell me," he commanded, drawing me closer, confidently, yet with a certain reverence, "why did you leave me? Why have you left me twice? If you are a goddess, stay with me. Let the gods smite me if they will!"

"I am no goddess," I said, "I do not know what I am—only just myself!" I blushed and faltered, trying, in sudden panic, to draw away my hand.

"No," he said, "if I let you go you may vanish as you did before." and leading me like a child he placed me on a mossy seat and piled the flowers in my lap.

"You are bewildered," he said. "After the dark woods the sudden sunshine dazzles you—as the wonder of your coming dazzles me. But see, I will not question you. It is not wise to probe the gods' determined mysteries. Might it not be that you were made for me, and that first day you came your earliest on earth? Only say that you will not leave me! Twice have I seen you—that wonderful first time, and one other when you passed me by without a word, nor did I dare to speak. You made little flower boats and sent them down the stream"—

"I remember that," I interrupted, eagerly, "but what do you mean by the first time? Was there another time? I do not know." Yet even as I spoke my mind began to cloud with mists of memory—a half-recollection stirred me of something poignantly sweet and dear—I grasped for it, but it was gone. Meanwhile his eyes held mine in proud and hurt surprise. "If there was another time, tell me of it," I entreated him.

Only a long look answered me and, after an effort which was almost agony, the memory came again, fleetingly, a sudden up-rush of some forgotten bliss, a certainty that we had indeed met here before and known each other and—the memory left me like a light blows out. "Indeed I would remember if I could!" I cried in real distress. "But I seem unable. Why is my mind not clear, I have been very ill I think, everything seems so confused—except yesterday and sending the flower-boats down the stream. What is this beautiful peace and—who are you?"

Still he made no answer but, looking in his eyes, the answer came—"One I love!" The words flashed up in my mind so vividly that I imagined I had spoken them and turned my crimson face away.

"Do you indeed forget the name, beloved?" he whispered, and I answered, "No."

"As for this place," he went on gladly, "what does it matter? It is beautiful but, until you came, its beauty mocked a hard reality. It masked a desert of dead hopes. Do you hear that soft thunder through the trees? It is the sea."

"I love the sea."

"Yes, I loved it once, before it separated me from home and fame and friends."

"You are an exile?" I asked, wondering.

He turned glad eyes to me.

"I was," he said—

There is no need that I should write down what passed between us. The little that I have tried to write has grown stiff and soulless in the writing. How could I hope to be able to reproduce the thrill and the glory?—thinking

of her own first love one woman here and there may understand.

I live it over and over, every word, every gesture. I know it is foolish; to-morrow, when the dream refuses to return, I shall know how foolish. But for the present—

For hours we wandered through the garden and by the brook. He implored me not to leave him and I did not know what he meant. It seemed so impossible that I should ever of my own will, leave him! Then, suddenly, with no warning shock of transition, I was awake, a prisoner in this room. What does it mean? I have wondered until my brain is weary, and wondering does no good. Will it come again to-morrow? I dare not hope—yet hope torments me!

I have thought out a fantastic solution to the problem of that first meeting to which he referred so confidently and which, in my dream, I seemed always *just about* to remember but which altogether escapes me now. What if it be self-hypnotism after all? There was that one day when I began the experiment but did not add the clause that I should remember afterward. What if we met that day?

I am getting absurd. I will stop writing. Nurse Agnes is vexed with me for being so weary—

June 9.—A whole week and I have not dared to try my experiment! I have been ill again. But now, to-day, I am stronger and I must try it. I must convince myself of my folly. Its hold upon my imagination increases—beyond all reason.

Later.—It is true! It must be true. How can it be a dream when I bring it at my pleasure? Beyond reason! Reason is a poor thing, surely, when it refuses to be reasonable. If I know a thing is real, it is real—that is surely reasonable. I am breathless with the joy of it.

He was sitting on the mossy seat, quite still, his head bowed upon his hands. I went to him quickly and touched him on his shoulder. He looked up.

"You?" he said, dazedly; "you?"

The change in him frightened me. He looked so stern and pale. Yet it

seemed only a moment since I had left him smiling and content. The week of separation did not exist for me save as a background of half-understood confusion and pain.

"I thought that you would not come again," he added, heavily.

"Have I been long away?" timidly.

Heseized my hands in a crushing grasp!

"What is this?" he asked, fiercely.

"What horrible spell is it that tortures me? You say you are no goddess—can mortals vanish, then, and leave no trace? Where have you hidden that I could not seek you out?"

"I do not know," I faltered. "You—you hurt my hands."

"They at least seem flesh and blood," he said, not relaxing his grip. Then suddenly he flung them from him.

"Why did you return?" he cried.

"Leave me now—I will not be driven mad again!"

The injustice of it nerved me.

"You are angry," I said, "but you blame me for what is not my fault. It seems to me but a moment since I sat upon this moss beside you, yet you reproach me with an absence which I do not understand."

"Is it so? Forgive me. But there is something terrible here. Am I mad? Or does some strange spell snatch you from my sight. I know, or think I know, that long days and nights have found me here alone or madly searching for you! Was not failure, was not exile, enough? Must I lose all that is left, my own self-mastery?"

His wildness shook him like a storm. I felt suddenly very little and lonely and forlorn.

"You," he went on, "you so frail, such a little thing—you are stronger than my own soul. Where Cæsar could not conquer, you have conquered—but leave me now, unless you come to stay forever—"

I burst into helpless weeping.

In a moment he had gathered me into his arms. "Stay here," he whispered, "Jove himself shall not steal you from my arms."

At once I felt quite comforted and happy.

"Jove?" I said. "Poor old heathen. He left Olympus long ago!"

But my lover placed his finger on my lips. "Hush! Speak not lightly of the gods!" he said.

When we both felt calmer, I asked him to explain to me how it was that I "vanished." He said that he did not know—only that he had turned from me a moment and in that moment I had gone. Nor could he find the smallest trace of my going. This seemed as inexplicable to me as it did to him for it seems that in that world I cannot remember this one save in a very indistinct and shadowy way, nor can I grasp the necessary thread of connection to make what I do remember of any use to me. Literally I am like the wind and do not know whence I come or whither I go. My vanishing must, of course, correspond with my waking and varies in point of time as the duration of my sleep varies. I always set the time for waking by my invisible clock; usually it is two hours, to-day it was three.

I must be careful. I must not be ill any more. He must not wait a week again—although I think he understands now that I would come if I could—what am I writing! I am thinking of him as *real*!

June 16.—Another week without a written record. I have been too happy and too tired to write! Just now I have been reading over the last entry in this diary—how long ago the writing of it seems. Surely it must be a lifetime and not a week since I doubted, *doubted*, the reality of this experience. It seems outrageously impossible that a week ago I doubted *his* reality. I would go mad at once, raving mad, if I doubted it—now! But doubt is no longer possible. I cannot doubt what I know. It seems merely laughable that I should ever have been so confused as to imagine that he might be but a figment of my own subliminal mind, a kind of dream-reproduction of some old painting I might possibly have seen. Absurd—worse than absurd. I will not waste time and strength in discussing its absurdity. I know that he is as real as I am.

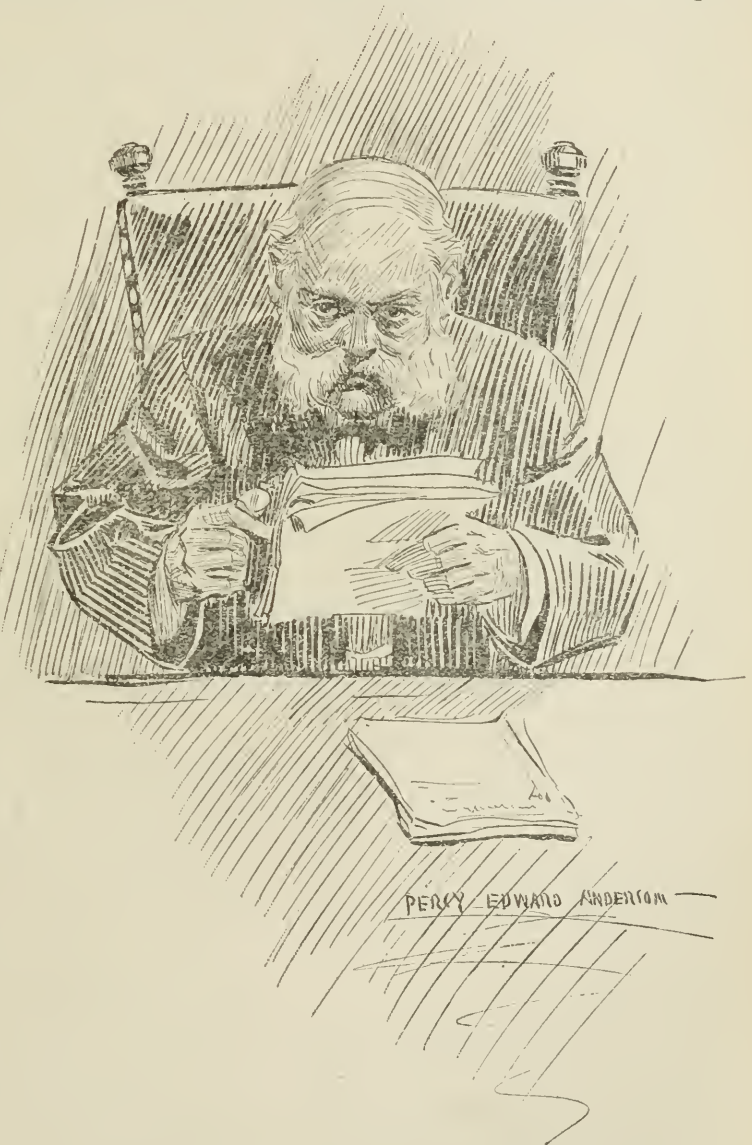
What is it that Paul says: "Whether in the body or out of the body I know

not"—but what difference, as long as it is real? It is a mystery—that is, it will appear to others as a mystery—but my old view point is gone; it is no longer a mystery to me. So long as I can at will enter into his world what matter to me by what door I enter? I do not know nor do I care. He, too, is almost reconciled to my strange outgoings. I vanish, he tells me; as the flame of a candle is blown out by an unfelt wind.

I wonder why it is that it is always morning in the garden? The day there seems never to grow old—the air is always freshly washed by night, there is always dew upon the flowers, the birds are always busy and full of song, it is a veritable garden of dawn. I shall call it that—"The Garden of Dawn."

I stay longer with him now—as long as I dare without provoking some action from Nurse Agnes. I am to be his wife. There is some form of marriage in his world, some ancient form, Roman, perhaps, but it doesn't matter. To-day I surprised and annoyed Dr. Henshaw by asking him for particulars regarding the ancient Roman marriage rite. He did not know, of course. He knows very little, I think.

Yesterday, my lover said, "When we are married this horrible fate which snatches you from me will be powerless. No god would be so cruel as to separate us then." He often talks about the gods, quite as if he believes in them, but we haven't had time for theological



"LESS SLEEP AND MORE AIR, WAS MY RECOMMENDATION "

discussion yet. Some day I must tell him that the altar fires burn no longer and the gods all left Olympus many a century ago. But he will not understand and I doubt if I could explain it

clearly. My memory of this world is so confused. I find myself more and more taking his world for granted. It is a beautiful world—a world with love in it!

One day when I had made a wreath of flowers I missed something and said: "Are there no children here—I should like to give my wreath to some happy child."

His face grew sad. "You forget," he told me, "all I loved I had to leave behind."

"Why?" I whispered.

"That I might keep my own soul," he answered.

"And find me?"

"And find you, beloved."

Then he told me about the children he had left behind, a little brother and a sister with wide blue eyes like mine. I could tell how sad the parting had been—how lonely the garden must have seemed! For a moment I felt lonely, too, and I seemed to feel how much the garden needed a little child to run and laugh among the flowers. And I thought—why should I not write it?—how that some day, perhaps, a little child might play there, a little girl-baby with wide blue eyes, like mine!

June 17.—I am a little frightened! Nurse Agnes is getting troublesome. She says she does not believe so much sleep is good for me. I say that sleep is what I came here for, but she shakes her head. She has called in Dr. Henshaw, and he has shaken his head. "Less sleep and more of *Our Air*," he said.

But I will not be deprived of my precious sleep.

"Sleep at night," he argues, "not in the afternoon."

What good would that do? I cannot stare at the brass knobs at night. I told a lie.

"I cannot sleep at night," I said. "That is why I sleep so much in the afternoon."

Nurse Agnes looked at me in puzzled reproof. She knows I do sleep at night—the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion. I do not know what to do!

June 18.—I have spoken to Nurse Agnes solemnly. I told her that I

believed I would die if anything interfered with my afternoon sleep. She said that the sleep ought to do me worlds of good but that it does not and she would like to understand why. She never had another case at all like mine. However I do not see how they can force me to do as they wish. I am my own mistress.

But I am frightened. I am getting so weak. What if I become quite helpless and they can do with me whatever they like. The idea terrifies me!

June 19.—Such a perfect day! I wonder if ever there lived two people who loved as we love? I have thought over all the old love-stories—so beautiful some of them, but tragic, too. Ours has all the beauty and none of the tragedy—for our love is—perfect. It is odd is it not that my name should be Eve? At least I am his Eve, the only woman in all his world. I do not know his name, names are needless in the world we live in. I call him, "Dear".

To-day I stayed with him a long time. In defiance of Nurse Agnes I put myself to sleep for four hours. We had a long, beautiful talk and he told me about that first meeting which I seem to only half remember. He says that he was walking alone by the brook when suddenly he saw me come out of the opening in the woods. I gazed around me in bewilderment, seemingly almost ready to weep—until I saw him. Then I ran to him, like the first Eve to her mate and, stretching out my arms, I cried: "You are the One I love!" He says, and I believe him, that he loved me quite at once and all his exile's world grew glorious. He felt that he would not have exchanged that meeting for all the pomp and glory that the world could give.

One beautiful thing about this other world is that, in my confused memory of this, all the past, that past of pain and horror, is gone. I think the memory of it would poison even heaven but in this other world of mine, it does not exist. All is as pure and unsullied as the golden light that floods the garden. Sometimes I wonder if it is a part of heaven—but it can't be that.

There is no singing or praying and no one there but just the One I love.

June 20.—A curious thing! As I grow weaker here I grow stronger there. Only to-day he said: "How strong and radiant you grow, beloved," And indeed there is a great change. When I first found the garden a very few times about it tired me. Now I can walk with him through the forest to the sea and feel no weariness. I looked in our mirror, the brook, to-day and saw the color in my cheeks. I feel quite strong and well and happy there. But here I am very weak, I cannot write even these few lines without weariness. I have given up sitting out on the balcony.

June 21.—Oh, I am frightened! The new doctor, Dr. Spencer Bruce, is here. That is why I have written out a statement of how everything started, in case—I do not know what it is that I fear! The new doctor is young and determined and clever, if he finds out about the brass knobs what shall I do? But how can he find out?

He takes great interest in me as a "case". He makes Nurse Agnes tell him every little particular. To-day I overheard him say to her: "Nonsense! There is a reason. There is a reason for everything. We must find out what the reason is." But how can he find out?

It is terrible to come back to this nervous unrest, this constant, growing fear, after the peace and joy of the Dawn Garden. We are to be married very soon, I have been putting it off—because I am afraid. He is so sure that marriage will give us to each other for always. But I am not sure at all and so I hesitate. I cannot hesitate much longer.

To-day we sat by the sea. I climbed with him down the cliff quite easily and we watched the waves beat in, and ran along the shore picking up shells and seaweed like children. I felt so strong and young—like that other Eve must have felt in the morning of the world!

June 28.—What shall I do! My brain is numbed with the shock. When I woke to-day it was in a different room, a different bed. *The brass knobs are gone.* I must be very

careful. If I go mad now, I may lose him! I will rest.

July 1.—It was the new doctor who ordered removal—without giving any reason. If he suspects my secret he has not told. Perhaps he does not suspect. Perhaps he ordered a different room on general principles. Nurse Agnes does not approve of the change, unless I "like it myself." I have not said that I do not like it. After the first frenzy of fear I have been quite calm. I am gathering up all my strength. I have so little, I shall need it all to win through.

I do not let myself think of him—of his suspense and misery. I dare not. At first I tried to send myself to sleep but the effort was worse than useless. I meet the doctor with a smile—oh, I know how to deceive him with all his calmness!

My brain is so clear. It has never been so clear before. And I have made my plan. I will get myself back into that other room—somehow. I will find the strength; and then, I shall go to him—and not come back.

Why did I not think of this before? It is so simple. If I can time my stay exactly as I please, why, when I place no limit, should not my stay be limitless? Instead of saying: "I shall not wake for three hours," I shall say, "I shall not wake to-day nor to-morrow—I shall never wake," and I shall go on saying, "I shall never wake" until I drop asleep. Then this world, this awful, empty world will be behind me forever. I shall never come back!

Why did I not think of this before? Perhaps because my mind was clouded in some way. It is so *clear* now.

I must pretend to rest at noon. Nurse Agnes will leave me. They do not dream that I can walk or even raise myself without help. It is not far to the other room—my strength must serve me that far. It is the last service I shall ask of it.

It is a fair day. The sun on the brass knobs will be very bright. I shall lie on the bed and in three minutes—in one moment—I shall enter the Garden of Dawn.

NOTE BY SPENCER BRUCE, M.D.
The patient whose hand undoubtedly—

ly penned the above extracts came under my care upon the twenty-first of June, this year. She was in a very weak state; noticeable symptom long and exhausting period of unconsciousness resembling sleep. After examining the possible causes I concluded that this persistent symptom might proceed from self-hypnotism conscious or unconscious. The nurse seemed to have observed nothing of importance, but after exercising a certain amount of vigilance I noticed that the patient before sinking into this sleep-state, invariably fixed her eyes upon the bright brass knobs upon the posts of her bed. I tested this possible cause by having patient removed, during sleep, to another room. A slight hysterical attack followed upon her waking but, after this had been controlled, an improvement became noticeable almost at once. This improvement continued until the third day when the patient, in absence of nurse, dragged herself back to her former room. The exertion in her exceedingly weak state undoubtedly proved fatal. When found life was quite extinct.

I have examined the patient's papers. I have no opinion to give.

NOTE BY WILLIAM HENSHAW, M.D.

I will confess that the case of this patient puzzles me. I am not often puzzled. Our patients generally make good recoveries as our air is very justly

celebrated for its life giving properties. In this case the patient's sudden relapse, when already well on the road to restored health, is quite unaccountable. Personally I attribute it largely to her obstinate refusal to trust herself entirely to my guidance. "Less sleep and more air" was my recommendation. It was disregarded.

I have partially read the patient's papers—quite interesting in their way—but I am a busy man with little time to spare from my extensive practice. Personally I think undue importance has been attached to these papers. As for the remarks concerning myself which they contain they seem to me to be undoubted evidence of a very unbalanced state of mind. Charity forbids me to say more.

NOTE BY NURSE AGNES

I do not know what to say except that I shall blame myself forever for having left her! If I had guessed that she longed for her old room like that I would have carried her back. I did not think she could have recovered anyway, and I do not hold with trying experiments with dying people. As it was, the end came only a little sooner. She was lying just in her old place—smiling in the sunlight from the open window. I never saw a dead person look so *radiant*.

I have read her writings. She liked to amuse herself imagining things, I guess, poor lady!



FRESH FISH

BY

HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE.

MRS. MYLES HARDINGE stopped short in front of Epstein's Provision Emporium with undignified abruptness and a scandalized gasp. She stepped quickly up to the window, raised her lorgnon and gazed long and earnestly.

There were many things in the window. It was dressed with an elaborate border of oyster-shells which surrounded a neat pyramid of tinned meats and bottled pickles of various brands. There was a large stone crock with a card attached, bearing the legend, "*Saurkraut*". There was a basket of eggs.... But Mrs. Hardinge saw none of these things; her eyes were glued in a fascinated stare upon the big fish that lay on a great platter among bits of ice and feathery sprays of dark-green parsley. And staring thus, once more she gasped.

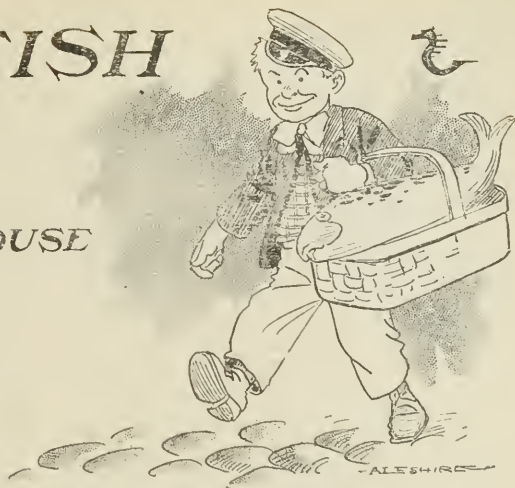
Being a lady of action, she marched resolutely into the shop and called for the proprietor. He came waddling forth from some retreat at the rear—a fat little German, beaming with good-nature, his red hands smoothing the white apron across his generous paunch. Mrs. Hardinge raised her lorgnon and looked him over coldly; respectfully expectant, he waited.

"Am I addressing the proprietor of this place? Are you Mr. Epstein?" she demanded.

"I pelief dot iss me," he nodded pleasantly.

"Then I have something to say to you, sir," said Mrs. Hardinge, with growing severity. "You have a fish in your window."

The little man's business smile had begun to waver uncertainly before the



forbidding tone of her voice; but it came back reassured at the word, "fish". He shuffled briskly over to the window, nodding as he went.

"First glass, laty. Ten cends der bound. Ve geep der feesh on'y vot iss goot—Ya! Dot iss a quide frezh feesh—Ya!"

Mrs. Hardinge frowned impatiently.

"I did not come in to make a purchase. I came in here to warn you, Mr. Epstein! Fresh indeed! Do you know, sir, that that fish is still alive?—*still alive*? I distinctly saw it move as I was passing the window! I saw it move *twice*! Are you aware that the Council has passed a by-law under which you are liable to a heavy fine? I



MRS. HARDINGE'S EYES WERE GLUED UPON
THE BIG FISH

must ask you to remove that fish at once and have it killed."

During this remarkable speech the fat Mr. Epstein had become the epitome of swollen amazement. He poked a tentative red forefinger at the shiny surface. He poked five times, beginning at the head and ending at the tail. Then he looked up in utter disbelief.

"Der feesh iss det," he objected with conviction. "You haf, laty, von mee-stake mate. You zee? Dot feesh iss qvide det. Ya?"

"The fish is alive, I tell you!" repeated Mrs. Hardinge, emphatically. "Twice I looked, to be sure my eyes had not played me a trick, and as I said before, sir, I saw it move twice. If you watch it closely, possibly it will move again."

The dumfounded Mr. Epstein scratched his red neck dubiously and stared at the fish. Without once removing his eyes from their piscatorial focus he called aloud for Hans, and that tow-headed young man, who had been peering at them curiously from the rear of the shop, came forward with alacrity. Through all the excited dialogue that bumped along over German gutturals for the next five minutes, Mr. Epstein did not permit his eyes to wander from the fish for an instant. He gesticulated with his fat arms; he spread his fat fingers in the air; his fat face worked with the depth of his emotion; but always he stared at the fish. Presently, Hans leaned over the platter and entered his stare in competition with his father's.

Once more Mr. Epstein thrust a finger forward and poked, while the stare of the two became even more concentrated; but the fish failed to respond. Then Hans poked; only with the same result. Then they both poked at once; Mr. Epstein starting at the head and Hans at the tail, they poked along the fish till their fingers met in the middle. Followed another excited dialogue.

"Laty," said Mr. Epstein, still staring faithfully, "vot iss der part off der feesh dot moved?"

"The tail," replied Mrs. Hardinge, shortly.

"Hans, gif do me dot leedle knife."

Fumbling obediently in his pocket Hans took out his jack-knife, opened the little blade and handed it over. Mr. Epstein carefully proceeded to insert the point of the blade about two inches up from the tail; but nothing happened and he straightened with a sigh of relief and a smile of utter good will.

"Laty, der feesh iss det," he asserted, placidly. "Dot feesh iss as von toor-knob det. Der het iss det unt der pody iss det unt der dail iss det—gombledly det!"

"But I tell you I distinctly saw it move!" cried Mrs. Hardinge, determinedly. "My eyesight is good, Mr. Epstein. I have asked you to remove it and kill it. Are you going to do so or not?"

"Ach Himmel! Eet iss so soon alretty det!" resented Mr. Epstein. "Mein eyes iss as your eyes goot. I haf berformed der eggsberimends to der satisfaction of meinself unt mein son unt der feesh. Ven der feesh iss det, eet iss det! Vot eet iss you vant, hein?"

"I want you to cut off its head to make sure," persisted Mrs. Hardinge, stubbornly. "If you don't—"

"Nein! I vill der feesh sboil nicht! Nein! I vill der feesh kill vot iss det nicht alretty!" asserted Mr. Epstein with dignity.

"Very well! We shall see!"

Mr. Epstein's bewildered stare followed her as she swept haughtily out the door. Then he shook his head and gave it up.

"Dot laty haf a gind hardt, Hans. Nein? Ya?"

Mrs. Hardinge's step was brisk as she walked on down the street, an infallible indication that she was aroused. Nobody in Beamersville who knew Mrs. Hardinge—and, bless you! all the best people in Beamersville knew the Hardinges!—nobody would for a moment have thought of attributing to her any but the highest motives in everything she did. To know Mrs. Myles Hardinge was not merely to know the brightest of the town's social lights; it was to know a model wife, a good mother, a sympathetic friend. And

if her great fault was a tendency to wax over-enthusiastic when she took up a thing, it was surely a fault that might well be overlooked in the face of so many estimable qualities.

That these qualities and even the personal appearance of Mrs. Hardinge should be utterly foreign to poor Mr. Epstein was that worthy individual's misfortune. Had he known who the lady was, he undoubtedly would cheerfully have cut the heads off every fish in his emporium, even though they were as dead as door-knobs, and been happy in the command. So that Mr. Epstein's ignorance in this connection was a thing to be doubly regretted in that he had offended the lady and stepped deliberately in the path of the new movement towards the emancipation of the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea.

The Beamersville branch of the Yorkton Humane Society was only now in process of incubation; in fact, the organization meeting was to be held that very afternoon and at this very moment, Mrs. Hardinge was on her way to the depot as chairman of the reception committee to greet the president and officers of the Yorkton society who were to lend their presence



"DER FEESH ISS DET," OBJECTED MR. EPSTEIN WITH CONVICTION

and inspiration at the inaugural proceedings. So that it was particularly unfortunate that at this particular stage, Mr. Epstein should have undertaken to cross Mrs. Hardinge as he had in her well-meant, if quixotic, intentions.

That the Yorkton officers and the most prominent of those locally interested were to be Mrs. Hardinge's guests at luncheon alone saved him from immediate punishment. As Beamersville's most renowned entertainer, Mrs. Hardinge had quite suf-



"SEEMS TO BE SPEAKIN' THE TRUTH ALLRIGHT," SAID THE CONSTABLE, TURNING TO THE ATTENTIVE LAD ES

ficient to occupy her thoughts that morning, laying aside the fact that she was not without a due appreciation of what is known as the "psychological moment"; and by the time she had joined the rest of the reception committee at the depot, she had relegated the incident to the background for the time being. A few hours later, when the chattering guests were ushered into the elegant dining-room and sat down to the most delightful of luncheons, she was still too much engrossed with her duties as gracious hostess to have a thought for aught else.

"Your fish is lovely, my dear," whispered Mrs. Beverly Gayfer, with the conscious license of very dear old ladies as she leaned over from her place at the right of the hostess. "I really believe it is quite the most delicious morsel of fish I ever tasted."

Mrs. Harding hesitated for the barest instant; Mrs. Gayfer was president of the Yorkton society and the subject was fish. But she allowed the opportunity to pass with a smile.

And later in the afternoon, standing before the meeting as president-elect of the Beamersville branch, she was glad that she had refrained from anticipating herself and thereby spoiling the climax of her speech. The psychological moment for recounting the discovery she had made early that morning had now arrived and she knew, as she enlarged upon it, that she was creating a decided impression; for the story was timely and the cause just. She told them eloquently of her amazement at finding that such things as these were happening before their very eyes every day—that live fish were being left gasping on platters in shop windows and being cut up and sold before the spark of life had been extinguished. She was not arguing that the fish should not be used for food; fish was everywhere recognized as a wholesome brain food. But she did think that the fish should not be placed on sale until they were dead. It was surely a matter which deserved the attention of the society and the specific case was one that demanded immediate action on their part.

Mrs. Gayfer followed and in a feeling

manner concurred with everything the new president had said. She concluded by moving a resolution strongly condemning the offense and this was carried unanimously and with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Hardinge then suggested that as they were through the business of the day, they should go in a body to the shop of Mr. Epstein and lay a formal protest. This, she thought, would have a salutary effect, serving both as a warning to the specific offender and affording an earnest of the new society's initiative.

Thus it came about that at four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon of that same day, Mr. Epstein, polishing his front window, was positively amazed to see trooping down upon his modest emporium, a procession of well-dressed ladies, headed by his quondam acquaintance of the early morning in earnest conversation with the town constable. He lingered at the window just long enough to make sure of the oncoming pageant's destination; then he waddled frantically to the rear of the shop, his eyes nearly popping out of his head in undisguised fear.

"Mein Gott, Hans! Vot iss? Vot iss?" he cried in a scared voice. "Gome oud, poy, unt holt mit your boor fader glose. Ach, mein Gott! Vot iss?"

He was not long left in doubt. Solemnly, the entire procession filed into the emporium and solemnly they ranged themselves along the walls, almost completely filling the place and quite effectively cutting off retreat to the rear. From behind the counter, Hans stared at the array of strange faces with frank curiosity; while anxiety was written all over his father's fat, perspiring physiognomy in large letters. In the foreground stood the constable and the newly-elected president. Mr. Epstein was doing his utmost to look cheerful; but was scarcely to blame if the attempt fell utterly flat. He uttered an involuntary gasp of apprehension as Mrs. Hardinge stepped coolly towards him and lifted her lorgnon.

"Mr. Epstein," she began with asperity, "you have a fish in your window, I believe."

"Nein! Nein! I haf der feesh took alretty oud!" cried the little man, excitedly. "Zee! Dot feesh iss in der vindow nicht. Ya?"

It was true. The platter was empty.

"Where is it, then?" demanded the inquisitor.

"Laty, dot feesh iss so soon solt alretty. Ya?"

"Sold!" cried Mrs. Hardinge.

"Sold!" echoed Mrs. Gayfer, and a murmur ran along the line from end to end. Mr. Epstein nodded, glancing nervously from one to another.

"I presume, sir, that you first followed the advice I gave you this morning and had the fish killed—"

"Der feesh vos det!" cried Mr. Epstein, excitedly. "I dells you dot feesh vos det!" He turned to Hans for corroboration and that young man nodded in no uncertain manner. "Mr. Gonstable, ven der feesh iss det, you can heem kill some more nicht!" ex-

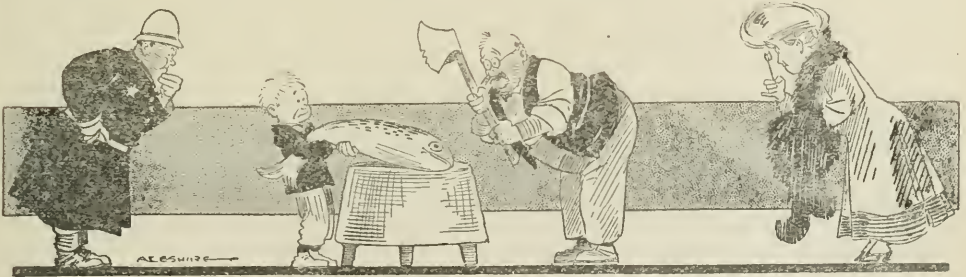
postulated Mr. Epstein earnestly. "Dot feesh iss det unt dot feesh iss solt to von gustomer alretty!" He picked up a greasy account-book from the shelf behind him and fluttered the pages till he found the entry, then passed it over to the limb of the law. "Dot feesh go oud on der telephone in der morning alretty vonce! Ya!"

"Seems to be speakin' the truth all right," said the constable, turning to the attentive ladies. "I find here an entry showin' that the fish was sent to 113 Oxford Street at tenthirty—"

"Sent *where*, did you say?" gasped Mrs. Hardinge, with a white face.

"To 113 Oxford Street—Why, what's wrong, ma'am?"

"It's all right, Mr. Officer," whispered old Mrs. Gayfer, with agitation. "I don't think we'll need you further in this matter. One of the servants probably sent in the order."



FOR SOME ONE

BY S. E. KISER.

HIS work is never hard to do
 Who thinks all day of some one;
 He labors well whose heart is true—
 And fondly true to some one;
 Men strive for wealth—men bravely go
 Where danger is for fame, but, oh,
 The sweetest joy a man may know
 Is just to toil for some one!

TO PARLIAMENT IN A HOUSE ON WHEELS

BY LAURETTA HUGHES KNIEL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN Parliament convenes at Ottawa a member from almost any district may step aboard a luxurious sleeper attached to some "Limited," and be whirled to the scene of his duties as comfortably as if housed in the most modern hotel. It was in quite another fashion that Fletcher Bredin, M. P. P., for Athabasca district, journeyed from his northern constituency last January to take his seat in the Alberta Legislature.

The weather was unusually cold just then, even for the north, and the question arose at Lesser Slave Lake, the Bredin's home, how they could most comfortably travel over three hundred and twenty-five miles of frozen country, where railroads as yet had not penetrated. Pullmans were not to be thought of, so the ingenious westerner set himself to work to devise a pullman of his own, of an Athabasca model.

Time was—when Fletcher Bredin went into the north country twenty-five years ago—that he might have solved the question by strapping on snowshoes, picking up rifle, blankets and pemmican and setting off with a smile as he saw those frozen miles vanish under his moccasined feet. Or he might not have fancied the outing on snowshoes—for indeed Alberta's conditions of light and dry snowfalls are not often favorable to snowshoeing—then he would have hitched his dogs to a fur-spread toboggan-sled, and with a cheery "Marchons!" sped over the snowy trail to Edmonton. More recently he might have come out from the north with a fast horse and open cutter, making the trip to Edmonton in five or six days.

But this would be before there was a Mrs. Bredin to consider. There had been a pleasant little romance dating from the time when a missionary nurse at a remote Indian post met a prosperous "free-trader" in furs up there. The romance had culminated a year before in a conventional honeymoon in eastern Canada, so the westerner now wanted neither snowshoes, train-dogs or open sleighs, for he was resolved to bring his bride down to the Capital in comfort. In comfort! To travel in comfort through three hundred and twenty-five miles of "that country" with the mercury playing tag at fifty degrees below! Impossible! chorus the dwellers in houses where thermometers regulate the heat between seventy and eighty degrees above zero.

However, in "that country", where the impossible cannot find a man willing to admit a speaking acquaintance with the word, many difficult things are possible—things vastly more difficult than the problem then before the member for Athabasca. The "Big Trader", as the Indians call this man, simply built his own pullman. The car or caboose was made of a framework of wood covered with canvas tenting and lined with many folds of newspaper. The floor of heavy boards was carpeted with wolf and coyote skins. One end and side were hung with other skins and a corner couch piled high with gay blankets and lynx paw robes served as a couch by day and bed at night.

A box-table and camp stove completed the furnishings. Mounted on bob-sleighs, with two horses harnessed to it—lo! the northern pullman was ready for its run through the still



NOWHERE ELSE ON THE CONTINENT COULD THERE BE SUCH A SETTING FOR AFTERNOON TEA.
—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOUSE ON WHEELS



MRS. BREDIN WORE AN ESKIMO FUR TUNIC AND HOOD, AND HER HUSBAND AN OVERCOAT
AND CAP OF BEAVER SKINS.

pleasant cold of the north. Day and night Mrs. Bredin wore an Eskimo fur-tunic with hood, given to her by the Indians of Great Slave Lake in the Mackenzie valley when she worked among them there. Her husband, during the trip, wore usually an overcoat and cap of beaver skins bought in his own trading-post a few years earlier.

The provisions were cooked before leaving and frozen hard, and when thawed out *en route* the potatoes, plum pudding and bacon served with fresh tea, proved very palatable. Instead of resting by night in the unlovely "stopping-places" of the freighters, Mr. and Mrs. Bredin lived for the ten days of their leisurely journey in the caboose. The tenth day found them in Edmonton, side-tracked behind a fashionable apartment-house in which they lived during the session of the Legislature.

When Mrs. Bredin wished to delight the novelty-loving hearts of Edmonton friends, she invited them to tea in her caboose. They sat squaw-fashion on heaps of skins, while their hostess concocted a fragrant brew over the camp-stove. This was served in generous tin cups and they stirred it with beaten silver spoons made by Indians of the far north. Frozen fruit cake and oat meal cookies from Lesser Slave Lake were passed about. Nowhere else on the continent could there be such a setting for afternoon tea.

With the candles lit as dusk grows, the kettle bubbles and sings, the tamarac sticks crackle! The "old-timers" at the camp kettledrum fall into tales of pioneer days, and once they grew so vivid—these pictures of

the past—that when a modern factory whistle shrieked through the frosty air outside one little lady "tenderfoot" gasped, whispering to her neighbor: "Now I know how they felt when they heard Indians yell!"

The delusion was all the more striking, in that the Indians who remain in small bands around or about Edmonton to-day are far from the period of vermilion and feathers. They have donned the "breeks" of civilization, and like good citizens of some Utopia of their own go about their daily ways in as leisurely a fashion as can be imagined.

This Athabasca pullman, which created such a pleasant ripple of interest in Alberta's capital last winter was novel enough, but not unique. It is nearly fifty years since the venerable missionary Pere Lacombe, astonished the Indians of the plains by going among them one winter in just such a house on sleds. Edmonton—then Edmonton House or Fort des Prairies—was but a stockaded fur-post of the Hudson's Bay Company. To-day it is a busy city of 25,000 people, and the distributing centre for a vast stretch of country, especially toward the north.

With the railway policy announced this year by the Alberta government, which will secure a network of railways through this youngest of Canadian provinces—the Lesser Slave Lake district will be opened up by the Peace River Road and the expectations of Athabasca's representative be fulfilled. He said in March: "Yes, we are going home in our caboose, but in two or three years more we shall be able to come down to the Capital in a "parlor-car".

THE TASK

BY CELIA GRAHAM

A DAY to spin the Thread of Strife
 A day to weave, and a day to sever,
 Then finished is the Web of Life
 And the pattern lasts forever.



SOME OF MR. WALKER'S "WARDS" DISEMBARKING AT MONTREAL.

BRUCE WALKER, HOMEFINDER

BY T. G. MARQUIS

Author of "Tales of the Sea," "Marguerite de Roberval," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE Dominion Government, early in 1903, made a happy choice when it selected John Bruce Walker for the important position of Canadian government agent for Scotland. Few of Mr. Walker's friends know that he was ever christened John, and to public and private individuals on both sides of the atlantic he has always been known as Bruce.

Bruce Walker, the present commissioner of immigration of the Dominion, is a Scotsman. If any one doubted it from his appearance, all doubt would be dispelled the moment he opened his mouth by way of speech. Although he has lived in Canada for nearly twenty years he still retains his rich Doric, reminiscent of heather and oatmeal. He was born in Troon, Ayrshire, and received his early education

at the celebrated Ayr academy. He was a brilliant student and was even more distinguished in athletics. A place on the international football team is coveted by every Scotch athlete and this honor Bruce Walker won in 1882 when he helped his native land defeat the English team. He was not only active on the field, but his advice was eagerly sought in athletic councils and for several years he was president of the Renfrewshire Football Association. This athletic training had its permanent effect, and although Mr. Walker is now in his forties he is still a boy in heart and mind.

When Mr. Walker came to Canada in the eighties he settled in the enterprising manufacturing city of Brantford. Here he entered enthusiastically into the life of the community. At that

time Brantford was the home of bicycling and lacrosse and he soon became a noted wheelman, and although he did not play lacrosse he was a member of the executive committee of the Brantford club when it won the championship of Canada and the Globe shield. But his great work in Brantford was as editor of the Brantford "Expositor."

From the beginning of his newspaper career he showed a fine grasp of Canadian affairs and until 1896 was one of the greatest forces in Ontario in bringing about the triumph of the Liberal party. His editorials were always marked with lucidity, strength and fairness. He did not confine himself to newspaper work. In every hour of need he was ready to take the stump, and few men pled the cause of Liberalism to more purpose. His addresses were always eloquent and no hall or schoolhouse ever emptied while Bruce Walker was on the platform. The political successes of such men as the late Hon. A. S. Hardy and the Hon. Wm. Patterson were in no small measure due to his convincing pen and eloquent tongue.

For several years he was president of



HON. FRANK OLIVER.

the St. Andrew's Society of his adopted city. As an after-dinner speaker he had few equals and distinguished visiting orators, in the opinion of his fellow-townsmen, always played second fiddle to their own Bruce. But he vegetated in Brantford till 1903. He was too big a man for the daily grind of a newspaper office.

Fortunately the needs of the West found him out. The call of the West for men came to him and in the interests of the West he was sent to Scotland as government agent with headquarters at Glasgow. It is not claiming too much to say that since his appointment he has done as much as any one man to fill the West with the most desirable class of British immigrants and has to a large measure shaped the policy of the interior department with regard to immigration.

Mr. Walker went energetically to work the moment he arrived in Glasgow. He found that the offices of the Canadian agency were situated in an out-of-the-way corner in a large block. They were hidden from the public, and even enquirers had difficulty in finding them. This would never do. He at once wrote to the Hon. Clifford Sifton, then minister of the interior, explaining



HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

the situation. Better to have cheaper quarters still nearer the roof if the government could not see fit to move the offices to the ground floor.

He had his wish. The offices came down to the street and the passers-by paused in their walk to admire the splendid window display of Canadian products. As a result of the change to fine quarters the business of the agency doubled in the first year.

As a newspaper man of many years experience the Canadian agent knew the value of printer's ink. Throughout the length and breadth of Scotland he began a campaign advertising Canada and particularly the Canadian West. Display advertisements appeared daily and press notes dealing with the wealth and resources of Canada met the reader in almost every issue. To such an extent was the work done that it was a frequent complaint among some of the county newspaper readers that their paper was given over entirely to Canadian affairs. This was an exaggeration, but it shows the thoroughness with which the newspapers were used in the interests of the Dominion.

Football matches draw larger crowds than anything else in Scotland, frequently the attendance is from 30,000 to 100,000. Witnessing these contests were gathered from all parts of Scotland thousands of sturdy young men who were needed in Canada. Mr. Walker seized the opportunity and

had a most attractive illustrated handbill printed. A youth was stationed at every door to distribute this literature. On one occasion 80,000 handbills were distributed and hundreds left the match with their hearts and minds set Canadawards.

Mr. Walker knew the value of the appeal to the eye, and had a set of cinematograph views prepared for the music halls in the larger towns. An extensive series of lectures was delivered under his management in every important centre of population from Maidenkirke in Wigtownshire to John O'Groats. Mr. Walker frequently left his busy office to lecture with stereopticon views before au-



BRUCE WALKER.

diences ranging from 500 to 5,000.

He was always eloquent, witty, convincing, and his presentation of Canada as a home for the landless man made thousands of Scotch-Canadians. He dearly loved interruptions and was ever ready with an answer.

Once before an audience of 5,000 in Glasgow a discontented returned emigrant interrupted him with the words: "The Canadian farmer is the meanest thing on earth."

Like a flash he replied: "As he's either himself or by descent English, Irish or Scotch he comes by it honestly. It would be as true to say that every Canadian farmer was mean as that every Scotchman was drunk at New Year's time."

The usual Scotch reserve was thrown to the winds and the vast audience applauded him vociferously.

On another occasion at Newcastle he eulogized the morality and honesty of the average Canadian. He then went on to speak of cattle raising, telling his audience how cattle were branded and let loose on the prairies.

A voice from the audience questioned "If the Canadian is so honest what is the need of branding?"

"That reminds me," said the ever-ready Bruce, "of a story I once heard. A mother-in-law had been making her home by turns with two of her sons-in-law. She died while on one of these visits. The sorrowing son-in-law telegraphed to the other victim of her attentions, asking what would be done with the remains. The answer was short and to the point: "Embalm, cremate and bury." He was taking no chances on her return, and so the Canadian rancher takes no chances."

While lecturing in Inverness he gave a particularly glowing picture of Canada. He dwelt on her vast rivers, her inland seas, her fertile plains capable of feeding all Europe, her forests rich in timber, her mountains laden with iron, copper, gold and silver. As he closed his lecture he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, what think ye of the picture?"

The audience was awed into silence. Suddenly a still small voice more to itself than otherwise whispered: "Mon! It's gran' if it's aw true."

Mr. Walker's success to a large extent has been due to the fact that he never gave an untrue picture of Canadian conditions, never painted Canada *couleur de rose*. The truth was good enough for him and for the Dominion. He gloried in the "Lady of the Snows," but he made his audiences see her also as the "Lady of the Sunshine," of vineyards and apple and peach orchards and broad stretches of golden wheat fields. Occasionally he would rapturously exclaim: "Beautiful snow, protector and purifier of the Canadian fields! Nature demands snow in the northland and Canada has been generously treated."

To reach the outlying districts in Scotland a motor exhibition wagon was used. It was a splendid vehicle and was made most attractive by its rich display of grains, grasses and fruit. A Canadian lecturer accompanied the wagon and in the market places of otherwise almost inaccessible parts of the country, remote from railway stations, it took up its stand, and by speech and exhibits the glad tidings of the fertile plains of the West, of the orchards of the Niagara peninsula and British Columbia were brought to the doors of the cottars in their Highland fastnesses.

Not the least important of Mr. Walker's work was the care he took in watching the operations of steamship agents in the interests of Canada and of the emigrants. He soon discovered that many men were being lured to the Dominion by false promises and determined to effectually put a stop to the nefarious actions of unscrupulous agents.

To do this he played the part of a detective on a booking-agent in Newcastle. He cultivated a stubby beard, smudged his face with soot, clad himself in coarse blue jeans, and stuck in his mouth a short, well-seasoned clay pipe. Thus disguised he called at the booking-agent's seeking a job in Canada as an engineer.

The agent was convinced that this middle-aged Scotsman with the rich lowland accent was an easy mark, and so proceeded to collect his ten shillings (\$2.50) fee at once. He then engaged

him for a position as engineer in a factory at London, Ontario, "a half-hour's walk from Montreal."

On the following day information was laid against the agent for fraud. He was fined fifty pounds (\$250.00) and had his license cancelled. Mr. Walker saw to it that the affair was given wide publicity, and this prompt and wise action to a considerable extent stopped the fraudulent practices of booking agents.

During Mr. Walker's term of office in Scotland he carried on an aggressive campaign with the steamboat companies for the betterment of the living conditions on ships carrying Scotch emigrants. As a result of his efforts the emigrants are now carried in the finest of steamboats, equal in every way to the mail steamers.

How great a work he did can be realized from the fact that when he took office the average emigration from Scotland was 2,000 per annum; at the close of his term it was 30,000.

Just then a vacancy occurred in the position of chief of the entire European immigration staff of the Dominion government. The Hon. Frank Oliver was now minister of the interior. He had had a watchful eye on the career of

his agent in Scotland, and unhesitatingly offered him this important office. He accepted the position and proceeding to London set to work to carry out the minister's instructions by re-organizing the entire propaganda. With the exception of the Glasgow and London offices he found all the Canadian government offices up two or three flights of stairs, unpretentious, unnoticeable. He determined that as far as possible all the premises of the government should be placed in positions equal to its importance. The best business streets in each centre were chosen. New and up-to-date premises were secured in such places as Exeter in Devon, Birmingham, York, Aberdeen and Dublin. In each of these places attractive displays of products were made with most excellent results. Two motor exhibition wagons similar to the one used in Scotland were obtained. The wagons remained on the road continuously for seven or eight months, lectures on Canada being given by the men in charge.

The minister supplied Mr. Walker with a splendid corps of farmer delegates, representing the various provinces of the Dominion. Under his direction they became a species of drag net sweeping the country from north



ADVERTISING IN THE BRITISH ISLES FOR SETTLERS.

to south, staying for a day at the best booking-offices in each community. In this way men in all the rural parts of England and Scotland and to some extent in the north-west of Ireland became familiar with farming conditions in the Dominion.

Mr. Walker's work was not done without opposition. Weaklings had faced conditions in Canada and failed and on their return to the homeland had rushed into print. One paper in particular produced a number of most unfair and offensive letters. But Mr. Walker paid no heed to them. Each letter brought forth a number of replies and only helped to advertise Canada. He now hit upon a plan to turn the inimical editor into a friend. He wrote to him offering, on behalf of the minister of the interior, a free trip to the Dominion. The only condition was that the writer should tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth. No other restrictions were placed upon him. As he did not want the poor fellow to suffer from loneliness he gave him half a dozen companions, chosen from the ranks of well-known journalists. As a result there appeared in the newspapers of Great Britain scores of columns of glowing tributes to the country. The unfriendly editor in particular became the most enthusiastic eulogizer of the climate, resources and conditions of the Dominion.

His position in London gave him new insight into the immigration problem. He viewed with alarm the sending of men and women from the factory centres and the slums of the overcrowded cities to Canada, and to the Canadian government sounded a warning note which was to become the fixed policy of the minister. The sending of rate-aided and state-aided individuals was discouraged. Masterless men and ne'er-do-wells were warned to stay at home. As Mr. Walker remarked: "It is not fair to the emigrant. He was an object of charity in the Old World and is likely too often to become an object of charity in the new. These town-bred men have no love for nature, no yearning for the green fields. They have been cliff and cave dwellers; humanity warehoused in

tenements and cellars. Into the Canadian cities they will inevitably drift only to become objects of charity, or to take up criminal careers."

In his report of January, 1908, on this question, Mr. Walker with a concise, strong pen laid before the interior department the dangers threatening Canada through unwise immigration. This able report has been the chief factor in shaping the present policy on immigration of the Dominion.

Mr. Walker's work brought him into contact with such men as Charles M. Hays, Donald D. Mann and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and he has discussed the future of Canada from its immigration side with them. He has been fortunate in enjoying the warm confidence of Lord Strathcona and always speaks in almost affectionate terms of that great empire builder.

As a result of his good work in London, and his thorough grasp of the immigration question the government, early in 1908, transferred Mr. Walker to Winnipeg, to take the position of commissioner of immigration, succeeding J. Obed Smith. The minister had concluded that an enthusiast so successful in procuring immigrants of the right class should succeed in distributing them and having them absorbed among the Canadian people. Already he is a force for nation-building in the west, and is making his influence felt throughout the entire Dominion.

He is genial, kindly, enthusiastic. He knows the value of the newspaper and among the journalists has a host of friends. Irrespective of party he supplies them with the latest immigration notes and the reporters leave his office with a feeling that they have in him a genuine friend. Distinguished students of Canadian affairs and writers from foreign countries invariably visit him when they learn more about the Dominion in one hour than they would in weeks of observation and interviews with the ordinary citizen. Unfortunate immigrants have always a kindly word and helping hand from him—which also proves that Bruce Walker is in every way a man, a big man, a force for righteousness and patriotism.



SWIFT, HIS FAMILY, AND HIS HOME

KEEPING STORE AT TETE JAUNE CACHE

BY WALLACE FINCH AND L. DARBY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THREE PARTS

PART ONE

WE started from Edmonton the eighth day of May, 1907, three of us, possessed of a new idea.

We were going to set up store at Tete Jaune Cache a month by trail to the westward, far beyond the Yellowhead Pass—and Edmonton itself in those days was almost at the end of the store-keeping world! True, it was vaguely known that the prairie lost none of its fertility as it sloped gently up toward the mountains and that the far away Pacific coast was much like the populous valleys about Vancouver. What lay between was a vast *terra incognita*, probably a wilderness of mountains. Fruit growers had not yet planted young trees on the benches of the western valleys, cattlemen had not yet driven their herds into the wide grazing grounds of the Ootsa lake

country, and no surveyors had dotted their section posts all over the rich, lake-traced Nechaco Valley—its glories were all unheralded. But even in nineteen seven prospectors and timber cruisers were scattering all over upper British Columbia, while back and forth between Edmonton and Prince Rupert moved the survey parties of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Where there are men, there things may be sold and, to pioneers twenty-five days' march from the nearest general store, at fabulous prices.

We three had planned the venture carefully. Earlier in the year supplies had been sent ahead to the foothills as far as winter hauling was practicable; the pack train with which we were making an early spring start was well equipped; and one of us, Jimmie Mack, had been over the trail the season just



PASSING BETT'S GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC SURVEY PARTY, MAY 21, 1907

before. Jimmie and Frank Reed expected to spend most of the summer in prospecting and land-looking while Will French kept the store and recovered his health, lost under the strain of Yankee city life. So it was a cheerful little party that headed the pack horses westward toward the unseen mountains.

The first three days were spent in uneventful plodding along the muddy roads of early spring while at night we slept in commonplace beds in thriving young settlements. We relieved the monotony by laughing at Will French's awkward attempts to mount his horse from a convenient knoll or fence rail. He cut an amusing figure when, after a long ride, he dismounted and hobbled painfully along in heavy, hob-nailed boots, muscles cramped and joints creaking, looking, as he said, like a three-foot-high Irishman only lacking the short dhudeen. At Lac Ste. Anne he was greatly encouraged by the keeper of the general store, an Englishman exiled from home by ill health but grown hale and strong in the clear Alberta air.

At last we left the land of hotels and on Saturday night slept in our bags under the open sky. While cooking our supper we were visited by a

neighboring settler, Donald McDonald, with whom we made arrangements to pack in the extra supplies which were cached at the Big Eddy on the McLeod. In the midst of the chat there was a rush and splashing and off went the horses across the creek and back down the trail, with Frank and Jimmie after them; then McDonald corralled them for the night. Other travelers were having difficulties. The next day we overtook a settler whose wagon was stuck fast in the mud. When pulled out he cheerfully resumed the trek toward the new Lobstick Lake District. That same day, after an exciting crossing of a log-jammed creek in which one of the horses nearly turned over pack and all, we saw our first butterfly. Insect life was on the wing for the year.

Five days out we made our first big ford, across the Pembina. The priest at the ford told us of a big coal deposit half a mile up the river where a new company had installed a large drilling machine. Evidently we had not quite left civilization behind. The ford was a long one and trying to Will who waited for the others to drive the pack horses across when Jimmie came back to escort him. It seemed to him that the water would never stop swirling dizzily below him, surely the current

would carry the horse off from his feet, but at last it was passed and fords had lost their terrors. That night we camped at Hole-in-the-Ground, a beautiful little valley completely surrounded by hills. After tea we went hunting for ducks but brought back a musk-rat.

Next day we reached the end of the wagon road and then began the real trail through the woods. It was a rough path but led us through a world of beauty. The sense of the growth of fresh green things increased as the minutes passed. Leaf and grass and moss—fallen trees clothed in wondrous combination of fern and leaf—mossy mounds like miniature mountains crowned with baby firs. At times snow, softest verdure, dead trees, muddy trail, rivulets of clearest water and the rough trunks of the old forest, all at once met the roving eye.

So we traveled on through the woods and across the streams, occasionally meeting with a ducking at a ford or troubled by back-trailing horses. Just before we reached Carrot Creek, Jimmie pointed to a white cloud above the blue of the distant hills—our first glimpse of the mountains still one hundred and sixty miles away. We were beginning to climb, but very gently. Near Wolf Creek we traveled the nose of a hill between two valleys stretching miles and miles to left and right, a magnificent country for farms



MRS. SWIFT AND HER YOUNGEST SON



BIG EDDY, IN 1907 THE METROPOLIS OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN LAC SIE. ANNE AND THE YELLOWHEAD PASS

some day! Then we passed a bit of country like a pine nursery with hundreds of Jack pines spread over it. The mishap of the day was the "getting down" of Roney, one of the pack horses, who insisted on leaving the trail on one of the wet, muddy spots. He tried hard to get up but finally Frank and Jimmie had to dismantle his pack and carry it in sections to dry ground, then get him up and reload.

At Moose Creek we spent our second Sunday and Monday letting the horses feed on the plentiful grass while we darned sox in the genial warmth of a folding stove in the tent. Tuesday we forded the McLeod, then passed

days treating the sore backs of the horses and selecting from the store supplies cached at Big Eddy the part that Donald McDonald was to pack through to Tete Jaune Cache. There was a phonograph in camp and "canned music" sounded very good in our ears. There were no theatres in Big Eddy which consisted of two log houses and a few tents used as caches.

A few hours out of the Eddy we passed Bett's camp, another Grand Trunk Pacific survey party. That evening we camped near some Indian tepees from which issued sounds of dancing and racketing all the beautiful moonlit night. Next day we reached the



GREGG'S PIONEER HOMESTEAD NEAR PRAIRIE CREEK

through a pine forest catching frequent glimpses of the river, till suddenly we turned a corner which revealed a glorious stretch of river, hills and valley. We were within sight of Big Eddy, our destination for the day.

Soon we were greeted by the members of a Grand Trunk Pacific survey "outfit", who fell upon us eagerly when they learned that we had a big package of letters for them, their first since March. They most hospitably put a tent at our disposal and asked us to share their meals, so we decided to stay with them instead of going on to the Eddy. We stayed at the camp three

"Leavings", so called because the trail there leaves the McLeod for the Athabasca. While at lunch Frank suddenly exclaimed, "Two geese coming down the river! Lie down, quick!" Jimmie turned and knelt down with his head on the ground, Frank reached for his gun and rested it across Jimmie's shoulder, while Will rolled over flat on the ground. Breathlessly we waited. Slowly they came into range. Bang! One of the geese fluttered into the water; the other took to its wings. Another shot and the first one was hit again. Jimmie and Frank started down the bank with Will after



WE FORDED THE FIRST CHANNEL OF THE ATHABASCA WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY

them carrying gun and rope. Up and down we searched and Jimmie even forded to the other bank—but no goose. And our mouths were watering at the thought of a goose supper!

Sunday's journey was a long and hard one. We were up at four in the morning and looking up saw a great round ball just above the horizon and thought it was going to be a gray day. A few minutes later it was gone—behind the clouds we supposed—but

soon the sky began to glow and we realized that it was the *moon* we had seen going *down*. We started at eight o'clock, up and down hill, over muskeg amid dense, moss-margined woods (imagine walking on pile carpet in which you sink five or six inches at every step), a long time among fallen timber in which Mike got down and had to be reloaded, then a good trail climbing slowly through the forest to the summit between the McLeod and



LANDING THE UNGAINLY RAFT AFTER WE HAD CROSSED THE ATHABASCA'S MAIN CHANNEL

the Athabasca. A long climb down and up but ever getting lower toward the valley of the mighty Athabasca brought us to the level of the river about seven. Turning up the stream the Rockies seemed to be just beyond the next bend. A bad climb up a hill was almost forgotten in a glorious ride in the soft evening glow through wild pine woods from which we finally emerged on to the hillside again. The hill towered above us on the left with the big moon just peeping over the edge, while on the right stretched the great valley of the river, mile upon mile, to the brow of the distant hills purple against a sky at nine o'clock still

followed by a much larger number. We tried to get photographs of the picturesque groups but could do it only by stealth; the ancient superstition made the older squaws restless at the sight of the camera and they hurried their party on.

We were now in the very presence of the mountains themselves traversing the slopes that border the valley of the Athabasca, at times jutting out almost into the stream itself, then receding many miles leaving an immense fertile plain. For two days we wound about the base of three big peaks, the last one looking like a frowning square fortress guarding the entrance to the pass.



THE ROUGH TRAIL NEAR SWIFT'S LED US TO A WORLD OF BEAUTY

touched with the light of the setting sun. So we passed on up the valley and camped at ten. A Sabbath day's journey, indeed!

Next day we found a box set up on a pole on which was scribbled a message asking us to bring a horse which had been left by a party just ahead of us. We found it, a scrawny little cayuse, limping painfully, and took it to Prairie Creek where we left it with a settler named Gregg. As we journeyed along straight toward the mountains, we met a party of Indian squaws and paposes bound for Lac Ste. Anne and twenty four hours later they were

Toward noon the trail dipped down to ford the Athabasca. We crossed two channels without much difficulty, then stopped on an island while Frank and Jimmie tested the depth of the main river. It was too deep to ford so we decided to raft the packs and swim the horses. It was after seven when the raft was finished and loaded for the first crossing. Frank and Jimmie went together and had great difficulty in getting back by eleven in the pitchy darkness, so we were obliged to spend the night on the little island. In the morning we added two more logs to make the raft large enough to carry

Jimmie and Will and the rest of the supplies, while Frank was to ride. The horses were driven into the stream after him but they would not follow together. Two waded down the river, Jimmie following along the bank shouting and throwing bits of wood and stone at them till finally they struck across. Then another swam down stream trying to find footing while the other four refused to move but stood watching till at last he landed near Frank. Then, reassured, they slowly followed him. The raft was clumsy and hard to handle. First, we let it float down, guiding it past a shoal, then we jumped into the water and pushed it by main strength up stream so that the current would not carry us far below the trail. Near the other bank Frank rode out to help and we all got wet through standing in the water pushing the ungainly thing ashore.

That day we passed Jasper House and Jasper Lake—a glorious view from the top of a hill with green sward like a lawn rolling down from our feet to the water's edge. Next day we

reached Swift's in the upper Athabasca valley. Swift was something of a character, a Yankee from Ohio who had married a squaw and had four children. He was looking forward to being a rich man as he hoped that part of his property would be selected for a townsite and he had fine water power for a mill. It was not an idle dream of wealth, for with cheap power, the immense valley full of farms, and the railroad at his door to carry his flour to Prince Rupert and so by the shortest route to the Orient, why should not this "squaw man" of the mountains some day take part in the ever expanding business of feeding the yellow millions? Meanwhile he was doing a little farming, entertaining the pioneers crossing the pass and enjoying life in the shadow of the mountains.

Here we stayed two days. The horses enjoyed the rest and to us it was a great pleasure to watch the children playing, to stroll about the hills among the countless wild flowers, or to chat with Swift over his growing grain—a refreshing interval before the last week's pull over the pass.

(To be continued)

THE FOOLISH BIG WORDS

BY S. E. KISER

THE foolish think big words are splendid,
And that within them wisdom lies,
But big words never were intended
To form the language of the wise;
Through smallest words that he may find
The sage reveals his depth of mind.

The speeches of the fool are freighted
With words he chooses for their length;
When sense is with a big word mated
It dwindles, robbed of half its strength;
The world needs no big words at all,
Since Love and Hope and Do are small.

THE BLACK BEAR LIMITED

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami," "Frontier Stories," Etc.

LONG before the white man had measured the worth of the chinook winds or dreamed of what lay in the unploughed fields of the middle west or the possibilities of peach orchards in the Okanagan, Pere Perent built his cabin in the caribou country. Wandering prospectors from the south found welcome at the cabin of the kindly Pere. Trappers traveling up and down the river rested there and made tea with this lone man whose mission was to blaze the trail and plant the cross.

Sometimes the lone commander of this outpost was hard put to it to find food. In summer there were fish and game in easy reach, but when the lakes were closed and snow shrouded the hills he had to hustle—and with caution. If he fared too far into the fastnesses he ran the risk of bumping into Bruin, who might be as hungry as himself.

Up on a mountain, where a side gulch scarred the slope, there was a slide where the black bears came down to drink. Often at twilight the Pere would post himself beside this trail, and when a bear came slipping and sliding along, would block the trail and open fire. If he failed to stop the bear with the first and only shot in his old fashioned rifle, he would lay that weapon aside, and bring out his hunting knife and close in. Thus he became learned in the ways of the wild things who were his only neighbors.

At first he fought nervously, with a line out to the Virgin, but as the months wore away he gathered experience, confidence and scars. When he had been a year in the caribou country he found himself seeking trouble rather than avoiding it. To be sure he did not slay wantonly, but he never went hungry out of fear.

Still, a man cannot hold aces all the time. One sunset he saw a big black bear browsing about at the top of the slide. It was in autumn. Both the Pere and the bear were feeling fit. By the time he had climbed up the trail to the battle ground the sun had dipped down behind the range. It was so dusk that the bear was almost the color of the hills, and undistinguishable until quite close.

The Pere waited. The bear not caring to climb back up the hill, came on down the trail. When within a few yards he stood up, as bears will. As he advanced the hunter leveled his rifle and fired. His aim was at the throat, because the bear was really above him; but, as he pulled the trigger, the bobbing head of the bear dropped so that the bullet glanced off the rounded skull without doing any damage. The hunter dropped his rifle and drew his hunting knife; and with a howl of rage, the bear went to it. It was a hard bear fight from this on. The man dodged the bear's left, but as he raised his head the bear handed him one with the right paw that sent him over against a cedar bush.

The bear dropped to all fours, and gave the man time to get his head and footing. Again the bear stood up, but the man had gained the upper side of the slope—which was not much advantage, since it made it difficult for him to get under the bear's guard.

The two pranced and sparred for an opening. The priest side-stepped, but the bear, so big and clumsy looking when he is gathering berries or rolling along the trail, was as agile as his antagonist.

The priest soon saw that his only hope for victory was in close fighting. Another series of side steps gave him the down hill side of the ring. Feint-



THEY BELIEVED HIS STORY. BUT BEING COWMEN THEY DID NOT HANKER AFTER MINING

ing with his left, he darted under the arms of the bear, sinking his hunting knife in the left side.

They went down together and fought, rolling, to the foot of the hill. The priest managed to keep his knife and his

right arm free. Bruin was hugging him hard, and trying to reach him with his teeth. Presently the priest found his left forearm in his adversary's mouth. He felt the bone crack, and a sudden sickness fell upon him. With a cry that was half a prayer, he drove his knife again and again into the animal's side. Presently the great arms relaxed, the bear released his hold on the broken arm, and the priest stood up in the gathering gloom of the valley and gave thanks for his delivery.

Fortunately a prospector passed that way as the darkness deepened, and he helped the priest bind up the broken arm. Being in no great hurry he camped at the cabin for some weeks, and nursed the good man back to life; for, in addition to the broken arm, the patient was riddled and ripped and tattered and torn from his head to his toes.

When he could walk, the priest expressed a wish to show his friend where the battle began. One glance at the battlefield satisfied the curiosity of the stranger and being a prospector he naturally began an examination of the spot. In a little while he had discovered traces of silver in the rock seams.

They brought a pick and pried into the secrets of the hill. They staked a claim and began to work it. When the prospector had satisfied himself that there was pay dirt, he went out for help and for machinery to develop the claim. It was winter now, and a long wait for the spring and his return.

First, the prospector went for funds to his old cowboy friends in Oregon, some of whom were now ranch owners. They believed his story, but being cowmen they did not hanker after mining.

Then he went to Seattle, and here he had no difficulty in organizing the Black Bear Limited.

He had prospected in California, and was well known to the Grub Stakers who stand in the same relation to the prospector as the "angel" stands to the promising actress. On the day following he was to meet his backers to arrange for the purchase of supplies and machinery. That day dawned and

died with no news from the prospector. A week went by, a month, a year; and then the men who had dreamed for a day that they were about to become millionaires forgot it.

Shortly after this a weird looking individual who had the appearance of having slept in his clothes and risen early, stepped from the steamer at Nome, and went into the hills. There he set up his shack and lived alone, making no friends and few acquaintances. He prospected in the hills and toiled in the tunder. He found pay dirt, washed out and waxed comfortable, but he never washed up nor changed his clothing. He walked as one in a dream, and one day, still dreaming, he walked aboard a south bound boat and Nome knew him no more.

In the early days of Cobalt camp the same strange, silent man appeared. Miners from Nome recognized him, and one night, having brought a bottle down from Haileybury they grew convivial and talked about Nome with the lonesome one, whom they called the Ghost. He seemed surprised, and declared he had never been in Nome. He had heard about it once, and he had a vivid dream of having been there, of having staked a certain claim, of having washed out gold; but when he woke and found he was in Cobalt and not Nome, the stuff that he had actually seen and handled faded away.

When the miners who had known him in Nome described the claim, the cabin in which he had lived, the store where he bought his supplies, and many other things, the lonesome prospector was deeply bewildered.

Days and weeks went by. When the men from Nome met the silent one on the trail they nodded and passed, shunning him as a Sioux used to shun a scalped Pawnee. "He is not all here," said one, and they let it go at that.

Whatever had been lost along the journey of life, he still retained the instinct of the prospector. He located a good claim in Cobalt, sold it, and disappeared.

The Seattle Grub Stakers were surprised one wet morning, five years to a day from the date of that old dis-



"WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS IN COBALT CAMP"

appearance, to see their prospector, cleanly shaven and well dressed, walk into the office.

The visitor apologized for being late. The promoters glanced one to the other, unable to understand this strange man. "I believe," said the visitor, "I was to call at nine o'clock. It is now nearly eleven."

"Perhaps you are mistaken in the date?" came the reply.

The visitor was evidently embarrassed. "Well," said he, "if I am sober I left you gentlemen last night with the understanding that we were to meet at nine this morning. I might have been drunk last night, but I am certainly sober now."

During the moments that followed, the prospector thumbed and fingered his forehead, then looked at the floor. Presently he lifted his head and said with a deep sigh:

"Speaking of yesterday and the night that bridged over to this morning, do you know I have had the most bewildering dreams that a man ever dreamed? I have been to Nome since I saw you, and have panned out gold—great nuggets of gold. I slept. I slept. When I woke up I was in Cobalt camp, where I staked a claim and cleaned up \$30,000. I can forget the Nome dream all right, but this Cobalt business troubles me. I have money which I did not have when I left you last night. I have a pass book with me this morning which tells me that I have some \$20,000 in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Cobalt. Now who the devil has been stringing me? I am not exactly a damn fool, and if you are making fun, and if you doubt my story of the Black Bear claim, say so and let me look elsewhere for money to develop it."

The men were confused. The clerks heard only the loud talking and the swear words. The two heads of the firm sat in silence. The senior, being a lawyer and accustomed to cross questioning, asked the prospector kindly: "Is it your impression that you left us only yesterday?"

"Certainly. Isn't that so?"

The Grub Stakers exchanged glances.

"I do not wish to cause you any

anxiety, my dear friend," said the lawyer-broker. "Isn't it possible that you have slept longer than you think you have? Do you remember the date when you left us here in this office promising to meet us on the morrow?"

"I certainly do. It was Tuesday, November 10th. This is November the eleventh," he said, glancing up at the calendar on the wall.

"What year?" asked the Grub Stakers.

"Year? Why 1900——"

He stared at the calendar with a start.

"Now what on earth are you trying to do? Do you print calendars five years ahead of time for the sake of guying a poor prospector?" He rose and hit the table with his bony clenched hand so hard that it made the furniture jump.

"Sit down," said the head of the firm, closing the door. "Now, my dear fellow, it is just five years ago to-day that we waited to meet you in this office. Something has befallen you. I don't want to worry you, but you have been away."

"Gad! I thought so," said the prospector. "No man could live and do what I have done since I left you in one night—in a dream."

Gradually the trained lawyer satisfied himself that whatever had happened during these five years, the prospector was himself again. They took up the trail with the hope of unraveling the mystery. Nome was too remote, but they could wire Cobalt. The answer revealed the fact that the Cobalt dream was not a dream, but that a strange prospector had a balance in the bank of more than \$20,000. Finally it was agreed to accept this explanation, to regard the things that were real as real, but to proceed to the caribou country to verify his impression of the Black Bear claim. Perhaps that was a "pipe", too.

There was nothing in the manner of the man to suggest insanity.

He selected his supplies and outfitted with a member of the firm for the journey to British Columbia.

Arriving at the Black Bear claim they found the faithful friend on watch.

"Father," said the prospector, holding the priest's hand and peering into his face, "How long have I been away?"

"A little over five years, my son. Where have you been?"

The prospector wiped the perspiration from his brow, turned to his companion and said, "Now I know it is true."

The three men walked up the gulch. A little narrow tornado had torn along the mountain side a few months after the departure of the prospector, covering the bear slide with torn up trees, for which the patient Pere had given thanks because the debris had closed the trail and covered the stake.

With much difficulty they found the

claim and secured sufficient evidence of its richness to warrant development. It was agreed that for the sake of their friend, the prospector, nothing should be said of his wanderings or of his dreams, and so the secret has been kept all these years, and is here set down for the first time in print.

The Black Bear Limited (though that is not the name) is one of the biggest mines in British Columbia. The prospector who went away is one of the most prosperous mining men in America. The patient priest has sold his share and is now doing missionary work on the Skeena river in British Columbia.

THE PICTURE

BY HELEN CLARK BALMER

IT IS visitor's day in the Children's Ward, and the long room, gray-walled and pictureless, is spotlessly clean and bare of every homelike touch. The vista of neat cots, each small occupant wan and spent with disease, would be a cheerless monotone of white except that sometimes it is a brown head, instead of a golden one, lying on the narrow pillow.

All is straight and orderly; the white napkins on the score of little pine tables are laid foursquare with the corners of the room, and each is primly set with a bottle of medicine and its accompanying glass and spoon. The east wall is given over to several wide windows, and as the blessed sunlight and air are not subject to hospital discipline, a stiffly starched curtain is playfully fluttered by the incoming breeze.

If those sprites, which we call motes in the sunbeam, could be seen, how they must be holding their mites of noses as they innocently rush into the close atmosphere tainted with fevered breath and with the heavy odor of dis-

infectants; or how glad must be the "shut-in" spirits to escape and mingle with the thousand perfumes of spring!

Here and there a trim, well-laundered nurse glides echolessly about the ward, smoothing away imaginary wrinkles in a coverlet, or regulating the rigid uniformity of the window shades, lest the eye of the critical inspector should be offended by a line awry. A buzzing fly chances in at the open window, for the time of wire-screens is not yet, and is quickly pursued; although he manages to elude the hand of his would-be destroyer, and impudently tickles the peaked nose of a little sleeper.

The child stirs and opens his large eyes, lustrous with fever; the vigilant nurse is instantly beside him; her set smile and professional kindness meeting his vague, unquestioning gaze. But as he wearily turns his face away, something like a timid sense of gratitude that has also a pathetic hint of longing touches his consciousness, and tears of weakness begin to flow down his cheeks.

A deprecating, apologetic cough is now heard at the door, and the attend-

ant, still smiling, recognizes the visitor and kindly beckons him to the small cot. As his foot awkwardly catches in the hemp matting, overthrowing a wooden chair upon the bare floor, twenty sleek and closely-shaven heads turn curiously to note the unusual disturbance, and the child with a feeble cry of joy clutches the bed-clothes with his trembling claw-like hands.

The man, awed by the stillness and the cleanliness of the place, sits down on the edge of a chair and crushes his old cap against his knees in a vain effort to control the storm of emotions rising in his breast. His eyes, sharpened by anxiety, are now eloquent with love and thankfulness. He begins to fumble for something in his ragged pocket, and with difficulty extricates an orange which he carefully lays on

the table where the child's eyes follow it, but seek again the father's face to look their full of love and welcome. Not even a touch of hands, but only deep breaths, as if each feared to lessen the throbbing space between them; and soon the strain is too much for the little invalid. The transparent lips part over the small white teeth in that ghastly smile that resembles death.

It is here that the artist with his wonderful brush seemingly began his picture, but yet somehow expressed all that I have tried to say. On the canvas the father will remain as motionless as the child, daring not to disturb that restful slumber. Perhaps he dimly wonders if his boy does not dream that he is sitting there. Happy little one so to fall asleep, and happy father thus to watch and love always!

THE JUDAS TREE

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

ROSE-RED in the morning,
 Bloomed the Judas-tree,
 Swiftly flowered at dawning,
 (Heed, O maids, the warning!)
 But I loved him without fear
 Of his love to me.

All the year I've waited
 For another spring,
 Spring so long belated,
 Spring with roses sated,
 Underneath an orange-tree
 Gaily lingering.

Cold the spring-time bloweth
 When Love turns to Death,
 Slow the gray day goeth,
 Thick the orchard snoweth
 Spent white petals; red alone
 Judas flourisheth.



KINGSTON PENITENTIARY'S MAIN BUILDING

A BROKEN KINGDOM

BY ROBSON BLACK

Author of "Romance of the Theatre," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT WAS a romantic undertaking, that first of July so many years ago, when the wags of our corner on mischief bent, "arrested" little Johnny Smith and led him shrieking to my father's woodshed, crying to the jailor: "Open the gates; we have a bold robber!"

Happy days of make-believe.

And how Johnny Smith bellowed protests at the injustice and shook his knees in terror at the thought of prison.

Only a few months ago when play days had long since been passed on to another generation, that same boy fled across two continents to escape the vengeful hands of American justice. "Arrested in Paris" flashed over the cables one afternoon. That evening in the headlines of the papers the companions of the street corner saw their amateur drama of boyhood staged at last, with real actors and real audience. But somehow the old comedy lines stirred none of us to laughter.

In this story of the great penitentiary at Kingston, Ontario, there is no pretence to measure walls, for walls are soulless; nor to catalogue armed guards, for story books are filled with them. It seeks only to tell of men, our own neighbors in the flesh—big men and no-accounts—young unfortunates who stepped into crime with a laugh and a toss of the head, and gray-beards who since the days of youth have kept Law and Order the other side of the road. For a story—

Tom Innes was the organist of the Anglican church in a village which lies in the back lanes of Frontenac County, in the province of Ontario.

Had Tom Innes kept to organ playing and boot selling, his road through life might have been as smooth to this day as the silk of his rector's gown. But to ease the strain of a growing family, he took office as township treasurer. That was the thin edge of the wedge. He was now in the business of Other

People's Money. There were no brakes on his easy-going conscience; he read no city papers to instill a terror of the law. One day when four thousand dollars had passed from the township treasury into his own pockets, he grew uneasy. The councillors who audited his books each year, couldn't understand Tom's shifting eye. All they knew was that when auditing time came, the best liquor in the country was on Tom's table; and when the moment arrived to inspect the accounts no councillor could tell whether the pen went in right or left hand.

But one day public suspicion was aroused, through those strange little threads of gossip that float about the small town, and some man, bolder than the others, demanded a new council. It was elected. That meant a new auditing committee. The certainty of discovery made the treasurer's life a conscience-stricken horror. Before next Sabbath came round, he had confessed his sins openly, and received the handcuffs of the village constable. The trial was a matter of technical procedure; there was no defence.

That was how Tom Innes, organist and treasurer, went to Kingston penitentiary in 1901, for six years—six, because he had violated a trust.

The big prison was to him the best possible medicine for a covetous mind and a slipshod conscience. He took his penalty as a matter of course. When the last three months came, they gave him the privilege of all prisoners, of letting his hair grow long, before re-entering the world.

Toward sunset next day, the children playing in the old home streets, ran indoors to tell the folks Tom Innes had come back. And like the prodigal, repentant and with new determination, he was welcomed to the family fireside and told how the years had dragged heavily without him. The neighbors in the village dropped in, one by one, to assure him in their kind fashion of their gladness at his homecoming.

Tom Innes, to-day, is a successful and honored business man in that Frontenac village, and has been reinstated as church organist. But his story, in the volume of penitentiary men, is a single

white page in a chapter of gloom.

The conditions of government in the Kingston penitentiary, which have made it the most rigorous in all Canada, were introduced only of recent years. A while back, your convict might keep the photograph of his own mother in his cell—but not to-day. You bring him dainties—they will not reach him. He sees no daily newspapers, for the chiefs claim they afford him a means of following his former cronies, and inflame his brain with police court news. No tobacco creeps in, except through a law-breaking guard. Matches are worth ten times their weight in gold; prisoners become adepts in splitting an ordinary sulphur match into five or even ten lengthwise sections, each capable of lighting a portion of paper, which in turn ignites the secret pipe.

It is one of the puzzles of prison authorities to find work for convicts. Work is the ointment to discontent, and discontent breeds mutiny and heaven knows what might happen from sudden and concerted rebellion in a populous penitentiary. Useless labor, however, is worse than none. As an illustration: the surest way to "rile" a body of prisoners is to set them lifting a pile of stone blocks to one side of a yard, and then ordering its return. It seems a rule of the human mind that labor must be productive to be worth doing. Set your murderous carpenter to a week's hard task on a new jail shed, and he will surprise you by his conscientious industry. "General-Manager" Charles McGill, who wrecked the Ontario Bank, is one of the most valuable workers the penitentiary accountant has yet had. Joseph Phillips, who broke down his York Loan company, was another excellent man on books, but was later assigned to the quarry, on his own petition.

Attached to the penitentiary are extensive farms, the farthest within ten minutes' ride on horseback from the main gate of the prison. Every morning on pleasant summer days, a strange body of guarded men issues from the great doors, and with the measured footsteps of those who act under compulsion, takes the white road up the hill and northward to the fields.

These processions to the fields, and the agricultural work, are not carried on with the sullen dejection, which one might expect. You may find one man innocently chaffing a comrade for his attack of dyspepsia, attributing it to high living and advising bread and water. Or another may have learned a piece of important world news from a friendly guard and is busy retailing it to his comrades, as they pass him by. Perhaps a president was shot the afternoon previous or one elected. Rest assured, the convicts of the Kingston penitentiary will know it as quickly as the average community. For guards are but human; good fellows among the convicts often become fast friends with their watchers, and in lounging moments conversation in such a house of bondage is anything but boring.

What a mockery it seems to have the prisoner build his prison! Yet a great part of the Kingston penitentiary was erected by the hands and brains of expert convict masons, and no technologist on the continent could place his hand on a flaw of any consequence. Even the little red watch-houses on their high posts, where the guard may sit and cover his men, are built and repaired by convict labor, though under the Federal law the penal "chain gangs" are debarred from all municipal or private schemes.

The binder twine factory (under occasional denunciations from the outside manufacturers), is still held by the government as a most valuable asset, both as a contributor financially, and as an effective means of keeping the seven hundred men out of mischief. Quarrying, too, in the great limestone hills about the city, demands its quota of unskilled labor, and is used as a health resort by broken-down inmates. It was in a quarry that the wrecker of the celebrated York Loan and Savings company got back rosy cheeks a few months ago. The greater number of activities in the Kingston penitentiary are used in self-maintenance, however, and are such as might be expected in any isolated community.

A convicts' school offers tuition in all branches of reading, writing, and some of the tricks in ciphers that lie the

safe side of the third book! There is the schoolmaster, with chalk and pointer; there is the "dull boy", the wag, the studious one, the dreamer, just as though taken from a story-book and robbed of hope and love and all light-hearted expectancy, preserving only the outer shells. Naturally, the attendance is optional, but some men and women are attracted to its beneficent influence every term. Recent statistics of our Canadian penitentiaries show over twelve per cent. of the prisoners unable to read or write. In that fact lies the reason for the prison schools.

John, the thick set chap, who led a series of robberies on the country banks has taken up a course. He is not even a writer. That probably divided him from the tricks of forgery. And Pete, over there, who stole his master's horses on three separate occasions, is one grade in advance of John. He may graduate in writing at the head of the class, the schoolmaster tells him, though reading will assuredly trip him up; some way he has failed to grasp the basic principles of the printed word.

And a little pale woman is there, with all the close-cropped feminine derelicts; by winter she hopes to get through the third reader; the master has twice commended her.

Books are the one act of grace from a hard government. A library of 4,500 volumes is tucked away in the centre building, and a catalogue is provided to each prisoner. Several times a week the guard collects the marked cards, and redistributes the books or magazines desired. Reading may only be enjoyed after the evening meal until nine-thirty o'clock, when the little electric globes at the extreme top of the cell grow paler and paler, until they leave the book fiend in solemn darkness.

In one of several journeys through the Kingston penitentiary, the writer talked to the librarian, a convict of very superior intelligence. It was more than a morbid curiosity that led to questions of the types of reading matter in vogue, for the tastes of seven hundred men in confinement, though

undoubtedly pessimistic and guided largely by a yearning for relaxation, must possess psychological interest and value. I asked the sad fellow who pencilled the delicate marks after names in the library book, whether he could choose me the volume most read of all the four thousand.

"Very easily."

He disappeared a moment, then came back with a much-thumbed book. I glanced quickly at the title:

"Never too Late to Mend," by Reade.

I smiled unbelievably.

"You may doubt," replied the librarian kindly, "but that book takes first place in the lives of the convicts here. There are five volumes in constant use. I would not attempt to explain the reason: you have imagination as well as I."

The book of poetry lies on the shelf untouched. Iambic pentameters are not for your poor fellow with the heart bowed down. Fiction is his open door to coveted liberty. For instance, the "Count of Monte Christo" has been the surest blessing in that kingdom of broken men at Kingston. Grant a convict an hour in the dim light of his cell, with a crust saved from supper, and the open volume—well, you have torn down the prison walls, and sent his guards a-packing home. He will drink the wine of the sailor bridegroom, quaff homely toasts to the radiant Mercedes and cry shame upon the gendarmes as they rudely enter and tear the sailor away. Palaces and principalities pass by in gallant show, and he takes them to himself for no one may dispute his right. Laws of property for the moment are held suspended. He shares the billionaires' gold without its bitterness; he laughs derisively at a group of felons laboring in a jail garden as his great coach sweeps pompously along the boulevard. But the sun of the French afternoon is going down and he must away to the Louvre for the King has given him audience. Twilight drops over the land and all the people grow tired—

◊ The convict nods; the light in his cell burns dimly—night is coming across the mountains yonder: one last

blood-red glare of day and it is dark! Dark! and O so still and cold—

For the last narrow thread of light in the tiny globe above has given place to blackness, and the silence is the dread hush of the Bastille.

* * * * *

It is one of the writer's vivid recollections that G. A. Henty, Captain Marryat and other plotting fictionists made the scaling of walls and the baffling of jailors the climacteric points of many boyhood stories. Thanks for those ingenious dreamers who gave youth its stimulating cup of adventure.

To have escaped from prison seemed, at thirteen, the most glorious halo that could surround one's declining years. And so hundreds of hours have been spirited away in nearly every boy's life by this masterful craving for something spectacular.

Some of these seven hundred convicts as boys read, no doubt, all the intrepid adventures of the book world but alack, under the stale touch of prison life the bow-and-arrow heroics are reduced to the flattest pessimism, which from day to day receives not even the variety of pain.

The thought of escape must, in the nature of things, be constantly at work. Hatred of captivity must day after day breed a tempting train of thought. But seldom are the convicts' desires to knock down a guard or scale a wall put into practise. The exceptions are, for the reason of their rarity, the more interesting.

It was twenty years ago that the most sensational attempt at escape was recorded.

Several of the cleverest plotters among the convicts began elaborate preparations for a general mutiny on Christmas Day when all were seated together in the dining hall. It was planned that at a signal from their leader they should leap upon their guards, disarm them, and then employ whatever vengeance their passions might lead to. An assault upon the outer walls was to follow, and with ropes and ladders gathered from the factories, a fair chance of success

promised. The reckoning was quixotic.

Christmas Day dawned crisp and bright. The relief sections took their places and let the night watchers home to bed. Noon came. Plum pudding, the sole luxury in the long twelve-month, was laid steaming upon the tables of the great hall. There were extra portions of other foods, too, for the half-famished regiment. But as the meal wore on, the shifting glances of the ringleader told the anxious comrades that all was not right. Some mischief-maker had been doling information to the chief keeper. Strange, that no sentries were allowed on the hall floor that day, but kept to their watchers' galleries high above the level! Desperate enough to take chances, when so much had been staked, the leader raised his hand. Just as quickly did the heavy doors of the room swing back, and there stood before the mutineers' astonished eyes, fifty red-coated soldiers of the Kingston Garrison artillery, who one hour before had been given a hurry-up call by the anxious warden.

Dismayed and beaten, the convicts crowded into one corner of the room. The guards entered under rifle cover, and picked out the leaders. The mutiny was over, and so far from conferring benefits on the already burdened men, removed the one valued privilege of dining in company. The dining hall was closed for convicts' use that day, and has not been opened since.

Captain Chartrand, brought from St. Thomas, seven years ago, was declared insane and locked in the lunatic ward. To escape from that particular quarter of the Kingston penitentiary, one might innocently wager, would tax the ingenuity of a broomstick witch. All windows of cells are, of course, heavily barred. Remove them with a file, and two mighty walls, under the watchful eyes of riflemen day and night, cut off the escape by water. The cell doors are made of unbreakable steel, and at the end of the passage stands a huge set of doors locked with keys that weigh a pound apiece. Even with access to every part of the building, no man gets into the free air until he has

signalled the sentry at the main gate, who comes trotting over with the only key. But the insane Jew, with the cunning that so often illumines the brain when reason has fled, not only left bars and guards behind, but walked for nearly two weeks a free man through the front counties of the St. Lawrence. How he managed was never definitely known, except that he fashioned a home-made rope of bedding to one of the high walls, and passed five or six guards before he reached safety. But the strangest feature of all was that after his year's planning for liberty, he allowed himself to be captured by a village constable in the main street of Rockport, near Brockville, Ontario.

A favorite method of years past, one which succeeded in some cases, was to lie unnoticed in the bottom of an empty grain wagon and to allow the other convicts to cover one up with straw or refuse, in the hope that the load would be left in the field overnight, or dumped in some hidden corner of outside prison property.

The passing of the spectacular in prison escapes which gave newspaper writers in the old days their second heaven of joy can readily be explained. In these times, it takes a clever convict to outwit a force of watchers who have mastered every trick of his predecessors in crime. To find and take advantage of the loophole that the ingenuity of the law has not blocked, may bring freedom for one man, but it forever blocks that door for all who come after. Only with a distinctive novelty may one hope to break through the network of a big penitentiary, and in this requirement, the modern convict must admit his lack. Criminals as a class have deteriorated in daring, a fact which gives the hardened old safe-blower a fit of blues, but for which society should be truly thankful. The burglar class is fast disappearing in the big Canadian prisons, giving place to common door-mat thieves, horse thieves, bigamists, and moral degenerates of a less human brand. These make up seventy per cent., and leave only a narrow corner for the really "toney" crooks, the forgers, bank

breakers, "genteel" pickpockets or "guns".

There are no such men entering penitentiaries to-day as "Clutch" Donoghue who went to his final account several years ago after a series of daring robberies; "Mollie Matches," alias Joe Larney, Joe Dubuque; Walter Jones; Walter Irwin, and "Blinkey" Morgan.

In the prison records of a few years ago, there is an entry of "Harry Tompkins, escaped." But that barely tells the story. In the course of some repair work a force of tinsmiths was sent to the prison by a Kingston firm. As the men proceeded with their jobs in the jail yard, Tompkins saw what he believed to be a heaven-sent opportunity. Disappearing an instant behind a shed, he daubed his face with soot, rubbed dirt into his clothes to obscure the stripes, and then picking up a piece of lead pipe, walked deliberately to the north gate and passed through unquestioned. He was never captured.

The names of the heroes in the following incident have dropped from the records, but the story remains the most lurid piece of prison daring in the annals of Canadian crime.

It was a glorious summer day when Warden Lavell standing on the lake shore suggested a trip in his steam yacht as an excellent entertainment for Inspector Moylan, who had arrived the day previous. Two expert machinists among the convicts were ordered to put the vessel in order, while the warden and his guest strolled about the grounds. Obedient as on a dozen former occasions, the two "trusties" got up steam, tried out the machinery and found everything in perfect working order. Suddenly, without giving any notice of their desperate intentions, they threw off the ropes, opened the throttle and with the helm jammed hard over, headed the vessel straight for the American shore, across Lake Ontario. Shots were fired in volleys from the watch towers, but the yacht kept its pace steadily for the south; the pair were never captured, which was owing largely to the accidental absence of every steam craft from

Kingston harbor that afternoon. Next day the boat was found scuttled on the beach, six miles east of Oswego.

"Blinkey" Morgan, who was hanged recently at Pittsburg for the murder of Detective Hooligan, was another escape "hero", cutting his way from his cell after six months' secret preparation.

Christmas eve has been notable in prison history for the frequency of attempts for freedom. On that date in the year 1889, Oscar Hopkins and six companions, employed as bakers, were kneading a huge batch of currant bread, when at a preconcerted signal, they leaped upon their guards, disarmed them, and tied their arms and legs to the wall. A bunch of keys found on one of them, admitted the convicts to the change-room where they stole quantities of civilian attire and secured coils of rope which carried them in safety over the wall. Not one was captured. Hopkins was arrested in New York as a runaway, but fought extradition and was not brought back.

Probably no prisoner has enjoyed such a halo of international reputation as "Kid" McManus. About two years ago at the expiration of an eight year sentence for robbing Bryson and Graham's store in Ottawa, McManus was arrested on a warrant of the French government, charging him with stealing nearly thirty thousand dollars' worth of bonds from the safe of the American Express company in Paris. At this juncture came an interesting interference. Senator Sullivan and "Tom" Foley, sheriff of New York, in whose political battles McManus had been an invaluable instrument, arrived in Kingston, patted their old pal on the shoulder and accompanied him to Montreal where he appeared before the extradition court. Meanwhile a request came from the French government that the charge be dropped, and McManus was discharged. It was generally understood that the stolen bonds which McManus claimed had been placed in a valise and dropped from the deck of a liner on the Mediterranean had been secretly secured to the express company by the New York politicians. But the story of McManus' complications did not end there.

Though the New Yorker's brief freedom after the Paris robbery was cut short by his capture on the Ottawa charge, his two accomplices in France, Eddie Guerin and May Churchill, both of Chicago, were caught, and Guerin received a life sentence on Devil's Island, where Captain Dreyfus served his exile. "Chicago May" as the woman was called, got five years, and after her release picked up acquaintance with a Chicago crook named Charlie Smith. After five years' incarceration, Guerin escaped by night from Devil's Island and returned to America. A few months later he crossed to London, and was traitorously handed over to the police by his former female companion, but the judges refused to send him over the Channel, and again he walked his old haunts a free man. The desire for revenge sent him in search of the Churchill woman and her comrade, whom he really blamed for the act of bad faith. One bright afternoon all three met in Hyde Park. Without an instant's warning, a pistol flashed from Smith's pocket and Guerin fell unconscious to the ground. Though his wounds proved to be slight, the trick cost Smith his liberty for life, and the woman was sent down for fifteen years, as his accomplice.

In all stories of escaping prisoners one must, strangely enough, seek his material in the yellowed records, or the human recollections of by-gone years. Modern means of publicity have stolen the wings from the runaway convict. Quicker than the fleetest posse, that bitter enemy of the law-breaker, the telegraph wire is hounding him back into the clutching arms of justice. Before a fugitive may go ten miles to the east or south, a hundred mile radius is burning with the news, and a thousand officers are looking for that man with the sandy complexion, heavy eyebrows, blue eyes, haggard cheeks, whose right ear bears a yellow scar.

* * * * *

The memory of Charles McGill, the wrecker of the Ontario Bank, has by this time given place to a dozen nine-day wonders. He had pilfered deliberately to plunge in the stock mar-

kets, and quick as the movement of men on a checker board, he exchanged the raiment of a society drawing room for the dull gray togs of a convict's cell. The fickle mob of newspaper readers have long since forgotten him, but there was one young girl that held Charles McGill's misfortune as her own—his daughter. Every little while she comes to the gate of the penitentiary with a basket of good things on her arm. The guards know her by now. They lead her to the door of the accountant's room, and there she is left alone with the gray-haired man, who has been cut off from the luxury of friends and family in the finest years of his life.

Once upon a time there was a portrait painter, begging recognition and wealth from a hard world that would have none of him. The starved and sensitive heart asked for bread, and was tossed a stone. One day he saw the chance to forge a rich man's name. He got the money; enjoyed it for one week and then—the gates of the prison clanged on his back. The good priest of the Roman Catholic chapel, realizing the fatal discrepancy between the artist and his surroundings begged the warden that he might be assigned to painting canvases for the church walls. But the younger man's life was not destined to bloom in a captive cell. He painted for exactly three months, wonderful images of divine figures from Bible scenes, and when it was over, asked the priest who had befriended him for a committal to the prison hospital. There, one evening in his weakness, he thanked them all, and with the priest kneeling beside the iron couch, fell slowly into his long sleep.

Some years before the present incumbent, Warden Platt, was appointed to office, an Ontario politician, long since retired from active work, so pleased the Federal authorities that he was lifted to the prison governorship. In respect of his office, he became absolute master of the guards, the convicts, and the maker of numerous minor regulations. But with the taking of the public plum, he found himself face to face with a great fear.

One year before, his youngest son had gone into the world with every promise of an honorable career. Temptation gripped him, and with the violation of his employer's trust, he was driven for safety to the criminal dives of a great city. The haunting dread of his own boy some day coming back as a convict to the very penitentiary over which he was warden, drove the parent to the border of insanity. But while he governed that prison, his fatherly sympathy made his period of office the least rigorous in the history of the institution.

A penitentiary, on its merriest day is a valley of eternal shadow. That newspaper headline wonder, who trip-

ped up the bank for a hundred thousand, has passed into a silence as intense as death. He and the tailor man may form a friendly acquaintance with the gaunt thief who murdered a citizen for refusing him bread—but their loves and hates are starved for want of occupation. It is not for chained brutes to be friends, to love their neighbors, to chant a *credo* because a chaplain nods his head. Christianity has raised up few John Bunyans to vitalize the gloom of prison with glad singing. Even our commonest rules of civility carry their own amendments when uniformed sharp-shooters and jealous mountains of stone laugh at any dogma but the lordly right of might.

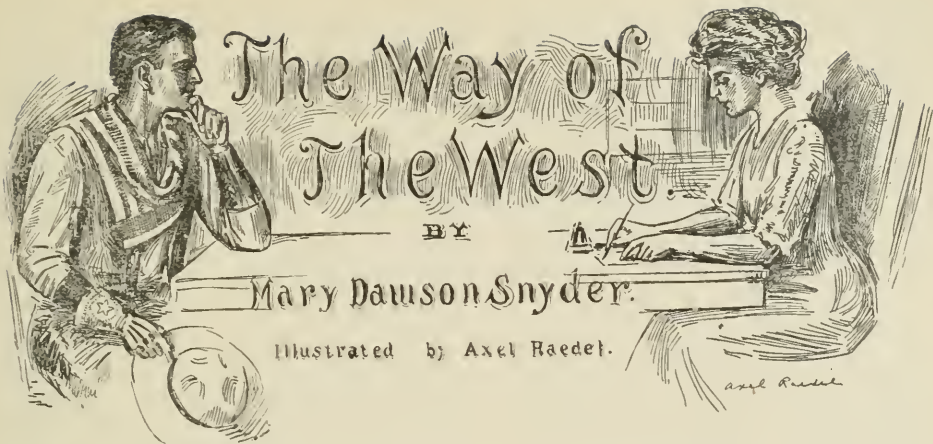


THE LAST TOAST

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

THIRTY good men lie out on the heath
 And white and staring and drinking the rain,
 The raven atop and the bracken beneath—
 And here stand other good thirty again.
 Ho! what care we for the thirty reft us,
 Our throats are dust and the goblets ring;
 O hearts of gold, lads, O thirty left us,
 The King—a toast to the King!

Hark to the crash at the outer door,
 The hue and cry of the rebel scum;
 And what be thirty to thirty score?—
 A toast—fill all—and the end is come.
 The King! The King—see the moment passes
 And Lady Fortune hath taken wing;
 A toast and we lie with the shattered glasses—
 The King—by God—to the King!



CHAPTER I.

"YOU'LL be too early for the party, won't you, laddie?" asked Mrs. Field, looking up from the tea she was pouring as her son came from the doorway after calling to one of the men to saddle and bring his broncho.

"I'm going round by the station with a book for young MacIennan. It's only five miles further and I think the youngster's lonely," answered her son.

"Take some of those hot biscuits and honey with you. I doubt the lad doesn't fare very well cooking for himself," said Mrs. Field.

"Thinking of the time I lived in one of those box cars and made slap-jacks, eh, Little Mother," questioned Gay Field, with an affectionate glance at the happy, placid face across the table. "Never told you, did I, about the time the supply car was stalled Christmas week. It was on the North Shore, you know. Bob and I (Bob King was the day operator) had toast while the bread lasted; slap-jacks for two days, till the flour ran out; and only potatoes and raspberry jam for breakfast, dinner and supper Christmas day."

"Oh, Gay—"interrupted his mother.

"We made up for it when the car got through," laughed her son. "Spent about a week's pay for one feed. But it is lonely for this kid at the siding. Only one operator there. You know the day man's twenty miles down the line."

Gay spoke feelingly. It was in the early days of the railway, and he knew the life of the operator at the lonely order-stations of the West. Six years before, loose-jointed, raw-boned and tall beyond his strength he had left a city telegraph office in Ontario where the long hours and constant desk work were rounding his shoulders and narrowing his chest, and had gone west with his father.

They invested their small capital in ranch land and a few head of cattle. Then, at a cost of ten dollars apiece, each took up a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres adjoining their ranch. Next year they bought more cattle, and, having put up a house, sent east for Gay's mother and sister.

Now a general air of homeliness and comfort pervaded the place. A lawn and garden were hedged and fenced in about the house and Manitoba maples set to shelter these and the out-buildings against which fruit trees were planted.

Gay and his father had done pioneer work during the first year or two of their venture. They had dug their own ditches, put up their out-buildings, fenced in their garden and helped build their home and drill for a well.

The life in the open air handling the axe, the hammer and the spade, and the long hours in the saddle rounding up the herd or riding for supplies to the nearest settlement, ten miles distant, had knit the loose joints of the nineteen

year old lad, filled out his chest, hardened his muscles, and tanned his cheeks, until now, at twenty-five, more than one woman agreed with his mother that a handsomer man than Gay Field was not to be found between the 'Peg and Medicine Hat.

Things had prospered with the Fields until, owning 2,000 acres of ranch land running back to the knolls that slope like green snowdrifts to the base of the Cypress Hill, their cattle were noted far and near.

During the first three winters of the six after leaving the East, Gay had gone back to telegraphy, earning from fifty to sixty-five a month at the order-stations which dotted the long line of the railway from New Ontario to the coast.

It was in one of the most primitive of these, a box-car ditched at a siding, that young Bob MacLennan was stationed as night telegraph operator.

"I'll be back in time for breakfast, Little Mother," called Gay from the saddle, looking, in wide-brimmed felt hat, leather chaps fringed from hip to heel, and loosely knotted 'kerchief about his neck, a typical cow-boy. "So long!" Waving his hand and whistling lustily, "We won't be home till morning," he cleared the low hedge of closely-cropped wolf willow and set off at a canter down the black, velvety trail.

"Wonder if I'll get all piled up and lose my nerve?" said Gay to himself, smiling at the mental picture of his own confusion. "I've got to ask her to-night, Billy," he continued, patting the broncho's neck affectionately. "She goes home to-morrow."

The girl referred to was Minnie Trueman who, since before Christmas had been visiting her brother, the general storekeeper at the little settlement nearest the Field ranch. She had come west hoping to cheer what she supposed would be lonely holiday hours for him, and expected to be all but buried alive while doing so. Instead she found the hours slip by day after day almost unnoticed. Old past-times were resurrected and new ones introduced by the jovial whole-hearted Westerners she met, whose hospitality

was as unstinted as their fields were wide.

Socials, parties and even sleighrides and coasting—when the warm chinook winds let the snow lie long enough for a taste of winter sports—had made December and January very gay. In February the polo season opened,—for Alberta is the home of the polo pony—and in the long, light evenings polo matches and ball games were played after the day's work was done, on ranches within a radius of fifteen miles and more.

A trip to Banff with its hot sulphur springs high up among the Rockies and rides and drives on visits across the prairies carried the days away with surprising rapidity. Her promised six-weeks' visit had lengthened out till June, but now the approaching marriage of a cousin, whose bridesmaid she was pledged to be, made Minnie Trueman's return to Toronto imperative.

"She promised me the last dance," ruminated Gay. "Wonder if she guesses what I want to say to her on the way home? Bet I make a muss of it!"

With heart heating high with hope, despite his fears for his traitor tongue, Gay turned his horse from the trail and rode across the prairie, past the wild portulacas, the primulus, the pale yellow snapdragons, the blue star-flowers of the flax, the clumps of wild timothy and fragrant wolf willow, on towards the old box car station which, in the level rays of the sun, glowed red as an over-ripe strawberry against a vivid background of green.

CHAPTER II.

"Fs! Fs! Fs!" clicked the telegraph instrument in the old box car, and Bob MacLennan turned from the saucepan into which he had just dumped a can of pork and beans to answer the call for "Fields," as his station was named.

Bob's "I! I! Fs," indicating his attention, the kindly despatcher at the other end, abbreviating his words as is the custom with telegraphers when conversing over the wires, said:

"Bad news f-r u old man. M-s-g f-m Pt. Arthur to u says, 'Mother not

so well. Come home imm-y. (sig) Annie.'"

"If I go down on 10 can u get man here by t-m-w nite?" asked the boy, who had blanched at the first word of bad news.

"Sorry, Bob. Can't," replied the despatcher. "Davis will be back at Smith da-aft-r t-m-w. I'll send u his sub. then."

Smith was the next station, twenty miles west. Tom Davis, the regular operator there, had been home on a month's vacation and a substitute named Bill Martin was filling his place.

Bob's heart sank. His sister Annie, he knew, would not telegraph him unless his mother were in serious danger. Travelling night and day it would take him nearly forty eight hours to reach home. Even then he might be too late to see the mother he adored. Once on the train, each minute bringing him nearer her, he might give battle to suspense. But to sit quietly and wait two days for a relief operator was intolerable.

"I'll not do it!" raged the boy. "Ill let everything slide. She's *my mother*. What do I care if the whole road is wrecked so long as I get to her in time. I'll go down on a freight and wait for the express at Maple Creek."

Then in a flash came his mother's teaching of "Duty first; duty always," and a vision of her sorrow if his neglect brought grief to other homes.

A down freight pulled in for orders. Now was his chance. Why not start for home? Perhaps everything would be all right, he argued, even if he did desert his post.

"Smith said the express was an hour late. Has she made up any?" asked the conductor as Bob gave him clearance to the next station. He waited a few seconds, wondering why the chubby-cheeked young operator, who was always ready for a laugh and a joke with the train crews, made no reply, then went out.

Bob had fought off the temptation. At the mention of Smith he turned quickly to his instruments and began excitedly to call the next order station twenty miles further west.

"Sm—Sm—Sm," he called again and

again and again, hoping against hope that the operator there, who was on duty during the day, had not yet left for the dance at the little settlement lying between them.

"Bill could come here from Smith on the first freight and go back the same way in the morning! If he doubled down to Fields again at night that would fill in most of my *strick!*" argued Bob to himself. "He'd do it, I



"SHE PROMISED ME THE LAST DANCE," RUMINATED GAY

know, if he dropped in his tracks afterwards—and he could get *some* sleep between trains! It'd work all right except in an emergency," reasoned Bob, every argument made to the accompaniment of three dots and two dashes, which grew more and more imperative in tone and persistency as the seconds passed until even those uninitiated in the mysteries of the

Morse code, had they heard the call, must have felt its urgency.

But "Sm" was not to be "raised" that night, and in despair Bob dropped his head on his arms, and, with his face close to the table which served as desk in the part of the car devoted to office duties, prayed that his mother's life might be spared.

Meanwhile the pork and beans on the stove at the other end of the "station," which was used as bedroom and kitchen, sizzled, spluttered, and burned, filling the car with smoke, which, as if rejoicing in its liberty, rolled riotously out from the tarpapered confines of the little order-station to be wafted far and near over the wide, free prairie lands.

CHAPTER III.

"Good, isn't it, Billy?" said Gay Field as his broncho sniffed the smell of roast pork which came from the direction of the siding.

"Hello! What's the kid up to, anyway?" he exclaimed, apprehensively noticing the smoke rolling from the opening in the side of the car, and quickening Billy's easy canter to a vigorous gallop as the strident call of "Sm—Sm—Sm," with the signing initials of the Fields station, "Fs," came to him across the clear air of the quiet prairie—for sounds carry far on those wide unbroken stretches of plainland. "Smith's operator has left for the dance by this time," he ruminated, and the thought of what the dance that night meant to *him* brought a glow of happiness to heighten the signal of health on his cheek.

Once inside the car a few words explained the situation.

"You're right, Mac," said Gay Field, throwing the contents of the stewpan into the fire as he spoke. "You can't be Scotch and shirk a duty once you see it!"

Gay's mother was Scotch so he spoke feelingly. Even as he said it his own duty flashed upon him. *He himself must relieve Macleannan, give up the dance, and with it the opportunity of asking Minnie Trueman to be his wife.*

"I can't do it," he argued to himself.

"She goes east to-morrow night. It's my only chance!"

"You can write," urged his better self.

"I couldn't put what I want to say on paper! I've got to talk to her! She expects me to-night! I want to get permission to write—to say good-bye to her—I want—"

"You want to please yourself," suggested his inward monitor. "Mac may want to say good-bye, too."

The thought of the long farewell the lad beside him might be called to make decided Gay. His face paled but his voice was cheery and gave no hint of the sacrifice he was making as he said:

"I have it, Mac! We'll throw the 'dog' against the express; you hop aboard and I'll keep house."

"The dog" was a wooden arm a little over a foot long and about five inches wide that swung in a socket on top of the car. When the line was clear it stood parallel with the roof, held there by a cord looped to a nail over the operator's desk. When this cord was released it threw the arm out across the track, and no train, be it ever so special, dared pass that signal. Attached to the wooden arm was a lantern showing red at night when "the dog" was "thrown," or yellow if the line was clear. On the three thousand miles of railway stretching from Quebec to Vancouver all train orders had to be repeated back, ensuring correctness. The rule was imperative that no "stop order" should be so repeated back by any of these little stations until the cord had been slipped from the nail and the signal thrown across the track, thus eliminating any chance of forgetfulness.

"Stop the express!" exclaimed Bob. "She'd eat us up if we did!" But, despite his protest, hope gripped him hard.

"Of course we'll stop her," said Gay. "The Con. won't care when we tell him why. Even if he does kick you'll have time to climb on. Come, get your traps together and I'll make you some tea."

With the practised hand of a pioneer, Field fanned the embers in the little camp stove to brightness, built up the

fire and in a few minutes had the kettle singing in a home-like, business manner.

"Here's some buns and honey mother sent you," said he, setting the jar and bag of biscuits on the table. "Got any condensed milk?" he asked, rummaging among the delf and provisions on the shelf till he found the required tin. "Dad and I put up with this till

"Of course we could," answered Gay. "But we weren't always there to do it. Sometimes we were two or three days away from the ranch. A cow'll go dry if you don't milk her regularly. Haven't you noticed how few there are in the West? Fellows who are batching it can't attend to them properly. Even where there are women and children on the farms and ranches



MILES OUT ON THE PRAIRIE, GAY READ HER LETTER AND WAS HAPPY

the folks came from the east," Gay went on, talking continuously to keep thoughts of his own disappointment in the background. "My! how I loathe the stuff! Wasn't I glad to get a real glass of milk? And buttermilk—Um-m-m!"

"Why didn't you keep a cow?" asked MacLennan. "Couldn't you or your father milk?"

there's seldom more than one cow kept," he went on, still drowning his thoughts with his voice. "Out here the men do all the milking and a man generally thinks he can spend his time more profitably than doing chores of that sort. It's different from down east where every farm house has butter to sell. We sell the beef and make things easy for the women folk."

Bob ate his supper with healthful relish and had scarcely finished when the mysterious warning hum of the rails outside heralded the approach of the express.

"Throw on the dog!" shouted Gay, springing as he spoke across the car and slipping the looped cord from the nail.

"By the living twist!" he exclaimed with a breath of relief. "We nearly forgot that!"

Snorting and puffing as though indignant at the holdup, the express stopped with an angry jerk. Fireman and engineer both leaned far out from the cab to see what was wrong, and the conductor jumped down to the bramble of briar roses by the track where Gay and Bob stood waiting.

"Durned if they haven't turned Fields into a passenger day-po!" ejaculated the fireman as Bob climbed to the steps of the day coach and Gay, having pulled back "the dog" jumped to the ground again and tossed the boy's valise to the car platform.

The engineer too had seen Bob MacLennan get aboard and very boyish the lad had appeared beside the stalwart western rancher and the big, good-natured conductor.

"I defy the face of clay to make time on this division," grumbled he, letting the whistle screech out with uncalled for vehemence. "If it isn't a cow on the road it's a kid!"

CHAPTER IV.

"So much for Buckingham!" quoted Gay with a shrug of his broad shoulders as the train pulled past him. "It's about time for the first dance." Looking at his watch he found it was nine o'clock, though overhead and to the westward soft opalescent shades of saffron, pink and mauve blended into the blue and grey of the east, for twilight lingers long in the West and the summer darkness does not settle down till ten.

"She'll think I'm a quitter," said Gay, ruefully, little guessing that, had he looked up at the vestibuled sleepers he was close enough to touch he would have seen the girl he was thinking of struggling manfully (in all but muscle)

to open the window against which her face was pressed.

Like other passengers conversant with that portion of the road Minnie Trueman was surprised when they stopped at the little order station, and, looking out for the cause, discovered Gay Field at the roadside. She wanted to call to him—to explain that her cousin's wedding was to be a week earlier than anticipated—that she must leave *that* day or miss the ceremony,—but the window would not open. The stop was only for a second or two and Gay was far beyond the sound of her voice when the porter released the spring that held the sash.

"I hadn't time to leave him even a note," said the girl to herself. "I don't like to write to him from Toronto. It might look as if I wanted to start a correspondence," and she blushed at the self-accusation, knowing well she had hoped Gay would ask her to write him.

"But he should be at the dance and not at Fields," she thought, suddenly realizing that it was after nine o'clock. "Perhaps he didn't mean anything when he was so particular about that *last* dance, after all!"

She was startled from her reverie a few minutes later by hearing a man in the seat ahead say:

"Wasn't that young Field, the rancher, who flagged the train? What was up?"

"Wanted me to rush the kid operator MacLennan, from his order-station down to Port Arthur. The boy's mother's dying. Field's an old operator, and he's as white as they make 'em, too. Goin' to run the box-car sheebang himself until they send a man to take MacLennan's place."

"Knows how to telegraph, eh? He has the ranch business down to the ground, all right," remarked the passenger. "Some of his three-year-olds this season weighed between 1,400 and 1,600 pounds, and he had four-year-olds, topped off with grain six weeks before marketing, that went from a ton to 2,250 pounds.

"But I thought he'd be at the settlement dance to-night. Half a dozen of our people came down for it."

"Likely he chucked the party to get the kid out of a hole," said the conductor going out without comment on the statement that people from Medicine Hat had travelled over a hundred miles for a dance.

"Isn't he just splendid!" said Minnie Trueman under her breath, her pretty eyes bright with the vision she saw of the big unselfish cow-boy putting aside his own pleasure and plans, and waving a cheery good-bye to the homesick lad he had befriended. "I *will* write and say I'm sorry to come away without seeing him," she added, and she lost no time in acting upon her resolution.

That was why two notes reached Gay

Field a few days later, both stamped Port Arthur. The one addressed in the easy, running hand of a telegrapher, he opened at the post-office and gave a boyish whoop of joy when he learned from it that the crisis of Bob's mother's illness was safely past.

The other envelope, adorned with angular feminine characters, he slipped unopened into his smock until miles out on the prairie. Then, with the broncho's neck-rein hanging loosely over his arm, he read it, and was happy, knowing in his heart that the writer of the impulsive little note he had just received would give a kindly hearing to the plea in his letter mailed her two days before.



IN CHERRY LANE

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

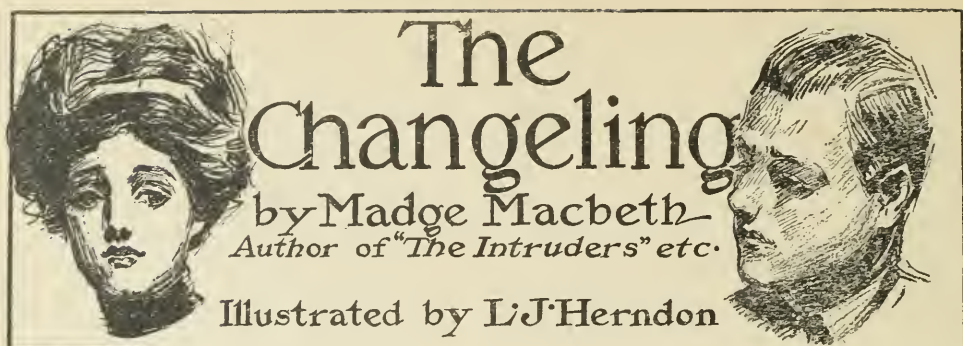
HE loves me, he loves me!
And what is that to me?
For many a man has loved a lass,
As may—forgotten be.

He loves me, he loves me!
But wherefore should I care?
For many a lad in April-time
Has found a maiden fair.

He loves me, he loves me!
I passed him by to-day;
And O, the lad looked after me
Without a word to say.

He loves me, he loves me—
Oh, not a whit care I!
* * * * *

I'll rest awhile in Cherry Lane
I wish he would come by.



Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him, but when he asks her to marry him, she decides that she cares more for him than for her revenge and accepts his proposal. Fay and Robert go to a sailing party in honor of Mrs. Corbett, an old friend.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Under present conditions amiability was not hard to sustain. For an hour the two old friends held the conversational reins between them, and although they ignored the rest of the party, and spoke of purely personal topics, no one else felt inclined to forego the pleasure of listening to the rapid volleying of questions and answers. There are some people, who, though personal, are interesting and amusing; we never tire of hearing them converse in the concrete, while the same subject discussed by some one else would bore the listener to the point of tears.

Both of these women were the kind to whom people involuntarily listen. Millie Evans interrupted at last, quite bewildered.

"I can't keep up," she complained, "You have only asked one question, when you answer the second one ahead."

"There are only a few of us who can do that, my dear," explained Mrs. Corbett, elaborately. "As a matter

of fact, our minds are so perfectly attuned that conversation between us is entirely superfluous; we only do this to amuse you. We jump from one subject to another with perfect ease and freedom—"

"With the agility of the mountain goat," interrupted Fay, "leaping from crag to crag and precipice to precipice."

"Hush, everybody," commanded the older woman, softly, "I want to watch the sunset."

"Me, too," said Fay, and for a time there was silence in the boat, while the flaming ball dipped its rim into the restless sea, then slipped quickly out of sight, leaving a brilliant afterglow.

"Oh," breathed Millie, putting her head against her husband's sleeve, "isn't it perfect! It makes me want to cry!"

"It is very big," Mrs. Corbett spoke the words, softly, "very big, and full of peace. I am glad to be even a small part of it."

Ponsonby and Robert watched her a

moment, then turned their glance to the girl beside her. There was a strange temperamental resemblance both between the two men and the two women. Given different conditions, it is more than likely that all four could have exchanged places and still have felt the tenor of their lives quite uninterrupted.

Irene Corbett had perhaps less contempt for weakness than Fay. She was naturally more indolent, and luxury-loving; she was more of an actress—that is, she frequently simulated an attitude for the sheer love of conjecturing the result upon those about her.

For instance she would amuse herself by feigning distressing boredom when with Ponsonby, inciting him to greater efforts to please her, being all the while amply entertained. She would curb an impulse to be natural as a matter of discipline, because it was at variance with some trivial conventionality; she was something of a *poseur* entirely for her own amusement, as it mattered little to her what effect her attitude had upon those nearest her. She was thoroughly conscious of her own magnetism and did not scruple to use it for her pleasure, having reached the philosophical conclusion that we all take life too seriously; we are but atoms, here to-day, and to-morrow with "Seven Thousand years"; "sip as you go," was her motto, "but stop before arriving at a dangerous crisis."

Fay Chester was not an actress; she was one of her many selves, according to her humor, the humor of those about her, and her environment. Like the chameleon, she took color easily, and did not try to restrain herself. When she felt gay, she gave herself up to joyousness, with an abandon which infected every one else. Under similar circumstances, Mrs. Corbett would have curbed her gaiety, giving a suggestion of something deeper than she cared to show, a reserve which stimulated the curiosity of her companions, and made them long to sound the depths. Of course she was twice Fay's age, and had drunk of the bitterness of life, but like the younger woman she had the

faculty of throwing off that which would have broken a less mercurial temperament.

People stood rather in awe of Mrs. Corbett, "she is a dangerous woman," they said. Fay, to the casual on-looker, was a butterfly, ingenuous, frank, harmless.

Just now as the men looked at her, she presented an entirely different picture. Sitting on the poop deck, with her knees drawn up to her chin, and her arms clasped around them, she looked far into the glow, now fading to opalescent shades of mellowness and peace; her wide-open, serious eyes, heavy with the love of it all. What physical passion was to most people, the love of nature, and of music was to her. She could feel her mentality steep itself in the abandonment of a pleasure which intoxicated her, she drank in the beauty of the scene with a thirst which a drunkard feels, at the sight of liquor, she *ached* with the fullness of her joy, and slowly closed her eyes to blot out all but the memory of it.

Though Mrs. Corbett may have experienced something of the same sensation, she did not abandon herself to it; she leaned comfortably back against her cushions and smiled at Ponsonby and Robert with a look which said, "I can read your thoughts at a glance," though, as a matter of fact, until that moment she had not thought of them at all.

Millie Evans sighed.

"Don't you ever feel like taking someone's hand"—she suited the action to the words—"and running along that strip of crimson right into the beginning of things?"

Fay roused herself and shook her head.

"I don't. That presupposes the necessity for some particular one's presence, or the absence of self-reliance; I should love to go, but I should want to go alone." She stopped suddenly, and looked earnestly at Robert.

"I understand," he said, "go on."

"You see," she continued, thus encouraged, "when two people run together, for any length of time, they

discover one of two things, either the monotony of the run, or that there is a difficulty because they are not perfectly mated. One goes a little fast, having to hold back and wait for the laggard to catch up; the slow one has to put forward unaccustomed efforts (quite impossible to endure) or to be dragged along, and the result from either is distressing. The mistake lies in the beginning," she said earnestly, looking off into the west, again, "in the taking of someone's hand to make the run. If we started alone and midway between here and the Heart of Things discovered that we had been running side by side with some one though entirely independent of him—then perhaps it would be safe to join hands and go on together. Am I not right?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Corbett and Ponsonby. "Quite," agreed the former, "to my way of thinking, quite. All our silly little lives we accustom ourselves to the thought that we can't do without someone. It is *such* a mistake! There are so few affinities—and there is a reason for it, too—everything and everyone changes; very few people change along the same lines, you know.

"Of course that dependence, that harmony is sweet while it lasts, but we should not cling to the remembrance of what it *was*—adjust something better for the present! But having depended so long on that which is not within ourselves, this is impossible, and we drink bitter drops of misery." She paused and looked at the distant shore. The little company had fallen into a serious mood, and were silent. Ponsonby and Robert took the lesson to themselves in very much the same way, each felt secure in the knowledge that he knew the woman with whom he dealt, and was satisfied to have it so. Millie and her husband were rather intolerant of such an idea, pitying the rest of mankind for their inability to climb such dizzy heights of bliss as they had reached. How strange it is that those who have love's fever, cannot apply its abstract principles to themselves.

"What would you do?" asked Millie,

presently. "It would be dreadful not to love someone."

"Love someone—love many some ones," advised Mrs. Corbett, "spend your life in loving; in just the same proportion to your loving, are you beloved; but don't let that make you oblivious to everything else, don't let it carry you into the clouds, as they say. Let it make you all the steadier on *terra firma*."

"You mean," asked Robert, "that those who concentrate on one subject with whom to walk, are selfish in their love, while it lasts, and when it is dispelled are apt to be bitter and lose their illusions, so that rather than do that, you would not have a person concentrate?"

"Yes, that is one way of looking at it. And if the object of your affections is not beside you, give the best of yourself to the one who is; you will help much more that way, than by bottling your love, and keeping it in a dark corner. If you *must* walk through the crimson glow, don't let its beauty depend on the presence of one; see it for yourself and radiate it for the many. Am I clear?"

"To me," answered Fay, softly, "and to you Bobbie?"

"Most of it, I suppose; only I don't believe we are ready for that independence yet, especially women. We may grow to it."

"We are growing to it," cried his *fiancee* earnestly. "Think of the independence we have achieved in the last fifty years."

"And yet," interrupted Mr. Ponsonby, "the most prosperous and civilized countries have been the ones whose women have had the least freedom."

"I consider that we are more highly civilized than they—"

"Corrupt, you mean, Mrs. Corbett," he corrected.

"In our government, perhaps, but I argue that in our home lives we are nearing a perfection of morality, hitherto unknown. We will then have both an absence of corruption in our national affairs and freedom in our private ones."

"And when will all this take place?"

"When there is equality between the sexes," insisted Mrs. Corbett.

Fay clapped her hands, and Evans joined the conversation.

"That will never be," he said.

"Why?"

"Because *good* women will never want it."

"Nonsense!" cried Fay, "you mean that men will continue morally lax, and that women will be allowed the same license; we mean that by a sort of process of elimination, restraint will be removed, and there will be no desire to live otherwise than morally."

"A little vague," suggested Ponsonby, looking with interest at the earnest face of the speaker. He was struck as all people were, by the magnetic intensity of her voice, and found it difficult not to accept what she said, on account of her manner of saying it. He was obliged to repeat her words before realizing just what he thought.

"Vague," she repeated, "well I will try to make it plainer. Begin at the bottom of things and allow, for the sake of argument, that we must walk through the pathway with a mate.

"To do this properly we must be *yoked*. Now grant that the pace of one does not suit the other. The wife, who usually bears the heaviest part of the burden, goes into her closet, and locking her door falls upon her face, crying 'Oh, God, my idol has clay feet. What shall I do?' Then a Pagan voice from somewhere whispers, 'Go away, happiness is still your portion!' Do you understand?"

"I follow you, so far. Of course to begin with, you would do away with the necessity for an affinity, so this contingency would be impossible; but having yoked yourself to one you find yourself unhappy and wish a change. What has that to do with the equality of the sexes though, and the process of elimination?"

"A great deal. Grant that those two, because of this narrow selfish love, the glamour of which blinded them to their real selves for a short time; those two see their mistake, but they can't rectify it, conventionally. They must plod along as every other two are, trying

to make the best of it—to get used to it."

"Well?"

"The fault is in the yoke," Fay continued, vehemently. "None of us like being bound; the yoke is too easy to put on and quite proportionately too hard to take off."

"Would you not have people marry?" asked Mrs. Evans, timidly; she was a bride.

"No, I would have them not *want* to marry. I would have them not *need* someone's hand to hold, in order that they should see the beauties of the pathway. I would have them do as Mrs. Corbett said, spend their lives in loving the many—not the One. If there were no necessity for the yoke, conventionally, there would be no desire to throw it off. You know the devil in us always prompts us to do that which we are taught we must not do."

"Then you would have us all live perfectly separate and individual lives?" asked Ponsonby, "and by so doing abolish the necessity for our conventional marriage, thence the cause for breaking its laws, and making one standard for men and another for women."

"Quite," answered the girl, without looking at Patterson, whose eyes, she knew, were fixed on her. This was a sort of test for Robert; if he had evinced any indignation or annoyance during the conversation Fay would have retracted her promise to marry him without delay.

As it was, he was an interested listener, whose sympathies she felt were with her views, strange as that may seem.

"But Fay," objected Mrs. Evans, blushing, "we are supposed to be inspirations for men. How could we be if we did not live with them and be a daily example. Most of them need it."

"They do indeed!" agreed Mrs. Corbett, positively, "and we women make a great mistake in being daily examples. Many of us are not strong enough to stand the strain, and those who are, should be content to give

homeopathic doses; we would do much better if we were not so get-at-able, as to be in the next room, for instance, and many unpleasantnesses would not occur. There is nothing so trying and irritating as being shut up in a house with a man who has aggravated you. As for the rest of your remark, suppose we are inspirations to men; to really help them, we should make *them* self-reliant too. Don't allow them to be dependent on us. It is a distressing feeling for me to think that I have to wear my skirts long enough and strong enough to pilot a man into Paradise."

"Are men so much worse than women?" asked Bobbie, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Corbett shrugged her shoulders.

"You know what George Sand said, 'The better I know men, the more I like dogs.' But do let's call a halt for the present—we have Mrs. Evans and Ponsonby serious to the point of tears. You see Fay and I are too hardened to be affected by such trifles, and anyway, I make it a rule never," she pounded a white fist upon her knee, by way of emphasis, "*never* to cry."

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,—"*began* Millie.

"—weep and your nose gets red," finished Fay, with a pout.

On the way home, Mrs. Corbett and Fay had a few moments conversation together.

"I enjoyed our talk this afternoon so much," said the older woman, "and am longing to get you to myself. But aren't you a bit inconsistent?"

Fay turned her magnificent solitaire, which had only come the day before, to the moon's rays, and watched it glitter a moment, in silence, then she said:

"Only in point of the marriage ceremony, I think. For myself, I should not mind living my own principles, were it not for—", she stopped, not caring to say that Gordon was the stumbling block, until there was an opportunity to explain the situation more fully than she could at the present.

"Why are you going to marry him?" was Mrs. Corbett's next question.

She put just the faintest stress on "him."

"Because he loves me," answered Fay, simply.

"But—"

"Oh, surely *you* won't say that!" she cried as the other was about to speak. "Of course there have been others, but they did not love *me*, I was a sensation, a desire, and I knew it. There was never one, who would have stood the test that Bobbie did this afternoon; there was never one, who was not in a measure blinded to what I really am, and knowing that I was artificial and often self-conscious, I felt that when I took off that something, I would be a disappointment."

"Yes, we are very much what people think us," said Mrs. Corbett, with a tinge of bitterness.

"With Bobbie I have always been perfectly natural; he is my good comrade, much more than my lover. I did not have to try to please him. He was pleased, really, before I knew it, and Mrs. Corbett, he is so free from impulse that I am very sure of him, now and always. A man who is so entirely guided by his *mind* is, for a treasure, to me." She looked across the boat to where he sat, and smiled. "He is the dearest thing on earth!"

Irene Corbett's gaze wandered to Ponsonby, whose clear cut profile was good to see. He is very much that sort of a man,—now—

"He is very young," she said.

Fay nodded, "Yes, I have considered that, and am conceited enough to think it does not matter. You see I have never *tried* to be nice; I still have the ace of hearts up my sleeve," she added, whimsically.

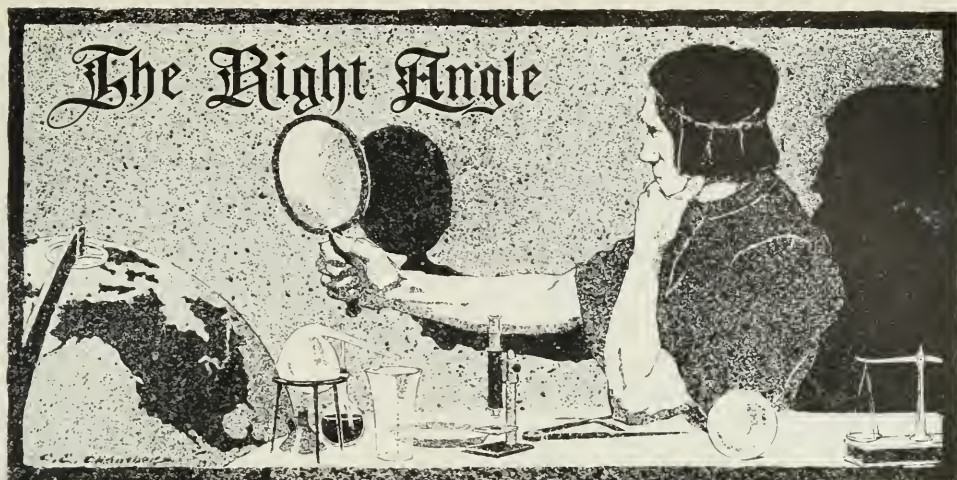
"And what of Mr. Wylde? Oh, I see you frown."

"That question has troubled me. I can't imagine what Gordon will do; you see he does not know."

Ponsonby interrupted them.

"Will you change your clothes and dance?" he asked. "Reaction is setting in with me, and my wooden leg twitches with a desire to trip. Will you change?"

To be continued



ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY
Author of "The Garden of Dawn,"
in this issue of CANADA MONTHLY.

ROOMS

I have heard
of the mag-
ical in-
cense

That sum-
mons the
souls of
the ab-
sent:

Would I had
some to
burn—

--Japanese
Folk-Song.

THE Jap-
anese, so
says Lafca-
dio Hearn,
believe that

one's spirit is not altogether bound into its perishable clay, but may dissociate itself from the body and dwell where the heart is. It is quite believable, although rather outside our ordinary province of thought. Who has not come into a room, for example, and felt an almost visible presence there though the owner were far away? Anyone who has ever lived in a room and loved it leaves a part of his spirit there.

For instance, there is one room whose chief furnishing is a big rack where rifle, fishing rods, skates, spurs, hockey-sticks, skis and foils hang, all showing signs of hard usage. A bare, clean, open-windowed room, this, smelling of

fresh air and worn leather. Another is scented with Bouquet Farnese and littered with silk and silver; another is red-brown and full of books; still another boasts a fireplace and a luxurious couch cheek-by-jowl with a well-stocked cellarette. Who needs a further sketch of the owners?

And then there was a guest-room once at the head of the stairs, a dainty-curtained, mahogany-furnished, immaculate place as chilly as a tomb in spite of the furnace. Instinctively you went around the other side of the house to avoid passing its door and getting a cold draught down the back of your neck. There was no soul in that room—it was dehumanized—and instinctively you hated it.

Then one day Mother came to live in that room. Little Mother, with her soft gray hair that still curls roughly around her ears, and her soft voice with the little drop in it like falling water, and her soft small hands with the delicate blue shadows patterning the back. Little Mother—bless her!

You wouldn't have known that room in a week. It's not that the furniture is all turned around; it's not exactly that her beautiful old blue counterpane is on the bed; it's not simply that she took a common rocking-chair and set it by the sunny window and transformed it instantly into a "mother's chair" with a comfy creak; it's not the soft shawl or the warm sunny look of the room, though I suspect that all these

have something to do with it; it's just that the instant you came into the room you'd know that somebody's mother lived there, and you'd sit right down and feel as if you'd been trying to find where you belonged all your life, and had just got your bearings.

It doesn't matter whether she is there or not; the feel is there just the same, the inhabiting spirit of mother and home. Everybody that comes up the stairs turns into that room like an old horse when he comes to his own gate. It will never be a correctly-cold guest-room again, for she has put a bit of her heart into it forever, no matter what chance of change may pass over its polished floor.

Rooms—yes! Decorated by Adams, or hewn from the prairie sod, the four walls don't matter much—it's the enduring spirit of the dwellers within that invests them with everlasting peace and turns them into heaven and home.

VERY YOURS—"O'NEILL"

ARTIST, author, poet—all of these titles belong to fairy-gifted "O'Neill," of the long trailing signature that you look for every month when the new magazines arrive. Her chubby youngsters and wistful, long-eyed women are a delight: her delicately-wrinkled old women and splendid angels and



SHE DRAWS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS TOO, AND EVEN HERE, HER WOMEN ARE MOCKING, INVITING, MISCHIEVOUS

naughty little imps are equally enchanting.

Everybody knows "O'Neill," the artist, but few know the woman behind the name. Not long ago Mrs. Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon completed a new manuscript, and took it up with her publishers. Presently arose the question of an illustrator, and the publisher informed Mrs. Bacon that he had a certain Mrs. Wilson in mind as artist.

"Well, you may take your certain Mrs. Wilson out of your mind at once," said Mrs. Bacon, emphatically. "There is just one person who shall do those pictures, and that is O'Neill."

The publisher grinned, and yielded with surprisingly good grace; and it was as much as fifteen minutes before Mrs. Bacon discovered that his Mrs. Wilson was none other than Rose Cecil O'Neill Wilson, the wife of Harry Leon Wilson, the playwright, and owner of the well-beloved signature, "O'Neill." Needless to say, Mrs. Wilson is now at work on the drawings for the forthcoming book. Her own new book, "The Lady in the White Veil," is the most delightfully irresponsible piece of fooling that you may meet with in a day's journey. A joyous and unexpected book it is, a book that you read



ONE OF THE "LOVES OF EDWY"



HER YOUNGSTERS ARE DELIGHTFULLY REAL



"O'NEILL" WORKS AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE AMONG THE TREES, MIDST AN INVITING LITTER OF SKETCHES AND PRINTS AND HER SMALL SISTER'S TEDDY BEARS.



BONNIEBROOK, HER QUAIN OLD SOUTHERN HOUSE AMONG THE OZARK HILLS, HAS A REAL BROOK, BUT IT WAS SHY AND REFUSED TO BE TAKEN.

through breathlessly, madly trying to catch the flying thread of adventures that are always just disappearing around the corner. Eagerly you whisk over the page, chucklingly you read it, gaspingly you finish it, for between paragraphs it has incontinently snatched you through a swift double somersault, and landed you once more on your feet in much the same state of mind as that of the child who, big-eyed and panting, cries "Scare me again!"

It was written, so says the author, as a huge joke, a chapter a day, for the benefit of her young brother and sister. "Hurry and tell us how it ends!" they plaintively and continuously cried—and looking as wise as I did was a fearful strain. For I didn't know myself. I worked in my studio at the top of the house among the trees, and tormented them with peals of mellow laughter as I wrote. Do I think that story a Highly Humorous Work? Why, I nearly died over it!" Thus the gay "O'Neill" in a letter to a friend.

The delicate-handed, slim women that all admirers of Mrs. Wilson's work love so well trail their draperies through the book; and although it does not bring the tears with the laughter, as did her earlier story, "The Loves of Edwy," it is well worth reading for its madcap spirit of adventure, if for nothing more.

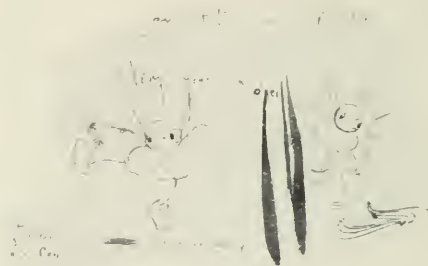
Not content with being artist and novelist, some of "O'Neill's" friends shrewdly suspect her of having a bookful of poems up her silken sleeve. She has given us a hint of them in the songs scattered through her stories, and the one we quote will at least suggest their elusive quality.

He is so little and so wan,
This love I lose my life upon.
A little careless lad, but sweet.
Still turn thine idle smile on her
Who wastes her spikenard and her myrrh
Forever on thy feet.

For who could ask a little lad
To love, for loving is but sad,
(Sweet Joseph into bondage sold!)
Still turn thine eyes' award on her
Who wastes her spikenard and her myrrh
Forever unconsoled.

She only twinkles provokingly when taxed with them; yet anybody who finds the tiny hoof-prints of fauns

under her window of mornings, and sees fairy lanterns flitting among the trees of Bonniebrook, and is so intimately acquainted with the favorite arrangement of the feathers on angels' wings will bear watching when poets are abroad. Perhaps some day we shall have another little green book of the bards to delight us, full of airy fancy and frail exquisite imagery as her enchanted drawings.



THE LONG, TRAILING SIGNATURE OF ROSE O'NEILL

HARVEY O'HIGGINS

"MANY of us have been interested," says the *Lethbridge Weekly Herald*, "in Harvey O'Higgins' articles on Judge Ben Lindsey, 'The Kid's Judge', which have been appearing in *Everybody's*. They have made *Everybody's* sell like hot cakes, and have attracted wide attention from the United States press. The writer is a young Canadian who is making a mark.

"Nature blessed him in the beginning in the matter of a name. Harvey O'Higgins suggests the poetic nature, the susceptible Irish temperament, the imagination of a Don o' Dreams. Of course there's the possibility that he hasn't a drop of Irish blood in his veins, but the name is valuable all the same. It sticks in the reader's mind. Some stuff o' dreams must be in his make-up, for tradition says that when he was a freshman at Toronto University in 1894, he cared for distinction neither in learning nor in sport. He honored lectures occasionally and spent a good deal of his time around newspaper offices. When he was a sophomore, he gave up college and went on the *Toronto Star* as a reporter. Then, on the advice of friends, he went to New York.

"There he and Arthur Stringer dwelt among the gods in a tenement attic for months. The New York editors approved of his stuff and wanted more. He wrote 'Colonial Dames,' and got fifty dollars for it. On the strength of that he got married. Then he began stories about fire-fighting, and these 'snake-eater' yarns enlivened the Sunday supplements and brought him fame. A short novel combining college and circus life came later, and proved successful. Of late short stories have occupied him, and most of them are remarkably good. As Canadians we are proud of his recent work."



HARVEY O'HIGGINS

ECONOMIC ADVERTISING

"**H**OW am I going to hit my nail on the head?" That's the question that every man with an advertising appropriation to spend applies long hours to solving—often to poor advantage, owing to his lack of special training. *Economic Advertising*, a Canadian

monthly publication issued by the Woods-Norris Company, Toronto, is just the help such a man requires. Pertinent suggestions, the mechanics of displaying his product to the best advantage, how to plan a campaign, detailed information as to new ideas in publicity work, are some of the phases of advertising treated.

Men like Mr. P. C. Larkin, men who have accomplished real results in the business world, tell the story of their success and analyze the reasons for it in a way that is of real help to the novice. Kernels of advertising wisdom are given in short pithy paragraphs, such as: "An exaggerated statement

in an advertisement is like a spot of mud on a new suit—it spoils what otherwise might be a splendid effect." The business man who plans his own advertising, and the man who gives his publicity work to an agency will alike find this magazine helpful.



ALBERTA HAS JUST ADDED A NEW REGIMENT TO HER ALREADY LARGE MILITARY HOUSEHOLD—HERE IS A SQUADRON OF HER CRACK 19TH MOUNTED RIFLES



Theatrical comment and gossip by Currie Love, illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

A CANADIAN DANCER

MAUD ALLAN, who has been called the greatest classic dancer of the day, was born in Toronto, although she left there when she was about five years old to go to California, where she spent her girlhood until she went abroad to study music.

It was not until she had spent some years in the study of the piano that she found her true vocation as a dancer.

"Always," she says herself, "the sense of rhythm was strong in me. As a child I could feel the rustle of the wind in the trees, the noise of water over the pebbles of the brooks, resolve itself into music, and I would dance all by myself out in the woods in some vague idea that I had of expressing the rhythm I felt.

"I did not tell anyone my thoughts, but went on studying and playing, as my mother directed. My own chief joys were swimming, bare-back riding and piano playing, and always I have felt that my early life has given me the best possible training for my dancing.

"Sometimes a little girl has come to me with a request for help in going on the stage, and in every case I have said, 'My dear, the first thing you must do is to acquire a broad, varied education, for no art is complete without brains behind it, and the woman who has not breadth of view, as well as culture and refinement, cannot make a success in her artistic career.'

"People have told me that I must be a re-incarnation of some Greek dancer in the time of Theocritus, and perhaps I am, for it was the Greek idea to express in motion the hopes, fears, passions and regrets which rose in the hearts of men and women. Simonides called dancing 'silent poetry', and Aristotle said that all the passions of men found illustration in dancing.

"I have devoted much time to the study of ancient Hellenic literature, and art, and from these I have derived my strongest support for my views with regard to my costumes.

"In Sparta, women were taught to dance undraped before male audiences to inculcate the virtue of fearless modesty. This was called the 'Dance of Innocence,' and to me that has always been the correct idea.

"Even as a child, I detested the ugly pink fleshings worn by ballet girls. Why wear things which reveal the contour of the form and conceal the flesh? I cannot understand it, when flesh and skin are so much more beautiful. It is the man of narrow mind, of myopic vision who sees wrong in a thing that is pure and innocent.

"My costume was modeled after the dress of the Greek dancing-girls, and was patterned from a painting by Botticelli.

"I have never had any doubt as to the rightness and truth of my idea, but

I have sometimes wondered if I were a fitting person to give it expression, although I try to approach my work in the proper spirit, to feel for it the reverence which I should have for a great art in which I am making a halting advance.

"I had always wanted to dance, but my real inspiration came to me one day in Berlin, where I studied piano for five years. Often, as I played, the music would visualize into rhythmic motion, shape and pose before my eyes, and I would feel that I must express my ideas in motion. Finally, I decided to devote my life to dancing, and after much work and study, I made my debut in Vienna in 1903.

My Parisian debut came in 1907, and then I danced before the King and Queen in London. When I knew that Queen Alexandra approved of my dancing, I was the happiest girl in the world, and I felt then that I had indeed found my work."

MISS PATSY

GERTRUDE QUINLAN, the lighthearted young woman whose eccentric character work in *The College Widow* brought her fame in England and America, has acquired stellar honors this season in *Miss Patsy*, a farce adapted from the German by Sewell Collins.

One has some regret in recording that the play shows distinct signs of adaptation; the cracks in the joined places are rather too apparent to an observant eye. Nevertheless, it is a sprightly little farce, and those entangled in the complications, as the play-bill puts it, are capable and clever. Moreover, the audience receives it with every evidence of pleasure, so what more can a star require?

Miss Quinlan is not beautiful, therefore she goes in for eccentricity, which is perhaps wise. Her clothes are so ugly as to be startling, and in her play character she is a young person of decided, not to say declamatory, tendencies with the

"buttinsky" proclivity strongly developed.

Her strongest passion is the theatre. The daughter of an old actor who had had his own stock company, and who had found it a somewhat unprofitable business, she was "born in a property room and brought up behind the scenes".

"I used to handle the stage money," she says, "and be happier than any millionaire's kid, even though I knew my father would have to pawn his watch before we could eat."

When her father died, she became the *protege* of Helen Burrelle



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

MAUD ALLAN

The dancer who created such a furore in England and whose imitators are legion.



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

GERTRUDE QUINLAN
Starring in *Miss Patsy*

(Frances Ring), the leading woman of the stock company, and was attached to Helen's household as "companion, chaperon, gardeén and night-watchman".

Patsy feels the importance of her position rather too much and makes herself generally objectionable to

Helen's suitors as well as at the theatre. But serenely unconscious of her shortcomings she goes blissfully on her way until the office man at the theatre tells her with brutal frankness that she is the laughing-stock of the company, and that Helen is regarded as an angel for her patience with such officiousness.

Poor Miss Patsy sinks to the ground in an agony of mortification, and is crying her eyes out when she is rescued by a stalwart farmer, who has been paying his attention to Helen, but who has suddenly discovered that it is Patsy whom he really loves.

Patsy, in her own new-found happiness, does not forget Helen, and finds time to straighten out that young woman's affair with a navy officer, as well as to adjust another love-tangle before she yields herself to the protecting arms of her farmer.

The last act has, for its unique setting, the property room of the theatre, with its bare brick walls, its swords, its suits of armor and all the paraphernalia of life behind the scenes. It is a benefit night, and the property room has been made into a dressing room for the feminine members of the company. Dressingroom gossip and a Spanish dance enliven this scene, and the public, always interested in watching the wheels go round, looks with avid eyes on the wigs and paint, the rouge-paws and the powder which go to make the attractions of the mimic world.

DEIRDRE DOYLE

AN INTERESTING little person is Deirdre Doyle, an Irish girl who is making her American debut in *Madame X*. The daughter of T. J. Doyle, a comedian who played in the Drury Lane pantomime in London for fifty years, Miss Doyle went on the stage

when she was ten years old, singing in musical comedy. After one season, she went back to school for five years, returning to the stage at fifteen in *The County J. P.* For three seasons she played in musical comedy, then went into the "legitimate," as leading woman in *The Silver King*. Other plays in which she took principal parts were *The New Magdalen* and *Zira*. From



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campell

DEIRDRE DOYLE
With Madame X.

Shakespearean plays she went to French pantomime, and from pantomime to the vaudeville stage, playing a one-act sketch written by herself.

All this was in England, and now Miss Doyle has come to this country to venture her fortune. With such a preceding career her success should be swift and certain.

PATSYISMS

One Dutchman is enough to spoil an Irish picnic.

Never drive round an obstacle when you can go right through it.

Love is like the German measles. You can have it a long time without knowing it.

I hope you have hangnails all your life.

Me a good chaperon? Why, I've taken all the ribbons at the watch-dog show for years.

Miss Patsy.

CONCERNING NEWSPAPERS

"IF WE could only print what we throw away and throw away what we print, we might have a newspaper!"

"Why should a man die in time for the afternoon papers when we're running a morning sheet?"

"A bunch of Dago kids found drowned on a basement staircase. Put three heads on it and make it stick out like a sore thumb. I'll bet it's the first time they ever saw water!"

"How long can any paper last without advertising?"

"I *would* like to read that someone was happy—just for a little while."

"When a middle-aged man goes into the newspaper business, he comes out broke and with teeth marks all over him."

An iconoclast is either a fool or a big man.

The dreamers are the people who move the world.

The man who dares to print the truth ostracizes himself from journalism.

The man who has no heart, no love

in him can never be truly great. We've all got to compromise a little now and then.

This muck-raking mania of the yellow journals is making men mad.

The story of the Creation was told in three thousand words.

To the reformer the individual does not exist—the people only count.

A woman can't argue or reason, she can only feel.

People who live in ice houses shouldn't throw hot water.

Yellow papers are read by shop-girls who chew gum and hang on to a strap by one hand while they hold their favorite sheet in the other.

A man and his wife may jangle now and then, but when they've been side partners for many years they *count*.

A man who is born a friend of the under dog, just naturally stays that way.

"Where is the city editor?"

"You're a reporter now. Find out."

"A girl has been caught on the suitcase circuit with a prominent married man. Shall we print it?"

"No. Let's be decent. If we do, she can never go back! If we don't—well, there's a chance."

—*The Fourth Estate.*

A SHORT STARRING TOUR

CRYSTAL HERNE, of the wistful eyes, the cooing voice and the slender, drooping form, has lost out on her first venture as a star. A two weeks' trial was enough for the new play and then it went the way of so many other hazards of this season—to the storehouse.

An ambitious venture it was, too, with elaborate scenic investiture and a large company, which included such well-known people as Edward Abeles,



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALICE FISCHER

Whose success as "Mrs. Nolan" in *The Fourth Estate* has been one of the features of that play

Louise Closser Hale and William Lewers.

Miss Herne played the name part, *Miss Philura*, that of a little country girl, who found herself losing her youth and beauty in the narrow environment of a small New England village, where she had been starved for love and gayety and pretty clothes and all the things dear to the youthful feminine heart. Her one prayer is always, "Oh God, send me someone to love me."

Just as things are at their worst, she

receives an unexpected invitation to the house of a wealthy cousin in Boston, where she imbibes the principles of the "New Thought". With New England literalness, she believes that if a religion is good for spiritual exaltation, it is good for the exigencies of everyday life, and she takes as her working principle, the Scriptural maxim, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

CRYSTAL HERNE

Whose starring tour in *Miss Philura* had such a disastrous ending

"Why not?" says Miss Philura, and so she redecorates and refurnishes her house, orders new frocks, hats and lingerie by the trunk-full, although she has no idea whence will come the money to pay for them, and she even decides that her hitherto hopeless love for the young pastor of her church must be returned, and that then her greatest desire, someone to love her, will be gratified.

And lo! All these things come to pass, even as she had expected. She

sells her house and obtains sufficient money to pay off all her bills; the pastor's impossible wife is discovered to have had a previous husband who is mysteriously resurrected from a supposed grave, and the final curtain falls with Miss Philura triumphant in the success of what an irreverent friend terms her "betting system."

It is a somewhat dangerous doctrine and perhaps it is as well for the tailors of the country that *Miss Philura* has been put on the shelf, for in real life,

alas! we find that debt is certain and the wherewithal to pay is scarce and difficult to find, and as for love—well—“never the time and the place and the loved one all together.”

It is said that the leaders of the Christian Science church approve the play, but unfortunately for Miss Herne, the dear deluded public refuses to be as complacent, and so it is “back to the shop” for *Miss Philura*.

FROM “MISS PHILURA”

“YOU can’t be a Christian on \$900 a year.”

“You can’t be anything else.”

“There are a lot of nice young girls withering on the parent stalk in New England, but after all, I can’t help out but one.”

Time was when the possession of wealth saved one trouble, now it invites it.

The spirit of the age is the spirit of love.

We can all be mistaken sometimes—even the youngest of us.



THE THING THAT COUNTS

BY JOHN B. JEFFERY

THE harder you're thrown, the higher you bounce.
Be proud of your blackened eye.

It isn't the fact that you're whipped that counts,
But how did you fight, and why?

And though you be done near to death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Then the critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce;
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're whipped that counts,
But how did you fight and why?



THE ANNUAL SIEGE

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

IN THE spring a woman's fancy lightly
turns to cleaning house.

In the spring the soapy water she will
vigorously douse

On the window-glass and mirrors, while
her husband hies away

To some dingy spot of refuge, to escape
the direful day.

In the spring a newer polish tints the
burnished kitchen stove,

In the spring your coats and trousers
o'er the alley fence are hove—

(Maybe "hove" is wrong to use here,
but it surely fits the case.)

In the spring a smudge of cobwebs deco-
rates the housewife's face.

In the spring you come home weary and
as through the wreck you creep

You discover there's no dinner and
you've not a place to sleep,

And when gently you remark that there
might be a saner plan

For house-cleaning, shrills a chorus:
"Huh! Well, that's just like a
man!"

WHAT IS WANTED

WE ARE in receipt of a letter ad-
dressed to us in recognition of our
position as a publicist, sociologist,
humanitarian and philosopher, asking
us to emit a few views on the possibility
of putting college and university men

in action against lawlessness. While
we are ready and eager to join in any
movement to subjugate the lawless, we
are not of the opinion that lawlessness
is what bothers our college young men.
As we sit and pen these feeling lines we
see eight youths in high-water trousers
and pancake hats, carrying slender
canes adorned with bunches of ribbons,
strolling along the thoroughfare, and
ever and anon opening their mouths to
assert, in tones that may be heard in
Hamilton, if the wind is right, that
something or other is rah-rah-rah. Far
be it from us to ask that the natural
spirits of the young should be stifled,
but we will stand for a little lawlessness
if we can have a little rah-rahlessness.

WHICH?

"VOTES for Women!" demanded
the lady orator. "In some parts
of the world the women are still har-
nessed to the plow."

"Then," observed the man in the
crowd, "what you want is oats for
women."

A HYPOTHETICAL ESTIMATE

"BUT I know what I am talking
about!" argues the man with the
dewlap side-whiskers.

"You do?" shouts the man with the
corrugated brow. "You do? Say!
If you only knew half as much as I
think you don't know you'd know
twice as much as you do know!"

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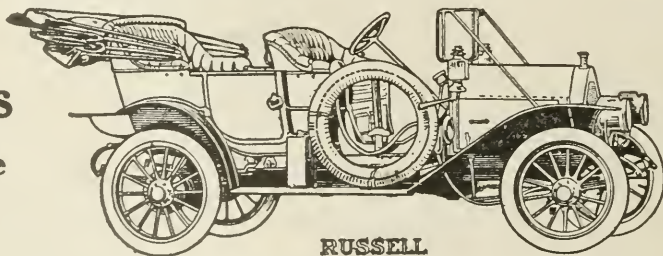
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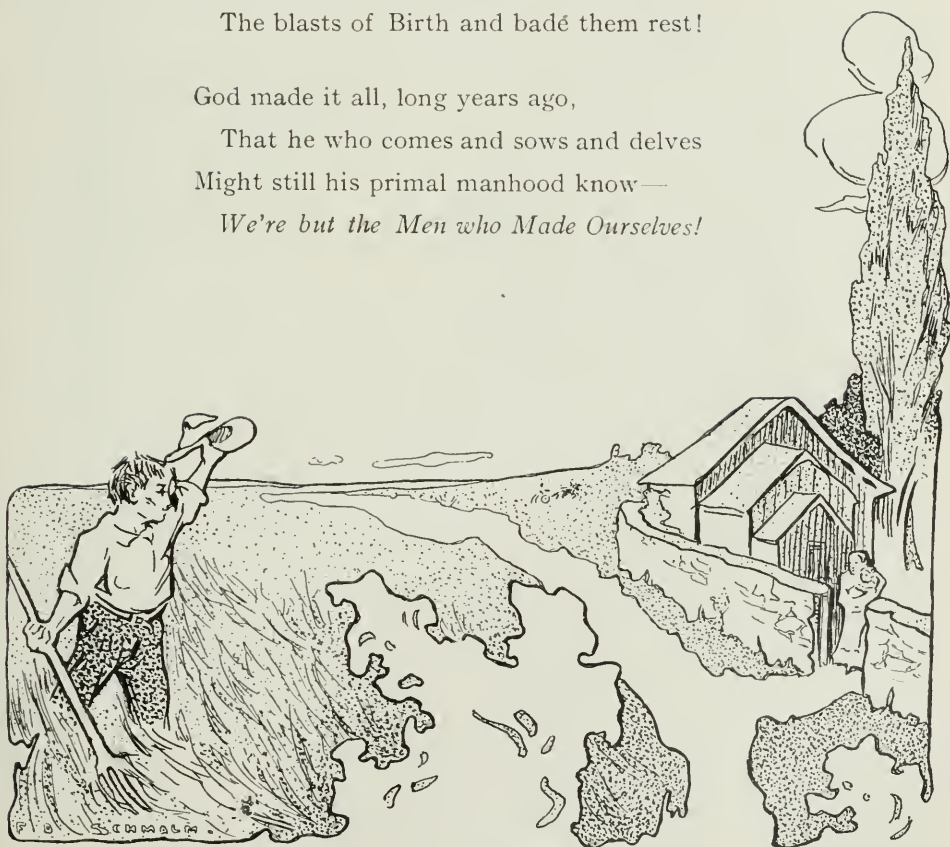
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THE PIONEERS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Call us no more the men who made
This newer world, this golden West!
'Twas done of old by Him who laid
The blasts of Birth and badé them rest!

God made it all, long years ago,
That he who comes and sows and delves
Might still his primal manhood know —
We're but the Men who Made Ourselves!





Drawn by Percy Edward Anderson

For Love of Ariadne—see page 399

"COULD YOU GET READY TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW?" HE ASKED

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VII.

LONDON, APRIL

NUMBER 6

THAT MAN WHO MADE THE VALLEY

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready,
Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours.

Yes, your "Never-never country,"—yes, your "edge of cultivation,"
And "No sense in going further,"—till I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it, but—His Whisper came to me.

—Kipling.

BORN on a farm near Glencoe, Ontario, about a half-century ago, and swinging along a wide arc of business activity in the

States, the "Father of the American Invasion" has landed in his own country once again, to stay.

It is impossible to over-estimate the value and far-reaching importance of the gift Colonel Andrew D. Davidson has conferred upon Canada, but he stands in this unusual attitude towards it: that while remote posterity will continue to enjoy its benefits and shall be better able to estimate it through the perspective of time, he has full credit for it among the people of the

present. Yet, like all men who build for the unborn generations, he has done the work for its own sake, unheeding the present praise or blame of

other men. With total unconsciousness of saying a fine thing simply, he stated this, himself, at a banquet given in his honor at Winnipeg: "After an absence of twenty-five years," said he, "I have come back among my fellow-countrymen to devote the rest of my life in assisting to settle and develop my native country, and if in the end it can be said Canada is better off because I have lived, then my mission shall have been fulfilled."

It takes a pretty big man to make a strong and lasting



Reproduced from an old tintype
ANDREW D. DAVIDSON
At seventeen years of age

impression upon the material affairs and the course of history in two great nations. Davidson has done this—by sheer inborn force, and no adventitious aids whatever. Bare hands, steady eyes, the power to discern a duty and the instant readiness to do it, made up his capital when, in early boyhood, he first faced the world.

Now, in the high noon of his years, he is commander of many great interests, all of them operating for the good of thousands of people; and has at his call whatever resources may be necessary to anything he undertakes.

But the one performance by which his name will be carried forward was his promulgation of proofs of the fact that the Saskatchewan Valley would grow abundantly the best wheat in the world.

There is no need for going into that story now. It is well enough known, and so is the other fact, that when he had established the truth about Saskatchewan and the western plains, in the face of clamor to the contrary, he set about at once to utilize it by covering the land with farmers. It was an undertaking too immense for any but the largest and broadest kind of method

—the country was so big. He had lived among the farmers of the middle western states; and he knew the desire that was growing up among them for more land. It really was a daring conception that lay at the back of his invasion of those states in search of settlers, for it squarely confronted a widespread sentiment against changing flags, and a total misunderstanding of Canada, both as to climate and fertility. But he went at it with understanding, and in no small way. He created the first, and one of the greatest, of the land-selling organizations that have canvassed the United States, and began to draw people across the boundary by hundreds and then by thousands. It was the nearest and best area of supply, and all his immigrants took with them both money and skill. At one time he had no less than three thousand agents at work spreading the news about Canada, and selling Canadian lands. His own first purchase amounted to a million and a half acres; and his first "turn-over" was a million and a quarter acres, sold in seven months—a time record in retail sales that stands as yet unbroken.

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F. E. TEFTSHORN, Train Dispatcher.

GREEN BAY, WIS. July 12th

1907

A D. Davidson Esq

Dear Sir;

Some time ago while looking through an old letter book I found the attached, It may cause you to smile. Poor old man he has passed in his checks some time ago having dropped dead on the street in Chicago.

I presume your Frugality is what did it.

I am as you notice still with the old road which is not what it used to be but in as good shape as most roads.

Yours Truly

F. E. Teftshorn

GREEN BAY & MINNESOTA RAILROAD CO.

TIMOTHY CASE President

Me. 7th 1878
A D Davidson Esq
Dear Sir
your
requisition of yesterday is
received. In reply I am surprised
that you require so many pencils
& Blotting Paper. I find you have
made demands for such things
enough to supply an ordinary
school district. One pencil will
last me a year. What is fair
or right harms no one
Yours Respt
Timothy Case

P.S. Your own future advance
depends on frugality

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM PRESIDENT TIMOTHY CASE TO YOUNG DAVIDSON WHOSE WASTEFUL EXTRAVAGANCE IN "PENCILS & BLOTTING PAPER" NEARLY COST HIM HIS JOB IN 1878

The way this was done makes a story in itself. Davidson had closed his purchase and was on his way from Toronto to Chicago, trying to think out a method of operation that would commend itself to Yankee farmers with sufficient force to get them into Saskatchewan at once, and in numbers.

To begin with, he had every confidence in the country and his own proposition, and knew full well the right kind of men would make good for

themselves, if only he could reach that kind on a scale broad enough to create a real movement.

That was early in June, 1902. While a few hundred Yankee farmers had betaken themselves to Canada in the five years last preceding, beginning with forty-seven in 1897, there was no organized system, either of attracting or handling definite migration; and he deliberately placed himself in a position where such a thing was necessary.

Just how it should be gone about was the question to be answered at once.

The answer presented itself the next day, in Chicago, at a luncheon in the Union League Club, where he sat at table with a half dozen friends, all of them bankers. Someone spoke of his having bought a big tract of land "up north," and then another asked why he didn't let them in on some of these good things. He said he had no objection, but he was not drumming for partners. Then the first man sug-

gested their going up north with him and looking around.

"All right, come along," said Davidson. "Come as my guests, if you like."

"When are you going?"

He had not thought of that, nor of any such thing as a party, but he answered at once, "On the fifteenth. I've a private car, with room enough in it."

They all said it would be a great trip, and joked each other about going; then the talk turned to other topics.

While they chatted, a project was rapidly forming itself in Colonel Davidson's head. He said no more then, but after luncheon he walked with his first questioner over to the bank, and going in with him, remarked:

"It seemed like a joke to those men, that trip to Canada. Did you mean it when you said you would like to go?"

He hadn't meant it, really, but inside five minutes he concluded it really would not be such a bad idea. Colonel Davidson had the car, and nothing would suit him better than to take the party with him.

"At my expense, both ways," he put in.

His friend concluded to go.

"There's your 'phone," said the Colonel. "Call up the others, and tell them it's an invitation."



TYPE OF YANKEE SETTLER COLONEL DAVIDSON BROUGHT
TO THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY

Within an hour all had accepted—and a few more. One car would not be enough. Davidson arranged with the Pullman people for another, and then went back to the bank and told his friend he would be glad to have him extend the invitation to his correspondents in the country. His friend rose to that, and got busy offering his country bankers the time of their lives. The country bankers accepted to a man. All the other Chicago bankers were similarly told to ask their correspondents, with a like response. The one car had expanded to eleven by the time the returns were all in, and the party, all bankers save a few newspaper men, left Chicago on the fifteenth as promised, in a special train of their own.

The idea was growing.

At St. Paul they were joined by a few local bankers. But the Western Bankers' Association happened to be in annual meeting just then, at Crookston, and Davidson got into touch with the bankers and the Chamber of Commerce at Winnipeg, with the result that the association as a body was invited to go up there with the Colonel and be entertained. They accepted, and filled so many more cars that the train had to run from St. Paul to Winnipeg in sections. The upshot was that about five hundred bankers, from all over the middle western states, were given a day or two of Winni-

peg's hospitality, and then went west, still in that special train of three sections, to the place where the lands were, in the Saskatchewan Valley.

Not a word was said to any of them about buying land. They were Colonel Davidson's guests, out for enjoyment, and none of the people who helped him entertain them was permitted to talk business for a moment.

A. D. McRae, the Colonel's partner, who, like him, was a Glencoe boy and who, younger than the Colonel,



COLONEL ANDREW D. DAVIDSON AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY
IN HIS TORONTO OFFICE.



COLONEL DAVIDSON'S RESIDENCE

has also attained to a prominent place in Canadian offices, was much disturbed about what might happen to them in case nothing should come of it. Colonel Davidson told him not to worry, but to make the party happy. They spread out over the prairie and began to make discoveries for themselves. Those country bankers knew land when they saw it. A correspondent of the *London Times* was there with a camera. He began to be enthusiastic and take pictures. The Yankee newspapermen warmed up to the possibilities. The city bankers promptly arrived at a belief that here was a great big opening. Within two or three days that excursion party without the slightest solicitation, had bought 180,000 acres. "The American Invasion" had taken tangible form.

The development and carrying out of the idea that originated in a chance remark at the Union League Club luncheon had cost the partners \$100,000. But by the first month of the next year, it had sold 1,250,000 acres of Canadian land to people from south of the line, and the following summer

saw thousands of settlers moving in and breaking for their first crop in the north.

For the bankers from the smaller cities of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, who had gone in with the party, became active and sincere propagandists as soon as they got back to their homes, and did not hesitate to commend to their friends and customers a purchase that had been good enough for their own money. The rest was comparatively easy work, in the details of organizing a system of agencies and sales. All America and most of Europe knows what followed.

That first memorable bunch of Yankee capitalists created an action that is

"Like a circle in the water
Which never ceaseth to increase itself."

The number of farmers passing from the States to the western plains has risen with every year that has followed. In 1909 they counted up to more than 90,000. It is fairly sure that this year 125,000 will come; possibly 150,000. So that in less than eight years that which began with good-natured chaffing across a luncheon

table has solidified into the growth of a new nation.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" To promote a nation is to touch the apogee of business invention.

And see how it happened: A casual remark found lodgment in the mind of a man alert enough to catch it, and strong enough to carry out, by instant means, the purpose it gave rise to; and so, a new nation is growing up, in power and prosperity.

The way the parts of that excursion plan dovetailed into each other may look like remarkably adroit diplomacy, since every party to it was put in the attitude of conferring a handsome favor upon others, without trouble or cost to himself. But it was less adroit than broad and simple, so that the end was reached by the shortest cut and all was done fairly, in the open light. It took a large-minded man, though, to see it, and to put it through.

Such men are fashioned to much honor, from their cradles. Davidson's was a crude one, on the farm his father had hewn from an Ontario forest, and his earlier days were hard, and hardy. People who knew him tell of his earnestness and industry even then, and the promise he gave of future usefulness. His old school teacher, Mrs. Mary Corneil, carries a vivid memory of the time when he was under her charge.

"He was a boy who always seemed to have a purpose in view in whatever he undertook," she says. "As a student he was very energetic and industrious, anxious to acquire knowledge for himself rather than to excel others. Had I never known of his subsequent career, I would have the feeling that he was filling a man's place somewhere."

Another of the neighbors at Glencoe, Isaac Rathburn, sounds the note that has dominated all Colonel Davidson's life, in this little incident.

"Whatever he was engaged in, he made the very best of. I remember when he was a boy going to school, he took care of a team of horses for a man near by, to pay for his board. He often drew my attention to the pride he took in seeing them look

sleek." And Mr. Rathburn adds with unction, "Colonel Davidson is truly a self-made man, and he certainly made a good job of it."

It was the father of one of his school-mates who gave him his impulse to fare forth from Glencoe. This gentleman's name was Nathaniel Currie, and he appears to have been a man of considerable affairs himself, being a member of parliament for that riding, a successful railway contractor, and the owner of the townsite. Andrew was in his nineteenth year then, and had taken a contract to haul twelve hundred cords of four-foot wood a mile and a half, and pile it eight feet high.

Mr. Currie came through the woods one day when he had almost completed this playful diversion, and handed him a good portion of common sense.

"Andy," said he, "you are a smart boy, and you have brains, but you are working too hard for one so young on something that offers no great reward. When you have finished it, get into something else. Go out into the world, and make a record for yourself."

In those days and that part of the country, going out into the world meant going to the States. In two weeks' time, the young man had handled the last stick in his contract, and was on his way. But years after, he had something to say to a western railway president about the way the company's wood was piled that showed he knew something about wood-piles. We will come back to that presently. A wise boy always remembers anything he has learned, and finds a way, some time, to make a use of it.

It was a long jump from the Glencoe contract to starting up the Fraser River Lumber mills, the largest plant of its kind in the Empire, or anywhere else, in the establishment of which—and its construction—Colonel Davidson had a leading share. He has today enormous holdings of standing timber, probably more than any other one man in Canada.

His first few years in the States were by no means easy going. He went to Wisconsin, and after a little, found

himself in Janesville, where there was a school of telegraphy. It was there his career actually began, for there the bent was given that shaped his subsequent activities. He attended the school, which was conducted then, as it still is, by Richard Valentine. They remember him there. What Mr. Valentine has to say about him now comes rather near being an illuminative biography.

"I think it was in the fall of 1873 that Davidson entered the Valentine school of telegraphy. He had worked in the Wisconsin pinneries during the winter, and although he had some eight hundred dollars saved, he placed his money in one of our banks, and worked out of school hours for his board. Upon his graduation, I procured him a position as agent and operator for the Green Bay and Minnesota railway at Blair. There he put his eight hundred dollars at work by loaning it, buying produce from the farmers, and so on. I think he was at Blair about four years, and then removed to Minneota, Minnesota. There he opened a general store, grain and lumber business, and later on a bank.

"In my opinion, the fact that he was willing to work for his board in order that his little nest egg of eight hundred dollars would not be encroached on, tells the whole story."

It does, in a way, but something happened while he was at Blair that tells a little more. That was the time when it came out that he knew how to pile wood.

The president of the railway company was a fine type of the sort that ruled the roads in those days. He never let the slightest detail of expense get past him without scrutiny and criticism. His name was Timothy Case.

Under date of March seventh, 1878, Mr. Case wrote the young station agent a letter (herewith reproduced) complaining about a too lavishly extravagant use of lead pencils at Blair, naively observing that he himself made one lead-pencil last a year, and penning "an after-thought, by way of caution, "your own advance depends on frugality."

If the dear old gentleman could have had knowledge of that hundred-thousand-dollar party of bankers, he would have whirled a few times in his grave, and died all over again. "Frugality" is a poor tool in empire-promoting.

One day when President Case stopped at Blair, on a trip over the line, he looked with the eye of discontent at a diminishing pile of cord-wood up towards the forward end of the platform. Wood was the common fuel for locomotives in those days. Young Davidson stepped forward and told him that the wood was piled in such a way that the company was paying for about ten per cent. more than it got.

The President looked at him as Bacchus may have looked at Eophon before seeing his way to a just opinion of him, and came to the same conclusion, "Put him by himself for awhile, and I'll know what to think about him."

"You get aboard this car, young man," said he, "and I'll soon find out whether you know what you're talking about."

At the next stop there was a similar stack of wood. Mr. Case walked him over to it.

"Now," said he, "show me what you mean."

Davidson pointed out that when cordwood is split in the log, it is quartered from the bark in toward the heart, so that a cross-section of a stick would show a triangular form, the outer side bearing the bark; and that where it was piled bark-side down, the sticks would not fit closely in, but leave spaces between them "that you could throw a dog through." The cord-measurements being four by four by eight feet, these spaces would stand for about one-tenth less wood than could be piled in the same dimensions if so reversed that the sticks would pack tight. He illustrated his point as he talked, by handling the sticks both ways, and proved that the company was getting only about nine-tenths of the wood it was paying for. Mr. Case listened, and saw a light.

"You are appointed wood-inspector for this road, beginning right now," said he. A barren promotion, since it

brought more work without more pay, for he still had to keep on at Blair as station agent, and stuck there until he went to Minneota, as related by Mr. Valentine. When a railway in the seventies bought any part of a man's time, it bought it all.

But no two-by-two Minneota was to confine his powers. It was not long before he began to buy and demonstrate the value of cut-over timber lands, and by that means redeem to profitable cultivation great areas that had been considered waste. To make this demonstration successfully and by actual practice, he bought and cleared a large tract in Minnesota, and stocked it and farmed it. Those old cut-over lands are producing now some of the heaviest crops grown in all North America.

This was only an extension of his work. He became interested in iron in the country back of Duluth, and always he was widening his banking interests. Years before he entered the Canadian prairies he had business enterprises of importance going successfully in many places, had found time to help organize the People's Church (undenominational) in St. Paul, and to interest himself as an active worker in the councils of the Republican party—though he had no political ambitions for himself. Except to serve as mayor of his city, he never held any office, but he was a delegate to the St. Louis convention of 1896 that declared the gold standard and nominated McKinley for the presidency.

That is to say, he never accepted any other civil office. But he held a commission in the Minnesota National Guard, serving on the governor's staff with the rank of colonel, whence the familiar military prefix to his name.

It was logical, if not automatic, that being busy with so many things which touched or overlapped the international line, he should have approached the Canadian field not only to the development of its agricultural interests, but as the ruling spirit in many going concerns. Before and after his inauguration of the Yankee movement, much of his money and time were engaged with Canadian industries.

Without going into a chronology of his ventures, a partial list of them as they stand at present will show what he was doing, in many widely-separated localities.

Colonel Davidson is in the Saskatchewan Elevator Company; the Western Canada Flour Mills, Limited; the Virginia and Rainy Lake Railway and Lumber Company; the Zenith Furnace Company, Duluth; the Great Lakes Dredging Company, Chicago; the Fraser River Lumber Company, B. C.; the Columbia River Lumber Company; the Anacortes Lumber and Box Company, Washington; the Canadian Loans and Securities Company; the Winnipeg Insurance and Vessel Agency; the Canadian Northern Prairie Land Company; the Davidson & McRae Stock Farm, the largest farm in Minnesota; and he is president of ten banks.

There is a secret, rather a pretty one, in the way this one man contrives to handle so many and such diverse things. He never bothers with anything small; he never worries, nor permits himself to be hurried; and he is simply a master of the art of choosing assistants. This last point is vital.

From the time he became his own master, in business for himself, Davidson has always been on the watch for capable young men, whom he places and trains and advances until they work with him even as the fingers of his own hands. He has a prodigious power of work himself, but he knows how to excite the same power in his young men, who thus multiply his own. And a mighty good thing it is, too, for those same young men, themselves.

It is a curious circumstance that there are more Davidsons among the bankers of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States, than men of any other name. Colonel Davidson is primarily a banker, in the real sense; a born manager of money, with the gift of directing it into avenues of largest and most beneficial public use. He has three brothers, all of them bankers. His grandfather, in the north of Ireland, was a banker. His father chose Canada and farming, but he was

a most unusual man, of high character, keen intellect, and an avid love for work.

It is a truism that blood will tell, but Colonel Davidson's work is a notable illustration of it. From both his parents he derived those qualities that have given him dominance. His mother was Canadian Scotch, a well educated woman, descended from the stalwart McRaes of Glengarry. Thus her son is of the same Scots-Irish stock that produced Presidents Arthur and McKinley, and Mark Hanna, and has given to all America some of the best men it has had. Glencoe, where he was born, was a Scot settlement, Presbyterians for the most part, Covenanters for the rest; and that has always spelled hard common sense, will power, sobriety, and high thought. His mother saw that her four boys were given the best education the place and times afforded, and had no scruple in self sacrifice to that end. She fired Andrew's ambition and gave him sound counsel in all matters. When he left the farm to go to school at Glencoe she asked him to promise her that he would never drink whiskey and never smoke, and that promise he has steadfastly kept. He owes her much for those early inculcations of simple morality, cleanly ideals, prudence, and generosity—and no one could be more willing to acknowledge such a debt than he.

It is too early for a summing up of this most busy life. The close is too far away for that, and too much splendid work lies in the part which is yet to come.

Let no one think the story has been one all of laurels and bay, even since its scene changed from Blair to Minneota, years ago, for there have been reverses, and many hours that to a mind less firm in its own hold upon itself and its intents would have been filled with black doubt and poisonous worriment. If the average of success has been high, and the position attained is secure, it is because his character is of the cast that "in suffering all hath suffered nothing", and that "fortune's buffets and rewards hath ta'en with equal thanks". He has a healthy mind in a

particularly healthy body. His mentality receives a joke as promptly as it rejects the toxin of anxiety. No man could have accomplished so much without the saving sense of humor, covering so granite a resolution as opposed to the shock of circumstance. That man who never errs in judgment or act, or who in carving out his own fortune has nothing but success, is not among this world's possibilities. But the man who, having taken a bump, can benefit by the lesson it may convey, and let the rest go, is pretty certain of a high place in the seats of security. It is a great thing to be able to realize that "what's past hope is past praying for," and then proceed to the next thing with unabated strength and the steady will to make that next thing go.

In saying this, I am trying to give a picture of the Davidson who is back of the man you see—of the man who looks out of Davidson's eyes and speaks through Davidson's lips—the real Davidson. Look at the photograph, and you see his strong exterior; but the outward and visible signs offer no more than an impression of the inward and vital force beyond, by whose works he is known.

"It is a singular thing," wrote Emerson Hough in "The Sowing", "it is a singular thing how, when the world needs a skeptic and a revolutionist, a scout in industry, that man, sometimes with small pomp and circumstance, usually appears." This was in speaking of the conditions in Canada when Colonel Davidson, against all accepted belief and in the face of expert finding reached out and laid hands upon lands in the contumeliously rejected Saskatchewan Valley. "No one would admit that an empire had lain hidden for two centuries. No one would believe that a plain man could in twenty minutes add a hundred million pounds to the wealth of Canada and the world. But in time this revolutionary truth no longer could be denied."

When all shall have been said, that colossal achievement will be the one by which Davidson's name will be carried forward through the times to come. Other men—though not so very many—have equaled his successes in finance

and industry; a few have surpassed them. But in the distinction of having found and forced forward a new country and new lands upon the strength of his own hard-gained knowledge, and with the calm courage of a fixed conviction, regardless else of all the world, and its opinions, he stands alone in his century, an unique

and gigantic figure among the harbingers of destiny, the leader on trails along which millions have traveled and shall travel into new lands of great content. And as the years hang their filmy curtains over the receding view, that figure shall loom larger, but, with outlines undimmed.



THE GARDEN OF YEARS

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

I COUNT the years as roses
 That bud and bloom and fade
 And as each one uncloses
 Another year is made.
 They grow in one great garden
 All patiently and slow
 And time, the faithful warden,
 Attends them as they grow.

I count the years as roses—
 A petal for each day
 To glow as it uncloses
 And then be blown away.
 The petals faint and wither,
 The winds of winter run
 To toss them there and hither,
 And so the year is done.

And some are years to treasure,
 And some to lose we're fain,
 For some are sweet with pleasure
 And some are thorned with pain.
 But in the endless garden
 The roses bud and blow
 While Time, the faithful warden,
 Attends them, all arow.



Trouble Among the Freaks

By W. D. Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS by ELSWORTH YOUNG

"LISTEN, son," said the old circus man, as we sat in the shade of the animal tent one sunny afternoon. "Listen at old Wallace roar."

From the other side of the canvas came the rumble of a discontented lion, 'swelling, then dying away to a growl.

"Old 'Wallace, the man-eatin' lion,'" said he. "Man-eater! He couldn't chew veal. Lost his teeth and lost his whiskers, long ago. I ketcht the keeper's little boy lickin' 'im with a rattan switch the other mornin', an' him backin' away an' whimperin'. He thinks he's a cat. Man-eater! Mph!

"Speakin' o' whiskers, the' was trouble enough in the show a few years back over the Bearded Lady's hursoot appendage. All the freaks was mixed up in it, specially the Arabian Goliath an' the Tattood Man. The Nova Scotia Giantess got into it through her husband', an'—nev' mind. I'll tell you.

"The Nova Scotia Giantess didn't have no use fer the Arabian Goliath because he was so big. She had a husban' that she'd have busted all to squash if she'd ever a' happened to sit down on him, he was so ord'nary an' small—an' this little runt of a man was stuck on the Bearded Lady.

"So was the Tattoo, as far as he was cap'ble o' bein' stuck on anything but booze. An' the Arabian Goliath was aiggin' the husban' to it on the quiet, in hopes that the Bearded Lady'd fall fer him, an' start somethin' bad fer the Tattoo. But she wouldn't. She was just as fonda rum as the Tattoo was, an' that made a kinduva bond of symp'thy between 'em, particularly seein' that the Tattoo useta keep 'er supplied. The Old Man was mighty strict about intawsticatin' liquors of all kinds, but I guess the Tattoo musta bin a pirut wunst, he was such a smooth contraband runner.

"An' when I say rum, I mean rum—

not plain booze like these here hawrble example temprunce guys thinks is rum, but the real old jooniperjuice from Medford, Massachusetts, or the traw-pickle island o' Jamaiky.

"The Bearded Lady useta get boiled so hard after the night performance sometimes that 'er beard would stand out next day like every hair of it was charged with 'lectristry, an' on such awspicious occasions she was peevish to the pointa manslaughter. We found 'er one mornin' at rehearsal time swattin' the breakfast outuva canvasman, with the Tattoo circlin' round on the outside tryin' to get in a lick at 'im now an' then on 'is own account. The' was so much lyin' done when the Old Man heard about it that he discharged the canvasman in desperation, for he had to make a example outa somebody, an' the canvasman was a Swede that couldn't talk so anybody could understand 'im in his own defence. We never did find out what it was all about.

"The Arabian Goliath had a wife once, that was a vinegar-blooded little piece with a waist like a wasp. He coulda wore her fer a scarf-pin an' nobody woulda noticed, but she had a disposition like a gallon o' hornets, an' the way she useta keep him goin' always made me think of a yip-yap feist chasin' an ox.

"That was when his name was Willyum Good, an' him an her lived in Coburg, in a little house that didn't look much more'n big enough to make him a character-hat. It was before the Old Man discovered him, an' took him into the profession.

"I knew him in them days, because that little house belonged to a aunt o' mine that lived in Toronto. He was a awful loafer even then, an' when that sharp-nosed little wife o' his had run 'im till he felt as if his duty to himself compelled him to it, he would go out an' soak up the most soul-saturatin' souse yever seen. He was nigh onto eight feet long, an' three feet thick, an' it took a week's suction to get him filled up—an' *then* nawthin' never happened. He'd jest go to sleep, an' they'd have to carry 'im home to Missis Good an' shove 'im head-first

into the front room through the front door, an' make a getaway before she'd got really started tellin' them what she thought of fellers that would do a thing like that. Jever try to do a married man a kindness?

"She useta pry 'im into bed somehow. 'Swonderful what some o' them little snipe females can do with a man. I couldn'ta lifted Willyum Good two feet in two years, but she done it every time—an' wunst too often. That was when she filled the sheets with dry bread crumbs an' table salt. Willyum always slumbered a coupla days when he got good an' stewed, an' when he come to after this time, he never stopped rollin' till he rolled off the pier. He wouldn't go home again, neether, but a punk frienda his sneaked his clothes to 'im, an' he hiked fer Rice Lake an' round by Peterborough an' got a job on the railroad, an' finally drifted east an' was workin' on construction down near Ottawa when the show come along an' I found 'im.

"'Printin'! sez I to myself. 'He'll work up into a twelve-sheet, easy. Goliath, by golly! Great fer the moral towns.'

"Course I knew him the minit he comes on, carryin' a piece o' railroad iern that musta weighed a ton. He coulda lifted a box car from the track to a sidin' with one hand, while he looked the other way.

"It growed on me. I could see a forty-eight sheet stand with a picture o' the Goliath of Holy Writ chasin' ten thousand Philippines with the jaw-bone of a ass, an' killin' 'em off with great slafter. Put that up with starch paste two weeks aheada the show, an' you'd have every minister o' the gawspel in the hull county shooin' his flock to the ticket wagon. So I puts it up to the Old Man, an' Mister Willyum Good becomes the Arabian Goliath then an' there, at twenty a week an' cakes. First week after that, he hears his wife has died; an' darned if he didn't up an' sit down an' beef like a great overgrown lump of a boy, fer half an hour.

"'She was too good fer me,' he says. The big chump! If he'd a said she was too much fer him, he'd a rung the bell.

"Salways that way with a new-made widower, I've noticed, but they soon git over it, an' begin to look sideways at every piece o' dimity that drifts past the ring. They're worse'n the fellers that's never bin married, I don't care what tough luck they've had.

"That was what got 'im raw on the Tattoo. This here Tattoo was a Greek by the name o' Con-stanto-no-police, or sumpn like that, an' he said he got lost wunst in a shipwreck off a Fee-Jee island near South America when he was a sailorman, an' the natives took a shine to 'im because they had jest et some o' their neighbors an' wasn't hungry, an' he had a anchor an' a heart, an' a lot of other junk pricked in

on 'is breast with colored ink, an' it caught 'em, because they was some on that style o' beauty treatment themselves. So they set their best artists to work on 'im, an' covered 'im all over, back *an'* front, feet *an'* hands, face *an'* all, with the goldarndest close pattern o' color work yever heard of, till he looked like a human bolt o' thirty-cent fancy calico. That's how *he* got into the profession.

"He useta sit around in the freak tent—we don't have it the same way now, the business is gettin' so moth-et since we got the new kinda Old Men an' press agents—*an'* performers—*an'* they begun to cut the printin' down. He only wore a britch-clout, but his tattooin' was so strong you wouldn'ta known he wasn't dressed up in tights, first off.

"Well, anyhow. The Arabian Goliath had the big crush with all the wimmin, especially the little ones, before the Tattoo joined. He useta stand up alongside the Chinese Dwarf, with a high turban on an' high heels to his shoes, that his long robe hid, *an'* y golly! he looked as if he was a mile high. An' he'd smile an' be real refined an' affable. The way he talked you'd think he didn't claim to be no better'n anybody else.

"An lie—Say! I heard 'im tell a bunch o' wimmin one day about his wife. They'd all ask 'im if he was married. Yes, my son, they'd all ask 'im that. Why? O, pickles!

"Well, this time that I overheard 'im tellin' about 'is wife, he handed 'em a line of 'magination that I'da liked to see our Old Man try out on the show's paper. He told 'em he had bin married, but 'is wife'd



"WHEN THE TATTOO JOINED, HE GOT THE WIMMIN—ALL THE GOOD LOOKERS"



"THE CIRCASSIAN PRINCESS COME PRETTY NEAR PULLIN' HIS HEAD OFF"

run away with a nigger singer an' took all his money what he'd brought with 'im from Arabia, where he was a prince on accounta what his great grandfather done to them Philippines, as recorded in the Sacred Tomes. An' that he wouldn'ta minded so much only she took his pet goat too, that the Sultan of Arabia had offered 'im ten thousand shekels o' silver fer, because that goat could talk. Said it had taken 'im five years to learn that goat to talk good English, an' no Sultan nor any other Oriental Potentate coulda bought it fer the price of a harem fulla Turkish Trophies. Said he'd never heard of her nor the goat since, an' so he'd give her up fer dead, an' got a divorce, an' was free, but lonesome. Whaddya thinka that, son? 'Magination? What? I hate a liar. He got so fulla that story that he wound up by believin' it

himself, an' made it his regular spiel

"But when the Tattoo joined, *he* got the wimmin—all the good lookers. Goliath got the overflow, mostly kittenish things o' forty an' up. They was always a crowda pritty girls around old Con-stan-to-no-police, an' the funny thing was, the moraller the towns was, the more they was of 'em. What?

"Old Con was a sour brute. Nawthin' int'rested him much only the Bearded Lady an' cakes an' pay-day, an' sousin' himself nights. He always had rheumatism at the roots of 'is hair every mornin' an' he couldn't no mora smiled than he coulda changed his spots, like the leopard o' Scripture—only his spots was all curleycues, overlappin' each other.

"Goliath pretended to be soo-perior an' not mind about the Tattoo drawin' the wimmin, but inside it ground 'im like he'da bin eatin' powdered glass,

an' that's one reason why he tried to aig on the Nova Scotia Giantess's shrimp of a husban' to get up an imbroglio with the Bearded Lady.

"Nawthin' woulda come of it, if it hadn'ta bin fer a faker that run a 'lectric machine in one o' the side-shows. Goliath an' the Nova Scotia Giantess an' the Bearded Lady was all too logy, an' old Con was too sour, an' the midget husban' o' the Giantess was too easy scairt. But this 'lectric feller was always tryin' experiments, an' he had to butt in.

"The' ain't nawthin' 'lectristy won't do,' he useta say. 'It'll bring a dead man to life, grow hair on bald heads, an' secure you the affections o' the one you love.' That last thing was what caught on with the Giantess's husban'.

"This 'lectric graft was the kinduva machine where you take holda two handles an' can't let go unless the first jolt throws you clear across the tent or maybe out of it. I tried it wunst myself, an' I'da broke 'im in two fer what it done to me if he hadn't warned me fair—fer I felt as if every bone I got in me was shivered all 't flinders at one crack. But the Reubs useta come up an' pay good coin fer it right along, to show off how strong they was. It licks me how far some people will go fer the sake o' vanity.

"Don't you think fer a minit that I'm in this fer anythin' but the mazuma,' this 'lectristy man useta say. 'I gotta have capital fer a invention I got that'll turn this world upside down an' make me the richest man alive,' he'd say. Said this invention o' his would restore lost youth, reglate the features, an' take the pain outuva a dentist, but that woulda looked to me like destroyin' 'em teetotally, fer dentistry is the perfession o' hurtin' people.

"The' was a lot more he useta say about it. F'rinstance, that it would make heat so cheap you couldn't afford to burn shavin's nor coal if they was given to you fer nawthin', an' maybe that mighta bin right. Made me hawt enough, sample I got.

"Well, anyhow. This duck was always explorin' around an' tryin' to

convince all the people in the show what a great man he was an' what he was goin' to do with 'lectristy when he got money enough to complete 'is invention. The Circassian Princess come pritty near pullin' 'is head off one day fer tryin' to get 'er to let 'im prove he could make her hair lay down. An' I certainly thought old Con would eat 'im alive, another time, fer sayin' he could run a 'lectric brush over 'im an' wipe 'is pattern off like it had bin put on with soap. But he got along fine with Mister Giantess, an' after a while I useta see 'em whisperin' by the hour, with their heads as close together as a paira love birds.

"Squeer how things works out sometimes an' affects a lot o' people that ain't got nawthin' to do with 'em—innocent bystanders, as the papers say. Some slant'll hit the yearth entirely extraneous, an' the first you know there'll be innocent bystanders right in the middle of all kinda trouble that they never knew what started. Here was that fool 'lectric man gone dip on 'is invention, an' that midget husban' gettin' actually stuck on the Bearded Lady. The Patagonian Boomerang Thrower was as innocent as a baby about it then, but it was started through him all right. You'll see.

"Goliath had put a idea into the midget husban's head, to cure the Bearded Lady's thirst. Not that she wanted to be cured, but the little rabbit was really gettin' dead in love with 'er—an' him with a wife already, big enough fer twenty. Only when the Bearded Lady had a bad head from the night before, she wouldn't stand fer 'im a minit. But when she was all right, she'd let 'im hang round an' do errands fer her, an' sometimes she'd be real sweet to him.

"Now, Goliath had straightened out after that time 'is wife had put the crumbs an' salt in 'is sheets an' wore his skin all raw. A Indian up at Fenella back o' Rice Lake had give 'im sump'n to put in 'is tea, an' when he woke up forty-eight hours afterwards he didn't want nawthin' stronger'n water, an' never hadn't since. He had some o' this knock-out drink-cure with him in case he might jump the ropes



"IF OLD GOLIATH AN' OLD CON AIN'T WHIRLIN' OVER AN' UNDER EACH OTHER ON THE GROUND,
LIKE A GIANT CATHERINE-WHEEL"

sometime an' need it again. An' what does he do but offer part of it to Mister Giantess to give to this hursoot wonder.

" 'She won't never taste it,' Goliath tells 'im, 'an' it's a love powder too. Ever since I took it, years ago, I've bin fallin' in love consecutive, but otherwise it ain't done me nawthin' but good.'

"So this fool rabbit slips it into the Bearded Lady's tea that night in the supper tent, an' nobody knows only Goliath. But at the night performance, what does the Bearded Lady do but fall off'n 'er chair on the raised platform before the public, sound asleep, an' has to be carried out, him follerin'. Next I see o' him, he's in conf'rence with the 'lectrician. Said afterwards he wanted all the help science could give 'im to win the

affections o' the one he loved, an' wasn't takin' no lone chances on Goliath's powder.

"That night, long about two o'clock, the hull show is waked up by the most awful odor o' burnin' hair. First we thought it come from the horse tents, but everything's quiet there an' in the animile cages. But finally we locates it in the freak quarters, by the noise that breaks out. Squeals an' grunts an' a sound like slapsticks, risin' like what the bandmaster at rehearsal useta call crashendo-bing, an'—say! Youghta seen it.

"The Bearded Lady was laid out there, snorin' away like the Seven Sleepers of Effingham in the Bi-bel, with a face that looked like two English muttonchops, an' not a hair on it! An' the Nova Scotia Giantess has that husban' o' hers across 'er lap, makin'

the noise that sounded like slapsticks, an' makin' it on him. He's doin' the squealin'.

"Over to one side the Patagonian Boomerang Thrower is quarrelin' in habitant talk with the 'lectrician concernin' a five dollar bill, an' in front—Say! If old Goliath an' old Con ain't whirlin' over an' under each other on the ground, like a giant Catherine-wheel.

"It's all come out. Everybody's on, an' each is gettin' his, especially Mister Giantess. It took half the hands to get the bunch apart. It seems the Patagonian Boomerang Thrower has threw it into the 'lectristy man that instead a makin' hair grow on a bald head he can't take it off a face, an' then fer a joke—he was a funny Frenchman an' useta be the cut-up in a lumber campon the upper Ottawa river—he puts it up to the 'lectristy man to try out 'is game on the Bearded Lady. This fits right in with what Mister Giantess wants him to do, an' when Mister Giantess goes an' tells him what he done to the Bearded Lady with that there dope, old 'lectristy sees 'is chance, and goes an' gets the Patagonian, so's he can win that five-spot off 'im. You see, he was playin' both ends against the middle. Out fer capital—Say!

"In the mean time the Nova Scotia Giantess thinks her husban' has got lost, strayed or stolen somehow, an' goes out to trail 'im, an' finds 'im tryin' to pull the 'lectristy man away from 'is awful work. An' old Con is runnin' contraband rum fer the Bearded Lady's relief when *he* comes into it, an' starts in to dust the floor with Mister Giantess.

"An' then Goliath turns up an' grabs old Con an' gives him so much to do he lets go of Mister Giantess, an' Missis Giantess gets good an' busy with 'er little husban', talkin' to 'im all the time about what'll come of 'is winsome ways an' fatal beauty if he won't let other wimmin alone. An' the Pata-

gonian Boomerang Thrower an' the 'lectristy man both claims the bet, the Patagonian insistin' that he never bet the 'lectristy wouldn't take a face off, but only the hair.

"Well, anyhow. The' was a regular society scandal over the hull thing, but old Con had done so much to Goliath an' Goliath had done so many things to old Con that anyone could see they was outa the show fer a coupla weeks at least, an' the Old Man fired 'em both. He said Con was a soak an' Goliath was a fool. 'This is a moral show,' he says, 'an' there ain't no room in it fer two sich degraded characters.'

"The 'lectristy man was arrested fer may-hem an' 'got time enough for it to think out 'is old invention, I guess. The Bearded Lady had lost all her talents—never sprouted so much as a mustash again—an' that put *her* out, but the Old Man give 'er money enough to start a boardin' house in Halifax. The Nova Scotia Giantess (she was a real decent Irishwoman, from Cork), kep' on with the show until she died o' broiled lobster, an' then 'er husban' had to go to work.

"The funny thing about it all was when we found out that the Circassian Princess come from Iceland an' was married to the Patagonian Boomerang Thrower. We wouldn'ta known it at all if she hadn't a come in an' threw 'er arms around 'im an' cried fit to swamp 'is shirt-front fer fear he was goin' to be killed. They went back to Quebec, the end o' the season, on money they'd saved up.

"An' Goliath an' Con—they faded away, in op'sit directions, Goliath still lookin' soo-perior, an' Con dead sore. I seen 'em both afterwards, over in Europe, the time the Old Man took me along exhibitin' before the Crowned Heads.

"I tell you, son, them Crowned Heads is great doin's, an' I—but as my friend Woodyard Kindling says, that's another story."

THE MIDDLE MILE-POST

BY GEORGE F. BUTLER, A.M., M.D.

IT HAS been said that it is better to be born lucky than rich, but in fact, it is better to be born tough than either.

You have probably lived to your present degree of maturity, owing more to the inheritance of a good constitution than to any special carefulness upon your part, and with your experience and evident toughness of physical fibre, there is no reason why you should not live to be a hundred years old, and live a graceful, healthful, happy, helpful, useful life, too, up to the last.

It has been truly said that every individual is either a personal "physician" or a fool at forty; in other words, that he has, through the hard school of experience, learned how to live, how to husband his resources, his physical and mental capital, and how to avoid the things that put his equipment below par and invite disease, or else he has not.

You surely know now, if you did not before, that the body is but a delicately adjusted machine, with furnace attachment for furnishing heat and force as well as the power of repair, recuperation and protection against outside danger.

As an intelligent engineer you know, or should know, that the best service can be gotten from your engine by close care in selection of fuel, the delicate adjustment of proper quantity, the furnishing of pure oxygen and perfect draft for its proper consumption and the removal, at proper times, of the ashes of combustion and clinkers.

Your body, a most delicately-balanced and intelligent mechanism, must be kept in perfect sympathy with your mind, its divine director; you must realize not only the power of mind over matter, but of matter over mind. Being, as you are, on the brow of the hill, the highest peak of your life's mountain; resolve, if you would re-

main long there, to so live as to maintain a steady nerve, a clear eye and a keen appreciation of the advantages you have gained.

Your life has no doubt been one of toil—all the better for that. You have had your cares, burdens, anxieties, worries, sorrows and afflictions, and you have risen above them; possibly you are confronting some now that seem greater than you can bear, but don't waver; brace up, stir up your courage, shut your teeth, determine if strenuous endeavor will win, win you must.

Have you apparently failed? Not a bit of it. Let no such word as fail be in your vocabulary.

Have you succeeded? Has the wave of prosperity come your way? If so, go right on with your work, but in a modified way. When you get on the shady side of easy street, don't retire and put yourself on a shelf, but be willing to put on the brakes, and realize that it is the part of wisdom, as we approach maturity, to be satisfied, to do a little less of everything and to do it better. Keep in the harness, but adjust the harness in such manner as to make it bear a little easier on all your parts. Cultivate skill in moving along the lines of least resistance and in putting on the brakes.

If some severely theoretic doctor has pronounced your doom, and told you that you are the victim of organic incurable disease, or your heart's action is irregular, don't worry, but with greater care than ever adjust yourself to your work; be cheerful, hopeful and remember that the elect can't draw the perfect line of demarcation between functional disturbance and organic disease. Remember, too, your vital organs, like every other machine, even if crippled, by judicious living and management may be made to do good work for a half century. All organic diseases are

amenable to treatment, management, and in many cases even cure, unless their victims become pessimists by falling into the hands of physicians who ought to have been funeral directors rather than doctors.

After forty, remember you must eat less (about half as much as during the growing period, and we grow until we are thirty), and eliminate more—and the greatest eliminator we have is water—drink more water—enormous quantities of it and keep the “peristaltic wave of prosperity” constantly moving down the alimentary canal. Through the drinking of large quantities of pure water you oppose auto-infection, self-poisoning, and prevent Bright’s Disease, and coupled with the proper selection of diet and outdoor exercise, you eliminate uric acid poisonings and accumulations from your body as well as the headaches, crying nerves and jaggedly jumping joint pains, the forerunners of a crippled heart, and rigid, brittle, breaking arteries.

Avoid too much meat (eat only two meals a day), starchy food, pastry and sweets. Meat once a day is all sufficient.

What is diabetes? A disease due to dangerous disturbance of metabolism (or tissue building or repair)—its treatment, proper diet. Within limits then, a modified diabetic diet is good for you in order to prevent such disorders.

What is Bright’s Disease? Crippled or overworked kidneys on a strike, caused in the majority of cases by excess of meat eating, mental worry and pessimism, and its remedy and preventive is less flesh, less fret and fume and more fruit and fun. Eat fruits free from sugar—lots of vegetables free from starches and sugar, such as cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, saurkraut and asparagus.

Drink milk! buttermilk, cider, lemonades; coffee or tea not oftener than twice a day; alcohol “durned” seldom, better never at all.

Mingle with nature all you can, and indulge in cross country walks or rides on horseback, for the outside of a horse is a splendid thing for the inside of a man, and oxygen is the best stimulant to excretion repair in the world.

Get at least nine hours’ sleep in twenty-four hours, sometime during the day, if not at night. A short nap immediately after dinner is often of service. Remember as you grow older, you need more sleep.

Yes, as you advance in maturity you need to know the importance of proper exercise: every muscle and part of the anatomy must be worked in order to maintain its functions. As the unused door hinge and lock become rusty and useless, so, too, with various parts of the animal mechanism. Proper exercise is essential, but you must have due regard for rest and rest at proper time.

Let me urge upon you the thought that a worker in any field, whose age is near either the shady or the sunny side of fifty, should consider himself in his prime, good for another half century of temperate, judicial work.

Henry King has observed: “However much men may distinguish themselves before they are fifty-five, they should then be better qualified for better work than they have previously done. Their triumphs do not convey the idea of completion so much as that of preparation. They have become well versed in the philosophy of success; they are masters of the situation by virtue of their experience; they are on friendly terms with fate because they have not failed to draw a profit from the things they have seen. The accumulation of years counts affirmatively and not negatively with respect to the ability of such men to promote the public interests, and protect society against the errors of pretenders and expretenders. They are not old men except in seniority and practical wisdom, and in contrast with those who have yet to learn the beneficial lessons that only time and stress can impart.

“It is absurd to say that they lag superfluous, when in fact they are at the zenith of their power. The fire does not burn as brightly in their case as it once did, to be sure, but the moderate glow is steady and well directed, and there is more to be expected from it than from the eager and unrestrained flame which is all promise with no assurance of performance.”

While heredity is of importance, bear

in mind that the deficiencies of heredity can be made up by correct living. Given an individual with a poor inheritance, a fair physique and intelligent appreciation of the laws of health, who governs himself, and he is a safer risk for a life insurance company than one with an ideal heredity and equipment, who is careless and reckless.

One of the brightest and best men in America to-day, a man who until recently earned a salary of \$50,000 per year as the manager of a great railway system, and who yet seems to have more leisure to travel, make after-dinner speeches, etc., than any other man in America, who is past seventy years of age, affirms that he is now able to do more and better work with less fatigue than at any other time in his life. His career has been a busy one, with a constant drain upon his energies, but it has not yet made an old man of him. The record of multiplied years in his case does not carry with it the penalty of exhaustion and superannuation. It has been afternoon with him for twenty years, and still it is not sun-down. He has trained himself to do a maximum of service with a minimum of effort; he knows how to concentrate his mind upon the essentials and to dismiss the non-essentials with a smile. Indeed, there can be no question that men who use their minds—in other words, brain workers, in consequence of the discipline through which they have passed, are better equipped for longevity than others. An enormous list could be given which would demonstrate the truth of this statement.

No one has outdone Michael Angelo in old age. Humboldt ceased at eighty-five, but we find Angelo reaching further on and touching the verge of ninety.

At seventy-one he drew his design for the rebuilding of St. Peter's, and superintended that work until he was eighty-nine years old, when he died. And during the first four years that he gave to the design, which has been a revelation of genius to all who have seen it, he painted his masterpiece, "The Conversion of St. Paul." In the ten years preceding, he did "The Martyrdom of

St. Paul" and the "Last Judgment."

Stradivarius made his last violin in 1736, when he was ninety years old. His sight failed at eighty-five, but he still made fiddles. At almost one hundred this man, who had never known rest, and who at the same time had never worked excessively, spent one year doing nothing and then died. It will be noticed that he held out two years longer than Michael Angelo. De Beriot is said to have owned the last violin made by Stradivarius, which he thought the finest instrument in the world.

It is interesting to know that reliable students and observers are convinced that the progress of brain science will enable mankind to successfully oppose decay and almost overcome its climax, death, favoring the thought that death at seventy years or thereabouts is due to the fact that generation after generation is born into the world expected to die at that time, and that therefore they die at that age. There can be no doubt that if children were brought up to believe they would live indefinitely, in the course of several generations the life limit would gradually be extended.

As you grow old you need to know that you will remain young if you keep the heart young, and this you can do by mingling with the young. All who have seen Sara Bernhardt, at an age past sixty years, have marveled at the youth that glowed in her face and permeated her lithe and willowy form. When asked for the secret, "I have my art," she replied, "I work, work, work. In work I take my greatest pleasure. It is a tonic; a delicious preventive of age. I sleep, and I never drink wine. I act. There you have it all."

This is the very concentration of wisdom, enthusiasm, work and sleep; these are the trinity, making and keeping men and women always young, and always useful, and let it be remembered that enthusiasm and joy in work is of most valuable import, and we can, if we will, cultivate enthusiasm for our work. Truly the worker is happier than the idler at all times, even though the latter be possessed of millions. M. Huret once asked Baron Alfonzas de Rothschild whether he thought that

wealth brought happiness, and in answer the millionaire said: "That would be glorious. Happiness is something that people toil for. I suppose," he added, reflectively, "some advantages do attach to money, or people would not give themselves so much trouble to acquire it, but believe me, the truest source of happiness is work." It will be noted the world over that the world's greatest workers, who give attention in a reasonable way to the laws of health, are much more apt to live to an advanced age than the drones. People of advancing years who try to look young in the social world retain their youth by so doing. Let grandma wear bright ribbons and gaudy gowns, if the colors become her, and grandpa be as dudish as he pleases with flashy neckties and cheerful garb; both will be younger for it, and besides, it is in harmony with nature. The trees take on their brightest colors as the winter of their lives draws near. The older one becomes, the more one should avoid dark and sombre hues, and this includes the capillary covering of the heads of both sexes. Gray hair is honorable, that which has been dyed is an abomination before the Lord.

Cultivate thankfulness and cheerfulness. An ounce of good cheer is worth a ton of melancholy. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." Cultivate to the last the ability to love, realize to the uttermost that the greatest thing in the world is love. Be like the Curate of Olney, who said of himself, that he could live no longer than he could love. Without love there is no joy in life. As you grow older you will realize the need not only of work, a proper physical and mental occupation, but of play, recreation and study. Let the work be as far as may be in the direction of helping others to help themselves. Nothing keeps one young like thinking of and having sympathy for others. Canon Farrar was quite right when he said: "We often do more good by our sympathies than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever hope to by straining efforts of

personal ambition. The world ever gives us freely that which we give to it. As Shakespeare puts it, consider the capacities of those who are young and do not measure the heat of their lives with the bitterness of your own gall.

No sweeter epitaph was ever written than one noted, I think, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, a tribute by an aged husband to his life companion, viz.: "She was so pleasant." Yes, like the author of the first epistle to the Corinthians (which, by the way, is the sweetest love-letter ever written by mortal man or woman), determine to grow old gracefully along the lines of love. "It will be remembered," says Drummond, "that in the beginning love was not the strongest point of Paul, indeed his hand was stained with blood; but the observing student can detect a beautiful tenderness growing and ripening all through his character as he gets old, inspiring the same hand to write, 'And now abideth faith hope, love these three, but the greatest of these is love.'" As we grow old let us not forget that "we shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that we do, or any kindness that we show to any human being, let us do it now. Let us not defer it or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again."

With Henry Van Dyke, determine to go forward, and to be glad of life, because it gives you a chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourselves until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness; and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of God; and to spend as much time as you can with body and spirit in God's out-of-doors. Follow these little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace, and may the good God love you and keep you in the hollow of His hand.



THIS IS WHERE WE ESTABLISHED OUR PIONEER STORE

KEEPING STORE AT TETE JAUNE CACHE

BY WALLACE FINCH AND L. DARBY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THREE PARTS

PART TWO

REST after travel is pleasant. And our journey of more than three weeks had not been taken in a palace car. But the trail beckoned us on. So Sunday morning we packed our horses and said good bye to Swift, his copper colored wife and children, the grain fields and the corrals under the mountains.

Straight down the valley of the Athabasca we plodded, passed the site of old Henry House, then turned to the right up the Myett River Valley. From our camp we had a long walk for water up over a steep hill then down again to a little lake. Jim and Frank took one look at the clear water, dropped their water pails and began to fish, pulling in trout after trout until they had thirty on their string. Meanwhile Will, from a vantage point on

the top of the hill, was watching a pretty phase of bird life.

The spring was now so far advanced that the young had feathered out. From a nest at the very top of a tall tree half way down the hill, out flew a large bird, followed timidly by a small one who uttered frightened little cries and hurried back to the nest. The mother floated about with a graceful sweep of wing as if giving the little one an object lesson, then sailed back to the nest with an encouraging cry. Over and over again with tireless patience the lesson was repeated until the young bird gained a degree of confidence, then, as the sun sank below the peaks mother and child disappeared into the nest for a well earned rest. Two hours later we too went to sleep, gorged with trout, a great treat after nearly a month of bacon and ham.

We earned our supper before we camped the next night. The spring freshet was still running in the Myett so that the ford to the good trail was impassable and we had to take the "high water" trail, a rocky winding way, often through dense woods. At one point we had to stop and cut out fallen timber which blocked our road. Several of the packs loosened and had to be readjusted. One of the horses jumped straight through his packing gear, saddle, pack ropes and all, but fortunately was caught before he damaged either himself, us, or the packs. The trail led over many fallen rocks—a good pack horse is almost as sure footed as a cat—but on a large smooth one Will's horse slipped backward throwing him onto the rocks and partially falling upon him. His cry brought Frank who found him stunned by the shock and the fright—for a horse seems as big as a hippopotamus when it looms threateningly above you to crush out your life. Fortunately, Will got off with the scare and a lame shoulder. We camped at Dominion Prairie, a charming, sunshiny spot with the river rushing by like Niagara rapids, not so expansive but suggestive of them. Across the valley fir-covered mountains stretched miles and miles in both directions, while up the stream we could see the Yellowhead Pass.

In the morning we found a watch, but of no great value, just a reminder of the unseen men who had crossed ahead of us, a little break in the loneliness of the wilderness. It was a bright warm morning and Frank caught some good views of the mountain at the Pass. A porcupine, the first we had seen, stepped out into the trail and ambled along in front of us looking like a small bear. Finally it climbed a tree and watched us file past. Toward noon we forded the Myett, passed some huge moss-covered rocks, plunged into deep woods, and were at the Summit.

Right at the water shed, on the very backbone of the continent stood a blazed tree on which was this record:

T 72—3681.71

M 75—3746.71

Sept. 6, 1875

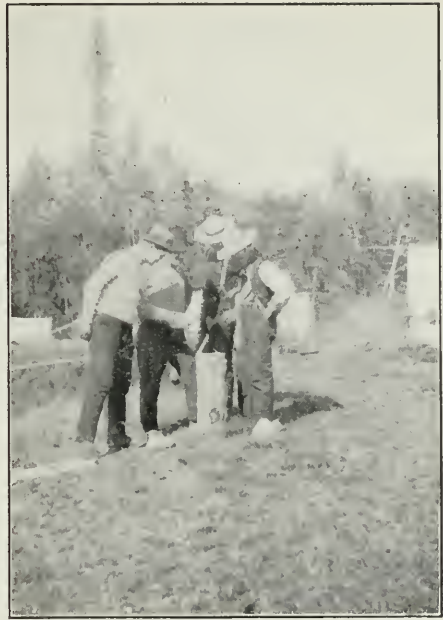
The two heights named must mean

calculations made from levels east and west of the mountains. As we looked back and forth through the woods of the Pass we wondered if those engineers who made the inscription more than thirty years before had found traces of pioneers who had been before *them*. It is a difficult feat to accomplish, to be absolutely the first white man to set foot on any part of the globe. We studied the record again. The top of the continent at less than four thousand feet! Were those old men—though they must have been sturdy and young to be able to make such a trip in those days—were those men as impressed as we were with the smallness of the figures, the ease with which an engine could haul a train over the divide at such a low point? As we stood by the tree it did not seem like a "divide" at all, right and left the ground stretched away apparently level, and we reflected that in several hundred miles we had risen less than two thousand feet. However, a little further on we crossed the dry bed of a creek which carries the overflow of the Myett westward while the main river sends its waters to the Atlantic—we were on the Pacific slope.

Soon before us we saw the waters of Yellowhead Lake sparkling in the sunlight, and that afternoon we camped close by its shore at "The Narrows" where the lake contracts like the body of a wasp. It was a beautiful situation and we took some photographs looking back across the water toward the summit of the Pass where the mountain ranges almost meet. Yellowhead Lake empties into the Fraser but we left the stream on our left and followed the trail to Moose River, a tributary that empties into the big river just above the widening called Moose Lake. We passed close to the lake along a particularly hard trail either blocked by rocks and windfalls or deep in sand and gravel along the beach. One horse, Bob, gave out and had to be left on the trail for the night. But the beauties of the way increased with its difficulties. Late in the afternoon the sun behind the clouds glorified their upper edges above a crescent of peaks at the end of the valley, while

two great sentinels guarding the flanks of the semicircle were clothed in dark mysterious mist. At seven o'clock the second day from the summit we camped some distance below Moose Lake on the Fraser River itself, and we felt we were nearly at our journey's end, for Tete Jaune Cache was on the Fraser only two days below us.

So the next day we rested. Bob was brought in and rubbed down while Will lay on the hillside dozing and dreaming over the valley and the river, beyond which stretched green woods backed by snow-capped peaks. It was showery the next morning before we started but soon there was sun and a blue sky flecked with wonderful fleecy clouds, here and there one trailing below a peak like a filmy veil drawn across the face of the mountain. The whole landscape was marvellously fresh. Green hills, above which rose snow clad points glistening against the sapphire sky, little brooks brawling clear and cold over their stony beds, the Fraser, at times quietly reflecting the emerald of the sunlighted foliage, then breaking into foam as it rushed tumbling through a gorge. We needed the beauty of that mountain valley to help us over a hard and at times a dangerous trail, at one point simply a narrow ledge on the



WE SET OUR WATCHES BY THE SUN DIAL, THE TOWN TIMEPIECE AT TETE JAUNE CACHE

face of a cliff of rock. At last we descended to a delightful camping place called Little Prairie, a green meadow deep in rich grass for the horses to feast on, and for us an eye-filling view of the serrated bastions of Mount Robson, the giant of them all.



A BLAZED TREE RECORDS THE FACT THAT THIS IS THE BACKBONE OF THE CONTINENT, THE SUMMIT 'TWIN TWO OCEANS



OUR LAST BIG FORD AT GRAND FORKS. THE DAY WE REACHED TETE JAUNE CACHE

The following morning we jumped up with alacrity and pushed on with renewed vigor, up and down hill, through seemingly impenetrable forest till about two o'clock when we emerged upon the Fraser—we had arrived at Tete Jaune Cache! It did not look like the metropolis of a country three hundred miles in diameter—just a clear space near the river trodden and scarred by former camps while some distance back the tops of a few tepees appeared above the bushes. While we were unloading and putting up the tent the whole population, about a score of half breeds, gathered on the hill close by and watched us intently. It was an unstudied grouping and Frank tried to get a picture, but as usual they melted away before the camera.

Bright and early next morning Jim and Frank were off with packs on their backs for a short prospecting trip. Will was left alone. Alone with the mountains, a few half breeds with whom he could not talk, and the smoke from a single white man's camp across the river. But before night the loneliness was broken by the arrival of two prospectors who hired an Indian to take them across the river to their partner. Will dug a vegetable garden and practiced cooking till Jim and

Frank returned. Then we had a conference on the best location for our permanent store. The railway was to pass on the other side of the river but for the present travel would be mainly along the trail so we decided to stay where we were, as customers would have to be taken across to the other side in a canoe and Will was hardly strong enough to handle a paddle in the swift current, the Indian, of course, being quite unreliable. Nevertheless we bought a canoe. The price was ten dollars and the Indian wanted the amount in bacon and flour. He could not understand prices so Will just weighed out ten pounds of bacon at sixty cents and ten pounds of flour at forty. It was such a little package that we were almost ashamed to hand it to him and were not surprised when he shook his head and refused to accept it. We offered him the cash which he also refused, then ended by taking it. He broke into it by buying three little bunches of sulphur matches fastened together at one end for forty cents. We had made our first sale!

It took several days to finish the store building, Jimmie and Frank cutting and setting the logs while Will dug out and leveled the floor, but on June twentieth it was finished, a small

affair chinked with moss and closed by a heavy door with a strong lock to protect our stock. That evening Frank carried *one* bundle from the tent to the log house and closed the door remarking that he "liked to move on Thursday." Later it dawned on us that he felt superstitious about moving on Friday! Four days later Donald McDonald arrived with a half breed, a young white man, and a long string of pack horses bringing a large part of our stock which we checked off and packed away in the store. The new building with the tent beside it stood on higher ground facing the south and the river which here flows east and west. About twenty-five feet from the door ran the trail with a grove of trees between it and the river and on each side open landing places of which the Indian used the left hand or eastern one for his canoe while we launched ours at the western one. It was a pleasant and convenient location and as the summer wore on Will fenced off a yard, planted felt seeds and established a regular fire place and chopping block so that we looked quite ship-shape and business like.

The life of the frontier began to ebb and flow through the Cache, now a party of prospectors, now a timber

cruiser and occasionally the larger parties of the Grand Trunk Pacific survey. Soon after our building was finished a number of prospectors held a meeting and appointed Will Mining Recorder as he was the only permanent citizen in the "town" of Tete Jaune Cache. The laws provide for such action by a community of miners and it is a great convenience to them as it saves a long journey to an established office within the prescribed time limit, but the Recorder thus appointed gets no fees, he is simply a medium through whom the records and fees go to headquarters.

By this time there were quite a number of camps scattered about near us. All were more or less deserted as their owners came and went over the mountains for mining claims or down the river to stake timber limits. Some evenings a large party would gather about Will's fire in the long northern twilight talking and whittling, but on other nights he would eat a lonely supper and go early to bed under the mosquito net in the tent. He struck up a friendship with a young divinity student who with his brother had been sent out to watch the interests of a company which was financing an experienced prospector. Perhaps the



SOME DUSKY VISITORS AT OUR FIRST FENCE

bond that held Will and young Burnett together was the fact that they were the two "tenderfeet" of the community. Burnett distinguished himself by mistaking his own horse for a bear and shooting it, and all the old timers were laughing over his naive account of meeting with a cub "which he could have gotten if he had only had his gun." The prospectors in brief but forcible language drew a picture of the mincemeat that would have been left of Burnett after the old mother bear heard her cub squeal.

Jim and Frank were gone most of the time, sometimes with one party, sometimes with another, usually alone. Will led a busy, but quiet life. He

kept the store, hoed the potatoes and hilled the beans, weeded his flower bed, smudged the horses when the mosquitoes grew too thick, chopped fire wood, learned to cook, and did the thousand and one things that fall to the lot of the one who stays at home. The constant exercise and the bracing air began to have a beneficial effect upon his health and with returning strength came a wish for more than a vicarious interest in the tales told about the evening fire. His friend young Burnett was taking his chances with the hardened pioneers—why not he? Will longed for an adventure. But when it came—

To be continued



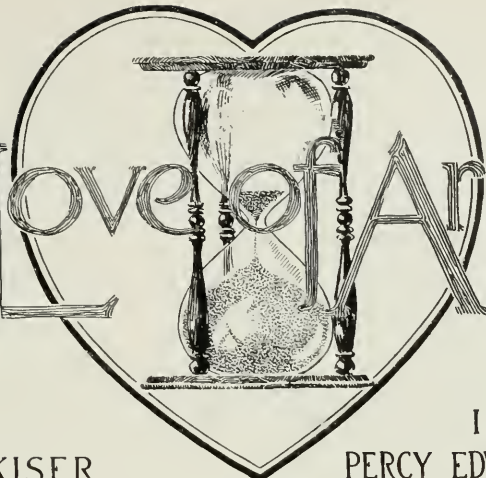
APRIL SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

WE loitered through the orchard-lands,
 The wind a-blowing free,
 My lad and I together,
 And the birds in every tree.
 'Twas sweetheart this and sweetheart that
 And none so fair as I,
But that was April-year-ago,
And what's the use to cry?

'Twas none so true and none so sweet,
 And all the world was rose,
 And all the apple-trees were cut
 As every lover knows.
 The bluebirds nesting in the branch
 Were not a tithe as gay,
But that was April-year-ago,
And oh, 'tis long till May.

For Love of Ariadne



By
SAMUEL E. KISER

Illustrated by
PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

"NO, Mr. Truckgarden, I—" "Throckmorton is my name, Mrs. Lewis."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I have such a poor memory for names. But I don't see what right you have to talk to me as you do, and I wouldn't care if Henry Galpin had a million dollars or was as poor as a missionary. If he isn't old enough to take care of himself by this time it's a pity, for I must say that I never saw a man of his years who looked younger, although it's no compliment to me that he hasn't pined away and died, as he said he would fifty years ago next May."

She drew a deep sigh while Benjamin Throckmorton drummed uneasily on the arm of his chair.

"I believe," he said, "you and my father were friends in your younger days?"

"More than that," she replied, looking at him through misty eyes, "and I don't wish to speak unkindly of the dead or want anybody to think that I wasn't as true and loving a wife to Simeon Lewis as any man ever had, but it was a sin that we had to part the way we did—I mean Henry and I—because our parents broke it up on account of getting into a quarrel over a foolish lawsuit, and I was only seventeen, so, of course, I couldn't do as I pleased, although he offered to wait a year, but as long as I saw that it was going to break my mother's heart, and his father threatening to cut him off in the will,

we both gave in, and when my son fell in love I told him to marry the girl if she'd have him, though she wasn't the one I'd have picked out, but she's made him a good wife. I will say that for Lucy."

"I hope," Mr. Throckmorton replied, after drawing a long breath, "that you won't think I have any personal objection to your marrying my father-in-law. It is on my wife's account that I have come to try to place the matter before you in a reasonable light. You see—"

"I suppose you think it's unreasonable for him to have cared for me all these years, and perhaps my son and his wife say the same thing about me, for that's what people's children always say when they get the idea that their parents ought to sit back in corners and be nobodies, and he's not as bald as you are, this very minute."

She indulged in a little sob while Benjamin Throckmorton looked away into space and admitted to himself that he couldn't blame his father-in-law for continuing to love the lady. She was well preserved and possessed much of the beauty that had made her remarkable as a girl.

"My wife," he ventured at length, "feels that it is her duty to look after him in his old age and see that he is made happy. As far as I—"

"Does she think he will be abused and unhappy if he marries me?—me that he has waited and hoped for all

these years, knowing that my heart was always his from the day we parted, and I remember it as if it had been yesterday and how his boots squeaked, being new, as he walked away and left me standing there knowing I could never learn to love anyone else in this world, although I was always true to Simeon, and if there is such a thing as the one that's gone before waiting on the other shore I shan't be afraid to meet him there, leading Henry by the hand, for Simeon always was a man who could listen to reason, and who knows that he may not be happy there at this minute with someone that he loved all his days and never let me know about, or it may be that she isn't dead yet and he's waiting for her, as impatient as he used to get when I couldn't find my rubbers, though I don't wish you to think that he was ever ungentlemanly about it, for he never spoke a cross word to me before strangers, which is one reason why I had a lamb put on his tombstone, although I always preferred cherubs myself, but the marble man had a lamb on hand, and I've often thought since that he wasn't honest about it, for the head looks a good deal too big for the rest of it, but if Simeon can look back he must know that my intentions were the best."

"I am to understand, then," said Mr. Throckmorton, as he edged toward the door, "that you decline to—to—ah—enter into any agreement that there shall be nothing further between you and Mr. Galpin?"

"You can understand it that way if you want to, for I am not going to do anything to wreck Henry's happiness again, if I can help it, although if he wishes to give me up, that's another thing, but it seems too bad that people who have waited as long as we have can't do as they please, even in their old age, for it was hard enough to have our parents interfere in the first place, and I suppose if we gave in to our children now and should live to be a hundred years old our grandchildren would be the next to stop our hearts from beating as one, though Henry thinks it's fate, but I don't believe there is any such thing, and if people would

always mind their own affairs and leave others to be happy if they could the world would have few troubles, not counting such things as sciatica and rheumatism, and it isn't as if some young woman was trying to get him for his money and making him think she loved him because he was so handsome, although I will say for Henry that I think he has too much good sense to ever let any girl twist him around her finger."

When she was alone again she sat for a long time with her chin resting in her palms and a dimness in her eyes that was not due alone to her sixty-seven years.

Her daughter-in-law came home presently and anxiously asked what was the matter.

"That Truckgarden man has been here and he insulted me," the widow replied.

"The truck garden man? How did he insult you, and what did he come here for?"

"He said it was all on account of his wife, but he's in it as deep as the rest of you, and there's no use talking about it, for you're all against us, and—"

"Mother, I haven't any idea what you mean. I don't know any truck garden man, and I can't understand why you should think I would have anything to do with such a person. If he mentioned my name he did so without—"

"Oh, he didn't mention you at all, and you know who I mean—Henry Galpin's son-in-law—and he wanted me to make a promise that—that—"

She turned her back upon her son's wife and permitted her feelings to ooze into her handkerchief.

Mrs. Throckmorton was distressed and indignant when her husband informed her of the result of his interview.

"Why," she complained, "should people of their age want to get married, anyway, and if she outlived him she'd get the money our children ought to have and leave it all to those horrid Lewises."

"I don't see what we can do," her husband admitted.

"If we could only get him to go away



"I HOPE," MR. THROCKMORTON SAID, "THAT YOU WON'T THINK I HAVE ANY PERSONAL OBJECTIONS TO YOUR MARRYING MY FATHER-IN-LAW."

somewhere—Benjamin! Why can't you take us all over to Europe? I could keep him there till he gave up his foolish idea."

"Europe? Oh, yes, that's easy. It's the simplest thing in the world for a man to tell his clients to take chairs and make themselves comfortable, while he skips over to Europe with his family. To tell you the truth, Stella, I'm about ready to throw up my hands and let Nature take her course. I'm half sorry for both of them. First

their parents kept them apart, and now their children are interfering. It seems to me that it wouldn't be any more than fair, as long as they love each other after all these years, to let them have their own way."

Mrs. Throckmorton accused her husband of being disloyal to their little ones and appealed to his sense of shame with such earnestness that she soon had him won back to the cause which was dear to her heart. He even took the trip to Europe under advisement.

While they discussed the matter, Henry Galpin half crouched behind the door of an adjoining room and listened. He was a slender old man with a kind, thoughtful face, and might have been taken for a superannuated college professor rather than for one who had made a fortune in business. In truth he had always been more of a student than a merchant and it was commonly understood by those who knew him that his success had been due to the sagacity of his associates more than to any commercial shrewdness of his own.

Having listened to the planning of his daughter and her husband, he stealthily returned to his room and thought the matter over. He blamed himself now for not having married Mrs. Lewis without saying anything about it to his children, but regret was unavailing. He realized that, and de-

cided at last to take immediate action.

Slipping unobserved from the house and feeling very much like a criminal escaping from justice, he hurried away to meet his sweetheart, in accordance with an arrangement they had made the day before. There was in the park a certain seat on which she had promised to be sitting at that moment and eagerly he hurried toward it, to find reclining there a colored nurse who was taking care of three-year-old twins. With undisguised anxiety he walked up and down the path half a dozen times, after which he offered the twins some pennies and asked the nurse if she had seen a lady who seemed to be looking for a gentleman.

"I seen lots a' ladies," she replied, "and I s'pose most of them was lookin' foh gemmen. That's what ladies mos'ly is lookin' foh, ain't it?"



MRS. THROCKMORION ACCUSES HER HUSBAND, WHILE — —

"Ah, yes, very likely," said Mr. Galpin; "but the lady I refer to is a most beautiful lady—a lady with eyes that seem to be melting and with a voice that sounds like the sweetest music."

"My conscience, no, I ain't seen no lady like that round heah nowhere. I reckon I'd like to heah that kind of a voice, but if I seen a lady's eyes meltin' I'd be sure scared."

"Henry!" cried Mrs. Lewis, hurrying toward him.

"Ariadne, my darling," he answered, catching her outstretched hands, "I had begun to fear that you would not come. They are plotting to take me away to Europe."

"Don't you let them do it," she answered, betraying much agitation, "and the only thing we can do is to elope, though I always said I would never think of such a thing or forgive a child of mine for it, and Mr. Truckgarden had the audacity to ask me to promise to refuse to be yours after all these years because your daughter thinks it's her duty to protect you in your old age, as though you couldn't be trusted with me, and the doctors all said that Simeon would have died long, long before he did if it hadn't been for the way I nursed him, and cross—oh, you never saw a person in your life who was as hard to wait on as Simeon Lewis, and I remember that he had an idea once he'd like an orange when there wasn't any in the house and I tried to satisfy him with a pickle—well, it was just simply awful the way he carried on, and I don't believe anybody else would have stood it half as long as I did, although we all knew he couldn't recover and I felt it was my duty to humor him, for I wanted to have a clear conscience when he was gone, and I never could help pitying my cousin Caroline whose husband died of pneumonia three weeks after she'd got her divorce, so if she'd just been patient a little longer she might have been a real widow and nobody need ever have known the difference, although everyone knows that Carrie wasn't in the least to blame and I don't believe she ever was as happy in her life as she's been since her second marriage, except that her

husband is four years younger than she, and her money must really have had something to do with it—what do you think we'd better do?"

As they started away, the colored nurse gazed curiously at them and said:

"Lan' o' Goshen, is that what he calls a voice that sounds like sweetes' music? But I guess her eyes ain't goin' to melt, nohow, although they sure was blazin' some."

Mr. Galpin led his sweetheart down through the park toward the lake, and proposed that they have a ride on the water.

"No, Henry," she said, "I'm willing to go anywhere with you except out in a boat, for a fortune teller told me when I was a young girl that I would always be unlucky on the water, and when



PERCY EDWARD ALDEN '94

HENRY GALPIN HALF CROUCHES BEHIND THE DOOR AND LISTENS

Simeon and I were on our wedding trip he took me rowing and hit me on the left ear with an oar, not that he meant to do it, and if they took you to Europe I'd never dare to follow, for I know the ship would sink if I started to go across, and I never read about a big disaster at sea without feeling that it was an act of Providence that I wasn't there, though I'm not one of these fatalists who think that if you cut your finger it was ordained at the beginning of the world that you should do so, and Simeon had that belief so strong that once when he was stung under the eye by a bumble bee he said it was to be or it wouldn't have happened, because he had felt a twitching there for two weeks, and I think he inherited it from his mother, who wouldn't have a mouse trap in the house, thinking it might be interfering with fate if one was caught that had been sent into the world to keep some poor cat from starving, although I must say that in most respects she was about as sensible a woman as I ever knew, and it was too bad that she had to suffer so with plumbago, but she never complained, and when she died Simeon and I came very near having the only quarrel we ever had, for he wanted to have her buried beside her first husband, who was his father, while I thought she ought to lie with her second, for she had been married to him eleven years longer than the other, so we compromised by buying another lot and putting her there, and I do hope there may be some way to have such things straightened out in the hereafter, for it would be perfectly awful to think of her lying there all alone through eternity with both husbands waiting and neither knowing which was going to get her at the end."

"Let us sit down here, darling," said Mr. Galpin, conducting her to a seat behind a clump of bushes, "and try to think out some plan for the future. We must act at once or I fear it will be too late. Could you get ready to be married to-morrow?"

"Dear me," she answered, slipping one of her hands into his and looking fondly into his eager eyes, "I don't know, though I suppose I could if it had to be, and you can never know,

Henry, how it makes my heart flutter to think that by this time to-morrow I may be yours forever and Simeon looking down on us from above with the sad expression that sometimes crept into his eyes, although I do think he often had doubts about him and me being created for each other, but you had the first right to my love and any way the lines in my hand show that I'm to be married twice, so he never can say that it was my fault, and I leave it all to you, though I don't want to be married by a justice of the peace and as far as the 'obey' is concerned if it was anyone but you I would insist on having it left out, but it would have been so lovely if our children could have been decent about it so that we might have had our two little grand-daughters for flower-girls—mercy sakes if there isn't Mr. Truckgarden!"

Before Henry Galpin had time to realize that he was holding the lady's hand they were confronted by his son-in-law, who after politely greeting them said:

"Well, father, I'm very lucky to have found you. Stella is greatly worried. She is sure that you have been run over by an automobile or that you have met with some other kind of an accident and been taken away to a hospital."

Benjamin Throckmorton was a large man with a compelling way, and before either Mr. Galpin or Mrs. Lewis quite realized what was being done he had put the lady into a cab and given the driver directions to take her home, after which he took his father-in-law in charge as if the flustered old gentleman had been a lost child.

On reaching home Mr. Galpin found that a new butler had been installed by the Throckmortons, and this functionary—Williams by name—seemed at once to take a most kindly interest in his employer's father-in-law. The good old gentleman could hardly turn around without facing the butler, who was a sturdy person, and on several occasions when the aged lover tried to leave the house Williams stopped him at the door to inform him that Mrs. Throckmorton wished to see him in the library, or for some other reason that

seemed plausible enough, prevented his departure.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lewis waited impatiently to see or hear from her lover, and when two days had passed and no word had come she began to fear the worst. She would have gone to him if she could have done so, but she, too, was under surveillance, a fact that she was not slow in discovering. Either her son's wife or a maid was ready to accompany her whenever she attempted to leave the house, and for some curious reason the letters that she wrote to Henry Galpin always came back to her unopened.

"What a woman of your mother's age can be thinking of to want to get married, I don't know," said Lucy Lewis, after she and her husband had taken precautions to prevent an elopement, "and think what it would mean to the children if she died first and left all her money to him. Of course he'd give every cent of it to those outlandish Throckmortons."

"Well, dear," he answered, "I sometimes feel as if it wouldn't be any more than fair to let them go ahead and have each other. Just put yourself in mother's place for a moment. Fifty years ago she loved him and he her and they were parted by their parents. Now we step in and again keep from them the happiness that might come to them if they were allowed to have each other. Hang me if it doesn't look rather mean."

"Happiness?" his wife cried. "Do you suppose any real happiness could come of such a marriage? They'd be fighting like cats and dogs inside of two weeks. They're both too old to change their ways now. When people get married they must be prepared to make concessions. I have recently read somewhere that marriage is the mold in which young love is made beautiful and the anvil on which old love is hammered flat."

"If it's only going to be a matter of a little while why not let them go ahead and have it out? Then, when they have found that their romance was merely imaginary, they can separate, and we'll not have the matter to bother over any more."

"And what would the newspapers be doing in the meantime? They'd publish our pictures and our children's pictures, and everything would be exaggerated, and—and—Archie, you talk as if you hadn't good sense."

In the end Mr. Lewis agreed with his wife that the scandal must be averted, and they decided to pack his mother off to the coast of Maine, where she and her daughter-in-law and the children would remain all summer, if necessary.

It was late in the evening of the third day of his languishment in duress vile that Henry Galpin, having become desperate, tried to slip out of the house after the Throckmorton family had retired. He stole from his room into the hall, carrying his shoes, and had almost reached the stairway when the butler suddenly loomed up before him.

"I was just goin' to look in and see if I couldn't get you something," said the obliging servant. "Would you like some ice water, sir?"

"Yes," the old gentleman eagerly replied, "I wish you would get me some, Williams. I'm very thirsty."

"Here it is," said Williams, producing a pitcher as if by some sort of legerdemain, at the same time taking possession of the shoes the old man had carried. "I'll see that these are blacked and set before your door in the morning, sir."

Mr. Galpin returned to his room and sat down to ponder. He took from one of his pockets two pictures. One of them was the portrait of a beautiful girl—an old daguerrotype—the other a photograph of the dowager Mrs. Lewis. After studying them for a long time he went to the window and looked out. It was twenty feet to the ground and there was nothing on which he could slide down. But love has ever been ready to find a way. In a few minutes the eager gentleman had tied some sheets together and was valiantly slipping toward the glory which he had dreamed of for so long, but to his consternation he discovered on reaching the ground that he was shoeless. He could not climb back and it was so late that all the shops were closed, wherefore he took off his tall hat and regretfully wiped much moisture from his brow.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, addressing the empty air, "how stupid it was to forget them. If Ariadne should hear of this she might believe them when they tell her my mental faculties are—"

He stopped suddenly, to find himself looking into the face of the butler.

"It's such a pleasant evenin', sir," said Williams, "that I'm not surprised at your feelin' like takin' a little fresh air. I couldn't go to bed without havin' a bit of a turn around the place myself, sir. Do you do it for rheumatism?" he asked, looking down at the old man's feet. "I've heard of people who cured themselves that way. It's the dew, I believe, sir, that draws it out."

"Yes-s," replied Mr. Galpin, "my case is not a very bad one, but I—ah—thought a little stroll might do me good."

"Very likely, sir, very likely," assented the butler. "If you don't mind, sir, I'll walk around with you."

They crossed the lawn to a bench where the moonlight filtered down through the leaves of a giant elm, and seated themselves. Mr. Galpin was in a thoughtful mood and the butler politely refrained from disturbing his meditations.

"Williams," the old man said, after he had been thinking for some time, "I'm in trouble. I'm going to get married."

"Not bein' a married man myself, I can't say, sir," Williams answered, "but I believe trouble most generally goes with it."

"I want you to help me," Henry Galpin went on, "and I'll make it an object for you to do so."

"I'm afraid, sir," the butler replied, "that I haven't the clothes for it. To be best man for a gentleman in your circumstances—"

"I don't mean that. What I want you to do is help me to get out of this house. Do you know that I'm a prisoner here? Yes, sir, that's it, a prisoner! And the place is mine, too! Look here. Do you think it's fair that a man of my years should be treated as if he were a child and didn't know his own mind? I want to tell you a

story. Many years ago, when I was a young man, I loved a girl—the sweetest girl in all the world—and she returned my love. Our parents parted us, then, and she married another. Do you know what it is to love the one woman who could make you happy and to know that she could never know true happiness without you, and to have to give her up?"

There was a little catch in the old gentleman's voice, and Williams drew a long, deep breath before venturing to reply that he himself had once loved and lost, the lady having been a charming chambermaid who threw herself away upon a coachman and became the wretched mother of ten children. It had almost wrecked his faith in womankind.

"Ah, Williams," Mr. Galpin returned, "she married another, but her heart has been mine through it all. And now, at last, we are both free—free, Williams. Can you realize what that word means? Yet we are not free. It was our parents who thwarted us then. Now our children are plotting to wreck the happiness we have been waiting for. It's a damnable outrage, Williams! But our love must and shall prevail!"

In the stress of his excitement he kicked out at an imaginary foe, bringing his unprotected toes into violent contact with one of the iron supports of the bench. With an agonized cry he caught his injured foot in both hands and swayed to and fro in a paroxysm of pain.

Williams was deeply sympathetic, and asked, when the old gentleman had become calm again, how he could be of assistance.

"I must go to her to-night," said Henry Galpin. "If I don't they'll pack me off to Europe or somewhere else, or she may be spirited away so that I shall never find her. Help me to get her, and I'll pay you more than you could earn here in five years."

The butler appeared to be favorably impressed with the offer, and after a brief consideration said:

"Let's go back to the house, sir. You can't start out to meet a lady without your shoes."

When they returned to Mr. Galpin's room, Williams hauled in the improvised rope and they entered upon a discussion of ways and means, during which the butler told the story of his life, which seemed to have been a rather dreary one. He found at the end of an hour that his companion was comfortably sleeping in his easy chair.

"There," said Williams to himself as he tiptoed out of the room, carefully locking the door after him, "I think he's safe for to-night. Now I'll go to bed. Confound this job! I don't like it. I hope he'll find some way to get her in spite of us."

It was after midnight when Mr. Galpin awoke. He rubbed his eyes and tried to remember what had happened; then went to the window. The moon was shining brightly and the night was beautiful. It was such a night as might have inspired a poet or made a lover yearn to engage in chivalrous emprise.

Henry Galpin quickly reconstructed his rope and having found a servicable pair of shoes he was soon hurrying to the mistress of his affections. As he approached the home of the Lewises the old gentleman took on the stealthy manner of a housebreaker, and after twice circling the place he stationed himself below one of the windows, where he called softly in the style of the cuckoo, that having in their younger days been the signal agreed upon by him and his loved one.

He waited a moment anxiously, and then again called:

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo."

His heart leaped as he saw a white-clad figure at the window above him.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," he repeated, and then somebody jumped upon him from behind, bearing him to the ground. As he was roughly rolled over upon his back he looked into the face of a bearded man who said:

"I'll 'cuckoo' you. Now maybe you'll come along to the police station and be peaceable about it."

Before Mr. Galpin could gasp a reply the window above was thrown open and the son of his loved one called:

"Hold on, Thompson. Don't be rough. I'll be down in a minute."



PENNY EDWARD ANDERSON

"BLESS MY SOUL," HE EJACULATED, "HOW STUPID IT WAS TO FORGET MY SHOES"

Mr. Galpin was sitting on the steps with Thompson guarding him when Archie Lewis came out to make inquiries.

"This is disgraceful," the young man said, "and I ought to have you handed over to justice, but I don't want to seem harsh. Thompson, you needn't grip the gentleman's arm that way. I think he will see the folly of his course and go home. We are going away tomorrow, Mr. Galpin, and my mother will accompany us. It will be useless for you to attempt to see her again."

They walked down across the lawn toward the street, Mr. Galpin with his head bowed in dejection. As they left the house a woman slipped from the front door and ran to a bunch of shrubbery, behind which she concealed herself. When she had seen her son and Thompson return, a few minutes later, Mrs. Lewis, bareheaded and showing in other ways that she had dressed herself in great haste, caught up her skirts and hurried after her lover, whom she overtook half a square away.

"Ariadne!" he exclaimed, catching her in his arms; "heaven bless my soul, what does this mean?"

"It means that we have escaped," she breathlessly replied. "Oh, Henry, save me, save me. Where is the preacher? Why didn't you bring one, and did you think to get the marriage license, because if you didn't we are lost, for where can we stay till morning, and I have always said I wouldn't be married without a ring, although I could lend you Simeon's till tomorrow, for you know it's different with a woman and people will talk, no matter how innocent she is, though I thought you had given me up, and I was almost glad they were going to take me away, for the climate always agreed with me in Maine, that being where Simeon and I went on our wedding trip—you don't mean to tell me you haven't everything ready so we can be married right away?"

"I—I—confound the marriage license," Mr. Galpin replied, "I forgot all about it, but never mind, Ariadne. Let's get away from here, for they'll be coming after us as soon as they know you've escaped."

As he spoke, a trolley car that was bound for the outskirts of the city came along and they decided to get aboard. The car was starting again when two men rushed down the street, calling on the conductor to wait, but he, after the manner of his kind, refused to hear, and the lovers, recognizing the pursuers as Archie Lewis and Thompson, huddled in a corner, thanking Providence for their escape. But their joy was short-lived. Mr. Galpin had neglected before starting on his knightly enterprise to provide himself with funds, and they were ignominiously ejected from the car at the first convenient corner. That, however, was not the worst of their misfortunes. A policeman who had stood on the rear platform watching them suspiciously, left the car when they were put off, and informed them that he considered it his duty to take them to the station.

The lady wept freely as they were hustled into the patrol wagon, and candidly informed her lover that she was sorry they had ever met again.

"Why did you have to come back into my life again?" she cried. "Why couldn't you have left me happy as I was, for in all the years that I was married to him Simeon never caused me half the trouble that you have, first when I was young and innocent and now again after all these years, and the last words he spoke on his death bed were to never do anything rash, for even then he must have remembered that it runs in our family, my cousin Lydia having eloped and never had a day's happiness after the romance wore off, and—and—"

Words failed her. Mr. Galpin could only sit beside her, making unintelligible sounds, while the policemen who were guarding them placed their fingers against their brows and knowingly shook their heads.

At the station the old gentleman declared his rights as a citizen. Addressing the lieutenant in charge, he said:

"This, sir, is an outrage for which I shall demand a strict accounting. Why should a law-abiding citizen who is on his way to be married be pounced

upon by your officers and dragged away to prison?"

"Oh, so you were going to be married?" the lieutenant replied. "I guess you didn't intend to have a high noon weddin' did you? And does it bring good luck to get married without a collar or necktie on?"

Mr. Galpin put a hand up to his throat and discovered that he had in his haste forgotten to complete his toilet. Before he could explain, however, Mrs. Lewis addressed the officer saying:

"There's no harm in telling you all about it, for I have never done anything in my life that I was ashamed of, and I wouldn't mind the ring service if we only had a license, but if it isn't the hand of Fate I don't know what you'd call it, although I do think Henry might have shown a little better foresight, as long as he knew there would be no time afterward, and yet I suppose anybody is likely to be excited and overlook things at such a time even when there is no reason to expect trouble, for Simeon was so nervous that he handed the preacher a bill from the tailor instead of giving him the envelope in which he had put the money, and my brother William when he was married stepped on the bridesmaid's train and nearly tore her clothes off, but I won't stay in this horrible place another minute even if—"

"Now be calm, Ariadne," Mr. Galpin implored. "I think the lieutenant here will listen to reason."

He turned to the officer in charge and was about to lay the matter plainly before him when Benjamin Throckmorton and Williams the butler entered.

"Mr. Truckgarden!" exclaimed the lady. "It's all over, Henry. We may as well give up. I'll never run away with you again. Good-bye forever, but remember my last wish is that they may treat you kindly."

As Mr. Galpin took her hands in his, her son, followed by Thompson, rushed into the room.

"Mother!" he said; "thank heaven we have found you. This is an awful thing. What will our friends—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Throckmorton, drawing him aside, "I would like to speak to you for a moment."

They retired to the lieutenant's room, asking the officer to accompany them.

After their conference Mr. Throckmorton gave whispered instructions to Williams, whereupon that intelligent servant entered a carriage with Mrs. Lewis, and they were driven away. Another carriage was then called, and Mr. Galpin, in obedience to a compelling look from his son-in-law, took a seat in it, with Thompson at his side. "There," said Benjamin Throckmorton. "I hope that's the beginning of the end of this affair."

It was nine o'clock in the morning when Henry Galpin was aroused from fitful slumber by the man at his side.

"Come," said Thompson, "we are to get out here."

As the bewildered old gentleman stepped from the vehicle he noticed that they were in front of a little church and that another carriage stood near by. On entering the church at the invitation of his attendant he was met by Williams, who gravely said:

"Right this way, sir. Here is your license. You remember you asked me, sir, if I would help you. Mr. Thompson will act as best man and I will give the bride away if it's agreeable."

"Ariadne," cried the astonished lover as he hurried to her where she stood before the chancel, "is this a dream or can it be true?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I'm all turned round. I don't know where we are or how we happen to be—"

"If you are ready," said the preacher, who had entered while she spoke, "we will proceed with the ceremony."

After Mr. Galpin and Mrs. Lewis had been pronounced husband and wife Williams handed the bridegroom a long envelope, saying:

"You'll find money and railroad tickets in this. I hope, sir, you may both live long and have much happiness."

As the carriage containing the bride and groom passed around a corner Benjamin Throckmorton and Archie Lewis emerged from a dark nook in the church, shook hands and started for their respective homes, each with a light heart and a deep, dark secret that his wife could never share.



WHILE WE ARE YET MILES AWAY WE SEE THE WHITE VILLAGE STRETCHED OUT ON THE GREEN OF THE PRAIRIE

THE LETTERS OF BETTY BLUE

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

Veregin, Saskatchewan.

DEAR JOAN:—These proteges of Count Tolstoi are just as human as other folk—when you get into the family circle. It must seem good to them to have as much as they desire of God's-out-of-doors all to themselves after the way old Russia behaved to them. You know how she was always making grass-widows of the women by rushing the men off to

Siberia—between ourselves the male member of the family seems a stranger at his own hearth to this day. But I must tell you of the entertainment while it is fresh in my mind.

From the garden party of a real live lieutenant governor with flags flying, and the band playing so madly you can't keep your feet still, with furbelows, flowers, and finery, with the usual crowd of pretty women talking



THE DOCKHOBOR HOUSES OPEN ON A COMMON COURT

the usual amount of nothings, and the marquee under the trees offering the usual salads, sweets, ices—from this to the tea-party of a Doukhobor community is a long step, but out here distance does not count. You put on seven league boots to make your strides, social and other, and only touch the high places—or you get left so far behind the only thing is to pretend you never made a start. Yes I know that verse about the battle not being to the strong or the race to the swift—but it was written before this big West came into notice.

Comparisons are odious—we learned that in Miss M's school, when we wore pinafores and pigtails—and I'll not disgrace my early training by drawing one now, but, let me whisper it, the Doukhobor "At Home" knocks the ordinary one into a cocked hat.

No hour is set, no need that it should be. As our rig follows the winding country road through the valley, up the hill, around the bends of the river and then straight across the level prairie, we can see the white village of Veregin a good six miles before we reach it

—and Veregin can see us for at least half that distance. It is the atmosphere, smokeless, dustless and so

clear, you know mother Nature strains it through a silver sieve every morning before the world wakes up.

This being a pretty thought I pass it on to Propriety (her name is Ann,



WAITING TO WELCOME US

but I call her Propriety for short) who has taken a bottle of witch hazel from her bag and is busily applying it to

certain angry spots on neck and forehead. But Propriety merely remarks that she wishes mother Nature would use a sieve fine enough to take out mosquitoes. Propriety being in charge of me, as it were, has the feeling that she must hold me down to earth with a big prosaic pin. She'll have her own time, bless her!

Yesterday it stormed. Joan, you think you know what lightning means, but you don't. Instead of the real essence you get a diluted article. A little west of here the storm king does his brewing and compounding. These he tries on this big new land—having, I presume, formed the habit before folks came here to live—and if they wreck a landscape or two, he knows they are all right, and, gathering up what is left of them after they have done their worst, he makes of the fragments the kind of storms you have been used to.

But yesterday the boldest held his breath for a time. It is a habit they have up here, this holding the breath during a storm. I'm catching it. No, it is not the wind, it is the fear, the dread lest the hail come and cut down the grain—grain which is high as my head, and golden as a sunset sky. Wheat,—wheat, so heavy with it's ripening weight it no more skips and dances in the breeze, but moves softly, softly in the warmth and glow.

I can picture you the grain fields, but not the wonder of them, the promise of them. Before your eyes:

"Stretches a widening sea of gold
Every ripple upon its breast
Sings peace and plenty and wealth untold."

Behold me then at four o'clock of the afternoon, holding my breath with the others as the grey cloud, black-centered, creeps nearer, drops lower, spreads and spreads until the last vestige of blue disappears. The homesteader and his good little wife fall silent, so do I, so does the room, the whole house. I go out on the porch. The same grey silence which shrouds the house shrouds the landscape, the copse, the vine in the yard, the scarlet runners on the gate post, even the baby poplars hiding behind the fence. How still the world is! how *tempestuously* still!

The warmth has gone out of the air, the chill and greyness have everything their own way.

There are no preliminary flashes or mutterings, just the terrible quiet of an ambush, something sinister stealing on one; something that cannot be ward off or gotten away from.

All at once a streak of flame hisses across the sky as though hunting a short cut to the warm old earth hugging her gardens and grain to her bosom, and with it—not behind it—comes a rending, explosive crash, which dares you not to be afraid. It is no air-clearing beneficent thing, this, but a destructive force. The lightning flames to strike, each detonation of these terrific peals is a threat. The wood stands very still, the vines and poplars cower, the thing they fear most is not yet on them.

It is coming, though. You hear it a long way off, the wind of the prairie storm. Of a sudden the stillness goes: the vines shake, the poplars whimper and sob, the wood moans in pure panic.

If you know nothing of lightning you certainly know nothing of wind. The kind we have at home makes a lot of noise, but does little damage. It blusters, and threatens in a mad game of show off. "Booh," it bellows, "I'll catch you! I'll catch you! Booh! b-o-o-h!" and that's the end of it. True, it sometimes snaps off a telegraph pole, uproots a stray tree, or unroofs a building, but only as a rough bit of fun, a playing at fierceness.

Listen, Joan, this wind is a devil, it's pit the black eddying centre of the cloud, and when it flings itself from thence, with flame and fury for company, I fall into such terror of it, I can't go into the house, or even shut my eyes. I watch it writhe itself about the haystacks and scatter them: tear the trees; twist the vines; maim and hurt for the very joy of it. Then, as if fury has created a thirst, it lowers its terrible maw over Mallard pond—"O!" I cry, "O!" for before my eyes it sucks up the little singing lake of blue, with sickening greediness, sucks it up with choking and gurgling, and passing on to the low lying valley spits the draught in the face of

the cornfields, flooding their greenness out of sight like the evil thing it is. "O!" I cry again, and this time with such hysterical force that someone hears me and draws me into the shelter of the house.

The lightning grows less vivid, the wind passes with muttered threatenings but you know by the greyness and chill getting deeper every moment that the storm is only begun. It comes with the sharp fusillade, the clamor and tempest of hail, cutting a highway through the fields, threshing out the grain, shredding the straw, beating the beautiful gold back into the yielding earth.

Joan, you in the heart of the city, cannot realize what it means to plough and sow, watch the growth and ripening—and then have no harvest. If you were here where the grain is all they have you would understand why, when later I try to follow the storm's path, I can't do it, so full are my eyes of tears.

All this was yesterday.

To-day the little white clouds are one and all turned loose to chase each other across the blue—just as after some really grand affair in the home the children are left to play where they please till such time as things are straightened up: Such clouds as Lampman saw when he wrote:

"They called you sheep, the sky
your sward,
A field without a reaper:
They called the shining sun your
lord,
The shepherd wind your
keeper"

And yonder is Veregin—and Doukhobor hospitality.

At that other tea the gowns might be described as "creations," and the wearers as "dreams," and very likely when the account appeared in the social columns there was a little envy here and there, a little bitterness over the relative superiority of lingerie dresses and embroidered lace, and silks, but at

this one I give you my word not a woman of the lot makes the least effort to outdress her neighbor. Each wears the same sort of costume, a full petticoat of blue stuff, a fuller skirt of blue print trimmed with a wide band of cerise sateen, made about an inch shorter than the petticoat, a print sacque belted in with an apron as clean as soapuds can make it. On the heads of old and young alike is the never-failing square of cotton folded once and tied under the chin.

They are a trifle hampered in the matter of conversation—we all are—but they manage to tell us we are very welcome, and we—well, we do our best. They know the meaning of "good" and "no good" so to things we all like we nod and say "good" and the things we don't like we shake our heads and say "no



OUT FOR A WALK

good"—which is not so new after all.

Talking of nods, I find myself unable to keep my eyes off Propriety. You never saw anybody's head bob so hard and fast as her's does while she listens to the Doukhobor damsel who has charge of the children. It reminds me of Pip in "Great Expectations" when he tips the Aged Parent the prodigious nods to show his friendliness. I only hope her hair won't loosen and come down. Propriety has lovely hair, but in these days of fluffy fashions she pieces it out with a curl or two, and I have the feeling that these women wouldn't understand a head being adorned with anything but its own particular home grown hair. I signal her a warning, but she is so deep in the nodding business she never heeds. On her head—or off her head—be it.

It is the cleanest place you ever saw. The spotter of spotless town would never be able to spot a spot, certainly not on the butcher's gown. There is not—has never been—a butcher here, but if there were his gown would be just as spotless as everything else.

The windows are a joy in themselves, each identical pane shining as though it were the only thing in Veregin to reflect God's blessed sunlight. You understand at a glance why a Doukhobor doesn't paint his woodwork, it would be defrauding his better half of the joy of scouring the same. The floors are white enough to eat from, the tables and benches are fairly bleached with soap suds.

Each house contains a kitchen and living room; the first boasts the big brick oven, the second the table and benches. There are no bedrooms. Each morning the bedding is taken from the benches within, and spread in the sunshine without, and each evening it is brought in and put upon the wide benches flanking the wall. A hard bed, but a wholesome one.

Cleanliness is not second to godliness here, it is part and parcel of it. If I were to start firing the catechism at this stalwart sisterhood, they would answer that the chief end of man, woman, or child was work—work—work! They glory in it. They have followed the plow and sown the grain, and taken

their place in the harvest-field; they have size and muscle and a comeliness of their own. The thing they despise is physical weakness, men and women of them have an undue appreciation of strength. It is said that the only thing a Doukhobor man will take as just cause for deserting his mate is her failure to keep in good health. Moral—if you want to keep the man of your choice, never say die; deny headache, backache, any and all of the thousand ills that common folk are heir to—practise Christian science with might and main. Sympathy is not a strong factor in the make up of these wonderful workers who came over from Russia, and are making the desert bloom as the rose here in the Canadian West.

Communitistic life is a thing that grows on you. Down in yonder house with the blue smoke curling from the chimney, the baking for the village is done. In another is done the washing, in another the spinning, in another the weaving of rugs and cloth. The bake woman is not proud, though her apron is a good half yard wider than that worn by her sisters. There is no emulation, no fault-finding, each goes on with the task given into her hands without let or hindrance. It is a matter of training, I suppose. Now with us if one woman undertook the baking we would all be clamoring for her to use our recipes; if one made our dresses we would choose the pattern or know why; and we would all be so busy helping the spinner, weaver, etc., we'd never get our own share done.

Imagine one woman taking care of all the babies! not a word about "my nurse said" this or that—the Doukhobor woman has no nurse; not a word about the doctor's opinion on the merits of hot or cold milk—the Doukhobor woman has no doctor. She has just her own common sense and training which tell her the other woman knows as much as she does. She lets it go at that.

Not that she isn't allowed to think. The fine looking man who is head of spotless town, breaks it to us gently. Not only do the women vote, but they have a place in the council chamber.

"One hundred men, and fifty women in the council," he says, with a smile, "one woman talks as much as two men, eh?"

Propriety is joyous over this, and I haven't a doubt will tell the suffrage society all about it on her return. But really with so much going on in the domestic line, one can't feel especially interested in things merely municipal.

Things in common! you hear it everywhere, see it everywhere. They sweat their humors out in a common steam bath arranged on modern lines in the last house of the row; the women gabble together of their common wrongs and common rights; the little folk run and play, laugh and cry, live and grow in a common playground, with a common woman mothering the lot. There is no mine or thine; "ours" is the word. Life in a community sounds alluring.

Propriety and the girls grow quite friendly as the afternoon progresses.

They eat no meat these sturdy folk, nor flesh of fowl or fish. It is against their religion to do so. But they can cook vegetables the best ever. Oh, yes, we have vegetables at this "At Home"—we have a feast.

The cloth is white as snow and (think of it!) there are serviettes beside the plates. No drinking a cup of tea standing, no eating an ice with the chills running up and down your spine—due not to the ice, but to the fear of someone upsetting his or her refreshments on your best frock. We sit down on a bench, and eat off a table. Now, Joan, you'll be full of curiosity as to what we have to eat, so I am going to tell you. There are new potatoes cut in squares and fried brown in butter, there are carrots in a dressing of cream that removes them from the list of common things, food for the gods these are. There is an omelet light and frothy, there is a loaf of brown bread as wide as the woman who made it. It is freshly baked and the butter melts and runs into it, and there is a crowning delicacy, a deep dish of wild strawberry preserve. Of this the Doukhobor women do not partake.

"Is it that you do not like sweets?" Propriety, who has had a second helping, inquires of her neighbor.

"No need," comes the cheerful answer. "We eat to make strong—milk, meal, potato."

"Why trouble to make preserves, if you do not care for them?" persists Propriety.

"Some day we have child sick, maybe, or," with a laugh, "what you call company to tea. We like for others, not for ourselves, see?"

Tea over we go out into the court or dooryard, where the women exhibit their children and their handicraft. The Doukhobor damsels bring out their embroidery frames; the weaver brings her rugs; the sun-flower lady taking her biggest blossom in hand, shells out the seeds. Putting these through a sieve winnows the hulls from them.

An especially fine woman of the village brings out a wheel, the old fashioned kind as seen in the city drawing-room, seats herself, puts her foot on the running gear, and a long roll of white wool to the spindle. There is a breezy, wheezy, chirrupy sound and you see the roll of wool grow to yarn, and wind itself about the spindle. It is a beautiful art this spinning—though the lady at the wheel does not call it art—work is a good enough name for her. We are at a disadvantage, my dear, in being born so late. Take a really pretty girl in a white frock, set her at a little low singing wheel with a bundle of wool beside her, a thread of soft yarn in her fingers, and what chance would a bachelor have? Not a bit. He would realize that after all Solomon was wise, truly wise, and never more so than when he said once on a time when this world was centuries younger than it is to-day, "her price is above rubies."

Homeward bound in the glow of sunset, with the road following the curves of the river, and the great spaces stretching away before, behind, on either side. The sky comes down to the edge of the prairie and fastens itself there with a sash of something blue like smoke, and soft as the heart of a cloud. It seems good that earth and sky are near enough to neighbor with each other.

I say as much to Propriety.

"I wish the folk were," she returns,

"I'm thirsty as can be and not a pump
to be seen."

There is no poetry in Propriety.

Your far away but faithful,

BETTY.

P. S.—Joan, dear, I ought to tell you
of the Doukhobor leader Veregin; a

wonderful man (talk of matinee idol!
Why, the whole community bows down
to Peter), the Doukhobor bargain sale,
Doukhobor matchmaking, and other
equally interesting things, but there is
no space. Beside, I only set out to tell
you of the tea-party—the rest will
keep.—B. B.



THE VAGRANT PATH OF THE WIND OF SPRING

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

THE Spring Wind ripples the willows' furs
Whose boughs are blithe with choristers;

And the Spring Wind calls to the sons of men
And we of the hearth go forth again.

There's a road to wander—a beast to kill—
A brave adventure beyond the hill;

There's a girl to find and a fate to mend
And a pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

God send us fortune of following
The vagrant path of the Wind of Spring!

AB STANNARD'S WATER CURE

BY FRANK GIOLMA

WHEN Ab Stannard awoke for the sixth time, he reached out of bed, found a match, lit it, and, taking his watch from under his pillow, looked at the time. It was half-past three, and the rain was still lashing the roof above him with all the fury of a January sou'easter on Vancouver Island.

Half-past three. That meant nearly twenty-four hours of rain, and when he had left the dam the day before, the water was nearly a foot and a half from the top.

He blew the match out and pulling the bedclothes up around his head so as to shut out the sound of the clatter on the roof, again tried to sleep. He was becoming as nervous as a woman. When he had left the dam the day before, and come down into Smiling Valley for his week off, his responsibility had ceased. He had not appointed old man Halloran as assistant dam-keeper. If the Foothill's Lumber Company chose to trust the safety of their dam, and incidentally the lives of the settlers in the valley to the keeping of a man who was only sober when he could not get liquor, it was no concern of Ab Stannard. Yet the thought drove sleep from his eyes; also the rain still lashed the roof of Valley House.

After turning this way, and wriggling that, pulling the bedclothes up round his ears, then pushing them down again, all the while cursing the sleep that would not come, Stannard lit a match again, and looked at the time. Ten minutes to four. He would give it another ten minutes; then, if he were still awake, and it were still raining, he would get up.

He got up at four, and lighting the candle, dressed quietly. Then he pulled up the blind. The night was full of rain and darkness and desolation, and great world-shaking gusts of wind. Now he was up, he felt more than ever

that he was seeking to share other people's troubles. Yet, with his mind fully awake, he knew there was only one thing to do. It was ten miles up through the forest to the Foothills Dam, and on such a night, death in the shape of storm-felled giant firs might strike him down at any point on the trail.

Still there was no time to waste on such thoughts, and he stepped softly down the creaking, wooden stairs into the saloon, and turned up the swinging, soot-grimed oil lamp.

The room reeked of stale spirits and tobacco, and five or six drunken loggers lay huddled in chairs or on benches, sleeping off their alcoholic debauch.

Stannard picked his way carefully among them, and taking his oilskins from a hook on the wall, put them on. Then, pulling on his rubber boots and tying the strings of his sou-wester tightly under his chin, he turned the lamp down again, and walking softly to the door, stepped out into the wild darkness.

As he stood for a moment on the step, something soft touched his hand, and, looking down, he saw his field spaniel, Nigger.

"Old man," Stannard said, fondling the dog's head, "it's no night for you to be out." But Nigger stood up and rested his forepaws on Stannard's leg as if begging not to be sent back. So man and dog started off together, Stannard thanking his stars that his way lay almost due northwest, putting the storm at his back.

For some four miles he followed the open valley road, bordered by ranches on either side. Nigger kept close to his heels; and the fact that his dog had chosen to come with him on such a night, instead of returning to his warm bed in an outhouse, put spirit into Stannard's walk. Now and again he would stop to pat Nigger's head. The

only soft spot in Stannard's heart was his love for his dog.

When he had covered some four and a half miles, great bunches of forest began to appear at irregular intervals, the road gradually becoming more and more uneven underfoot. Sometimes, in the lower places, Stannard, in the wind-swept darkness, floundered into streams of water. Suddenly his way was blocked by a black mass.

"Ah," he remarked to Nigger, as he scrambled over it, "our first tree, but not our last, by twenty or more, I bet."

Another mile, and a faint yellow light began to lighten the darkness. Then the dawn—washed out, and sallow, but Stannard was glad of the light. In the darkness he could grope his way but slowly, and the rain was still joining earth and sky in one wind-swayed maelstrom.

Had old man Halloran opened the sluices into Bear Lake—and so eased the dam? If not, would he be too late? When Halloran had come up to relieve him the day before, he had noticed the outlines of at least one bottle inside the old man's gunny sack.

It was the knowledge of those bottles that had driven sleep from Stannard's brain, and it was that knowledge that made him hurry his pace now. When he had left the dam yesterday, the water was only a foot and a half from the top of the embankment, and the rain had never ceased. If the dam broke and emptied its contents into Rushing River, the whole of Smiling Valley would be flooded, ranchers drowned, and farms swept away. Another half mile and he heard the roar of Rushing River—a mill race from source to mouth. A bend in the trail brought Stannard on to its banks.

It had risen many feet since yesterday, and the primitive bridge—the trunk of a giant red fir stretching from bank to bank—quivered as the muddy torrent seethed against it. But it was not this that caused Stannard's jaw to tighten, and his fingers to clinch into straining fists.

Here and there in the mad swirling water, he saw pieces of half-thawed snow. The snow on the mountains

was melting. That meant flood, and if the dam sluices into Bear Lake were not opened, destruction and death in Smiling Valley.

Stannard ran nimbly across the quivering bridge, Nigger keeping close to his heels, and up the trail on the other side. Two miles through the forest along the bank of the roaring river, and the dam cabin came in sight. No smoke was blowing from the chimney. Of course old man Halloran might be out at the sluices but—— Stannard ran up to the cabin, and burst open the door.

The old sack that took the place of curtain was across the one window, and for a moment he could see nothing. But the reek of stale whisky in his nostrils sickened him with fear. He tore down the sack from the window.

There, on the fern bed, wrapped in his blankets, lay old man Halloran, an empty bottle by his side.

"You ——," Stannard cried, kicking the drunkard, "get up!"

Halloran did not move.

Stannard stood paralyzed with fear. The snow was melting. As he came to the cabin he had seen the water tapping at the very top of the embankment. Once over, and the banks would be washed away. The sluices had not been opened, and now, with the terrific pressure against them, one man could do nothing. He must have help. He went out on to the embankment. He could get back to the Valley in two hours. Then it would take two more to get men and return. Four hours. He examined the embankment, walking hurriedly along it. It would not hold for four hours unless doctored all the time. Already here and there little streams of water were beginning to ooze through. Leave them unpatched and in an hour or less they would be great open fissures, and the embankment would be gone.

He must send for help. Ten miles by trail,—five by river. Five by the river, and the water rushing down at anything over twenty miles an hour. A log, he knew, would make the journey in about an hour, or with luck, in much less. But no one would notice a log, even if

he sent his call for help on one. Yet he must stay and patch up the embankment.

God! if Halloran would only wake. Perhaps if he were to dip him in the dam, he would revive.

A way out! A way out!

Death crouched ready to spring on the Valley below him, and only Stannard stood between him and his victims.

It was then that he saw the way. For a second he reeled back from it, then setting his jaws, decided.

He found two logs small enough for him to handle, and rolling them separately to the river bank, lashed them firmly into a raft. He poised them on the bank ready to launch, and returned to the cabin.

He found paper and pencil in the old cigar box, where he had left them, and wrote on three separate sheets:

"Come, dam bursting. Stannard."

He put one in an empty tobacco tin, into an inner pocket in old man Halloran's coat. He wrapped the second in a handkerchief and tied the latter round Halloran's throat, and the third he bound tightly with thin cord round and round the old man's wrist.

"Halloran," Stannard cried in the old man's ear. "Wake up, man, or it's like to be your death. You'll pass the rapids with this water, but the Lower Bridge will smash your head in. I can't help it. It's you, or the Valley, so you've got to go. Wake up, man, wake and patch the dam, and I'll take the message. It's one of us, for they'd never notice a log."

But old man Halloran did not speak, did not move. Except that he breathed, he was as dead.

Stannard lifted the inert weight to his back, and staggered to the raft. He placed the old man carefully in the centre, and bound him securely to the logs. The raft would not capsize, so Halloran would not drown. Nor was it likely to be caught and held in such a flood. But at the Lower Bridge almost certain death was waiting. The water would be right up to the bridge, and—

Stannard dashed the picture from his mind. It was to save the valley, and Halloran was guilty. Yes! if the dam broke, Halloran would be a murderer.

Stannard pushed the raft into the torrent. For one moment it floated motionless, as if gathering its wits, then it shot out from the bank, and caught by the mad torrent was swept away out of sight.

When three hours later, ranchers and loggers came running to the dam, they found Stannard on the embankment patching, patching, the ever-increasing rents.

"The sluices!" he cried, as they came up, and not a word more.

Twelve men with axes, peevies and crossbars, at the sluices and they could not open them; then fourteen, sixteen, twenty. Still failure. Then a hoarse cheer as timber cruiser McCarthy hurried along with a box of giant powder, fuse and caps.

"This is the boy," he said.

Ten minutes later, a volcanic report, whose echo was drowned in the roar of the freed water. The sluices had been blown open, and the Valley saved.

As the men gathered round the cabin, before returning to the Valley, Stannard spoke:

"The old man?" he asked, and he braced himself as he spoke. "I've got to know."

"When I last saw old man Halloran," McCarthy replied, "he was sitting up in bed in hot blankets in the Valley House. The Lower Bridge had been swept away before he got to it, and he shot down the river into the valley, yelling to beat the band. Doc was with him in the house when I saw him. Says Doc to him, 'Halloran, my man, I'm going to prescribe a medicine for you that you'll appreciate. Hot brandy every two hours!'

"'Doc,' says old man Halloran, 'the Church failed, the Chapel failed, and so did the Revival, but Ab Stannard's Water Cure has fixed me. Give me cocoa!' Cocoa it was."



CHAPTER I.



AME FE-
DORA was
sitting to-
wards even-
ing in her
neatly kept
clay hut, be-
moaning the
loss of her
little shep-
herd. She

was a poor woman and depended entirely on her few sheep and her little garden for her living. The plot of ground about her cottage she could attend to herself, but she was too old to go out day by day with the sheep to their hillside pastures. She had adopted a little lad named Roderigo, who had been a faithful guardian of her flock; but one day when the mountain winds had been blowing with unusual severity, Roderigo returned home flushed and feverish, and never left the cottage till he was carried out to the little grassy plot where the roses grew in luxurious richness, and Fedora with her own hands threw the earth over his body. For several days she managed to go with her sheep and watch them till folding time, but her old joints ached, so that she began to despair and longed for someone who might take Roderigo's place.

"I will have to sell my sheep," she moaned, as she rubbed her aching limbs; "I cannot go with them to the hillside slopes again. O these thieving

mountaineers! but for them I could let my pets go without a watcher. How I wish our good King would but come to the mountains with his army and root them out! It is disgraceful to have such vipers in one's kingdom. If I were monarch for a single day I would drive every one of them into the far sea. Poor Roderigo!—and you used to say that you would do it when you grew up and that then my sheep might roam as far up the hills as they liked! And you would—but now! but now!" and the old woman, between thoughts of her troubles and the memory of her little Roderigo, completely broke down and rocked to and fro, moaning out her grief.

She was suddenly interrupted by hurried cries of "The mountain robbers! The mountain robbers!" Terror made her dry her eyes, and, rushing to the door of her hut, she looked towards the hills, and saw a long dark line winding slowly down the mountain side. Her neighbor Juanita was right. There they were, sure enough; and what was to be done! Juanita urged her to flee to the city. They had a good start and they might fall in with some travellers by the way who would help them on their journey.

"No, no!" cried Fedora, "I cannot move a step; my joints are breaking now from the mountain winds; and besides, I will not leave my flock to this thieving band. No, I will die with them first!"

"Please yourself, Mother Fedora!

They can have my little garden to themselves; I will be glad to escape with my life."

As she said this she hastily turned and set out towards the distant city that lay like a silver speck in the green valley miles away.

Fedora watched the dark line coming nearer and nearer through the gathering night. "Surely," she said to herself, "they cannot be about to attack the village. Well, it is what I said would happen if they didn't attend to these thieves. I suppose they will send me to join Roderigo, but they'll not get my property without a struggle"—and the courageous old woman shook her toil-worn hand towards the advancing enemy.

As they came nearer she entered her cottage, and taking from the wall a villainous-looking weapon—half sword, half scythe—she placed herself in the doorway, and waited for the enemy with a look of determination on her face which seemed to dare them to battle.

The crowd advanced slowly and noiselessly. No exulting shout, no angry battle cry reached the ear of Fedora. She had, in the olden days, when her good husband was alive, seen several robber raids, but they were always accompanied with fierce war shouts, and cries of joy at the hope of plunder.

"Humph!" she muttered, "they think it not worth their while, but I'll teach them that Fedora has not forgotten the lessons José taught her in years gone by"—and she swung the sword around as if she already had an enemy within her reach.

Slowly the crowd advanced, until they had arrived at her very door, and then a poor half-clad skeleton stepped from among them and extending his hands beseechingly, cried: "Give us to eat."

"Eat! you villain," she cried. "Get you gone, or I will cleave you to the chin."

"Mother Fedora," he cried, "we know your kind heart. You think we come as enemies; we do not. We have been plundered by the robbers beyond the hills. Our cattle have been killed, our crops destroyed, our tents burned;

and after suffering all men could endure, we have been driven down into the land of our old enemies, without weapons, without food. It would be charity to kill us, but we are struggling to reach the city, and there we hope to be of service to the King. We would buy food if we could, but we have nothing to give in exchange except ourselves and our children, and you are in no need of slaves."

"I don't know about that," said Fedora, reluctantly, lowering her weapon from its threatening position. "I have lost my boy Roderigo, who used to keep my little flock from wandering up into the country of yon thieving rebels; and if you are in such need, why not offer some of your children in exchange for food? I will not give you to eat, but I will sell you several fine fat sheep for one of the ragged rascals I see there in the road."

"We have six boys," he said, "and we will give you any one of them in exchange for two sheep."

The boys were placed in a row before her, and she examined them with a critical eye.

"This one would never do," she said. "Starving for three days, you say? Well, I'm afraid he must have eaten like a young colt when he had food. No, no! no fat boy for me! Nor this one! I want no girl about my place; he would weep and fret from morn till night. Take his pale face away before I repent my bargain!—What do you mean by presenting this lame one? A lot of good he'd be to me! I suppose you would have me carry him up the hill with the sheep in the morning, and then sit down and watch both him and the flock. No, no! I'll have none of this one. I want a boy who will be of some use, and one who can take Roderigo's place. Well, the other three are a more hopeful lot. But this one is too bold; I am much afraid he would soon try to take the mastery out of my hands; and that would be too bad, as it would only cause him a broken head"—and the old woman chuckled at the idea of anyone mastering her. "This one is a sneak,—no! don't deny it! you can't look me in the face; you'd steal the very wool off my

sheep. I have only one left, and I suppose I'll have to take him," and she turned to a little fellow with large, dark, dreamy eyes and long black ringlets that hung about his shoulders.

"Yes, this one will suit me," she said. "He's not like Roderigo, but I have no doubt he will be willing to learn. If he isn't I'll make him. What do you call him?"

"Ismael."

"Whose child is he?"

"He is an orphan," was the answer.

"No more Ismael for him; José will be his name after this."

The bargain was soon closed, and the hungry mob saw with delight two fat sheep led bleating from the fold. They made hurried preparations for a meal, and in the dark devoured the sheep while sitting about their fires. Refreshed, they were about to continue

their march, when they were startled by the cry, "the soldiers!"

Sure enough, there in the distance was a company of cavalry speeding towards them. Fedora had heard the alarm, and came from her cottage, where she had been giving José a hearty meal. When she saw the troops, she said: "I thought so! it's the work of that Juanita; she has alarmed the whole country. Never fear, I'll not let them harm you. Wait here!"

With these words she walked towards the advancing troop. When near them she cried, "Halt!" The soldiers all knew her, as she was a famous character on market days in the city, and laughingly obeyed her summons.

"What is your business up here?" she said.

"We have come to protect you from the robbers," the leader replied.

"Protect me!" she said, with disdain, "protect Juanita's maize patch, you mean. I want none of your protection."

"But," replied the soldier, "did we not see Juanita's cottage on fire a few moments ago?"

"No, you did not! It was the supper fire of a few poor, half-starved men. They have just been making a meal off one of their boys."

"Off one of their boys, Fedora? Are you crazy?"

"Not exactly off his flesh and blood," said Fedora, laughing at her own wit, "but they have sold him to me for two sheep, and these they have devoured. You can sheathe your swords, you will find them willing prisoners. They have been plundered by another set of thieves, and are now ready to do whatever you may wish."

"Very lucky!" said the leader. "We are in need of men to work on the walls, and if these fellows prove themselves willing, it will not go hard with them."

The whole troop then advanced to the trembling band, who, at the sight of the glittering steel, threw themselves on their knees and begged for mercy.

"Rise," said the leader, "and go with us to the city. Be obedient and no harm will come to any of you!"

So the dusty crowd crept on through the darkness to the city nestling among



FEDORA WAITED FOR THE ENEMY

the orange groves, and Fedora and José were left to themselves in the little clay hut that was Fedora's pride.

CHAPTER II.

JUST as the first stray beams of morning light crept over the misty mountains, and stole into Fedora's cottage, the old woman awoke. Rising from her couch of clean meadow grass, she called to her little slave, who had an equally rude bed at the opposite side of the hut, "José, you idler, awake!"

But José only turned over on his side and dreamed on about his mountain home.

"José!" she cried, in a louder tone. But still the little fellow heeded not.

"I suppose," she cried, seizing a block of wood and getting ready to hurl it at him, "you want me to call you

Ismael; but no robber name will ever be uttered in my hut."

At the sound of the old familiar name the boy sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked about him in amazement. He had been so hungry and fatigued on the previous night that he had passed through the scene at the door as in a dream. Even the meal that Fedora had given him only roused his spirits for a moment, and he had fallen into a deep sleep the instant it was finished. Now it dimly came back, and when Fedora exclaimed in thundering tones, "José, you indolent thief! are you never going to leave that bed!" he recalled the whole scene, even to the part where his name was changed, and instead of Ismael, the name little Zora, his playmate, pronounced with such a sweet voice, he was to be called José.



THEY ADVANCED SLOWLY AND NOISELESSLY WITH NO EXULTING SHOUT NOR ANGRY BATTLE CRY

He was soon up and dressed, and after a simple breakfast of bread and fruit, Fedora told him he must go with her to the sheep pastures. She had quite a flock, and as she drove them up the mountain road she kept impressing on José that he had been a fearfully expensive slave to her, having cost her two whole sheep; and she pointed to the two fattest in the flock to make him understand her the better. At last the pasture was reached, and they sat themselves down on the grassy hillside to see that the flock did not stray out of sight. Whenever a sheep would wander into forbidden ground, José was sent to drive it back. He did so with delight, for his active young limbs wanted the exercise, but as soon as he returned Fedora made him sit down by her side and lectured him on the necessity of being good and faithful—which meant taking care of her property, and obeying her every wish. She impressed upon José how she had saved him from starvation, and she did this so often and so forcibly that the little fellow, with tears in his eyes, again and again declared that he would struggle to repay her kindness.

When the sun stood high overhead and the sheep lay about them in drowsy clumps, Fedora took her basket from behind a shady bush and drew from it a substantial piece of bread, a large cluster of grapes plucked from her own vines, and a tempting flagon of home-brewed wine. José had lived with a wandering tribe who to-day had a feast and to-morrow were without food; and now he began to think that, despite his mistress's gruff voice and her readiness to use her hands about his ears, his life was going to be a very pleasant one in his new home. Certainly if she could be cross, she could be kind, and he was not stinted for food; and his mistress seemed well pleased with his healthy young appetite. The afternoon passed without any mishap; and, when at twilight the two followed the sheep down the hillside, little José's heart was as light and happy as it had ever been in the days when he had played with Zora. He lay down that night to dream she was with him; and they were gathering garlands to weave into

crowns, as they played at king and queen.

For several days the same thing was repeated, and when Fedora thought José understood what was wanted of him she told him she was not going to the hillside with him again, and that he must watch the sheep for her; and woe be to him if one should stray from the flock.

José had learned to love his mistress; and as he slowly wound his way with his flock to the hills, he determined to give her no cause for complaint. He would not only be careful to see that they did not wander out of his sight and get lost, but he would select the places where the grass was longest and juiciest that they might return to the fold every night fatter than when they went out in the morning.

It was a new pleasure to him to be trusted, and with the utmost delight he set about his task. The morning hours flew swiftly by, and at the time appointed for dinner he seated himself in the shade of an overhanging rock, and ate a hearty and well-earned meal. The sheep had had one long meal from early morning, so, while he was at his, they lay about and nodded in the sun.

When José had finished eating he sat with his back against the cool stone, and looked about him, eyeing his flock with pleasure. How Fedora's heart would delight as she saw them growing fatter and woollier under his care, he thought. Then his large, dreamy eyes wandered away into the valley where the silver stream threaded its course among orange groves and vineyards, past the white city that gleamed like a silver star in the green expanse about it. On and on went his mind, until he was out on the ocean where the great ships that Philip, the peddler's son, had told him about, stood up higher than the highest pinnacles in the city. This was a bad pastime for the little shepherd, and his black ringlets soon began to blow unheeded across his olive-tinted cheek as the large eyes tried hard to keep open. At length they closed in sleep and he was a king, with Zora as queen, ruling over all the cities of the plain.

So sound was his sleep that he did

not hear his flock rising leisurely about him, nibbling the grass at his feet, and then going farther and farther away. It was near sunset when he awoke, and to his horror not an animal could be seen. With a terrified cry he leaped to his feet, and rushed from his shelter, but still none were in sight. On and on up the hill he went, until at last, near the edge of a wood where Fedora had warned him a savage wolf had its hold he saw a few straggling sheep. With eager haste he ran hither and thither, until he thought all were gathered together, and then with a slow gait and a heavy heart he began to drive them homewards.

Mother Fedora had had a lonely day of it in her little garden, and she hailed with delight the reappearance of her little shepherd.

"So, my lad," she said, with kindly gruffness, "you have brought my treasures back to me."

As José timidly drove them into the fold she glanced her eye over them, and suddenly, with a cry of rage, exclaimed: "O, you young thief! you have stolen my fattest pet. Where is it, you thief?" and she seized José by the shoulder and struck him a ringing box on the ear.

"Have you eaten him?" she cried, and in her rage she shook him till his teeth chattered.

For a time the poor lad could not find his voice to reply, but at length he

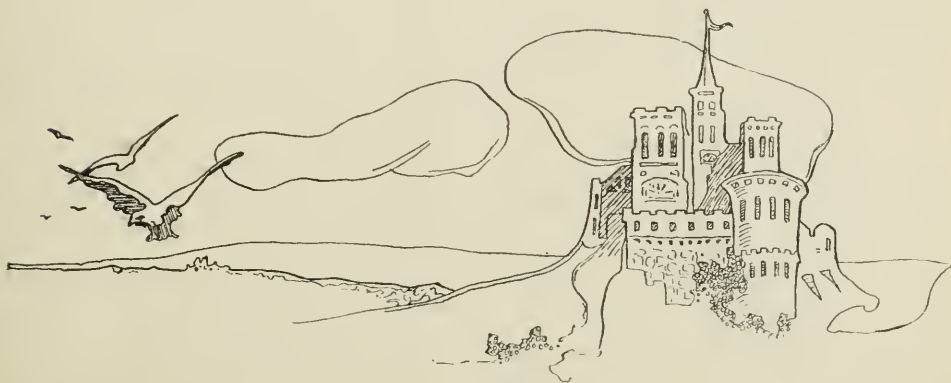
mustered enough courage to say between his sobs, "I fell asleep, and—perhaps—it wandered away."

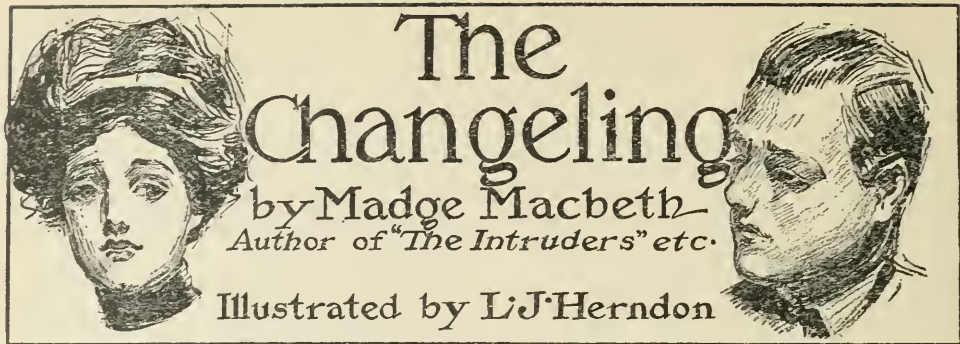
"Fell asleep, did you?" cried the angry woman, striking him such a blow that he fell helpless to the ground. "It wasn't enough that you cost me two sheep, but now my fattest has gone; well! not a bite will you get until it has been found."

As she scolded on, she drove the sheep into the fold, and when the door was securely bolted, she seized the trembling boy by the shoulder and dragged him up the hill. High and low they hunted, up hill and down dale, but no trace of the missing one could be seen. At last when the stars were all out in the clear summer sky, Fedora gave up hope and retraced her steps to her cottage, scolding all the way.

José was sent to bed hungry, and soon sobbed himself to sleep. Long after midnight he woke with a start: something was pattering about the cottage. Could it be the stray sheep? He rose and walked to the cottage door on tiptoe for fear of waking Fedora, and his hopes were realized, for he heard a gentle, timid bleat. With eager, silent fingers he raised the bar that guarded the door. The sheep was standing by the pen, and José was not long in getting it in among its fellows. He then stole back to the cottage, and succeeded in regaining his couch without rousing his mistress.

To be continued





Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him, but when he asks her to marry him, she decides that she cares more for him than for her revenge and accepts his proposal. Fay and Robert go to a sailing party in honor of Mrs. Corbett, an old friend.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED

"Oh, I can't," objected Fay. "It is ten o'clock now," she looked at her wrist, "and it always takes me an hour to go over the contents of my extensive wardrobe, making a selection, before I commence to dress."

"Why don't you toss up?" suggested Evans, seriously.

"I do," laughed the girl, "and the ones that are most tossed up, I put in the wash," she said, pinching Bobbie's arm.

CHAPTER XVI.

FAY dressed herself carefully, and went to meet the train which was to bring Gordon back. In some respects she was glad he was coming for although she foresaw no serious trouble, there was a certain amount of uneasiness in the thought of his anger when he learned of the step she had taken. She had arranged to remain at South-haven another two weeks, then go north, as the weather was much too hot for comfort, and in that way escape

Gordon's troublesome attentions; her marriage was to take place sometime during the summer.

Mrs. Corbett was a real help to her, at this time; Fay spoke unreservedly to her, feeling that if any one could smooth out the tangle, she was that person. It was finally agreed between them that Irene Corbett should offer herself as a lure, a "counter-irritant," as she expressed it. Fay was sure that such a woman could not fail to interest Gordon, and after a few days of treatment under those skilful hands, the news of the engagement was to be broken to him.

Both Ponsonby and Patterson were in the plot, and all waited with a degree of speculative excitement for the rising of the curtain.

Gordon's greeting was very much the same as at the Sayres; he held Fay's hand in a close, firm clasp, and feasted his eyes on her greedily.

"I feel as though I had been away a thousand years," he said, "a thousand years without you! How pale you look!"

"Pale," echoed the girl, laughing, "why this sarcasm?"

"No, no, I mean it. Everyone looks pale; compared with the dusky beauties I have left, you are a lily. What a pretty stock you are wearing, Fay," his keen eye appreciated every detail of her costume; had there been a black pin where a white one should be, he would have noticed it, and been irritated.

"Thank you, I bought it especially to please you. You see, I know your taste."

"How like you," he returned, exultingly. He felt suddenly awake, alive; after the enervating days in Mexico, he tingled with a pleasurable excitement.

"Most girls would have pretended that they wore the tie by the merest accident, and my liking it was the greatest surprise in the world. But for that matter all your things please me; do you get them all with that object?" He was more than half serious.

"Not much," she cried, positively. "You forget that I too am a stickler for detail. The merest trifle spoils or makes a person's whole appearance for me. There is nothing so calming to the nerves, so self-satisfying as the consciousness that one is well dressed."

Gordon laughed at this obviously pompous remark.

"Oh, but I am glad to see you, to hear you, to touch you," he suited the action to the word and laid his hand on hers, for an instant. They were picking their way over the remnants of a board walk at the back of the hotel, which had been neglected, owing to the small number of persons who ever came to the Havens by rail. Gordon chose this way, however, as it brought him there almost a half day sooner than the boat.

"What have you been doing since I left? Do you know you only wrote me once during all that time?"

"One can't write here," was Fay's excuse, "that is, not much. Every quiet moment I had was spent in writing Lorna. Did I tell you she lost her little girl?"

"No, you did not. Was it tuberculosis?"

"Very likely, although Lorna called it pneumonia. Just think what Chester's weakness has brought upon her—two deaths, and her own impaired health; she does not say so, but I can feel it by the tone of her letters. I know there is some trouble there, but she won't tell me what it is."

With masculine selfishness, which he would have denied, had the accusation been laid to him, Gordon changed the



FAY WENT TO MEET GORDON

subject. He did not like to see Fay sad, he did not want to be sad himself, so he asked.

"Have you seen my launch?" Although this grated upon Fay's sensibilities rudely, she controlled herself.

"No, is it here?"

"It should be. Come down to the boat house and let's see."

A few minutes' walk brought them to the landing where all the private boats belonging to Southhaven guests were kept; Gordon made an exclamation.

"Ah, there she is! Isn't she a beauty? I have named her 'The Idlewylde'—but when you say the word, we will call her 'Fay.' Hello, here's Harrison too, my engineer. Well Harrison, is she in first class shape?"

The man touched his cap and came quickly forward.

"She's the finest around these parts, sir," he said proudly. "I am glad you are here, sir, she's frettin' for a run."

The Idlewylde was indeed a beauty. She was a trunk cabin, four cylinder, four cycle, gasoline launch, making about fourteen knots an hour. Aft of midships, the boat consisted of a self-bailing cock-pit, leading by two or three steps into a fair sized cabin, the forward part of which was partitioned off, and devoted entirely to the accommodation of the engine and steering gear, in such a manner as to require the services of only one person to operate the boat. From the stern to twelve feet aft on either side, she was ornamented by a light brass rail, and right in the nose forward, rose a slender flag pole. The cockpit was luxuriously fitted up with heavily tufted leather cushions and lounge chairs; the cabin proper was finished in hard wood panels of mahogany, the transoms so arranged as to pull out, and fall down, their backs heavily upholstered, forming spacious and comfortable sleeping accommodation. The details of the launch were perfect, and Gordon had every reason to be proud of her, more especially as Fay was so unrestrained in her praise.

She was again her old happy, care-free self, taking unfeigned delight in the thought of the many excursions they would have in the boat.

"Can we go to-night?" she asked Gordon, as they walked back to the hotel.

"By all means," he agreed eagerly, "just you and I. You must see how good I am going to be."

A cloud crossed Fay's face. She had forgotten, and in any case, she had no intention of being alone with Gordon until she was prepared to tell him about Bobbie.

"Oh, no," she argued, "don't be selfish. Beside, there are some people here who have been awfully good to me, and I want you to be nice to them. Do you remember hearing me speak of Mrs. Corbett?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"She is here, at least she is at Bay-haven. I would like her to come, and a friend of hers named Ponsonby. Then there are the turtle-doves, and young Patterson."

"Who?" Gordon had evidently forgotten his existence, and Fay wondered whether her voice sounded elaborately nonchalant, as she explained who Patterson was.

"Oh, yes, I remember," Wylde's indifference was laughable, "the calf,"—Fay knew he would call Bobbie a calf,—"who toddled after you, the night I left. Oh well, amuse yourself in your own way, my dear."

However, the party was arranged and was a great success. Mrs. Corbett exerted herself to please Gordon, and her best efforts were not easily withstood. Walter Evans and his wife did their utmost to be agreeable; and Bobbie and Ponsonby vied with each other in being amusing.

Harrison put straight out to sea, and the little party soon felt as though they had the big stretch of water to themselves, save when they crossed the path of a huge steamer bound with its cargo of fruit for New York.

"And the stately ships go on,
To their haven, under the hill,
But, oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

quoted Fay, in her rich, low voice. "What would happen, Gordon, if a stately ship collided with us?" she called, leaning across Robert that she might see the last of the steamer.

"Exactly what would happen if a sharp knife met a loaf of bread, suddenly; we would be cut in two so quickly that we would never know it."

"Oh, how awful," Millie edged closer to her husband, "and what of the other people. The ones on the steamer?"

Ponsonby cleared his throat and sang in a high nasal falsetto.

"Says the ant to the elephant, 'who are you a-shovin'?' That answers it, doesn't it, Wylde?"

Mrs. Corbett laughed. "Very good for you, Ponsonby! They would hardly know they had struck anything, my dear," she explained, consolingly, to Millie. "But don't borrow trouble, we all carry lights. Now, Ponsonby, look at your cuff and see what else you have written there, I saw you making notes out of 'Punch' just before we started. Such a tiresome man," she continued, turning back to Gordon "one of the kind who looks before he leaps, you know, then goes cautiously on all fours. Oh, dear!"

For a week all seemed to go well, according to Fay's plan. She divided her time between the two men; and when not with her, Gordon was with Mrs. Corbett, who interested him keenly.

"If I loved Bobbie for nothing else," Fay said to her one day, "I should dote on him all my life for the patience and unselfishness he is showing just now. It is scarcely human, is it?"

"It is wonderful, and I think the time has come for you to throw down your hand, Fay. I must leave day after to-morrow and Mr. Wylde has every idea of following you north this summer. Why not to-night?"

A sort of nausea crept over the girl, for the first time in her life she shrank from "playing fair."

"It would be much easier to write to him," she suggested weakly. Then in answer to Mrs. Corbett's contemptuous look, she added,

"All right, I know I'm a coward, but I have had peace so long, I can't bear to bring on the storm. Take Bobbie with you, and I will tell Gordon. You see I really have not been alone with him since he came back."

"Where is your ring?"

"Bobbie has it; that was his own suggestion."

"The dear old boy!"

Gordon followed Fay from the dinner table, eagerly. Up to the present time he had felt satisfied to share her with these others, and when not with her, he had been amply entertained by Mrs.

Corbett. But to-night, the old longing was strong in him, and would not be suppressed. He made up his mind to gain her promise of marriage this night.

"I have shown her that I can let her alone," he said with intense self-satisfaction, "and to-night shall be another proof. I will not touch her, but she must promise."

Fay walked slowly toward the pier, trailing her gown through the dry sand. She looked but a mite in the close-fitting black crepe de chine, lightened by a single turquoise bow reaching from the left shoulder down across her breast, and Gordon, following her, smiled ironically to himself at the thought of a tiny atom like that being so hard to obtain.

"I could pick you up and run off with you," he said, reaching her side, "you don't look larger than a good sized doll to-night."

"Picking up and running off is not a matter of *avoir du pois*," she answered slowly, "I am going to pick myself up soon and go north; May here would be dreadfully trying."

"Where are you going?"

"New York, I suppose. I—I have some shopping to do."

Gordon apparently did not notice her nervousness, and they walked up and down the pier until the light had quite faded, and the blackness of a moonless night settled heavily upon them.

"Will you sit down, Fay?" he asked.

"I have hardly seen you, since I came back. Have I not been good, dear, and don't I deserve a reward?"

"One question at a time, please," Fay cried. "It is so much easier to ask than to answer." She sat down and fanned herself slowly.

"You have been your very nicest self," she went on, "and you must know that I appreciate it. Just think, we have not had one quarrel for a whole week. How long is this going to last, I wonder?"

"Always," was the quick answer.

"I wrote you that while I was away I had learned many things—most of them you know already, such as my not being able to do without you,

dear. But a very important one was that I *can* control myself, and will. Do you believe me?"

Fay did not know what to answer. She realized that Gordon's opportunities for anything but control had been few, since his return, she also was positive that some trivial thing would turn his thoughts into the old channel, making his good resolutions futile. She dared not put him to the test just now; she could not tell him to wait, on probation, as it were.

He spoke again—

"No, you do not believe me, I see. Well give me a fair chance, and let me prove it. Will a month do?"

"Gordon," said Fay, quietly, "I never liked you better than I have since you came back, and you know why. You have not worried me, you have gone your own way, and I mine. You have been keen and clever, just as you were when I first knew you, and I have been very happy. Now the month of probation—what would it prove? That you could possibly go on that way for a certain length of time, only in anticipation of a reward at the end, so to speak. You could not promise that we would *live* on like this indefinitely, could you?"

Gordon turned a little away from the girl; the irregular swish of the breakers was such a trying accompaniment to her *vibrant* voice. He was conscious of slipping from the stand he had taken, her words suggested so many things.

"Besides—" she went on hesitatingly.

"Wait," he interrupted, speaking rapidly, tensely, "will you come away with me this summer, come away to the wilds some where and let me prove to you how closely I can live according to your wishes; then if I can—"

"But if you can't," interposed the girl, quickly, "what of me, what of my friends?"

"Society?" questioned Gordon, contemptuously. "Bah, you don't really care for Mrs. Grundy, you said so yourself. And after all what *is* society?" he leaned forward before he was aware of it and took her hand, crushing it until it hurt.

"I once heard a little girl say that society was 'dressing up and going out and seeing who would have you.'" Fay laughed and tried to draw her hand away.

Wylde made an exclamation of impatience.

"Your proposition does not appeal to me, Gordon. I am not sure that such a thing might not have its advantages, if I loved you, or had any idea of marrying you ultimately, but to-night I want to tell you—"

Again he interrupted, "Don't say anything final, don't, I beg. It will not do the least bit of good—I won't—I can't give you up."

Fay rose. She intended to walk to the other side of the pier and think for a moment. It was so much harder than she had anticipated. But, as she moved quickly away, her gown caught on a nail in the bench, where she had been sitting and jerked her back, so that she lost her balance and fell full against Wylde.

It was the last straw; he crushed her hungrily to him with all his fierce, passionate strength, he held her supple little body close to his own trembling one, breathing mad, incoherent words against her heavy, delicately perfumed hair. He kissed her with the total abandon of his long pent-up desire, and would not have released her, but for the sound of a step, close to them.

Fay stood erect, breathing a little quickly, and waited for the timely intruder to approach. She gave a glad cry when she recognized Robert, and ran forward.

"Robert," she said, "I was just about to ask Mr. Wylde's congratulations," her eyes blazed with anger, as she turned back to the man on the bench, "Gordon, I wanted to tell you, that I have promised to marry Robert Patterson!"

CHAPTER XVII.

NORTHROP did not go to Saranac. One thing after another detained him. Meetings of various boards came in close succession, short trips on urgent business took him away parts of several weeks, and the early spring had come

before he felt himself anything like free.

Perhaps deep down in his heart he dreaded leaving Lorna, she was so very frail and weak. At any rate things went on in their accustomed way until a telegram came urging Lorna to go to her husband at once.

For weeks a strange apathy had possessed her. She felt able to go about the house as usual, helping Nanny, whose rheumatism made her almost useless for most of the work. She took pride and pleasure in teaching Edward simple lessons, and she no longer dreaded the crisis which previously she had felt must come, in connection with Northrop's constant presence.

The sting of Mrs. Patterson's words faded, the longing for Chester and the two little children lessened appreciably. Life seemed to hold nothing, nothing, but a racking pain, a cough, blinding, crimson spots—and oblivion.

Even the pinch for money did not cause her much uneasiness. She could not think, and accepted Northrop's explanation of dividends and a substantial bonus, without questioning. When he came to see her, he found her appealingly sweet, tender, womanly, weak. If he had loved her in her strength before, how much greater was his love, in her unconscious dependence. She never alluded to her illness, always speaking of herself as doing and able to do things as before. He did not know that she had ever had a hemorrhage, for two reasons, first, because she absolutely refused to see the physician after Phoebe's death, and second, because she would not see Northrop when at her worst.

Edward came close to his mother one day and detected a few small spots on the front of her dress.

"What is that on your waist, mudder?" he asked.

Lorna looked down quickly, and saw the tell tale stains. It was about the hour when Northrop generally came.

"Eh, mudder"? the child asked again. "What made them?"

"Blackberry jam," replied Lorna, impatiently, going to her room for a fresh waist. When Northrop came

she looked her usual immaculate self.

Now the telegram! Its summons scarcely roused her, though when Northrop suggested accompanying her, she vehemently protested; a faint horror came over her at the thought of meeting any one she knew, and Mrs. Patterson's words recurred to her as through long ages of numbness.

"I have your ticket, berth and check here, Lorna," said Clinton, laying an envelope on the table," and this is my address. I am going west again to-night, if you absolutely refuse to let me come with you. Of course Edward will be all right here with Nanny, will he not?"

"Yes, thank you. I should have liked to take him with me, but feared he would feel it too keenly, and perhaps they would not let Chester see him."

"He is much better here," said Northrop, positively. "There is the cab, now. Come."

She rose unsteadily, and walked to the door of the nursery. Edward and Nanny were building castles—oh, that we might see some of ours realized half so well,—and Lorna felt her eyes fill with tears as she thought of leaving him.

"You will surely come back, mudder," begged the child with his lips against his mother's hand, "you and daddy?"

"I hope so, darling, yes."

"Well, kiss me good-bye, then. You can do it this once, can't you?" Edward turned to Northrop. "Do you know it has been *ever* so long since she kissed me, even a prayer kiss!"

Lorna buried her face in the child's hair an instant, then turned abruptly away. As Clinton helped her down the stairs, he felt her whole body tremble.

He had reserved the drawing room, hoping to make the trying journey a little more comfortable.

But Lorna lifted reproachful eyes to his.

What shall I tell Chester? she seemed to say.

Clinton settled her things in his quiet, unobtrusive way, then sat down beside her and took her hot, feverish

hand in his. "This trip is a birthday gift from me," he said quietly. "In a few days, little Phoebe would have had an anniversary, Lorna dear, and you and Chester know I would have remembered it. Will you be sure to tell him?"

Two big tears rolled down her cheeks, as she silently bowed her head.

"I wish I could find words from which you could draw a ray of comfort," the man continued, "you can at least know that my heart is with you every moment."

He stood up and swallowed hard, then bent over tenderly, and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Good-bye," she whispered with closed eyes. He was gone.

The journey was a nameless horror; at first Lorna suffered from the heat, then when her drawing room had been ventilated she was icy cold. She was hungry, yet when food was brought the sight of it sickened her, and worse than all, she began to *feel*.

The numbness which had been such a relief, wore away, and torturing thoughts beset her. Just how ill was Chester? Should she be in time? Would he accuse her of callousness for not having come sooner? What would he say to Northrop's gift?

The thought that she might be too late sent a wave of agony over her, she tried to picture him as he was when he left, but in her weakness she got his face confused with Northrop's and finally gave it up. Would he notice her altered appearance, and accuse himself of being the cause? She must put on her bravest front, that he might not see and understand.

The next day seemed endless and for the first time since her illness Lorna felt a thrill of fear. She experienced sensations before unnoticed, and her cough was wretchedly troublesome. Spells of faintness recurred with alarming frequency, and she began to wonder whether she could see Chester that night. A rest, she thought, would help her.

Arrived at the sanitarium, however, about nine o'clock she was told that her husband expected her, and that she had better go, at once, "though I can see you are not fit to talk to him to-night," added the nurse apologetically. "You look dreadfully ill yourself, Mrs. Sayre. I don't think Mr. Sayre knew, did he?"

Lorna shook her head.

"Of course I never told him. Is there no hope?"

"Oh, we never say that," answered the nurse, evasively. "As a matter of fact he is slightly better than when we wired you."

"He is better, to my way of thinking, than *she* is," she confided later to the night superintendent.

Lorna stopped a moment outside the room to brace herself. She coughed, and passed her handkerchief across her lips, petulantly. Had "this" come on again?

She opened the door, and stepped softly into the dimly lighted room. Chester lay flat on his back, his arms lying inertly at his side, and the outline of his frame showing gaunt and emaciated. He opened his eyes, and whispered feebly.

"I have been waiting for you so long, so long!"

Lorna went quickly forward, and flung herself on her knees beside him, kissing the thin cheeks tenderly.

"My boy," she murmured huskily.

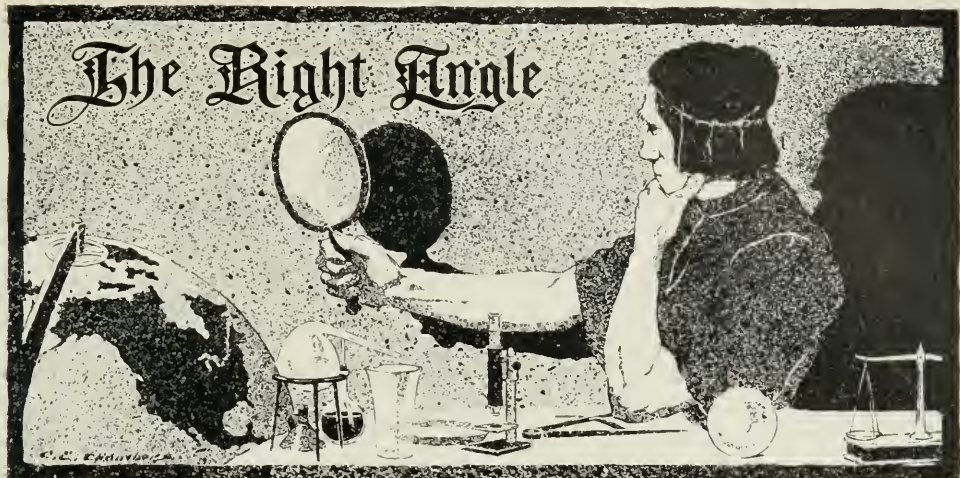
"Don't look at me," said Chester, childishly pushing her away, "and don't kiss me, they said you must not. Tell me about the children, and Nanny, and Northrop."

Again that faintness. The room spun round and grew dark, except for the white counterpane upon which her head rested. It seemed to be flecked all over with darting crimson spots. Lorna did not know how long it was before she answered.

"They are all right, dear," she said. "Clinton would have liked to have come with me, but he had to go west again."

To be concluded

The Right Angle



A PAINTER OF SOULS

A DARK-EYED slip of a girl, Miss Edith P. Stevenson, has been bringing new honors to Canada in the realm of portrait painting. Recent exhibitions in the large American cities, and latest of all, in Toronto, have brought most flattering notices from the critics. One of the foremost writes, "Geniuses are not so common that when they appear we can afford to neglect them. It may startle Toronto people to hear that a young genius has grown up among them, but those who have seen Miss Stevenson's pictures are quite ready to accept the valuation that New York has placed upon them."

Her work is especially notable for freedom and originality of execution and handling of color combinations; and for her keen insight into her sitter's personality. It is not simply the form and feature that are displayed in line and color on her canvas,—a spirit looks out of the pictured eyes. Her fidelity to her

subjects is based on a spontaneity and quick intuition of character, an unconscious feeling for and realization of character. Though the artist have never so facile a brush, and never so light a trick of gaining what is popularly called "a likeness," a portrait is worth nothing unless it shows what no school can teach, and no method inculcate—the living presentment of an "indefeasible soul." This gift is almost an uncanny one—indeed some of her friends half believe that she possesses some psychic power that brings her into

instant harmony with the spirit of her sitters, and accounts for her wonderful success.

"No, I have no method," says Miss Stevenson, when she is asked what school she follows. "I work according to no set rule, no precept, but simply because I cannot help it. Sometimes when I face up to a blank canvas, I feel that I cannot draw a line. And then perhaps suddenly—it comes! Before I realize it, my charcoal outline is made, the whole



EDITH P. STEVENSON

picture is before my fancy; the only trouble is to make my brush keep pace with my mind.

Of course there is a certain similarity of treatment in my pictures. I suppose those who know my work well could guess at 'a Stevenson' without looking for the signature, but it isn't

She subordinates her own personality to that of her sitter. There will never be a stock "Stevenson girl" that you can pick out at thirty feet by the way she wears her hair or carries a riding-crop.

Even as a child, the world to Miss Stevenson was not the ordinary work-



From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson

JESSIE, DAUGHTER OF R. M. OWEN

intentional. That is, I don't follow any 'manner'; I paint each sitter in the only way I know—as I see him."

And that, perhaps, is the reason why Miss Stevenson's portraits are so individual, so unsuggestive of each other.

day world of Third and Fourth Streets, and Mrs. Jones' house on the corner, but a wonderful fairyland of form and color. "Looking back on those days," she says, with a reminiscent smile, "I fear I missed most of the fun that comes



From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson

MISS AMELIA B. WARNOCK

to other children—but I found compensation. It was always so fascinating to explore my own private world.”

Canada has some gifted portrait

painters, but none so youthful who have gone so far. Her very youth lends optimism and enthusiasm, which carry her past dangers that, in the

years to come, must be surmounted by experience, but with steady, patient labor, the passing years mean certain and rich growth; and when Miss Stevenson, who has just passed her majority, shall have reached a maturer experience and a fuller knowledge of life, the result may well make her country proud.

THE RADFORD WOOD-BISON

THE winter mail-packet that came down a few weeks ago from the fur-posts of the Mackenzie brings the news that the largest wood-bison ever secured in the Far North has been taken by Harry V. Radford, the young New York explorer and scientist, who, by permission of the Canadian Government, has been spending a year in scientific studies among the northern provinces. During the last four months of 1909 he has been making his headquarters at Fort Smith, and studying the habits and habitat of the world's last herd of wood-buffalo that roam over the fertile triangular peninsula

of land lying between the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers where Alberta province fringes out into the wide Mackenzie district, and where he secured a magnificent beast.

In this kill, Mr. Radford has been more fortunate than previous hunters. Warburton Pike, Captain Hanbury, and Caspar Whitney have all aspired, but none succeeded in bringing down one of these kings of the northern forest. Three other specimens of wood-buffalo which have been killed by order of the Canadian Government in this same bison-range by old Indian hunters, are now included in the Canadian exhibit at London and the Geological Survey Museum at Ottawa; but as in each case the skeletons of the bison were not preserved, and their hides were removed in sections, all, for lack of the skeleton and other data, were mounted according to the lines of the plains bison, which is radically different in form, and according to old hunters, belongs to a different species. It is interesting to note that Mr. Radford

declares his studies of the last four months bear out this statement of the Indian hunters who thirty years ago hunted both plains and wood bison along the Saskatchewan River.

The Radford bison is a perfect specimen, higher, bulkier, and three hundred pounds heavier than the famous Hornaday bison of the United States Museum, the carcass tipping the scale at 2,402 pounds. The skeleton and hide have been carefully preserved, the head and hide being removed in one; and because of this, Mr. Radford's trophy will no doubt be the best scientific specimen of these shaggy beasts in existence.

The herd has been protected by stringent regulations of the Canadian Government, and is even more or less under the supervision of the Mounted Police, who occasionally patrol the bi-



From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson
THE GIRL IN PINK

son-range and keep the Indians from slaughtering these valuable animals. Mr. Radford secured special permission to take one specimen for zoological purposes, and has without doubt made a valuable addition to the general scientific knowledge of an almost extinct species.

His studies of the wood-bison now being accomplished, Mr. Radford will leave his winter quarters at Fort Smith, to strike out over the barren Lands, and up into that practically unexplored region lying east of the Mackenzie River along the Arctic.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUN

"HOWEVER the laugh is gained, in whatever style the jest is delivered, the laugh-maker is a public benefactor for laughter is the salt of life and keeps the mass wholesome." So says Marshall P. Wilder, not in apology for his profession, but as a statement of elemental fact. The sense of humor is a buffer providently interposed between man and the world's hard edges, a protection against laceration of the soul. In the last twenty years or so, Mr. Wilder has put a girdle of smiles around the earth twice, and traced an arabesque of merriment all over Europe and America. He is notable as much for his philosophy as for his fun, though it is doubtful if he sees himself that way. But his quips and his quiddities have power because they touch living human nature, often deeply—which is to say he is a humorist rather than merely a wit.

Mr. Wilder has written three books that are worth while: "People I Have Smiled With," "The Sunny Side of the Street,"

and "Smiling Round the World" (Funk-Wagnalls Company). They are good to read and to keep, because their optimism expresses itself



From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson

MRS. W. S. DINNICK, TORONTO

in a broad appeal to all that is best in most of us, and nothing that is

doubtful or morbid in any. Not in the snap and bump way of your "Keep Smiling" cards, but in a generous warmth whose effect will remain long after the cause itself may have been forgotten.

EVERY MAN'S DREAM

THE golden West's magic has never been more understandingly shown than in Paul Wickson's painting, "The Promised Land". That same sunset glamour which gilded the peaks of El Dorado and drew the men of fair Devon to dare the North Atlantic seas shines upon the faces of the settler and his wife as they follow the pointing finger of the Mounted Policeman with eager eyes.

A bit of ground with a bit of sky over it is all that lies yonder, but to their enchanted gaze it is life and liberty and love; the ten-strand fences guard their cattle; the prosperous barns rise, white-painted; children play about the door.

For, after all, what is heaven but a man and a maid and a mud hut? Many a man on his office stool dreams of it his life long—the smell of the sweet spring earth, and the meadow-lark calling in his field, and his wife beside him, and the soil that he labors in his own. That little commonplace man at the next desk but one has his dream of

it, too; deep down in his heart it lives and breathes in the dark.

The artist has caught this elemental feeling on his canvas. The faces of the settler and his wife are lighted from without by the closing day, but it is the dawn of hope within that gives the quick heart-lift to the beholder. Even the horses prick up their ears in sympathetic interest. A common enough little story, to be sure, but Paul Wickson tells it with an insight and faith that makes it stir the pulses of anyone

who has ever felt the Anglo-Saxon desire for house and glebe.

Mr. Wickson found his inspiration for "The Promised Land" during a recent stay in Western Canada where he made a study of the horses of the Saskatchewan and Alberta ranches. In fact, the horse is his favorite subject, and the walls of his big studio at Paris, Ontario, are lined with paintings of every kind of equine that ever whisked a tail. Incidentally, his



From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson

DOLLY, DAUGHTER OF J. C. WILLIAMS

rambling, old-fashioned house is just such a place as you and I and the young settler of his paintings have always dreamed of. Hospitable, sunny, set in the midst of trees and green lawns sloping down to a little river, it is the pet playground of half the young folk of the countryside. His own beautiful horses pas-



From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson

GAITHER

ture in the paddocks, and his many animal models have a whole set of cages to themselves.

THAT SPRING FEELIN'

Yet, when the signs of the summer thicken,
And the ice breaks, and the birch-buds quicken.

Yearly you turn from our side and sicken—
Sicken again for the shouts and the slaughters;

You steal away to the lapping waters,
And look at your ship in her winter quarters.

—*Harp Song of the Dane Women*

PERHAPS it was yesterday, or maybe to-morrow—it doesn't really matter much—that you woke up half-an-hour before your usual time, saw a streak of unaccustomed sunlight on the maple tree outside your window, two or three feathery tassels swaying against the morning blue, and heard the first robin fiddling industriously away on the timidly-green lawn.

"Spring!" said you, putting your nose out into the cool morning. "Fine day to fix up that boat!"

Or, maybe it was a fine day to exercise Bucephalus-Dobbin, or take out your runabout, or try your luck on the marshes with that double-barrel you

gave your oldest boy for Christmas. Oh, yes, the out-of-doors and something to kill! Primal stirrings awoke in your breast. You were the elemental man, yearning to go out in the wet wild woods and bring home a—a—what did they used to get?—aurochs, weren't they? Fine! An aurochs was just what you wanted.

And then Mary woke up; heard the robin, saw the sunlight, observed the swaying tassels silhouetted against the sapphirine sky, and remarked:

"John, you really must fix up the yard to-day. It's perfectly disgraceful the way it looks. The Joneses have got their lettuce and radishes all sown."

It was all off with the primitive man right there. You knew better than to argue. You hunted up the hoe and the rake and kicked the rusty lawn-mower, and got busy.

And when at last you snuggled your pillow comfortably under your left ear, feeling that delicious dreamland weariness in every limb, you grinned to yourself in the dark and decided you could get along without that aurochs after all. Spring was what you wanted—just spring, and plenty of it.



From a painting by Paul Wickson.

THE FACES OF THE SETTLER AND HIS WIFE ARE LIGHTED FROM WITHOUT BY THE CLOSING DAY



Theatrical comment and gossip by Currie Love, illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell, and with photographs

MRS. PARTNER

GRACE GEORGE has been called the most charming and versatile of comedienues on the American stage to-day. In view of this fact, it is rather regrettable that her latest starring vehicle, *Mrs. Partner*, by Thompson Buchanan, should be of so slight a texture.

True, it serves to keep Miss George constantly in the centre of the stage, and affords her many opportunities for the display of her physical and histrionic charms, which are by no means few, but the play itself—well, it doesn't impress one as being what the Scotchman calls the "real Mackay."

Cicely Hamilton (Grace George) is married to a bigamist, as she declares with vehemence, her rival in her husband's affection being not another woman, but that "fascinating, monstrous, evil goddess—business".

"You've joined the American husband's club," she declares.

"Your password is 'I must work for my wife'. Why don't you give your wife some real happiness? I want my husband, not a machine."

And so, finally, the husband gives in and tells her that she may consider herself a partner in his business. Then does Cicely start in to show what a woman can do to complicate business affairs. Her first move is to build a gymnasium, library and bath-rooms at

her husband's factories for the employees, who are inclined to consider the boss's wife and her efforts in their behalf as more or less of a joke.

Hamilton is forced to the wall by the trust and Cicely, desiring only good for her husband, yet works him harm, for she betrays an important business secret to the trust and then further complicates matters by endeavoring to mix oil and water—the wives of her employees and the members of her fashionable club. Learning that their wives had been snubbed and laughed at by the club women, the men decide to refuse a proposed cut in wages and go out on strike.

The Hamilton household is in chaos. Cicely and her husband are at daggers drawn, and it looks as if the business would be absorbed by the trust at ruinous terms when Cicely conceives a brilliant plan. Once more she talks to her husband's business enemies, and again she appears to betray a secret, but this time she lies, and by that lie she saves her husband's business. He dictates his own terms to the trust and they are accepted. Mrs. Partner has won—by a lie.

That's the indefensible part of the ending. If women are to enter business life, surely we may expect better from them than the shop-worn subterfuges of the business grafter. It's a poor argument for the suffragette, a dis-

heartening thought for the business woman who believes in the dignity of her calling.

For Miss George it was a great personal success, and her supporting company was excellent, a particularly good piece of character work being done by Margarita Fischer as "Sadie Ferguson."

THOMAS W. ROSS

THOMAS W. ROSS starring in *The Fortune Hunter*, was born in a little town called Barnston, in the province of Quebec, but at the tender age of three years, his parents carried him off to Boston where they gave him the major part of his education.

Still, Canada and things Canadian have a peculiar interest for Mr. Ross and he has given time and thought to the study of conditions in our country.

"Canadians are the salt of the earth," he says. "They are wholesome. Great wealth has not yet begun to get the octopus hold on your people that it

has on the United States and it is true that too much money breeds disease of mind and thought. The Canadians are people of moderate, not of exorbitant, wealth, and they have not the decayed mental fibre that goes with surplus millions.

"Then, too, the Canadians believe in education. Good old-country stock they are, and so they send the boy to college or if they are unable, even by dint of pinching and scraping, to put him through, he sends himself to college, works his way, and gets an education which makes him a man among men.

"If this were not so, Canadians would not be so successful on the Yankee side of the border. Over there you find the 'Canuck,' as they insist on calling him, prominent in every walk of

life. On the newspapers, in the banks, the trust companies, the railway offices, wherever you may go, they are always high up in the business or profession, whichever it may be. And in my own line of work, half the stars are Canadian born.

"It's a great country, Canada. Quality makes up for lack of quantity in your population. And your cities are beautiful. I can imagine no more delightful place to live than Toronto. I spent some time there



GRACE GEORGE
Starring in *Mrs. Partner*

last summer during the yacht races and I must say that the Canadians have the English beaten a block for clean sportsmanship. Montreal and Winnipeg are great business centres; Quebec has a more picturesque setting than any city on the continent and



THE CLIMAX OF *The Fortune Hunter* WHEN OLD GRAHAM FINDS HIS DAUGHTER AND NAT DUNCAN
UNCONSCIOUS OF THE RAIN IN THEIR NEW-FOUND JOY

the west—well, I'm growing enthusiastic about my native land and its heritage."

WOULD YOU FOR A MILLION?

A FEW years ago one of those catch phrases like "How old is Anne" went the rounds of the country and everywhere when one said "I don't care to do it," one was greeted with the question "would you for a million?" That's the question *The Fortune Hunter* answers and the manner of the answer

makes one of the most interesting plays of the season.

Nathaniel Duncan (Thomas W. Ross) is a young chap who has gone through college with unlimited funds at his disposal and like most young men with too much money, all he has learned at college is how to have a "good time."

His father dies suddenly, leaving his affairs seriously involved and young Nat finds that he has neither money nor education at his back to fit him for this new game of wresting a living

from an unappreciative, unsympathetic world. Kellogg, friend of his, who worked his way through college, and who has done remarkably well in the financial world, "stakes" Nat and finds him one job after another only to have Nat lose out after a week or two and come back on his hands again.

Finally Nat rebels and decides that he will forge out his own fortune and cease to be a sponge.

Kellogg makes a proposition—"if you'll follow my rules, you'll be a millionaire inside of a year."

"Who do I have to murder?" asks Nat and then Kellogg tells him the rules.

"Pick out a small town where the best of the young men have gone to

the city and the girls who have been educated at fashionable boarding-schools, are disgusted with those that remain. I'll stake you to a wardrobe of quiet but good looking clothes, silk socks, patent leather shoes, good cravats. You must stop smoking, swearing, and drinking and go to church on Sundays.

"When you arrive there, take a room in a good locality and study all the time. Don't know anyone. Don't let anyone make friends with you. After you've been there about a month go out seeking for employment. Don't be anxious. Ask for something to do—then walk out as if you didn't care whether you got it or not. Finally take a position where you're likely to

come in contact with the girls in the village. Select the one whose father has the most money and—let her marry you. All you'll have to do is to sit back, don't show any eagerness and allow her to make love to you. It will work—like a charm."

Nat says reflectively, "It's a pretty low-down scheme, but it isn't low enough to keep me from doing it—only—God help the future Mrs. Duncan!"

Everything Kellogg has predicted comes to pass. Duncan, with his quiet clothes, his well-bred air, and his studious habits, becomes the one topic of conversation among the village belles of Radville, the little town he selects for his venture and when he goes into the bro-



"IT'S SO SPLENDID OF YOU TO LIVE THE LIFE YOU DO. YOU ARE ALL UNCONSCIOUS OF IT AND I WANT YOU TO REALIZE IT. IT MAKES EVERYBODY LOVE YOU—"
BETTY HESITATED SHYLY, AFRAID SHE HAD SAID TOO MUCH.



GRAHAM, THE OLD INVENTOR, AND PROPRIETOR OF THE DRUG STORE WHERE NAT DUNCAN
LEARNS TO KNOW HIMSELF

ken-down drugstore of Sam Graham, who has given all his time and money to inventions which he has never had capital enough to put on the market, the girls all flock to the shop for soda. Nat's engagement to the banker's daughter follows soon.

To Graham and his daughter Betty the young chap is a veritable deliverer. He gets them out of the power of the village Shylock, sends Betty to school, interests New York capital in one of Mr. Graham's inventions, redecorates and restocks the drug-store and puts

everything on a modern businesslike basis. Old Graham, whose "only fault was that he did not know how to make money," leans more and more on the boy and Nat, in helping others, finds himself.

When Kellogg arrives to visit the six months' resident at Radville, Nat says, "I am happy for the first time in my life. I like church and I like the Reubs. They may size up badly at first but when you come to know them, they're allright."

But Kellogg refuses to believe that

the once irresponsible Nat is satisfied to settle down in this "one-horse town" and become a druggist. Just then Betty comes home from school and Nat is amazed at the change that has been wrought in the "ugly duckling".

but he protests, assuring her that she alone has accomplished the change.

"Why, Nat, you began it the first day I saw you in the old store, by the things you said to me," Betty hastens to explain. "Then I watched you as

you made life a heaven for father and me, and I thought if I were a man I'd try to be as near like you as I could. The time you told me you were going to send me to school, I said to myself 'I'll follow his example just as near as I possibly can. I'll work ever so hard and I'll try to treat people as he treats them', and oh, Nat, it's worked so wonderfully! It's made all the girls at school like me, and now, what's ten thousand times best of all, you notice the improvement the moment you see me! And I—I never was so happy in my life. Nat, you are the very best man in the whole world! You must let me tell you the truth about yourself. It's so splendid to live the life you do. You are all unconscious of it and I want you to realize it. It makes everybody love



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALMA BELWIN

Playing the role of "Betty Graham" in *The Fortune Hunter*

She went away a little girl in a shabby frock; she comes home a young lady, smartly gowned and charming beyond belief. Betty explains that the transformation is due to Nat's kind offices

you—" she hesitated, shyly, afraid she had said too much.

Then things happen quickly. Nat's engagement with the heiress is broken; he and Betty delight the old man's

heart by deciding to marry and Kellogg announces that an option on Graham's last invention has brought \$50,000. The rules have worked; Nat has won

the heiress, love, and best of all, he has learned to know the greatest thing in the world, the secret of happiness—work.



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALICE DOVEY

With Lew Fields in *Old Dutch*



MILLINERIZED ALISON

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THERE is a garden on her hat
Where roses with green lilies grow,
And ecru daisies, as to that,
With cherries of a ruddy glow—
And oft I sit and sadly sigh
That all this garden I must buy.

Flowers of such amazing hue
Flourish about her bonnet brim,
And fruits Pomona never knew
(Unless she had a crazy whim).
I gasp because the price is high
Upon this garden I must buy.

Her eyes sought first the big price-
mark,
Her voice then called the hat a
"dream"—
She could have bought it in the dark
And given it the more esteem.
Mine is the patient husbandry
Since all this garden I must buy.

NATURE'S OVERSIGHT

"YES," repeats the lecturer, "tens of thousands of years ago we had tails growing from our backs, the same as monkeys. But as the race evolved into the higher degrees of civilization, the tails disappeared."

"Wasn't it a pity?" asks the little woman with the eyeglasses and the notebook. "If we could have kept them they would now have been so

convenient for holding up our skirts on muddy crossings."

THE PLEASURE OF PURSUIT

"I AM surprised at you," says the old friend. "A man who loves his nip as you do—to take a leading part in the campaign which closed every saloon in your town!"

"Well," explains the other, "you can't imagine how much better a drink tastes when you have to break a law to get it."

OPEN-MINDED

"IF IT were not that you have signed a pledge not to marry a man who does not favor woman's suffrage, I should propose to you," says the young man.

"Well, that is my belief," replies the young woman, "but I am not a fanatic about it."

LIGHTENED THE LOAD

"THERE goes Mrs. Miggins," says the lady with the dimpled hands. "I heard her acknowledge the other day that she is forty years old. She carries her age well, don't you think?"

"Carries it well?" sniffs the lady with two shades of hair. "No wonder! If she says she is forty she has dropped twelve years and that makes her age a good deal lighter."

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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London, May, 1910

No. 1

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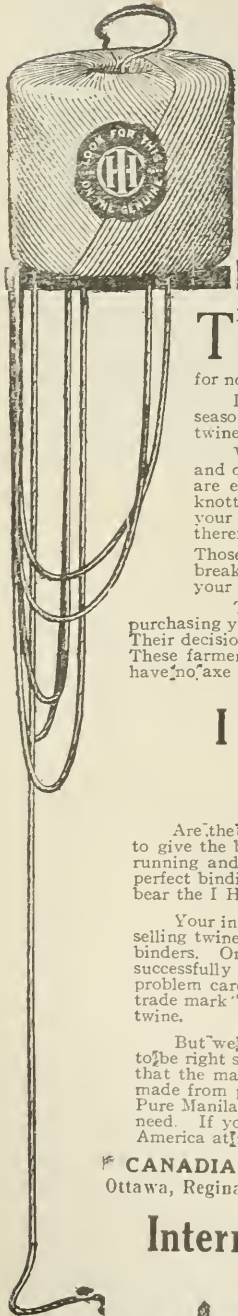
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Let the Experience of the Majority of Farmers be Your Guide in Buying Twine



THE time has come to order your binder twine for the 1910 harvest. Twine dealers are placing orders for their season's stock. The mills are running. Now is the time for you to decide the twine question. It is something that requires careful consideration. The success of your harvest will depend on the uninterrupted work of your binder, for no binder can work well if you use a cheap grade of binder twine.

It is our aim to have every farmer who uses I H C Twine go through the 1910 harvest season without a break in the field. We have much more at stake than merely selling twine. Your interests and ours are the same.

We know that the raw materials from which I H C Twines are spun have the quantity and quality of fibre that insure greater strength than is found in any other twine. They are evenly spun—smooth running—do not tangle in the twine box—work well in the knotter, insuring perfect binding and perfect tying. They insure your being able to work your binder through the entire harvest season with greatest speed and economy, and are therefore practical profit insurance.

Those who buy cheap twine will certainly have trouble—delays due to tangles, knots and breaks will mean the loss of valuable time—and every delay at harvest time will cut down your profits.

There is a sure way to avoid this. Let the experience of the past be your guide in purchasing your twine. The verdict of the majority of the farmers of this country is a safe guide. Their decision should have more weight with you than the statement of any twine manufacturer. These farmers know. They have the same problems confronting them that you have. They have no axe to grind. They do not sell twine. They are only interested in results.

I H C Brand of Sisal—Standard Sisal Manila or Pure Manila

Are the twines used by the majority of the farmers of this country. They have been proved to give the best results. Eighty-five to ninety per cent. of the farmers use Sisal. It is smooth running and works at steady tension without kinking or tangling in the twine box—insuring perfect binding and perfect tying. Its only equal is the really high grade Manila twines such as bear the I H C trade mark.

Your interests and ours are identical on this twine proposition. We have more at stake than selling twine. We are vitally interested in the successful operation of hundreds of thousands of binders. On their successful operation depends our success—and we know they cannot operate successfully with poor twine. No binder made can. For this reason we have given the twine problem careful study. When we say "Stick to Sisal or high-grade Manila bearing the I H C trade mark"—we do so because we know them to be the highest standard of excellence in binder twine.

But we don't ask you to do as we say. We want you to be the judge. But your judgment to be right should be based on facts—not on the statement of any twine man. And the fact is—that the majority of the farmers of this country use I H C Twine. Sisal or Standard (which is made from pure Sisal) comes 500 feet to the pound; high grade Manila, 600 feet to the pound; Pure Manila, 650 feet. See your local I H C dealer at once and let him know how much you will need. If you want more facts on binder twine, write the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house for information.

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Please mention CANADA MONTHLY when you write to Advertisers.

IN VANCOUVER

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

It is the English in me that loves the soft, wet weather—
The cloud upon the mountain, the mist upon the sea,
The sea-gull flying low and near with rain upon each feather,
The scent of deep, green woodlands where the buds are breaking free.

A world all hot with sunshine, with a hot, white sky above it—
O, then I feel an alien in a land I'd call my own;
The rain is like a friend's caress, I lean to it and love it,
'Tis like a finger on a nerve that thrills for it alone!

Is it the secret kinship which each new life is given
To link it by an age-long chain to those whose lives are through,
So that wherever he may go, by fate or fancy driven,
The home-star rises in his heart to keep the compass true?

Ah, 'tis the English in me that loves the soft, wet weather—
The little mists that trail across like bits of wind-flung foam,
The primrose and the violet—a thousand scents together
And every scent a message and a memory of Home!



Drawn by Percy Edward Anderson

His Father's Wife—see page 18

"THE SOUND OF A CLOSING DOOR AT LAST BROUGHT ME TO SOME SEMBLANCE OF REASON."

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VIII.

LONDON, MAY

NUMBER 1



WHY IS YOUR BABY HEALTHY?

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN Mrs. Goldstein's little grocery store on Allen Street, you can buy almost anything, from a pail of coal to five cents' worth of cooked meat; from a package of pins to a pair of shoes for the baby. The long, dark, stuffy little store is, in its way, as many sided as the big department store on Broadway. Naturally, Mrs. Goldstein sells milk, for only the aristocratic and 'stuck up' folks can afford to buy bottle milk and have it left at the door.

Poor folks must buy their milk at the store. It costs two cents a quart less and you don't have to buy a quart if a pint will do. And Mrs. Goldstein is so obliging that if you only have two cents to spare, you can buy two cents' worth. The milk is kept in a big can in the corner of the store near to where the coal box and the pickle barrel are. Sometimes the cover is left lying for hours on the little shelf above when Mrs. Goldstein is so busy that she for-



WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT OF MILK-BOTTLES IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? YET THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF "HOMES" WHERE EDUCATION IS JUST AS BADLY NEEDED AS IT IS HERE

gets to put it right back. The dipper is usually hanging alongside of the can: but occasionally one of the Goldstein children takes it away so that Mrs. Goldstein has to go all over the place to look for it before she can get your milk. Of course, millions upon millions of bacteria can get into milk in a store like this—not to mention some bigger things!—but then, Mrs. Goldstein does not know. She never heard about bacteria in milk or anywhere else. When the milk is placed in Mrs. Jones' pitcher and handed to her by Mrs. Goldstein, neither woman knows there are more than a hundred and thirty-three millions of germs to every fifteen drops,—many times more than would be found in an equal quantity of sewage water. Yet such is the case.

Now, Mrs. Jones takes the milk out into the street where the air is full of germs, in an open pitcher, thus making it possible for more bacteria to enter it. Through the long hallway, up three flights of stairs, she takes it, more bacteria entering at every step. Then, being a careful woman, she places it in

the ice-box alongside the tiny bit of ice, which does not suffice to cool the temperature in the box perceptibly below that of the kitchen itself. Poor Mrs. Jones! She does not possess a thermometer and she would not know its use if she had one. It would not help her much, therefore, if you told her that the temperature in her ice-box is very comfortable to most of the bacteria, being about 75 degrees Fahrenheit. After a little while the baby cries and you are horrified to see the filthy mixture given to the little one in a bottle. Now you can understand why Mrs. Jones lost her other two babies and why this one looks ill. You can understand too, her fatalistic resignation to the fact that 'Some folks allus loses their babies in summer 'cause they're built that way.'

The preceding paragraphs from John Spargo's book "The Common Sense of the Milk Question" deals with a state of affairs that is far too common in every big city in both Canada and the United States. One may be inclined on reading it over to pass it off with the

feeling that while this may truly enough represent a condition in some of the larger cities, it does not apply to the average small town. But it does. What about the milkman who with his dirty ladle, dips you a pitcher-full out of his evil-smelling milk can? His milk, exposed to the filth of the barn-yard, to the dust of the road and to constant contamination from his ladle, is just as unwholesome as that in Mrs. Goldstein's little shop on Allen Street.

Now, the majority of babies are sooner or later bottle-fed, and on the milk-can and Mrs. Goldstein's grocery and Mrs. Jones' ice-box depend the health and strength of many thousand squalling young Canadians. Your own carefully-fed, sheltered-from-draughts, chubby darling, at whose least whimper all the family jump to serve him, may even now be placidly ah-gooing over a bottleful of nicely prepared poison. That he is fat and well and shows his uncertain front teeth in frequent grins, and kicks his wrinkly little legs, and—miracle of miracles!—occasionally condescends to murmur "Da-da," relapsing instantly after into shameless chuckles of pride, may mean that you have a zealous milk-inspector in your district, or merely that your eighth wonder of the world owns an unusually strong, germ-resisting stomach.

Bacteria makes raw milk the most terrible foe of the child. Pasteurizing milk is annually saving thousands of young lives in all too few of the larger cities. The movement toward a purer milk supply, headed by Nathan Strauss, the New York millionaire milk philan-



THE BACK ALLEY THROUGH WHICH MRS. JONES CARRIES HER OPEN PITCHER OF MILK—A PLEASANT PLAYGROUND FOR BACTERIA

thropist, is slowly growing; but, chiefly owing to the cost of the plant necessary, in only the larger cities.

Mr. Strauss makes the statement that he has seen the use of pasteurized milk reduce the death rate among New York children from 41 per cent. to 16 per cent. The death rate of New York children has been only 41 per cent.—mark that. The average death rate in the city of Montreal since 1890 has been approximately 58 per cent. of the total deaths. In 1908 out of a total of 7,923 deaths in Montreal, 4,810 were those of children of less than 5 years of age—over 55 per cent. of the total deaths—and 3 per cent. below the average. And it is also interesting to note that of all the little ones who died

below the age of eighteen months, 75 per cent. were the deaths of bottle-fed babies. How many of these children might be alive to-day were it not for germ-laden milk?

In 1908 the Medical Health Officer of Montreal secured convictions against 109 milk dealers selling impure or adulterated milk. How many more were never found out?

The same year, 810 gallons of milk were confiscated. How much more was sold that should have been confiscated?

During the same twelvemonth, sixty-

German scientist, has proclaimed that milk which contains more than 1,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter—(roughly, per fifteen drops),—is never fit for human consumption and should on no account be given to a baby. Milk as good as this would be practically ideal. From this standard, the laws of Boston, Mass., which permit milk to be sold provided there are not more than 500,000 bacteria per c. c., are horrible to contemplate.

Milk kept in good condition at 52 degrees Fahrenheit, and having in the beginning say, 300 bacteria per c. c.,



DISTRIBUTING INDIVIDUAL FEEDING-BOTTLES OF STERILIZED MILK. THE MOTHER MUST FEED HER CHILD DIRECTLY FROM THE BOTTLE

eight cans and thirty-two lids of cans were condemned as being in a foul and unsanitary condition. How many more of these filthy containers do you suppose are still doing duty undiscovered—distributing bacteria and spreading disease?

For hundreds who die annually by poisons—war, pestilence and famine,—tens of thousands are slain annually by unwholesome milk. One of the foremost of Montreal's physicians says there is no dealer in the city whose milk he can recommend for infant feeding—that there are few dealers who observe every proper precautionary measure in the handling of their milk—and most of them observe none at all!

Professor Von Behring, the eminent

will in forty-eight hours develop 900 and in seventy-two hours, 150,000 bacteria per c. c. Milk in bad condition kept at the same temperature and having in the beginning, say, 2,000 bacteria per c. c., in forty-eight hours will develop 254,000 and in 96 hours 16,500,000 bacteria per c.c. And the physicians say most Montreal milk is bad to begin with.

Then again, Montreal milk is not delivered to the consumer until from forty-eight to seventy-two hours on the average after it leaves the cow. After that, it is frequently kept twelve hours more before using.

Nor will prolonged boiling make milk absolutely safe; the toxic poisons produced by living bacteria may remain



LABORATORY OF A STATION WHERE MILK IS PASTEURIZED AND PREPARED IN INDIVIDUAL BOTTLES TO SUIT THE AGE AND CONDITION OF HUNDREDS OF BABIES



THE BOTTLES ARE MADE IMMACULATE, REVOLVING BRUSH, HOT WATER AND LIVE STEAM ASSURING ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS

long after the latter have been killed, causing various intestinal troubles—particularly in infants.

But drop the question of milk delivery in a large city and look at the methods adopted in the smaller places. In most towns milk is delivered in two ways—out of a can or in bottles. Of the two, the can is infinitely more dangerous, requiring as it does the disease-breeding ladle. The bottle, however, is dangerous enough. On your milkman's hands,—on your own hands—on the hands of your children—of the maid in the kitchen—there are millions of germs. When you remember that a thousand—a whole colony—of these infinitesimal trouble makers can cluster with ease on the point of a needle, you can imagine what a pair of hands look like under a microscope. Suppose your milkman picks up an empty bottle to fill at the dairy and happens to grasp it in such a way that his finger touches the inside! Or suppose when he is putting in the paper cap, his hand chances to rub the under side! Though that bottle has previously been sterilized and cleaned until it was spotless, the labor is all wasted—new bacteria have been planted in it. The only consolation one has is that the great majority of germs about us are not the germs of malignant disease.

Raw milk is unquestionably the greatest spreader of the Great White Plague. When you turn over in your comfortable warm bed to-morrow morning and hear the rattle of your milkman's white wagon drowning the sunrise clatter of the sparrows, just remember that ugly fact. He is not personally to blame, perhaps. He is no graduate of an agricultural college; he never looked through a microscope in his life. He is just plain farmer's boy, brought up to work eighteen hours a day and eat fried "vittles." He knows nothing of bacteria; he has no idea what cows in his barn are tubercular; so long as he doesn't get arrested for maintaining a public nuisance, and his patrons don't find frogs in the milk, he is satisfied. Gallopin' consumption from the milk of his cows? Gosh, no! Don't he

wipe off their bags before he milks 'em! Keeps a piece o' gunnysack hangin' up behind the horsestalls fer nothin' but that. You get gallopin' consumption fr'm havin' wet feet, 'r' he's heard o' gals gettin' it 'count of a disappointment, sometimes. Milk fr'm his barn's clean as anybody's—an' a darned sight cleaner than Bill Ullrich's on the Mc-Henry road.

Still, your milkman to the contrary nevertheless, it has been indisputably proven that tuberculosis in the adult is the final chord of the lullaby sung over the cradle of the baby as he goes to sleep with the nipple of his feeding-bottle still between his little lips. The Royal Commission on Tuberculosis in London, England, last year definitely decided that consumption could be transmitted through cows' milk—a point which had previously been somewhat in doubt. Authorities state that of all the cows which supply the milk for the Canadian people, twenty per cent. have tuberculosis. Do you realize what this fact means?

Professor Von Behring whose word on tuberculosis is practically pre-eminent in the medical world, says: "Of all the children who died between the ages of eleven and fourteen years of age within a given period, from diphtheria, scarlet fever, and other infectious diseases, seventy-seven per cent. were found at the post mortems to have been afflicted with tuberculosis." Their tubercular undermined constitutions were unable to resist the attacks of other diseases.

Again on Jan. 4th, in *Die Woche*, the German weekly, Von Behring says: "The longer I study the problems of a fight against tuberculosis the more am I convinced that we have to begin with the babies; my studies with children show that cows' milk is the principal source of infection." Raw milk is the greatest source of infection for typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever, tuberculosis—in fact almost every germ disease. "For parents to give their children raw milk," says the bulletin of the Washington, D. C., Society for the Prevention of Sickness, "is improvidence brought to the point of crime."

The milkman who does not adopt



AUGUSTINA'S MOTHER IS POOR, BUT SHE BELIEVES IN INSPECTED MILK—AND AUGUSTINA THRIVES

every possible means to keep his product pure,—the medical health officer who does not enforce every possible law at his disposal—is an infanticide just as much as the murderer who dashes out a little one's brains against a stone.

In a previous part of this article the city of Montreal is mentioned. It is no endeavor of the writer to condemn Montreal unduly. This city is taken as an example for the reason that it is

said to have the highest death rate among children in the civilized world. While this is probably true enough, the evil is not confined to Montreal; indeed, in many other places throughout Canada—both large and small—where the inspection of dairies and milk is less careful, less rigid, the situation may be even worse. Statistics themselves are of little value unless one knows the exact point of view from

which they have been gathered. The smallest hamlet in the whole Dominion may have a higher death rate if the figures were only kept and could be obtained. The spread of disease from infected milk is by no means confined to the metropolis. In addressing the Canadian Medical Association at Ottawa, Ont., on June tenth, 1908, Dr. Hastings of Toronto said: "If the truth were known, 15,000 of the 30,000 children who die annually in Canada, might justly have the epitaph, 'Poisoned by impure milk,' placed on their gravestones."

Do you pick up that boy of yours instinctively and hold the warm little body close, thinking for one unspeakably sharp instant of what might happen if—if—? Do you usually snatch him out of the way of automobiles and horses' hoofs? Do you keep the gasoline on a high shelf, and lock up the sharp knives, and religiously boil his drinking-water, and as soon think of giving him strychnine as pickles? Do you want to see him healthy and rosy and smiling; a sturdy little chap on two valiant legs, every day growing more stoutly independent of maternal hands on his petticoats? Then know where your milk supply comes from, and how it is handled. Educate your milk-man, and the milk-man of Mrs. Jones and Mrs.

Robinson, and the new neighbors in the next block; for their babies are as much your concern as your own.

It may be impossible to install pasteurizing plants generally, for the cost is too great. That is, too great in the eyes of city fathers who are "out for it," and don't consider anybody's babies in particular. Children are cheaper than legislation, from their point of view; it is much less trouble for somebody else to bring poor babies into the world than it is for them to pass and to enforce a good law. But the cost of ordinary precautions in the handling of milk will not make it prohibitive in price. The great difficulty to be surmounted is ignorance among the milk dealers. Too many of them never heard of bacteria—and wouldn't believe in such critters if you told them. Education is the remedy as far as education will go, but education is too slow a process for the babies who are dying to-day. Force is what is required—the force of stringently applied laws.

Surely it can be done—and surely it is worth doing! Surely it is unnecessary that out of every two children born in Canada, one should die! Can we not each and all of us take upon ourselves the burden of doing our share toward purifying the deadly innocence of that whitened sepulchre—impure milk?

MOTHER-SONG

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

O MARY loved the little Christ,
 Dear son, as I love thee,
 Although she saw foreshadowing
 The great and bitter Tree.
 And Mary prayed above her Babe,
 Dear son, as I pray now,
 That she might bear the keenest pain,
 And keep the hardest vow.
 O little son, I love thee so!
 Have mothers loved before?
 Smile, little son, and tell me then,
 Could she have loved Him more?

HIS FATHER'S WIFE

BY MARGARET KENNA

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. ANDERSON

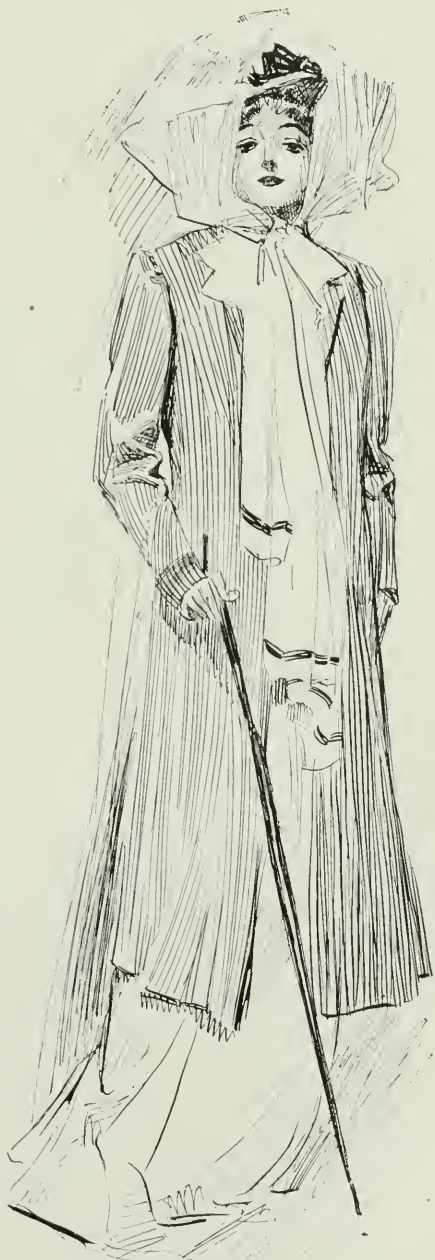
*And one was sad,
And one had cause for sadness.*

KNOWING that they would find him at Doctor Barrett's rooms, three or four of Tommy's friends dropped in there after dinner that evening.

They were sorry for Tommy. His wife had been such a charming little woman, and he had been married only a year. But they did wish he'd screw himself up a bit. It was awkward trying to talk to a chap who looked as if he didn't know you were in the room—just sat in white-faced stony misery and spoke only to answer a question.

They fidgeted about for a while, and Barrett played to them. Finally, one by one, they slipped out, and the owner of the room was left alone with his bereaved guest. After closing the door, Barrett looked absent-mindedly at Tommy for a moment, then strolled over to the pipe-rack by the piano and took down a sad-looking *Studenten-pfeife* with a long, melancholy black bowl. This he proceeded to fill.

"I have been thinking, Tommy," he said, as he leaned back against the mantel and looked down at the young man curled up in the big chair, "that it's only when trouble comes to us we realize just how near or how far away our friends and the people about us really are. Your sorrow has made you see the great difference between yourself and them," jerking his head towards the door; "mine—I mean my old trouble—gave me the ability to realize, three years ago, that some day you would want something better for yourself than club popularity. The men who were here to-night never would. Their horizon is not yours. I don't mean to hurt you, but this tragedy of yours is mere commonplace to them, and what's more, not one in



the lot, if his own wife lay dead beside yours, could understand the way you feel to-night. I don't mean, either, that it's because we are alike that I understand what she was to you, what she must have been—"

Tommy's delicate face twitched with pain; he was only a youngster, scarcely twenty-four.

"Yet I do understand," Barrett went on, "just as some way or other I have always imagined you understood me. I could always talk to you, after a fashion, while to the others I have been, and couldn't help being, just what they call me,—Barrett, the silent man."

It was a few minutes before he spoke again. When he did it was as if he were forcing himself to do so.

"You feel now," he said slowly, "after your one short year of happiness, that the best of your life is done. In a measure that is true, but have you thought what the years you have yet to live would be to you without the memory of the year just past?"

Tommy looked up with a face as white as his cuffs. "Don't, Jack," he said beseechingly.

There was silence again in the room, Barrett looking tenderly at the young man the while. "I beg your pardon, Tommy," he said finally. A verse from *Locksley Hall* came into his mind:

"Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this
is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things."

Yet he knew that in some way his friend must be shaken out of his mute grief, and that this was no task that he could pass on to another. He left his place by the mantel and walked to the piano where he stood for a moment, looking thoughtfully at the keys.

Seating himself, he swung suddenly into a Bohemian rhapsody, playing with a fierce, swift, knife-edged sweetness that licked up the listener's heart in fire and swept hungrily through his blood like kisses in the dark. The boy shivered where he sat, and stared into emptiness.

The rhapsody stopped with a crash, and almost instantly Doctor Barrett glided into an exquisite nocturne,

tender, dreamy, rapt; changed to a cold Norse song of the hills that gave forth sounds like the clear, clean tones of fine crystal; and finally drifted into a weird little minor air, full of wistful longing, whose simple, haunting theme cried over and over again in the still room—the voice of a soul unspeakably alone.

No one knew Dr. Barrett except Tommy. The man had no other friends, his taciturnity discouraging any attempt at intimacy. His musical genius was recognized, and his skill and ability as a physician were unquestioned. Though a heavy drinker, constantly offending his colleagues by his excesses, he ranked high in his profession.

Still playing, Barrett turned his head slightly towards Tommy and said, as though in continuance of some thought, "No, you are not like me, and God knows I hope you never will be. When you get over your present shock and begin to live again, you will have your hopes and your dreams just as you should have them, and your thoughts will be straight, and clean, and manly. That's a big thing, Tommy; you have no idea how big. There's nothing truer in the Gospel than that 'as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he'. My thoughts,—the ones that come to me when I'm alone at night,—are crooked thoughts, but they refuse to be changed or put away or forgotten. Whiskey doesn't help matters much unless I drink a lot, and even my music usually goes back on me. The thoughts get into what I play, some way, and a face stares up at me from the keys."

He broke off suddenly and then looking as if he had nerved himself to it he went on, "You have known something of my old trouble ever since I had that fever a year ago and talked in my delirium. You have never known the story, however; will you listen to it? It is not a nice tale—not one of the amusing kind."

There was a questioning inflection in his voice—he would have welcomed, even then, an excuse to slip back into silence. But the white-faced boy in the big chair, though he did not look at Barrett, said briefly, "Go on, Jack."

The plaintive minor strains from the



"YOU FEEL NOW," HE SAID SLOWLY, "THAT THE BEST OF YOUR LIFE IS DONE"

piano floated again through the room. Even after Doctor Barrett began to speak, his fingers wandered over the keys, and drew from them haunting

tones that seemed to fit his words like an accompaniment.

"My mother died, you know, when I was a youngster. With my nature,

and with the temptations of boarding-school life and of college, I should probably have gone to the devil long before I reached maturity had it not been for one of the kindest and most devoted fathers a young fellow ever knew. When I came to an age of understanding, I learned to love and respect him and to appreciate the care and thoughtful attention he had always given me. During my vacations we were constantly together, his warm sympathy and wise counsel being equally dear to me, and his greatest happiness seeming to lie in our companionship and in his pride in me.

"He was a wealthy man, having inherited money, so that when failing eye-sight compelled him to give up his practice there was no change in our manner of living. This retirement took place during my sophomore year at college, and though he was deeply grieved at being forced to confine his future work in medicine to an occasional monograph, I immediately found a silver lining to the cloud. We had long since decided that I should go to Germany as soon as I was graduated, and fit myself there to be a physician. Father could now go with me. With the care I would give him his sight could get no worse, it might grow better, and his companionship would make my work seem like one long vacation.

"But this plan was never to materialize. When I first suggested it to father and told him how much my heart was set on carrying it out, he approved of it strongly and seemed very pleased; but as time went on his sympathy with the project seemed to die. He referred to it less and less often, and when he did, it was always on some point which concerned me or my work alone. I had no idea, however, that he had decided not to accompany me, until one evening at dinner, during the Easter vacation of my senior year. Seeing by his face that something serious was coming, I mentally drew myself together to prepare for it.

" 'John,' said my father, looking at me,—there was an expression about his eyes I had never seen before; 'I am going to marry.'

"My first feeling on hearing the

astounding news puzzled me later as I thought it over. The words rang in my ears like a knell for a moment. Then came natural regret that I had not been taken earlier into his confidence, and disappointment over my ruined plan for the quiet life together in Germany. But though I tried diligently to analyze that first feeling, I could make nothing of it. I now know that it was fear,—a prescience of evil to come. It was gone in a trice, but for that one moment it entered and took possession of me in a manner I never forgot.

"In the meantime my father was telling me how it had all come about. She was a western girl,—Louisville, Kentucky. He had met her on one of his pleasure trips, and though an old man,—he laughed as he said this,—he was only forty-five—had fallen in love. He was a constant traveller and his frequent visits to her had never raised a suspicion in my mind. He was sorry about Germany; I was to go just the same, of course; did I mind very much? etc., etc. We talked until midnight, arranging everything for the future; and the next day I went back to college.

"Late one afternoon, six months after that memorable dinner, my father and his wife arrived home. I had not been present at the wedding. Three days before I was to have started for Louisville, I exposed myself to a virulent case of smallpox and was forbidden to travel or go into public places until the disease had had time to develop and show whether or not it had marked me for its own. Needless to say, it had not. But as the wedding could not have been postponed without causing much trouble to the bride's people, at my special request it had taken place on the day and hour planned. I had not seen father for a month and a half for he had gone west immediately after my Commencement, was married two weeks later, and since the wedding he and his wife had been living in a little village in southern California. The weeks had gone slowly for me; I had never been home before when he was absent, and the big house seemed very lonely. My heart thumped violently against my ribs when the carriage

bringing him back to me, finally turned into the drive. I was twenty-three years old then,—your present age—but in many ways I was years younger than you are.

"I had not gone to the station, my father having written that he wished me to give them their welcome at the door, in the good old-fashioned way. So it was there I awaited them.

"They made a splendid picture as they came up the broad veranda that warm, bright afternoon. Father was a strikingly handsome man, and how proud he looked that day!—his cheeks flushed with happiness, his dark eyes glowing. And she,—her hair seemed to have caught and imprisoned stray beams from the sun behind her; her complexion was of a baby-like fairness, her figure perfect in its youthful curves.

"I was dazzled but determined; I had decided beforehand not to like her,—there must be some flaw. She appeared tired, travel-worn, but the pallor of her face was relieved by dark lashes and the bent bow of scarlet lips. It is dangerous to study such loveliness as hers,—to go from one perfection to another and find each more wonderful than the last. A wise man would have understood this, would have realized that seeds sown in such moments may live to bring forth bitter fruit, but I was not wise. I went on with my gazing.

"‘John,’ said my father wondering-ly, and I came back to earth.

"‘I—I beg your pardon, sir,’ I stammered, candid, though, as youth is wont to be, ‘I was trying to find some fault with your judgment.’ As I spoke, I turned from her and looked him squarely in the eyes. He laughed then, and said ‘What a boy you are! Will you never grow up?’ That made things seem more natural and I got through the greetings without further awkwardness.

"I busied myself about the luggage, fussed around the coachman while he put up the horses, did several little errands for father, and bothered every servant in the house until it was time to dress for dinner. I remember feeling very hungry as we sat down at the table. To me it was a brilliant dinner

—‘good company, good wine, good welcome’. I listened some, talked much, and ate—nothing.

"Though I managed not to show it, I felt chagrined and grievously injured that when nine o'clock came, my father should decide he was worn out and that he and his wife would retire. I went to my room, turned on the lights and throwing myself into a chair, picked up a book in which I had been much interested. At midnight I threw the book from me. I had not turned one page. Over and over I had been rehearsing every detail of the time since the arrival, the bride's face and figure, her expression and voice, everything that she had said, the way she had smiled at my father and he at her. When I finally dragged myself out of my chair and went to bed, I tried to think that I was jealous at having to share my father's affection with another.

"The week that followed changed me from a boy into a man. Day after day, waking or sleeping, idle or at work, two eyes haunted me always—eyes like pansies, rich, deep and tender. Every day brought out some new charm—her walk and gesture, her gentle ways with animals and children, the delicate turn of one curly lock that used to fall down on the nape of her neck and catch the sunshine, her flashes of quaint, child-like mischief now and again. Oh, every day I felt more keenly her beauty, her sweetness, the gay and gentle spirit that looked out of her eyes. In that week I realized my trouble to the full. I had fallen in love with my father's wife.

"I was young, it is true, but this was no boy's affair. I could not laugh the thing away; time and struggle only intensified it. Germany? my ambition? What did I care for them? Was there such a thing as life away from her?

"Oh, don't look at me like that, Tommy; I had no intention of disclosing what I felt. No decent man could have contemplated that for a second. But smoking the most innocent cigarette in a powder magazine may be suicidal—and murderous. My sin lay in letting myself stay within sound of

her voice and sight of her wonderful eyes. It's easy to see that, now that I'm older and cooler-headed. But then—well, there were a lot of things I didn't know.

"One thing I thanked God for: my father did not guess. He saw the summer had greatly changed me, but he attributed my new quietness to my graduation from college and realization of the broader life about to open before me. My trembling hands, quick-changing color, and at times uncontrollable agitation escaped his near-sighted eyes. As for her, I do not think she ever saw it at all, or if she did, considered it only the awkwardness of a half-poised lad. All her eyes were for him."

He broke off sharply, and played over the little air that lamented for lost youth and love and all the sunny highlands of irrevocable dreams. The boy huddled in the big chair before the fire, drew himself up and moved as if he would reach out to his friend, but Dr. Barrett's voice stopped him.

"Somehow that long summer dragged itself to an end. I was to sail in late August, to go away from her, I who was filled full of her, who had lived on the sight of her for two months. Never to come back while they both lived; never to see her again; never to have one single memory of look or word of hers that had been wholly mine. What was left me? Work? What was there to work for? What good was success if when it came there was no one with whom to share it? I beat it all out that last night at home—God! how I beat it out! There was a hedge of sweet-peas under my window—I can't smell them now without sickening to my very bones.

"Well, you know how I lived in Germany, at the University of Freiburg. I took rooms on Albertstrasse not far from the pathological institute, and settled down to court oblivion in the way that should come most readily. I tried play—and those adventures in the 'Rhenania Corp,' and my duelling affairs at the Mosswald over women, were the praiseworthy results. I tried work,—I dressed my love sanctuary 'with the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,' and my investigations in bacter-

iology with Max Schottelius gave me no small degree of publicity and formed the foundation of my later success.

"But oblivion? To me the River of Lethe was indeed a myth; not one hour of forgetfulness did I know. Always and everywhere that woman,—till I cursed her and blessed her with alternate breaths. She would come to me at night in my dreams, and standing just out of reach, would look at me with her great lustrous eyes. I have often wondered since that I did not go crazy. Day after day, night after night, that beautiful spectre haunted my footsteps. What could I do? There was only one way out—the ever open white gate,—and I was not coward enough for that. There were times when I had been drinking, that I laughed at the love I had for my father, and then—God help me,—I wished him dead.

"I had been in Germany two years when I received a cablegram from home that Mrs. Barrett was dying,—I was to come home at once. Strangely enough, the message neither surprised me nor gave me great grief. It seemed in some inexplicable way that I had been prepared for it, had expected it long before. What did it matter, anyway? Yes, I would go. It was as easy to go as to stay. I calmly packed what I needed into a bag and started for the station. Of the trip over—it took me ten days,—I do not remember one detail. It has always been a blank to me, a void, an interval,—ten days dropped into space.

"I reached home about four o'clock one afternoon. It was in September and had been raining. Though the weather was warm, I remember shivering painfully as I rang the bell. Mr. Wilson, father's old secretary, let me in. He looked grave, but glad to see me.

"'She is better,' he said, 'but it is well you have come. Your father has been beside himself with anxiety and your presence will help him. He has missed you sorely. John, even in the midst of his happiness.'

"I went up the stairs feeling like a man in a dream. Father was waiting for me in the hall just outside the door of her room. For the moment, thank God, I forgot everyone but him as I

felt the warm clasp of his hand and looked into his tired eyes that met mine with all their old love and sympathy.

"I realized at that moment what great loneliness had been his. In all the big round world, I knew that there were just two people for whom he deeply cared or ever had. He had had for my mother an esteem and a certain sort of masculine friendship, but the love of his strong nature had gone out only to me—his son—and to the girl who had become his wife.

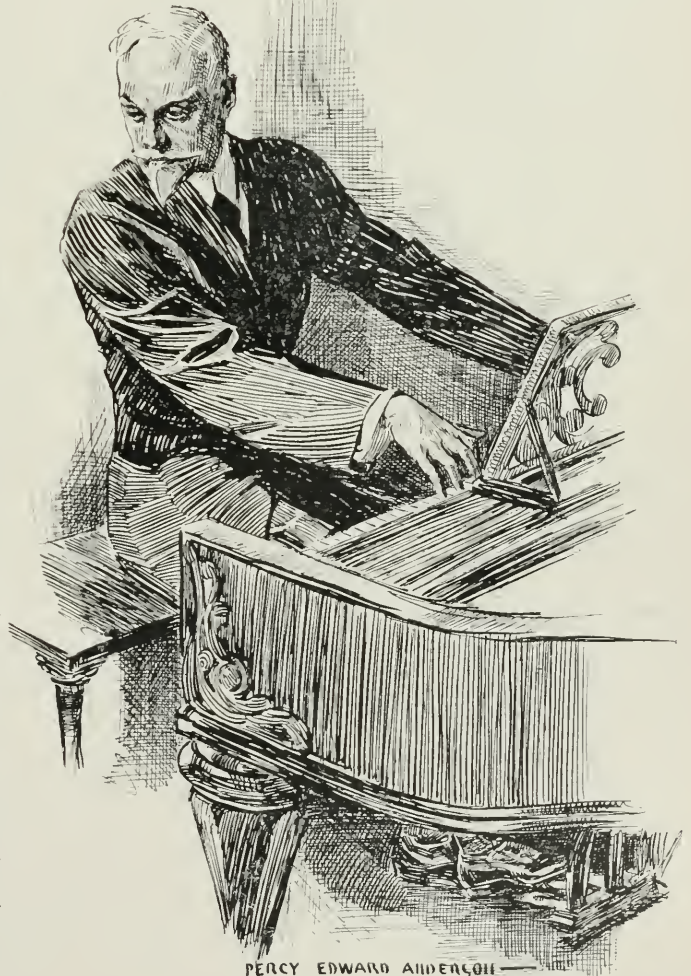
"We stood silent after the first greetings, holding each other by the hand, and looking into each other's eyes. Then he opened the door behind him and we went in.

"I can see now every detail of that room, darkened and made bare of hangings and adornments because it was a sick room, and yet—well, it breathed of her, if you know what I mean. It could not possibly have been anyone else's room. I felt it the instant I stepped across the threshold, before I saw her lying in the great carved bed on the other side of the room. I followed my father as if in a daze. Her hair was pale gold on the pillow, the lines of her face, though sharpened by illness, were more beautiful than ever. Her lashes lay black on her white cheeks.

"Then she lifted her lids, smiled at my father and turned her deep gaze on me—Rossetti says of one of his women: 'You could drink her gaze like wine,' and I—I drank her gaze, pure and sweet as it was,

and it was like wine to me. The control I had gained by two years' absence became in an instant an unstable and wavering thing. I felt myself tremble as I took the hand she gave me. For two years I had felt the touch of her hand as I had held it for an instant when I said good-bye. Now, slender and white and worn, I clasped it in mine. It took all my strength to lay it gently down as I sank into the chair my father pulled forward for me.

"I am obliged to leave you for a



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

HE PLAYED OVER THE LITTLE AIR THAT LAMENTED FOR LOST YOUTH AND LOVE
AND THE SUNNY HIGHLANDS OF IRREVOCABLE DREAMS

little while,' he said. 'You will sit here till I return, John.'

"I made one effort. For that also, I give thanks. I said that perhaps I should tire her, perhaps it would be better for me to go to my room and come in later. But she shook her head, smiling.

" 'I am quite strong again,' she said, and at the sound of her voice my will grew weak. 'I should like to have you stay, John.'

My father, with a gentle caressing touch to the soft hair on the pillow, and a last smile of heartfelt welcome to me went out of the room and we were left alone.

"Her hand lay on the satin coverlet, where I had but to reach out and take it. I gripped the arm of my chair to resist the impulse.

" 'I am so glad you have come,' she said. There was a warmth in her voice that had never before been there for me. She was looking at me with a new light in those eyes that for two years had haunted my days and nights. If it had not been that she had just come back from the edge of the shadow she might have seen the trouble in my face and saved me, for women have intuitions and are quick to act on them. But she saw nothing. She smiled again at me with sweetest friendliness, lifting the little hand that had been the object of my covetous eyes and held it out to meet mine.

"At that touch my resolution and will, all remnant of self-control melted of a sudden like soft wax in intense heat. My father was forgotten, all ideas of right and wrong were swept away like dust in a storm, and I—I was on my knees at her bedside, covering her hand with kisses, pouring the story of my madness into her ears.

"I caught her in my arms, and felt the sweetness of her run over me like wine and flame. I told her that I loved her; that I would never let her go; that she should come with me to some sunny place at the world's end, and we should begin life new; that she was mine—mine—mine! and a thousand other desperate, insane things.

"I don't know how long I raved—the sound of a closing door at last

brought me to some semblance of reason. I laid her gently down—she had neither spoken nor moved—looked once into the blank amazement of her eyes, and stumbled out of the room without a word.

"I got my hat and coat and went out through the big doors, never to re-enter them. The cool, moist air refreshed me as I walked to the station. The first express carried me to New York and I reached my hotel about midnight. I ordered two big decanters of whiskey sent to my room, and drank myself drunk for the first time in my life. To that bestial act I think I owe my sanity. The debauch was so excessive that it left me dull and heavy for days."

He had turned from the piano, and sat gazing into the fire. One round dark log alone remained of the blaze, and even as the two looked, it crumbled into fine ashes with a soft, dusty sound. The boy winced, and gripped the arm of his chair; the older man smiled a dry, wintry smile.

"Once I read a story about a certain high table-land in the country of the spirit, lying far out among the outposts of eternity, where there dwells the love of which there has never been any confession, from which there is no escape, for which there is no hope; the love of a man for a woman who is bound to another; that, standing on the calm, clear height of this table-land, the wayfarer may look behind him at his own footprints of self-renunciation, below on his dark zones of storm, and forward to the final land where the mystery, the pain, and the yearning of his life will either be infinitely satisfied or infinitely quieted. God knows what I would give to-day to have reached that silent bourne. I tried. You can guess how I tried. I fought two years to reach it. And after two years, I paused for just one moment, loosened my hold, slipped back—and fell!"

Barrett stopped. His face had been very bitter at times while speaking, but now there settled over his strong dark features, into the deep lines of his forehead and about his mouth, an unutterable agony, the more heart-breaking in that it seemed at home—a part of the

man's ego. There was a haunted look in his eyes when he finally raised them to Tommy's face—a look which told of the hopeless horror that had faced him long ago and dwelt with him now in the silent watches of the night.

After a long pause he went on in the hard, expressionless tone of repressed pain.

"A telegram was brought to me while I was eating my late breakfast, after eight hours' drunken lethargy through which the pain of my mind had pierced like the pain of the surgeon's scalpel felt dully through an insufficient dose of ether. It was from Wilson, the secretary. My father had been found early that morning, cowering in a corner of his room, wild-eyed and fierce, his mouth flecked with froth. It was he whom I had heard, the night before, closing the door. They found him mad, —stark, staring mad. He has been so

ever since,—all these ten long years."

A dry sob choked his utterance and Barrett buried his face in his hands. For some time only the faint, musical ticking of the Neustadt clock could be heard in the room.

Tommy got up from his chair to go across and lay his hand for an instant on the other man's shoulder. Then he stood in front of the fire staring into the coals. Presently he said softly: "And his wife, Jack?"

The bowed head was raised. Though pale and slightly drawn with pain, Barrett's face showed no other signs of its recent agony; into his eyes had come the old, hard, indifferent look. The mask had been resumed. He spoke in a cold, dry tone.

"Mrs. Barrett is very devoted. The asylum is located in a little village in Western Massachusetts. She lives in the village."

THE LETTERS OF BETTY BLUE

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DEAR JOAN:—Two things have I learned here in the Assiniboia valley, two things utterly unknown outside the pale of pemican and tepee, the meaning of a holiday, and how to cook the ham of a ground-hog.

You're turning up your nose, Joan. You, with your domestic science diploma nicely framed, to be told about a ground-hog's ham! You with your trips abroad and your trips at home—nonsense, my dear, nonsense. I stand to my guns, you don't know the meaning of a holiday, and I know it only by sight—as yet.

In our world some achieve holidays—after a hard struggle—some have holidays thrust upon them—the most maddening thing of all. It is the noble red man who is born to them.

It is time to take a holiday, we tell

ourselves. Take is too tame a word; seize would be better. We chase the deceptive thing—yes, deceptive, for it looks like a beautiful Pegasus while we're wearing ourselves to skin and bones in pursuit of it, and when we capture it we find only an old pack mule weighed to earth with our worries, expenses, and indecisions. We're in no mood to be happy; all the chasing, capering up hill and down dale has left us what the English call peevish. Make the most of the holiday—this is the absorbing thought—rush it here, rush it there, work it early, work it late for it's ours such a little while. There, that's over, and with a gasp of relief we say good-bye to our beautiful old pack mule, and crawl back to common toil to get the ache out of our bones. Don't deny it, Joan.

But here is Eagle Tip, otherwise plain

Pete Dodge. He doesn't say anything about holidays—he is not much of a talker—but he lives them. He doesn't run them to earth, they simply happen like rain and dew and other beneficent things. The wood is full of them, the Indian full of desire for them—the demand creates the supply. It is the simplest thing in the world.

By way of beginning the week well, he chooses Monday to be happy in, loafs in the sun-dried grass, visits with himself. This performance is pleasant enough to bear repetition so he does the same on Tuesday. Wednesday his squaw goes picking saskatoons to mix with the pemmican loaf and he goes with her. It is good to be an Indian on an August afternoon, an



AT THE SIGN OF THE TOTEM-POLE

Indian in the shade of the bushes with your own squaw and your own round-faced, beady-eyed youngsters bringing you the fattest and the sweetest of the berries.

“Lazy brutes,” you say. Of course, but think of the joy of “nothingness,” which enwraps him. Thursday he goes fishing or to a funeral at his folks-in-law. Friday, by way of showing himself above superstition, he begins hay-making—a n In-

dian's hay-making is a judicious mixture of leisure and episodes. After the bannock and bacon at noon, he disappears. His squaw doesn't know where he is, or if she does she keeps it to herself; his boy doesn't know, neither does his girl, nobody knows. He vanishes. The inference is that in some lone spot he rests from his labors. Saturday the camp fire is kindled early, the ponies hitched to the wagon, and our Indian with his family and his dogs is off to visit the second son of his mother's brother. Next week history repeats itself with variations.

The “crease of care” which mars the face of many white men (and more white women) has no place between the black brows of the Indian. He is having a good time and doesn't care a rap whether school keeps or not. He will be back to-morrow—maybe, if not some other to-morrow. No hurry, Joan, don't you see? He has the heart of a holiday, we have only the hull. He does not take it to satisfy the demands of fashion, not he, but to satisfy something in his bosom. The day is sun-filled, scent-filled and the trail through the valley and across the river, the old, old trail warm with welcome, soft with silence. Just to take it is joy enough—for Peter Dodge.

We pass him on our way to Fort Pelly. He is in fine company to-day with a councillor of the tribe on one hand and a chief on the other. A little way off three of his children are down in the grass watching a gopher's hole. The chief has on his gayest sash, and a waistcoat so brodered and beaded, so really splendid, you do not wonder he stands forth to be looked at. If vanity is excusable in any man under heaven, it surely is in an Indian chief.

Yes, they are all holidaying though they pretend to be on business. Presumably they are out to view the ripened fields with a view to reporting on the same, but really to take one last long holiday before harvest. They know what will happen then. The Agent, the strenuous young man with the grey eyes and the voice of authority will pitch his tent among them, be with them, of them, will see to it that they



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD WILLS NOT TO BE VACCINATED

work early and late till the grain is in stack. There is no escaping him, no shirking when he is to the fore. On a hunting trip, now, with his easy ways and his knowledge of Cree, he is just a fine fellow, but in the field he is one to stand well with, and be a little afraid of. Theirs is the most delicious of outings, a business holiday, a fabric of pure pleasure with that round white stone of duty for foundation. I'm envying them as hard as I can.

They have their affairs of interest here in the wild, their loves, their hates, their jealousies as we have ours in the city, with this difference, the primitive touch is the most absorbing. They're very human in their good ways and bad ways, these children of nature.

For instance there is Malie who is Indian all through even if she does roll her straight black hair over a rat, and wear a linen shirt waist and a Dutch collar. Malie was the prize pupil at the Mission, and because of this to her was given the blessed privilege of going to

Cloverly Colony. You being an ignorant white lady, Joan, will have to be told what Cloverly stands for, and why it stands at all. Some folk think it shouldn't, some folk say an Indian is no good except as an Indian, and there are yet others who affirm that he is no good in any form or state. But let that pass. Cloverly is the terrestrial happy hunting ground to which Indian men and maidens are translated when they have proved themselves worthy. On the reserve the good do not die young; they go to Cloverly schools where they are taught to read, to write, to sing, to use many words instead of few, to be as like their white brothers and sisters as possible. They also learn to despise the blanket as a part of their wearing apparel, to get above squatting on the floor, eating out of their fingers and all these little relics of barbarism. It would never do to send them back to the reserve after bringing their civilization to a fine point. They aren't fit for the old wild life, and they aren't ready

for heaven yet awhile—the “Between Spot” is Cloverly.

Malie ought to have been happy—maybe she was, for all I know. When the glad news of her promotion was broken to her by the head of the school she smiled her old bashful smile and refused to even look proud. I fell in love with Malie on the spot. She was so modest over it, didn’t do half the fluttering you did on receiving your diploma. She smiled that same bashful smile when I offered her congratulations, and I saw her still smiling it when, later her mother’s sister’s son, a grim young Lochinvar from the reserve, was telling her something—doubtless of his pride in her accomplishments, and desire that she go on to perfection in the air of Cloverly. It was a gladsome sight, Joan, to see an artless daughter of the wild grown so wise, so unlike herself. But when the Head thanked the Lord for His help in the affair I shut my eyes and refused to take part in the prayer. I don’t believe the Lord wanted Malie to sew and read and play the piano, and do her hair over a rat. If He hadn’t liked her best as a shy little Indian girl why, it stands to reason He would have made her white to begin with. There, I’ve spoken my mind on this matter, and feel better—but don’t you dare repeat what I’ve told you.

But to get back to Malie. She was going home to say good-bye to her grandmother and another aged relative or two, and as she climbed into the wagon with her sisters, brothers, and the cousin already mentioned, and the father sitting on the dash-board started up the red oxen with a precipitancy which upset the whole lot she looked well content.

But listen, my dear. This was on Tuesday. Malie was to return on Wednesday in time to begin her pilgrimage to the aforesaid happy hunting ground, but didn’t. Thursday she came not. Friday she came not. Saturday the Head went forth to hunt his prize pupil and found her, hatless, ratless, collarless—but sweet and wholesome for all that—on the river’s bank drying fish with the other squaws—and making eyes at the cousin.

“Malie,” exclaimed the Head, more in sorrow than in anger, “these are pursuits you have out-grown.”

Never while the world endures, and an Indian maid is good to look upon—and conscious of the fact. Make up your mind to it, oh wise man from the Mission! Malie’s smile was the one she had outgrown, so was the obstinate, baffling expression of the black eyes, so was the nod of her head. When he went on to tell her he had come for her, she let her eyes seek the ground, and shook her head. Then she raised her eyes and giggled, but her flow of language was as dried up as a last year’s stream on a hill-side.

“Malie she be my squaw,” said Lochinvar coming forward with a strut of importance, “she not go to Cloverly.”

“You wouldn’t spoil her prospect, would you?” urged the Head. “She is not for the reserve.”

“She is my squaw to-morrow, we catch fish to make wedding,” with an air of finality.

“Malie! Malie! this must not be. I refuse to perform the ceremony,” cried the Head.

“No matter. I marry her Injun fashion,” announced the youth, looking simplicity itself.

The distracted Head turned to reason with Malie, but that child of the forest had slyly hidden herself in the new white tent just put up on the edge of the wood. It was Lochinvar’s tent.

“Come out here and be married properly,” commanded the Head, sternly. Out she crept, and ranging herself beside her handsome young savage repeated the “I will” and “I do” with absolute correctness—the prize pupil to the end.

Joan, dear, the good teacher went away hurt and discouraged. Up at the Mission they are picturing Malie as the wife of a common Indian, the mother of his children, the burden bearer, the drudge, and pitying her with all their kindly hearts—but I don’t know. If it was for this she was made, and—there, I shan’t talk about it any more. As your young nephew said when administering a pointed rebuke to our interference once on a time, “Oh, well, it’s none of *my* business, anyway.”



THERE IS DEERS'-MEAT DRIED ON POLES BEFORE THE TENT-DOOR

I'm afraid I'm not the moral-minded person I ought to be. I don't seem able to look at things in the proper light, or to let my sympathy out in the right direction. Yesterday Propriety went out to make a sketch of the little grey church at the Catholic Mission, and I went with her. As we sat among the briars and blue-bells came the Father, an earnest zealous personage who knew the place like a book. As a proof that the human heart—especially the one which beats in an Indian's bosom—is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, he told us of how a certain old sinner had tricked his way into the fold. It was a tale which vexed the good father's righteous soul, and brought tears to the eyes of Propriety, while I—Joan, blush for me—I laughed. I couldn't help it. Propriety hasn't been civil to me since. It must be as she says that I'm not fitted up with the right kind of a conscience. But I don't care—it *was* funny.

It seems that long ago when the grey church was just built and the graveyard new and empty of all these crosses which mark the graves, came the bad old Indian, wily old Indian Long Arrow asking to be taken into the church. The father was glad, seeing in Long Arrow the fruit of zealous work. He talked long with his man, showed him the errors of his way. In the end,

Long Arrow promised to return a bundle of stolen pelts to the Post, also, after long persuasion, promised to content himself with one wife.

"How many have you now?" asked the father.

Long Arrow had three wives, and of these one was old, one was ugly, while as for the other she was not worth the mention of so worthy a man as the father. He gave reasons why he should keep his family intact, he argued the matter, even pleaded, but the father would not listen. Either he must come into the church with but one wife, or stay out. He went away wroth, and the father expected to see no more of him. But in a moon or two he was back. This time he professed himself ready. Yes, he had put away the wives, he had but one now. The overjoyed father gave him the welcome befitting so brave a convert. Not till the service was over did the father think to question him as to which wife he had retained.

"I trust you had grace enough to keep the one you took to your lodge first of all," he remarked to Long Arrow as that worthy mounted his pony preparatory to riding back to camp, "she has strongest claim on your care."

"No, it wasn't the old one," confessed the convert, with the beginning of a smile on his ugly face.

"The middle-aged one, perhaps, the basket weaver?"

"No, it wasn't the middle-aged one."

"The youngest of the lot," cried the other with a sigh for poor human nature. "I might have known it."

Long Arrow on the pony's back tried to cease smiling and look sanctimonious.

"It was this way," said he, "me want into church. You say me can't come with more than one woman. So, when I can't keep all I keep none—put the three away."

"But you have a woman," the puzzled father reminded him.

"Yes," with childlike blandness, "me let the old lot go, and got me nice new squaw for joining church. It is best so. Good-bye."

Of course he was a bad old Indian, but between ourselves, Joan, wasn't he cute?

I mustn't take up too much time telling you about Indians, good and bad—the trouble with me is that people mean so much more than places. No sooner do I take my pen in hand to picture to you some spot noted for its beauty or its associations, and get my adjectives marshalled ready for use, than along comes a human being, man, woman, or child, and crowds my descriptive work, adjectives and all clean out of mind.

It isn't that I love places less, but that I love people more. Propriety said something funny of late. She was showing me the many pretty sketches she had made since we've been living in the open, and I remarked with a dissatisfied air that I couldn't use a brush. I carried my camera, but, for some reason, didn't get many photographs.

"The reason," said Propriety, with her merry little laugh, "is that you're always waiting to get figures in your landscape. The prettiest spots to you are empty and lacking if they haven't a human being in the foreground."

But the remainder of this letter shall be about places and things. I'll keep my mind's eye off people, at least I'll try.

Have you noticed that some days are too glorious to be described? The shine of them dazzles your thought and your vision—you blink with your soul as well as your eyes. It is enough to live them and love them. It is one of these we have for our outing, our rarest outing of all, the Feast of Welcome and the Tea-dance at the Kee-seekoose reserve. It is here I learn how hilarious an Indian can be, also how to bake a ground hog's ham. Think of that, Joan, a cooking lesson in the very shadow of the totem pole.



"ME LET THE OLD LOT GO AND GOT NICE NEW SQUAW FOR JOINING CHURCH"

You'll please picture the trail running along the river's banks with the sunshine hugging it, cuddling it, half smothering it and following said trail in the agent's light wagon. Propriety in her blue linen, and I in a shabby serge—my linen suit refuses to keep clean. Every time the breeze wakens up the buffalo grass bows its purple plumes as if in salute, waves its purple banners and goes marching past, marching past, like whole companies and battalions of mimic soldiers. It is a quaker meeting the willows hold by the river and the spirit does not move them to make a murmur. The gophers are wide awake and full of fun, jumping back and forth on a wager, playing hide and seek among the rolls of green, which look like folds or flounces on the skirt of this old valley but which are nothing more or less than the marks made in the soil by the wheels of the Red-river carts about the time of the Louis Riel rebellion. Right here I'll set down the riddle Propriety gives me to guess as we go along: "Why is the road to Fort Pelly like a soldier's belt?" Answer: "Because it's full of cart-ridges" (cart-ridges). How is that?

At the sign of the Totem-pole all is activity. We meet old friends and new. Peter Dodge is here with his family, including three dogs and a calf.

"Why did you bring it?" Propriety asks one of the young Dodges. "It is not more than a week old."

"Cow died," he answered laconically.

"Oh," with an understanding smile, "you had to take it along as it was too young to leave at home alone—of course."

"Cook it in the pot," he tells her; "make the good soup." At which she loses heart, also loses her appetite, being a finicky thing.

No lack of subjects for my camera here. Mrs. Wolfskin, one hundred and six, sits in the sunshine half asleep. Four generations of the Wingwish family spread themselves out on the grass, the papoose nestling down in his grandmother's lap. An anti-vaccinationist in the person of little Growling Bird protests against making the acquaintance of the Government doctor

who is here in his official capacity to see that all Indians are vaccinated. He has already operated on the arms of a goodly number, but Growling Bird will not to be vaccinated.

The day goes and dusk comes creeping down on the valley. The camp-fire is blazing rosilily, and round it cluster men, women, and children. The dogs are fighting and barking. There is a smell of something cooking—probably the "good soup," and while the Indians wait they gamble by drawing lots, by guessing numbers, and other childish methods. They are born gamblers old and young, of both sexes.

There is fish at the tea, there is fresh meat, and the meat of deer which has been dried on poles before the tent door. There are scones baked on flat stones before the fire, and tea so strong no indoor woman could take it without getting "nerves". The people sit on the ground and eat out of their fingers.

We as favored guests are entertained semi-privately, that is we sup with the family of a Keeseekoose chief in the tepee, but take our entertainment in the open. We have good things, yes, we have, don't look scornful, Joan. You take a twenty-mile drive across country in the agent's light wagon, behind that bay and sorrel of his, and you'll be hungry enough to think a stewed prairie chicken flanked with brown scones not too bad. Then there is the *coup-de-main* of culinary art, the ham of a ground hog. It looks and tastes like goose.

Right here I get my cooking lesson from the chief's squaw. "Find the ground-hog (first catch your frog) early in the day, take off his skin and make him clean, inside and outside clean," The repetition of the word clean gives me a comforting thrill—"Cut him up, take a hind leg and lay on a board with salt over it. By and by, to-morrow, maybe, wrap in leaves, plenty leaves, make hole in hot ashes, put in ham. Cover up with coals and cook till it smells done, and tastes like eat. Heap good. Young bear is cook just the same."

Joan, dear, some day when I've a camp-fire and a ground hog's ham I'll cook you a dinner fit for a queen, yes I

will. I have the recipe, and I know the proper amount of heat and smoke, the merry tongues of flame and the crackling of burning twigs which go with it. One doesn't live in the wilds for nothing.

Hi! hi! ti! yi! hi! the song is begun, so is the fun. Bearpaw is opening the dance. It is wild and weird this dance; around and around the fire they circle singly in pairs, in groups, each keeping time to a wailing call of his own. One lot melts away and another takes its place, there seems no end to the number, no diminution of the zeal. As time passes the song grows louder instead of fainter, the attitudes more grotesque. All the vanity, all the "show-off" quality which lurks in the nature of the red-man seeks a vent, and finds it. Each tries to outdo the other, to step higher, to dance faster, longer, to make more noise. The camp fire has a group of trees for a background, the tents shine whiter as the dark gets deeper, and ever the fun grows fiercer. Presently the moon comes sailing up in all her glory—and what this means you will never know until you watch her holding court above these mighty stretches of virgin soil—and as we gaze on the beauty of her we become aware of a silence so sudden as to be almost uncanny. The singing has died to a murmur, the fire to a pile of ashes soft and grey, the tea-dance is over.

I must tell you about the pemmican loaf if only to show you the cleverness of the Keeseekoose lady. Before supper, while we are too hungry to be critical, she brings forth an end, not a large one, of the loaf she made last season. You know how a bride of a year or so will fish out a slab of her wedding cake from under its glass case and give you a crumb with such an air that you're ashamed of choking on it. Just so does our hostess with her pemmican loaf. The smiling complacency with which she watches us take our first taste is rather disconcerting. I wish she'd look at Propriety instead of at me. The first taste of anything has an element of risk in it, and—well, the flavor of this is a trifle wild. But I have an imagination as you know, Joan, so I straightway pretended that

Propriety and I are captives in a hostile camp, that after weary days of hunger a friendly squaw has taken pity on our suffering and given us to eat of her pemmican loaf. It tastes like manna, then, and with such relish do I consume it, being really hungry, that our hostess is delighted, and Propriety filled with wonder.

"How do you make this?" I ask, getting out my note-book and pencil.

"Me Stoney Indian," she begins, squatting down on her heels for a gossip, "me Waubiman woman, much game, big hunters up there. So me make pemmican loaf. Kill moose when he is fat, much fat, cut in strips, so," measuring with her hands, "hang on poles to make dry. Pick much saskatoons black, ripe and dry on piece of canvas. Put dry moose meat on stone, pound much with more stone, throw in the many saskatoons and make all in lump together. So."

"Where do you suppose she has kept this—this abomination?" Propriety whispers tragically. "I can't eat it, and I won't."

"What is it?" queries our hostess of me. "She not like the pemmican, maybe, she tell you it is not good?"

"She is going to make you a little gift," I answer, "the blue beads she has on, and I am going to give you something as well."

"It is well," she says, her broad face beaming.

Propriety presents her with the beads and a sickly smile, I with a bangle for her wrist, and having decked herself out in these she leaves us to our mutual recrimination and goes forth to be admired.

Home through the dew wet grasses and the scarlet bushes heavy with fragrance, home to the murmur of the wheels, the music of the horses' feet on the yielding trail, the song of the wind among the pines and something which we take to be the echo of this song, until we discover that it is nothing but the river babbling its secrets out to the big white night.

I shouldn't write another word, but I'm so stirred up over the marital and other troubles of the Indian, Straight Tongue, and his squaw, Tonah, friends

of mine, that I must tell you all about things.

Straight Tongue is not a Keeseekoose, a Cote, or a Key—report has him down as a pagan. He is not of our reserve—(mark the possessive pronoun—up here you have the feeling that you own the earth)—but the chief of a strong tribe north of us. Rather he was a chief, but is no more. He has lost his job, lost his honors, and the gorgeous buttons from his coat. The old story of wine (or whiskey) and woman.

If I could write things as they are, I'd have you crying and laughing, you stately person! but by the time I dress the primitive out in conventional words it is commonplace, just as the Indian is commonplace in store clothes. Things are real in the wild. I used to look on the natives as objects, more or less interesting, but objects merely. Now I know they're human beings. The Indian is a man, traitorous or true according to his nature, passionate, possessive; the squaw is as much a woman as you or I, maybe more so,

with her carefully covered faults, her virtues on parade, and every emotion harnessed down and controlled by the patience which is not a virtue but a necessity. Stolid, you say, yes, but fiery and fickle for all that. She is hard as nails and soft as a cooing dove by turns—just as other women are.

Straight Tongue's squaw is fat, and round and smells of smoke. She did her best to make him behave but all the thanks she got was a blow from his open palm.

With the paying of treaty came a French half-breed woman. She saw the bundle of vanity Straight Tongue was; well, money was plentiful—a chief gets twenty dollars extra at treaty, and the wigwam comfortable. You can imagine the brazen sort of person she was. She flattered the silly fellow. He was the greatest of chiefs, strong, good to look at (heaven forgive her) and young, very young for his years. He fairly purred. Tonah had no pride in him, she was good for nothing. Let her go away.

The half-breed brought tobacco and



FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE WING-WISH FAMILY—THE NEWEST MEMBER HIDES FROM THE CAMERA IN HIS GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S LAP

smoked with him, she brought whiskey and got drunk with him, all of which was mightily entertaining to the chief, but bad for his tribe, and very bad for Tonah, who had been driven forth from the wigwam by her own jealousy and her Indian's brute force.

Tonah's much vaunted patience gave out at last, she struck the trail in search of vengeance. She must rid herself of the half-breed. Her conference with the agent brought about the consummation devoutly wished, and more; for when the sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police went out to arrest the woman for taking liquor to an Indian, he also arrested the man for being drunk on the reserve. Then was Tonah wild with wrath and regret—he was her Indian, he was a chief, he could do as he pleased. But not so. The chief had broken the law of the land in being drunk at all, he had broken the law of the wild in being drunk on his own reserve, and must pay the penalty.

The half-breed laid the blame of everything on Straight Tongue; he had detained her against her will, it was through fear of him she had brought the liquor—he was an evil old man. Straight Tongue made no defence, all his vanity and braggadocio seemed to have deserted him. Once he raised his hand, as though calling his gods to witness what a fool he was, and had been, and that was all.

The half-breed's fate was hard, she was sentenced to languish in jail for the space of six months. Straight Tongue's was harder still. He was deposed from his high estate (a man came from Ottawa to do the deposing), and made to pay a heavy fine. Also he suffered

the crowning disgrace of having the buttons struck from his coat.

The whole reserve palpitated with excitement; his councillors took occasion to tell him it served him right, and to openly thank heaven they were not as this poor brother with his eye for strange women and his taste for fire water. Amen! human, I should think so!

A day or so later Propriety and I happening to be in that neighborhood went into the wigwam to buy some of Tonah's grass baskets. The ex-chief sat off by himself. You'd have pitied him, Joan—yes you would—he looked so sullen and shamed. Tonah squatted in the sun behind the wigwam not caring, or daring, perhaps, to be very sociable with him as yet. She had a new red handkerchief on her neck—evidently all of Straight Tongue's money hadn't gone into the fine—a ribbon, doubtless filched from her rival adorned her hair. Tonah had learned the value of appearances.

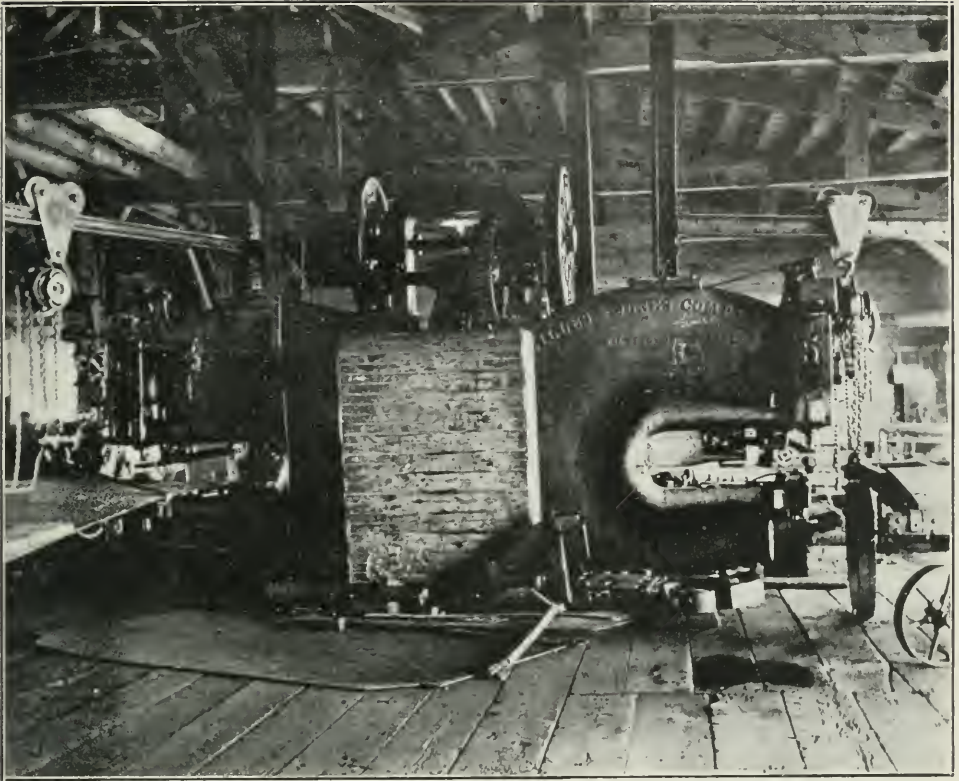
She was busy. Joan, dear, what do you think the creature was doing? Bless her old heart! In some way she had gotten hold of a sergeant's uniform and cut the buttons from the same. Now, with a needle half as big as my finger and a thread at least two yards long, she was awkwardly sewing the same on the poor old ex-chief's denuded jacket. Talk of patience, and wifely devotion!

"Shall I help you?" asked Propriety in a sudden fit of good-nature, and held out her hand for the needle.

Tonah shook her head and muttered an ungracious refusal.

"Come away," I whispered, "she's had enough and to spare of women not of her own color, don't you see?"





THE BUILDING OF A LAKE LINER

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DID you ever see one of the big lake boats leaving her dock at the foot of a busy city street?

Traffic on the pavement stops for an instant; truckman and conductor and stenographer hurrying to work halt to see. The pilot stands at his wheel, one keen eye on the bell-cord. 'Tonio, a sparkle of white teeth and dark eyes, poises in his faded red shirt, the end of the last line in his swarthy hand.

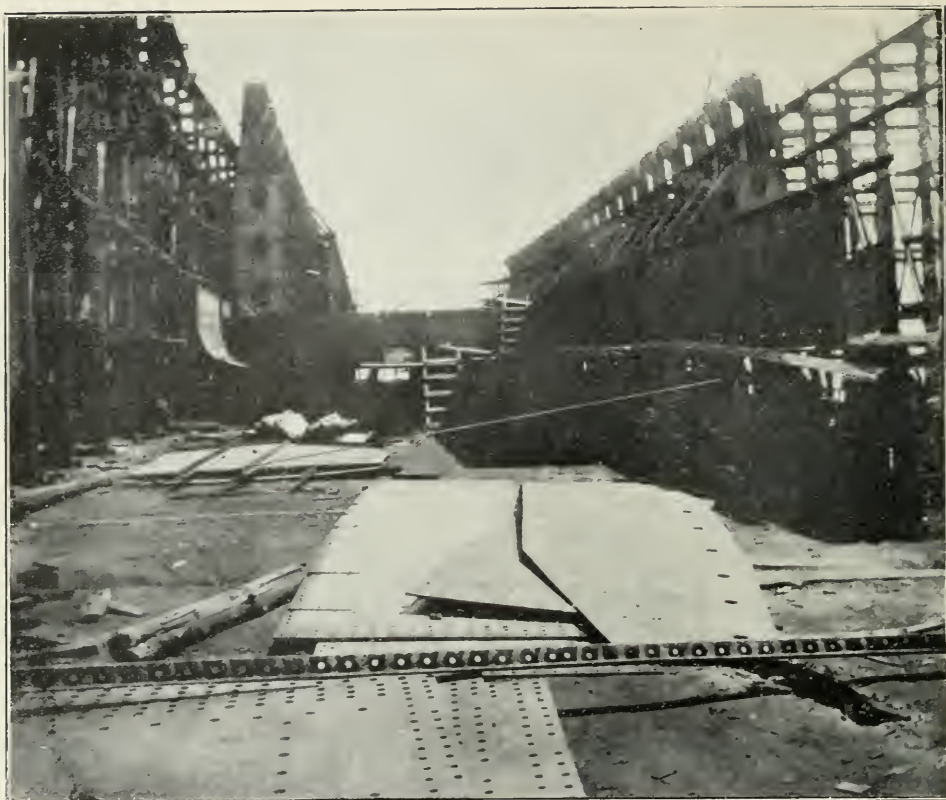
"All right! Cast off!" shouts the mate, and with one quick gesture the line runs free.

"All gone!" says 'Tonio, leaping aboard as smoothly as a cat jumping to a chair, and cautiously the great white bow noses her way out of her berth, and heads for open water.

"Git ap, you!" grunts Danny on the truck, scientifically applying the lash to the nigh horse. The conductor jerks his bell-rope twice, the girl stenographer casts a lingering glance at the feather of white water rippling off the bow, and turns her pretty face back to the rush and roar of the town and begins to chew her gum again. Romance has spread her trailing cloud of glory for a moment—and gone with the stately keel.

Port, port she casts, with the harbor-roil beneath her foot,
An' that's the last o' bottom we shall see this year.

Well, for some weeks, at least. Madalena will have to wait a good many dusky twilights before 'Tonio whistles



VIEW OF PLATE, GIRDER, KEEL, RIBS, AND ARCHES ABOUT SIX WEEKS FROM THE BEGINNING OF ACTIVE WORK ON CONSTRUCTION

La Paloma up the high streets of Sarnia, and she innocently happens to be going to the corner grocery for a half-pound of sugar.

But few of the watchers who feel the thrill of the departing liner and dream of the full-arched sky that 'Tonio will presently see, know much of the making of the great steel creature. A lake freighter, like all things else of a material nature, must have a beginning, and in the present age of iron and steel, this takes place long before any part is visible in the ship-builder's yard.

The actual beginning is when the iron ore is dug out of the earth and scooped up by huge steam shovels on the iron ranges of Superior's north shore. How the raw material is hauled by rail a hundred miles or more to the Lake Superior ports, how it is freighted down the lakes to the smelters at the Canadian "Soo", how the steel mills then convert the iron into structural

steel for ship material, are features of a vivid story of our intense commercial activity. They are the multiple operations of a great industry, the foremost in America and abroad, the prosperity or depression of which affects the whole people.

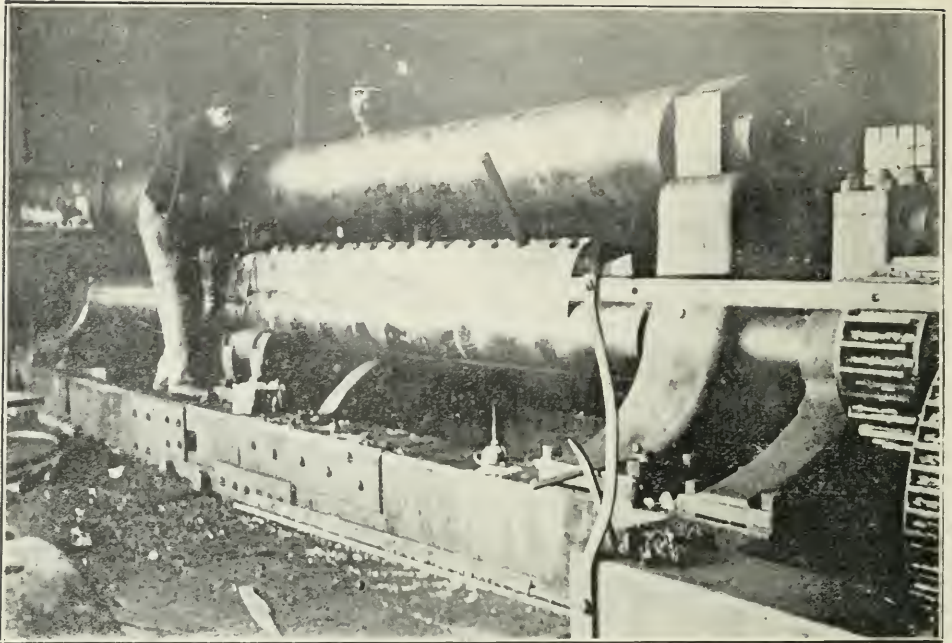
In the modern shipyard, wood is almost an unknown material. Only in the joiner shop does it find use and then but sparingly for the fittings and furnishings of the ship's cabins. The shipyard is a great machine shop, with all the sights and sounds, the smells and even tastes that make the atmosphere of the foundry, the forge and the rolling mill. For, in the construction of a steel freight ship, from the laying of the keel through all the various stages of erection, to the final plate and the last rivet, steel is the one element. But for this purpose it must be of an exact and uniform quality, every pound of steel girder and every inch of steel plate



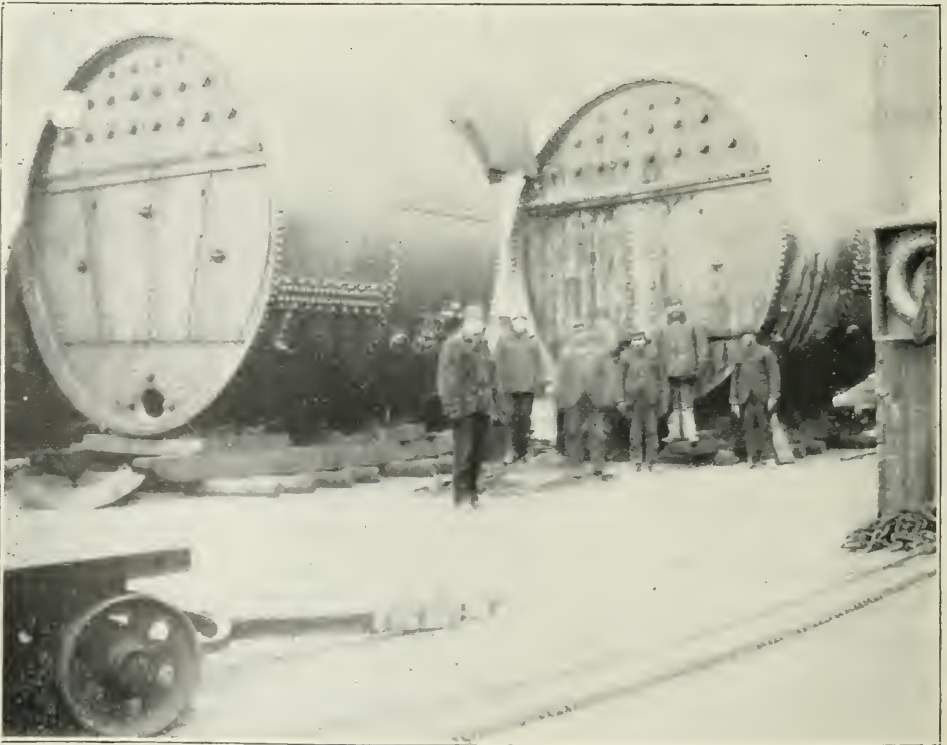
THE HUGE ARCHES OF THE HULL



THE TRAVELLING CRANE IS A BETTER ALL-ROUND GENIE THAN ANY IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS



DOES A PLATE OF SOLID STEEL NEED A FRACTIONAL MILLIMETER MORE CURVE ? HERE IS WHERE THE ROLLS SHAPE IT TO A NICETY



WHERE THE DRIVING POWER OF THE LINER LIVES—TWO HUGE BOILERS WAITING TO BE INSTALLED

being furnished, after careful tests, with the last atom of its strength known and guaranteed.

Taking this material as it comes to the yard to shape it into keel, ribs and arches, to roll it into plates, to forge it into stem and stern post, to cast it into parts for the engines, is to perform titanic tasks infinitely more intricate than can be seen with the eye. The collecting of the parts and assembling them into the structure of the ship, by riveting and with braces and bolts, thus forming the shell, or hull, in exact accordance with the specifications, are nice tests of the artisan's skill. But the launching of the vessel, the installing of the machinery, the erection of the stack and funnels, the finishing touches here and there, completing the leviathan of the lakes, constitute the outward and visible evidences of the expert knowledge required in such work. And then there is the great system in which some 2,000 machinists, forgers, riveters and engineers are working in full accord and perfect harmony.

Two package freighters, so called to distinguish them from the coarse or bulk cargo ships, of widely different material and construction as well as in size and tonnage, will serve very well to illustrate the remarkable development in such carriers during the last twenty years. One is of wood, the *City of Midland*; the other is of steel, named the *Hamonic*, sailing under the pennant of the Northern Navigation Company. The former is a small craft as lake vessels average to-day, being 176 feet in length which gives her a cargo capacity of about 1,000 tons. Such steamers are of service in trading along the shores of Georgian Bay and the minor lake ports, the channels to which because of shallowness, bar the larger freighters.

In the days of the wooden ship when the *City of Midland* was built and launched with the enthusiasm at all times attending such events, the work was a case of main strength and the woodworker's eye. The designers then were careful mathematicians, as are those of to-day, but they were dealing with "oaks" and teaks whose density,

elasticity, warp and resistance to stress and strain were infinitely varied. They might plan and make calculations which seemed intricate and puzzling, and which might prove true in practice, but the most expert of them could never tell what the mechanics would find in the timber. Hence much dependence was placed upon the shipwrights' judgment to alter the figures as required by the material which came into their hands.

Aside from the force of human strength, there were only the block and tackle and the aid of horses to lift the heavy oaken beams and knees in place. The thud of sledges upon bolt heads, the dull hollow thump of the calker's hammer, the shouts of the men to the helpers below, the puffing of the saw-mill engine and the buzzing of the saws, were enlivening features of the old shipyard. The smell of the freshly sawed oak and the fir, and of the dank logs drawn from the boom, the chips, bark and sawdust with which the yard is paved, and the sight of the old timber dry-dock, are things not soon forgotten. All this is now of the past, excepting in a few yards where repair work is done to the still staunch and serviceable wooden craft.

The construction of the *Hamonic*, an exponent of the modern fleets engaged in the general merchandise trade, is the culmination of the mariner's highest conception of what a ship for such service on the lakes should be, and the shipbuilders' long experience in perfecting such plans and carrying them out successfully. Built at Collingwood, Ontario, by the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company, the steamer is 365 feet in length, 50 feet beam, and 28 feet depth of hull, and registers 5,000 gross tons. She has cargo space in the hold and on the main deck for more than 5,000 tons of general merchandise, while the upper decks are luxuriously fitted up for the accommodation of tourists. Her route lies from Sarnia, at the foot of Lake Huron, to Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth. The building of such a vessel reveals all the interesting operations and surprising methods of steel ship-building.

The design and specifications having

been agreed upon and the contract for construction awarded by the steamship company, the working or shop plans are prepared, lists of material made out, and orders placed for all that is needed to be worked into the ship. The making up of the requisitions for material is a very important matter, as it is necessary to have it all sent to the yard in as near the order it is to be used as possible. The plans go to the mould loft, which is generally above the main shop, where the patterns for each rib and plate are raised in the form of templates to the exact size required. The templates are made of special, heavy paper or frequently of very thin wood scarcely an eighth of an inch in thickness. These large patterns show every line and every rivet hole is bored so that the rib or plate for which it is intended will fit in its place to a hair's breadth.

The laying of the keel is the first actual work of the ship's being, and consists of building up on the blocks a continuous steel girder for nearly its whole length, but very strong and rigid. As the work proceeds the angle bars which were bent into shape according to the templates in the forge shop, are brought out piece by piece and riveted fast to the keel to form the ribs. Then the heavy arches which were forged and fitted to exact size and proportions to give strength and rigidity to the whole frame and also for a support of the main deck, are put in place by that mechanical Hercules, the overhead crane. Meanwhile, other gangs are shaping and preparing the plates which form the sides or walls of the steel shell.

All is hurry and bustle in the shipyard, and one is impressed by the workings of a wonderful system, for all the intricate operations go on like clockwork. From the unloading of the cars of rough material until it is worked into the ship, there is little lost time. The plate comes to the yard marked, according to its quality, to go into a certain part of the ship; the receiving clerk passes it on to the fitter who places on it a template for those particular plates, and marks out the exact outline and each rivet hole, so that

when it reaches its place it will fit to a nicety, and the holes so punched will correspond with those already in the frames of the ship.

For the next operation the plates are sent to the shop where are the ponderous machines, which exemplify most vividly man's control and mastery of steel. There are the heavy and powerful punches which with one steady thrust punch the rivet holes; there are great shears which cut the cold, stiff plates as marked by the fitter, as easily as one cuts a piece of pasteboard with scissors; and there are huge rolls which bend them to conform to the rounded shape of the hull. The plates are then passed on to the erectors who fasten them in place with temporary bolts, and who are closely followed by the riveters who rivet everything fast.

The rivets are made of the same material as the plates they bind together, and are cylindrical in form with a pan-shaped head. They are of sufficient length to allow the other end, after being placed in the punched, countersunk holes of the plates, to be driven down to a head. The riveters are very expert in operating the pneumatic riveting machines, and the work goes on rapidly, the familiar rat-a-tat-rat-a-tat-tat-tat, the noise of countless blows of incredible quickness, being dear to the heart of the shipbuilders, for, as it wakes intenser resounding echoes from the hollow shell of steel, there is the assurance of steady, progress in the work at hand. Mechanical science has so improved this feature of shipbuilding that the very impact of the riveting machines is measured and may be regulated, the operator knowing exactly the energy of the blows being delivered on the red-hot rivet, and being able to gauge his work to a particular degree. The force of man's arm wielding a sledge is indeterminate and it is impossible to deliver two blows in succession, each of which will do precisely the same work.

The riveters in turn are followed by the painters who cover all metal surfaces of the hull with graphite paint to preserve it from all corrosive action of water, steam or acids. And so the work goes on, frame after frame, plate

after plate, girder after girder, growing day by day, under the efforts of an army of busy men, into the semblance of a ship's hull, or a huge hive resounding with the clamor of steel on steel.

Looking through the shell of keel, frames and arches one notices radical departures in model and construction from the earlier steel ships. In those of size to about 250 feet in length the keel is not much more than two feet in height, allowing but little space between the outer and cargo bottoms. This renders examination of the plating from within a difficult and disagreeable task. But in the *Hamonic* and ships of her class the keel is five feet or more in height, and the frames of nearly equal thickness, thus affording a space nearly sufficient for a man to stand erect. The bottom and sides are built on the cellular plan, divided into numerous compartments with bulkheads made very strong to resist any pressure of water they could hold should one or more be filled through collision or heavy puncture. Greater strength is obtained by this construction as is perfectly plain in the method of binding together as in one huge steel cylinder with double walls, the steel arches acting as girders and supporting the main deck, the frames or ribs, and the keel which is veritably its backbone.

While this army of skilled workers is building up the hull of the vessel, other as important work in its construction is being done on the other side of the yard. In the great engine shops and boiler works are being made the propelling machinery and auxiliary engines which are to give the ship life and power, and without which she is a helpless hulk.

In the draughting rooms the machinery is designed and, after being approved, the drawings are sent to the shops. The pattern maker develops the full sized patterns of each separate part. These are sent to the foundry where after a few days the castings are made and sent to the machine shop. There each piece is milled, turned up in huge lathes, drilled, or planed and finished ready to be set up to fit exactly in its intended place. The blacksmiths are busy with the forgings,

which are also sent to the machine shop and finished for the erectors. This gang of men sets up the engines in the shop, fitting each and every part with its neighbor with the utmost precision, so that when erected in the ship, all will go together quickly.

The machine shop is, indeed, a busy place fairly vibrating with stirring scenes, and to one unfamiliar with such things everything seems in utter confusion. Here are the great shafts made of the finest quality steel, some finished, others in the rough, while in an enormous lathe is still another weighing many tons. It is being carefully watched by skilled mechanics as it revolves, nearing completion at every turn. There are also the heavy bed-plates of cast steel and the big cylinders of like material, while a little further on an overhead crane is taking from a machine one of the solid composition propeller blades just finished. When placed upright on the ground it stands as high as an ordinary man. Smaller parts such as piston and connecting rods, cross-heads and guides, bushings, levers, and bolts and nuts are scattered about everywhere, while the steady hum of the machinery bears witness to the amount of work on hand.

When completed there will be a set of vertical, quadruple expansion screw propelling engines of 6,200 collective horse-power at about 120 revolutions per minute. The cylinders are 24, 35, 52 and 80 inches in diameter by 42 inches stroke of pistons. They are to be supplied with steam at 210 pounds working pressure by six Scotch boilers 12 feet 6 inches in diameter, and fitted with Eaves and Ellis induced draft, rating at 400 boiler horse-power. On load draft the vessel has a normal economic speed of seventeen miles an hour, while a maximum speed of about twenty-one miles will be attained.

The boiler shop, as is usual in such places, is in a perfect din, for here are being made the huge boilers weighing fully eighty tons, which besides furnishing steam for the main engines also supply the auxiliaries. On one side of the shop the workmen are busy with the smoke boxes, up-takes, and stacks, and others are working on ventilator

cowls, steam and exhaust pipes, oil and waste cans and many other small parts of the equipment.

In the joiner shop carpenters are at work on the fittings for the passenger gangway, the main saloon, dining room, staterooms and officers' cabins, while the jointers and planing machines are making the flooring of oak and working up pine for partitions and other purposes. To obtain artistic decorative effects rich mahogany in choice and well selected grain is used very largely in the salons, and white enamel and gold effects for the chambers *en suite* and the staterooms. The fire hazard, however, has been constantly in the mind of the marine architect, for he has carried the steel construction up to the promenade deck, thus reducing the use of wood to the minimum degree.

After a time a return to the shipyard reveals the progress which has been made on the hull. Instead of the skeleton of ribs, frames and arches, one finds the structure fully plated up and a painter's gang going over the sides, coating them with black water-proof paint, but leaving the bottom and a narrow strip on the sides to the water line a bright red. From a little distance it looks like an immense canoe, but conveys an impression of strength and seaworthiness quite foreign to that light, bobbing craft. On the fitting out dock under the high shears are the boilers ready to be placed in the hull, and parts of engines, hoisting gears, pumps, valves, and small parts are laid out for use in the mechanical being of the ship.

Climbing the long, steep, inclined way leading through the network of scaffolding about the vessel, one reaches the top, forty feet from the ground and steps on the ship's deck. Here are new and strange scenes of confusing activity. Gangs of riveters are still busy with their machines building up the steel walls of the spar deck, finishing the hatchways, and other metal work. Peering down through a funnel and ventilating hatch, one may get some idea of the width and depth of the cargo hold. It only increases the curiosity to explore the cavernous

depths. By a handy though uninviting ladder a descent is cautiously made for thirty-odd feet to the inner bottom.

The hold forward of the engine bulkhead to the forepeak is divided into several compartments by watertight bulkheads of steel, to prevent foundering in the event of collision or other accident. As cargo space is an all-important consideration in designing freighters of this class, the engine and boiler compartment and coal bunkers are placed just aft of the waist. This arrangement insures an easier handling of package merchandise from the hold to the main deck and thence to the wharf.

A convenient doorway in the engine bulkhead admits one to the mechanical compartment. First there are the foundations for the boilers and the coal bunkers, and a little further on the engine beds are being bolted to their steel foundations, with the thrust and line shafts already in place. In a few days the big boilers and heavy engines in sections will be swung aboard by the towering arms of the shears; and the auxiliary machinery, such as condensers, steam pumps, hoisting gears, and electrical plant will be placed in position and connected up. Finally, the screw propeller and rudder are swung up under the overhanging stern and secured to the tail-shaft and sockets.

In the shipyards of the Great Lakes it is the general practice to launch vessels sideways, instead of stern first as elsewhere, therefore the ships are built parallel to the stream or slip and at the very edge. Under the ship at intervals of eight or ten feet are heavy, smooth timbers, extending from the edge of the stream and sloping backward at an easy angle, to form the ground ways. On the eventful day regular construction work in the shops excepting in the moulding room, and on other vessels is suspended, for all hands are needed beneath the ship to prepare the launching ways. The utmost care is necessary that this work be properly done, and to those in charge and upon whom rests the responsibility, it is an anxious time.

Early in the morning hundreds of men are building up the cradles

under the ship, their base resting on the smooth ground ways, which are greased with tallow, the tops of the cradles bearing up against the ship's bottom. When all the cradles, which are made of twelve foot timbers, a foot or more square, are in place in two long rows, wooden wedges which have previously been set, are driven home. The hollow echoing thud of the many sledges resounds through the yard, the operation slightly raising the heavy mass of steel, and the shores and blocks upon which the vessel has rested during the months of construction are knocked away.

At last the day comes. The liner is complete. Only the check lines at stem and stern hold the cradles from slipping down the smooth ways and landing the *Hamonic* in blue water. Five stout lines, these are, one end being secured to long triggers holding the cradles to the ways, the other end running back over a flat timber and drawn taut by block and tackle. The new boat, the largest and fastest yet built for the combined and freight traffic on the great lakes, is to wet her keel to-day for the first time.

Bunting is everywhere. Flags snap in the crisp breeze, the morning light shines gayly on wharf and quay, the winking whitecaps dance in the sun. To-day there is no clatter and jar of pneumatic hammers, no glowing of red-hot forges. Where a host of overalled and jumpered workmen busied themselves in the shipyard, a dozen puffing launches disembark chattering groups of girls in fluffy dresses and, white-handed, keen-eyed men, who look over the great hull lying passive on the ways with curious eyes.

There are workmen's wives, too, in their best, at the end of the yard. The children with them look at the big boat that has been "papa's job" for so many months, and admire her with almost a sense of possession.

"Gee, ain't she a peach? My dad, he made her," boasts Billy, Junior, to his chum, who is out of it to-day, being simply the eldest son of a merchant worth several millions.

"Gosh!" says the chum enviously. "Say, it must be fine to go around an'

do things the way your dad does. Them structural iron-worker fellers sure have a great time. . . . My dad says I've got to go to college. . . . Where you goin' next?"

"Dunno," says Billy, Junior. "I heard dad sayin' they was some boats bein' made out west som'ers—Vancouver 'r some place like that. . . . Say, they'll be cuttin' the check lines in a minute. Come on!"

The Cross of St. George unfurls to the breeze from the after flag-pole as the boys scramble to the top of a pile of lumber. The ship's burgee slips out from the foretruck, with a pennant high above. The ship's pretty god-mother hangs the customary bottle of champagne from the upper bow, its delicate ribbons fluttering airily over the powerful knife-edge of the steel stem. Poised there, a bunch of roses in one hand, the christening bottle in the other, she is the central figure of the event—a charming picture in the morning sun.

Far below her, on the ground, five brawny men stand by the five check-lines, and as many at the stern, each balancing an axe, awaiting the signal—

"Cut away!"

Crack! Ten axes crash down as one.

The triggers snap back, the huge vessel is free. For a second she hesitates, sways slightly, and then starts slowly down the ways. The champagne bottle is shattered against the steel, the christening words are spoken, and in another moment she plunges magnificently into the water. A mighty wave, almost as high as the sloping deck, rises from her side, sweeps across the narrow inlet, and dashes its unspent force against the docks on the far side. A shout rises from the spectators, a multitude of shipyard and factory whistles scream up to the sky, every tug and steamer and yacht in the harbor adds its siren to the general uproar—and the ceremony is over.

But the work is not yet over for the builders; the Northern Navigation Company are anxious to get the ship completed and in commission at the opening of navigation in order to make the full quota of trips for the season. There is much work yet to be done.

The boilers and engines must be installed, smoke boxes and funnels set up, numberless steam connections made, the joiner and cabinet work finished, and a host of small touches added here and there by machinists and painters.

In about three months after the launch the ship is ready for her steam trials at dock. The order is given to get up steam. Water is pumped into the boilers, fires are lighted in the furnaces, and in a little while steam is popping merrily from the safety valve. Then, at the usual signal, the throttle valve is opened ever so little, steam rushes to the cylinders, the pistons move slowly and smoothly, the cranks turn and the screw revolves, giving proof of the care, skill and attention that has been given throughout, from the inception of the design to the tightening of the last bolt.

After readjustment of the machinery where needed, coal and stores are put aboard, the builder and consulting engineer for the owners appear, and she steams away for a trial spin in mid-lake. She may cruise about for several days running under all conditions of weather and sea. The engineers are watching for and noting any indication of weakness or of undue strains in hull or machinery. Their inspection is carried to the smallest machine and the connections tested; in fact, nothing escapes them. Her behavior in answering a quick helm under all conditions by the action of the steam-steering gear, also comes in for exhaustive tests. When she steams back into port the experts are ready with their report, but the tuning up process goes on for probably a week or two longer. The furnishings for the staterooms, the table linen and silverware, provisions

and other supplies having been taken aboard, the new liner is ready for her first trip in service. With the receipt of the engineer's report that the ship is ready for sea, she has cost her owners all told fully \$500,000.

Go, get you gone up-Channel, with the sea-crust on your plates!

Go, get you into London, with the burden of your freights!

Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek

The Lights of England sent you—and by silence shall ye speak!

Though Ushant and her sister lights are four thousand long wet miles from the Five Great Lakes, the lights of England flash and fade on a Canadian traffic no less splendid than that of which Kipling sings. Not from Sydney and Singapore and the islands of far Fiji do the liners of the Great Lakes come, but from eight states and three Provinces. When they thrust through the sullen swells to Sarnia and Port Arthur and the locks of the Soo, they flash the same thrill to the watcher that the old black barque from Upolu brings to the wharf-rat lounging against a bale of jute on the wharves of the Thames.

Once a lake-man, always a lake-man, they say—open water looks good to you, even if it's only in a gutter. And not only to the lake-man, but to everyone who has ever yearned beyond his father's fences, the ships that go down to the sea have a never-ending fascination, so that all his life long he cannot see a liner heading out of the mouth of the river without an ache in his heart for dancing white-caps and rolling swells, and the free white gulls breasting up against the wind, plaintively calling and crying in the cloud-racked arch of the sky.

METAMORPHOSIS

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

A WASH of sunlight on the wall,
A flowering cherry-spray,
And here's my garret made a hall,
My Lent a feasting-day.



The Comfort Shop

by Emily Vanderhoof

Illustrations
by Ellsworth Young

“HE gave me six pairs of gorgeous embroidered silk stockings.”

The voice came from the mysterious distance behind the curtain to the reception room in the Comfort Shop.

Now, the Comfort Shop is a little retreat on the top floor of a down-town building where women, old women, young women, plain women, beautiful women, women who are securely happy and women hopeless, world-weary and soul-soiled, come that they may be made more lovely in the eyes of some Dearly Beloved.

The little tables with their white covers, tiny pillows and basins of soapy water were all occupied, while at each two pairs of eyes were intent on the nails of a white hand.

The curtain was thrust suddenly aside. A fresh-faced girl with round arms bared to the elbow looked inquiringly around the room. She nodded to a young woman who had just taken a seat by the door.

“Now, Mrs. Nesbit, you can come. I’m all ready for you. Right into this booth. It is such a treat to have you because you are always on time.”

She led the way into a tiny room where a stationary bowl, curling-iron heater, electric vibrator, and trays of

hair-pins awaited them. Soon her deft fingers were busy with the pins in Mrs. Nesbit’s hair, taking them out rapidly and placing each one with a peculiar little flourish on the shelf below the mirror.

“Flatter you?” she continued. “No, indeed! I wouldn’t do that for anything. You certainly have the most beautiful shade of golden brown I ever saw. Well, yes, that’s so, it isn’t very thick, but then it is so fine—just like a baby’s. These braids are like a horse’s tail, compared with your hair. Why don’t you let us make you some? Yes, they’d be expensive because you’d have to have the finest quality to match your shade and texture. That mouse color or drab is the most expensive because it is the hardest to get.

“Oh, Mrs. Nesbit! Of, course I didn’t mean that your hair is really the color of a mouse, but that’s what they call it in the trade. Yours is golden brown, but because it’s so fine it’d have to be matched in that very expensive shade, then they’d dye the hair to match yours.

“Did you ever hear anything talk like that girl out there? The very idea! To be telling of getting six pairs of silk stockings. I don’t believe it. And even if she did, what’s the use of

yelling about it? That woman she's doing is a grand opera star. Did you ever see such a fright? She said she'd send us a picture to hang in the reception room, but if she does I'll bet Madame'll throw it in the waste basket. She says she's sang in the very best companies abroad. I don't believe it. If she did, why isn't she there now?

"You just ought to hear a boy in our town sing. Where do I come from? Ontario. Oh, yes, it's on the map.

"Oh, did I pull? It's this comb. I like a very coarse comb. These fine ones are great for ratting, but they're rotten for anything else. What kind of shampoo are you going to have? Egg or soap? I'd advise you to have soap always. Eggs darken the hair, and it'd be a shame if your hair got darker.

"Let me see. What were we talking about. Oh, yes, I remember. Were you ever in Rapid City? No? Well, you've

got something to live for then. It's rapid, all right, especially Saturday nights. Why did I leave? Oh, I came down here because my sister's in the University. That is—well, she isn't exactly in the classical college—she's taking domestic science. Isn't that the grandest name? We all had to make beds and wash dishes and sweep and cook at home, and we just hated it good and proper too, but it's sort of different when it's called domestic science; they learn to make timbals and consomme and expensive things like that.

"What good is it going to do her? Why, she expects to teach it at home, and you don't suppose people'd come to her classes just to learn things they'd done all their lives. Them timbals is going to be a great drawing card. I don't believe they ever heard of them in Rapid City.

"Did the water run down your neck? I'm awful sorry. I guess I talk too much.

"She's learning sanitation, too. That means how to keep the sinks and bathrooms clean. I don't know just how that'll take because there are only three bathrooms in our town—the Episcopal minister's, the banker's, and Mr. Stein's of the Dry Goods Emporium. Mr. Stein had his put in because the banker had one, and he thought it'd help his credit. That's the honest truth. Just ask Mr. Jones of the Rapid City Clarion. He said he saw the bath room with his own eyes. Any way it'll make them as haven't any feel important to learn all about sanitation. All the sanitation we ever did at home was with soft soap.

"My, but your hair is oily. You'll have to get some of our special tonic. It's a winner for taking out the oil, but between ourselves I'll tell you what's just as good—quinine and whiskey. Take it internally! Now, Mrs. Nesbit, you're joshing me.

"Just hear that opera singer



"OH, DID I PULL? IT'S THIS COMB"



"YOUR HAIR IS GRAND; IT'S SO EASY TO CURL, DEAR!"

talking about herself. I wish Davie Crabb could take a fall out of her. He studied six months in Ber-*lin*. Talk about your offers! Why the Emperor of Germany was crazy to have him join his own private troupe.

"Well, I mean whatever it is he has to sing to him when he gets blue. Willie Crabb told me so himself, that's

how I know. Did you ever hear that grand song 'As Sore?' Spell it? Oh, I can't, but that's what it sounds like. when Willie sings it—well, I don't know whether I want to cry or what, it makes me that creepy. No, he's not doing anything with his voice. The Rapid City church choirs aren't in his class. He wouldn't waste his talents that way.

Study? How could *he* study? There ain't anyone in Rapid City could teach him anything. Why, he studied in Ber-*lin* six months.

"Did you notice that, that just blew in? Right over there, being manicured. She's a chorus girl from Anna Held's company. Ain't she sporty? Did you see the long seal coat? I'll bet it's near-seal, and I'd be willing to gamble that it's just near-cat. Hasn't she got the dope on her face though? It must be awful to be a chorus girl, but look at her hands! Ain't they white and soft-looking?"

Gee, I think we girls that are good all the time ain't got anything in it with some of them that aren't quite so particular. Oh, not that—but just gay—you know what I mean. They have perfectly swell fellows, and go to

all the shows and hops and have lots of fun. And if you're a little bit slow—why, the boys won't take you, that's all. But I give 'em as good as they send, every time.

"Talking about silk stockings. I have three pair: pale green, orange, and white. I never wear them down here. I don't think it looks well for a girl to wear silk stockings to work. I'm saving them until I get married. No, I'm not engaged, but Willie Crabb and me keep company, and I'm going home on a visit this summer. You never can tell what'll happen and it's just as well to be prepared.

"Don't you like the hot air dryer? I'll use a towel then. I wouldn't do that for everyone, but I took an awful fancy to you the first time you came. You look exactly like Mrs. Ware, the banker's wife out home, only you're not so stout. I suppose you weigh about one hundred and twenty-five? That's just right for your height. My, but your figure is elegant, and I'll bet it isn't done with a corset either. You should see some of them that come in here. If they don't have to do some puffing to get themselves down for a shampoo.

"There, now! Your hair is grand. It is so easy to curl, dear. I'm going to show you how to put your braids on so they'll be as thick in back as in front. Braids are certainly becoming to you. It takes just your style to wear them.

"There, isn't that grand? Only it's a shame they're not as fine as your hair. Madame could make you two beauties for \$30. Shall I call her? Oh, I know you could afford it.

"Well, perhaps you'll change your mind. Can I give you a manicure now? That's so. It is late. I hadn't noticed the time. I do love to listen to you talk.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Nesbit. I'll buy one of those cute neck bows with this. Good-bye. Come again."

Mrs. Nesbit caught up her muff and gloves, and, as the curtain fell into place behind her, was it fancy, or did she hear:

"Old cat! She might have bought the braids, and I'd have made five on them."



WAS IT FANCY, OR DID SHE HEAR "OLD CAT!"



FEDORA was in a very crisp and crusty humor in the morning. She thought she would have to go to the hills again.

She had

hoped that José would have been able to take Roderigo's place, but she could not afford to lose her sheep. She gave him a very scanty breakfast, and kept from him what had made all his former meals pleasant—kind words.

The two went to the fold together, and when the door was opened the flock trooped out in pairs. As the last pair leaped out into the sunshine and began to browse the dew-sprinkled grass, Mother Fedora uttered an amazed cry. She looked at José with a compassionate look, as much as to say, "José, forgive my cruelty. I made a mistake; they are all here." But she was too proud a woman to say so. Instead she exclaimed: "I will not go with you to-day; only be sure you keep awake, or it will not go well with you."

As the little fellow was about to march away with his flock she gave him a motherly kiss, and bestowed more grapes and oranges on him for his noon-day meal, than he had ever had before. He was forgiven; with a light heart he

went to his day's work, determined to do his duty manfully.

When noon came José was reluctant to take his meal, fearing lest the previous day's experience would be repeated; but he chose the most uncomfortable place he could find among the rocks and turned his face from the pleasing valley to the gloomy mountain tops, and there, unsheltered under the glaring sun, he ate his simple meal. But nothing seemed to avail him. He was a young dreamer, and his thoughts began to wander up the hillside, through the forest, and into the place where Zora was but a few days ago, and he was soon playing about among the tents of his people, unheeding the sheep that he had so earnestly resolved to watch with such care.

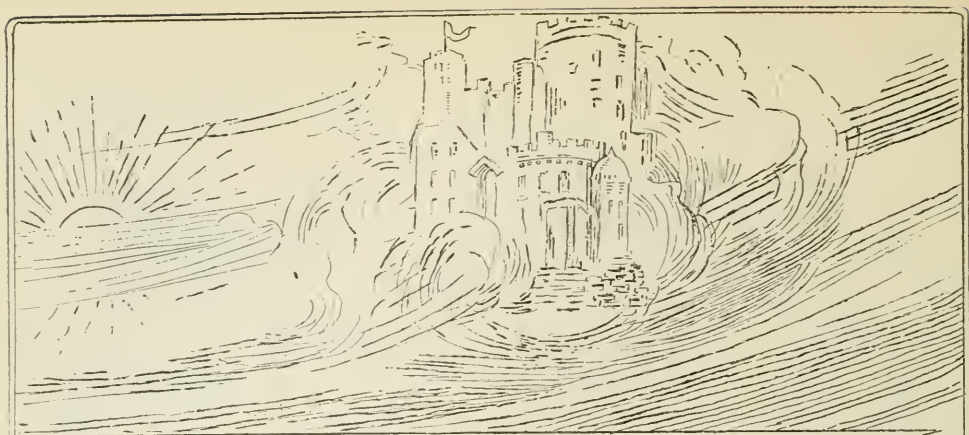
But he had a rude awakening. Just as he thought himself a mighty warrior leading home captives by thousands to his castle prison, he received a blow that stretched him on the ground.

"So," cried Mother Fedora, "you thought I was going to leave you here to yourself to let my sheep wander away to be devoured by some of your robber friends, who, I expect, are still lurking in the hills. Wake up!"

But the little fellow was stunned, and it was not till Fedora had brought a bowl of water from the spring near by and bathed his face that he opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he cried.

"Where are you?" she answered.



"A nice question, when you know the trouble you caused me last night by your sleepy indolence. Wake up!" and she shook him angrily.

But the poor little fellow seemed so weak and looked so pale and helpless that her heart relented, and she gave him a little of the wine that was left from his noonday meal.

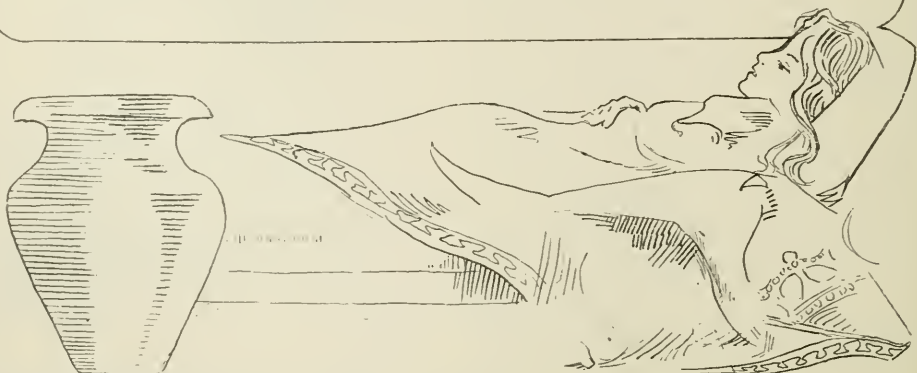
"Here, take this," she said; "and why did you sit here in the sun? It is a wonder it didn't kill you. Go and rest there in the shade and I'll attend to the flock."

José dragged himself to the sheltering rock, and lying there on the soft turf he fell into a deep sleep. Fedora did not wake him till folding-time came, and then the two went home: the one with a heavy heart, the other

with deep misgivings lest the boy that had cost her "two whole sheep" was after all going to be nothing but a burden. However, she determined to give him another trial.

That night after José had been bidden to go rest, Fedora stood at her door looking out at the stars that were creeping slowly across the sky. She too had her dreams, and as she looked out on the cloudless night, she began to wonder if, when she was too old to move about her cottage, José would be to her the comfort and support that her little Roderigo had often declared he would be. But her neighbor Juanita roused her from her reverie.

"Buenas noches, Fedora," she exclaimed, "Thinking out a pleasure for the King?"



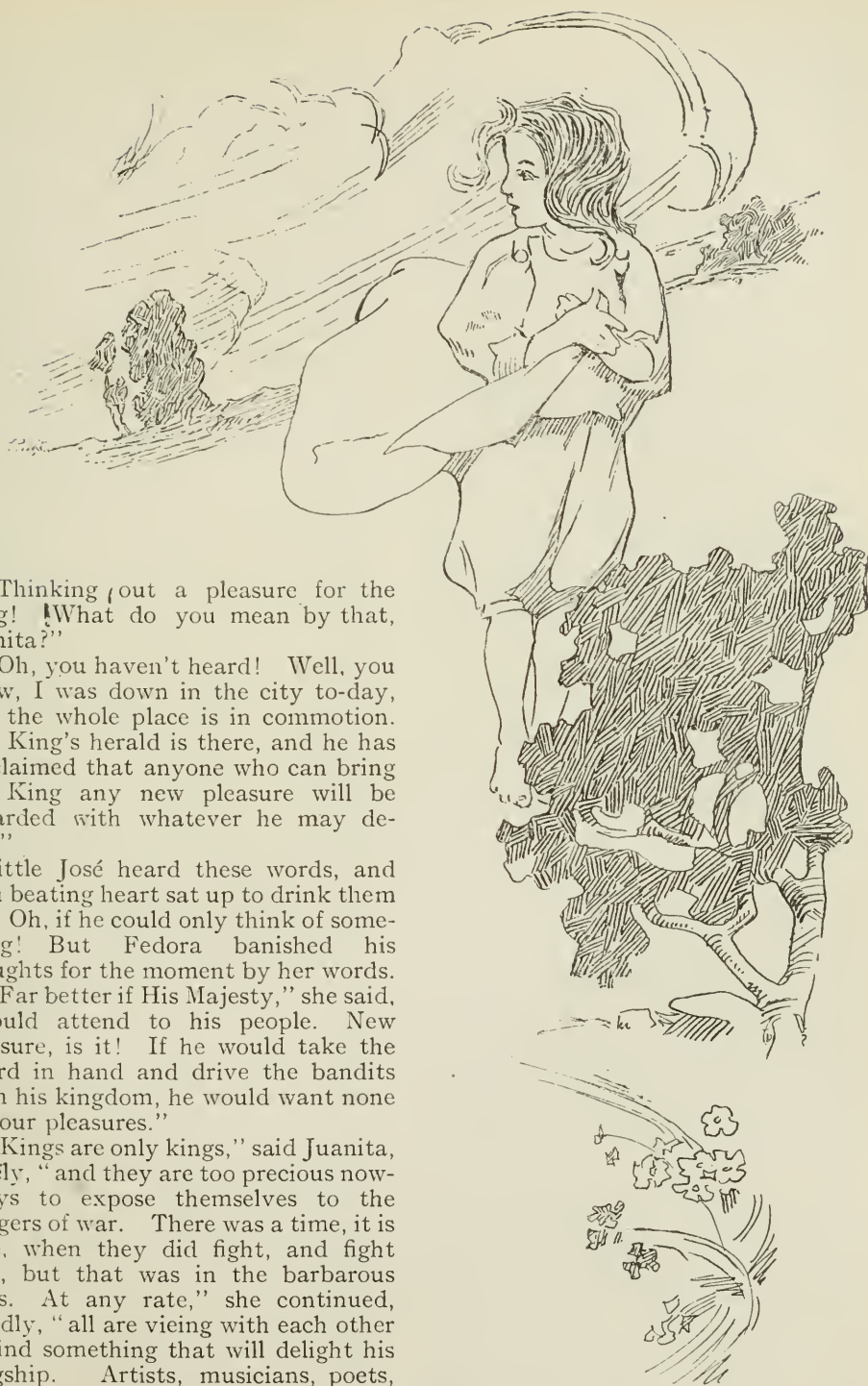
"Thinking out a pleasure for the King! What do you mean by that, Juanita?"

"Oh, you haven't heard! Well, you know, I was down in the city to-day, and the whole place is in commotion. The King's herald is there, and he has proclaimed that anyone who can bring the King any new pleasure will be rewarded with whatever he may desire."

Little José heard these words, and with beating heart sat up to drink them in. Oh, if he could only think of something! But Fedora banished his thoughts for the moment by her words.

"Far better if His Majesty," she said, "would attend to his people. New pleasure, is it! If he would take the sword in hand and drive the bandits from his kingdom, he would want none of your pleasures."

"Kings are only kings," said Juanita, wisely, "and they are too precious nowadays to expose themselves to the dangers of war. There was a time, it is true, when they did fight, and fight well, but that was in the barbarous days. At any rate," she continued, rapidly, "all are vying with each other to find something that will delight his kingship. Artists, musicians, poets, inventors of games—every sort of genius, in fact—crowd the palace day and night, but no new thing can be



CHAPTER III.

found. I only wish I had brains," she exclaimed, "I would——" and on her tongue rattled, naming many things she would do for the King's happiness.

Little José took in every word, and in his heart longed to do something, think out some way of doing what others seemed unable to do. But what could he do? and his busy little brain kept asking himself this question till the morning light stole into the cottage, and sleepless and tired, he arose at Fedora's command.

Standing in the night air, gossiping with Juanita had had a bad effect on Fedora. Her joints were so stiff that she was hardly able to rise from her bed; and José, eager to be kind to her, fell on his knees and said that if she would only try him once more he would be faithful. There was nothing else that she could do, and with angry injunctions she threatened his very life if he failed in his trust. She even took down the fierce-looking weapon with which she had faced the mountain band to terrify the lad, and vowed to take off his head if so much as a piece of wool were missing from one of the flock. José, after promising again and again to be faithful, was at last allowed to start out, pursued by her angry cries.

On he trudged towards the pasturage where he had spent two such unfortunate days, and ere he reached it he found that he was hardly able to drag himself along. It was the sleepless night that was telling on him. Oh! why had he listened to Juanita. This thought brought back the whole desires of the night to him. By the time the sheep were browsing the juicy grass, he was wandering in dreams over the world seeking some new pleasure for the King. His head soon fell forward on his breast, and his little brain was filled with the splendours that the King had bestowed on him and Zora, nor did he cease his dreaming till the slow sun was beginning to creep to its rest behind the purple hills. When he did awake, not a sheep was to be seen, and with terrified thoughts and visions of the awful fate awaiting him from Fedora's sword he rushed madly from the place, not knowing where he went.

JOSE with a breaking heart ran frantically towards the dark forest that crowned the mountain summit. There were dangers there; but he did not fear them, nor did he even think of them; for the thought of his neglected duty and the awful dread of his mistress and her terrifying weapon drove them from his mind. He would soon pass through the dark mass of tangled branches, and once on the other side of the hill he had no doubt but that the few members of his tribe who had been kept as slaves by their conquerors would give him a welcome. At any rate Zora was there, and he could tell her how careless he had been, and how he had longed to be back to play with her among the flowery dingles of their home.

With such thoughts he ran on till the border of the wood was reached, and then an icy dread crept over his heart. Fedora had warned him again and again that this wood was haunted by cruel wolves that lay in wait for sheep and boys; and although Fedora had somewhat magnified the danger, still José knew that wild beasts did live in the forest, and as he paused and looked into the black depths before him he seemed to see fierce, burning eyes staring greedily at him; and the sighing of the evening wind through the branches sounded to his terrified ears like angry, savage growls.

He looked back towards the valley and saw the green slopes gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, but as no sheep were browsing there the thought of his angry mistress gave him new courage, and he plunged into the shadows of the forest kings that rose in stalwart grandeur on every side.

He dared not look back: there seemed to be dread creatures following close at his heels, and even the twigs crackling under his feet sounded threatening. On and on he rushed, and darker and denser grew the wood at every step, till he began to think that night was settling down about him. Oh! if he could only reach the summit, he thought, before darkness set in, he would perhaps be able to see where the tents of his people were pitched.

The thought of his old home gave him new energy, and with bleeding feet, with clothes torn by the sharp branches, with a heart beating with dread till he could hear its every throb he darted forward like a young deer. But the pace was too much for his strength, and before long he fell over a broken branch and lay exhausted on the ground. He wished himself back with Fedora; the utter loneliness of the wood was more dreadful than her wrath, and he debated retracing his steps out of the forest, down the slope, and throwing himself for mercy at her feet.

Just then his ear was startled by a strange, weird sound, a sound that seemed to steal from a sun-lit world into the forest darkness and dispel its blackness. He rose to listen, and as he did so a sunbeam, seemingly laden with music, stole across his face and made him forget his pain. Again and again the music sounded, growing sweeter at each touch of the hidden musician's hand. José had heard many instruments, and he loved music, but no such sounds had ever before fallen on his ear. The music rang out stronger and clearer and every feeling except pleasure vanished. No thought of danger, no despair, no pain, no regret was in his heart. He rose to his feet, and like one entranced drank in the sweet strains. Sunbeams seemed to play about him, and one with many soft colors danced in his eyes. It appeared to beckon him onwards, and, without power to resist, he followed it through the woodland mazes. The music was about him, in his brain, in his heart; and ever as he went it grew stronger and more enthralling till he seemed to become a being of light and sweet sound instead of the José of flesh and blood whose young heart had been bleeding so painfully only a few moments ago. At last the whole world became a flood of light, and his dazzled eyes looked upon a more wonderful scene than had ever entered into his most fantastic dream.

The wood had come to an end, and before him was a dell of exquisite beauty. The broad green carpet seemed one glitter of diamonds and pearls.

Every blade of grass had on it a separate gem. Flowers in rich profusion and of unearthly beauty were spread on all sides, and each blossom was adorned with a heart of gold. Fairyland birds in gorgeous plumage darted in and out among the surrounding bushes. The trees about this spot, too, had lost the rugged appearance of the forest ones, and on many branches mellow fruit glittered red and tempting before the eyes of the awe-struck boy. Over this whole scene the soft, exquisite music stole out dreamily on the evening air, as though playing the lullaby of the sun that was slowly sinking beneath the Western horizon.

At first José wondered where the music came from, for his eyes were so dazzled with the glorious light and undreamt of beauty that he did not think of looking for the musician. At length his glance fell upon a mossy bank embowered in a canopy of flowers, and there he beheld a strangely picturesque figure. A little man with a flowing snow-white beard reaching almost to his waist, and equally snow-white hair falling in great masses about his shoulders sat and played the wondrous instrument. He was clothed in a coat of scarlet with gold and silver ornaments; his breeches were of rich purple material and his shoes were adorned with large gold buckles.

José's eyes rested but for a moment on the gorgeous apparel of the musician; the face soon held his riveted attention. Such a kindly face! Such an old young face! A face that might have begun with the world, and yet on it was the sun-lit smile of a laughing child. José wished to rush forward and fall at his feet, but the music kept him spell-bound.

If the scene were strangely beautiful, if the little man seemed like some kindly sprite from the realm of dreams, the instrument that answered his touch was yet more wonderful. The frame of it seemed one mass of gold and the strings were not strings but darting sunbeams that lived beneath the supple fingers that ran rapidly across them. The sun was shining through the trees, and as its rays struck the golden glory

José noticed that it was adorned in every part with stones that flashed forth all the colors of the rainbow. It was the light reflected from the instrument that cast such a glory over the grotto. It was this light that had drawn him from the despair of the dark woods to this place where every danger was forgotten.

Could he be dreaming? At the thought the music grew sweeter and stronger, and José could keep back no longer; slowly he advanced to the musician whose smile and kind eyes seemed to join with the music in drawing him onward. At last he reached the musician's very feet and with a childish impulse rested his hand on the little man's knee. The harper spoke no word, but played on, while José with burning heart drank in every sound. Slowly the sun sank, and the light in the wood grew dimmer and

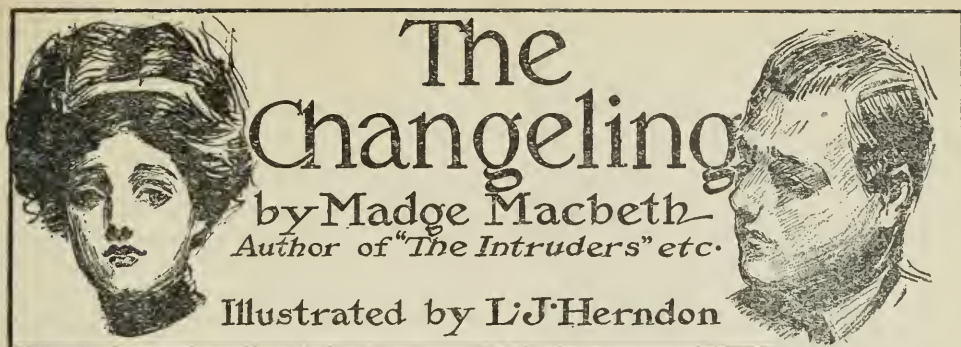
dimmer, and as it faded the music grew softer and softer till José could hardly hear it, and yet it penetrated to his very heart. He seemed to think the sun had something to do with the music, and with an impulsive cry he exclaimed, "O Sun, do not go down!" But the musician only smiled kindly upon him, as the sun sank behind the world.

The music ceased, and all the rich colors faded away from the landscape. The harp, too, had lost its beauty, and the birds that had been listening to its strains burst out into evening songs. But the face of the musician was the same; the sun had not changed it. The same sweet smile lighted it and the tender eyes, that were given a moment ago to the instrument, turned with loving sympathy to the little lad.

"Play! Play!" cried José, looking up with eager eyes into the kindly face.



To be continued



Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him, but when he asks her to marry him, she decides that she cares more for him than for her revenge and accepts his proposal. Fay and Robert go to a sailing party in honor of Mrs. Corbett, an old friend. Then Gordon returns, and Fay tells him she has promised to marry Robert. All this while Lorna has become more and more affected by tuberculosis, although she bravely conceals her illness. She goes to the sanitarium to see Chester.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Chester moved his head impatiently.

"It doesn't matter," he said, "I wanted to talk to you about the money. God, how they have fleeced me here, fleeced me and tortured me. I thought I was a cure, and look at me now." He tried to laugh. "They butchered me, damn them, and took my last penny."

Lorna laid her hand on his head soothingly. She thought him delirious.

"Never mind, dear, we can still manage."

"Manage," he repeated, "Have you anything left?"

"Not much," Lorna admitted.

"And this trip," said her husband, "that must have taken a good deal. I know from experience."

"The trip, dear, was Clinton's birthday gift to Phoebe. He wanted me particularly to tell you."

"You took money from Northrop?"

Even in its weakness, incredulity was strong in Chester's voice.

Lorna's face flamed, and her lip quivered; her punishment was beginning.

"I could not have come, otherwise," she said, sorrowfully. "My own money was all spent by Christmas, Chester; there were so many unforeseen expenses." Of course she was thinking of the baby's funeral, and Phoebe's illness, of which he must be told nothing.

The look on her husband's face puzzled Lorna.

"Then where did you get the money for running expenses?" he asked in a dangerously calm voice.

"From the loan company," she answered, relieved at being able to tell something truthfully.

"They sent it to you, I suppose?" asked Chester again.

"No, I gave Clinton the papers, and he put the money to my credit in the bank—"

A hoarse laugh broke from the dying man's lips.

"Liar," he cried, "liars and traitors, both of you! Do you pretend to be ignorant that the fool company failed at Christmas and never has paid but that one dividend? I got the notification along with my other *Christmas presents* from home."

Lorna stared at him stupefied. The words hardly sank into her brain. How had Chester got this letter—oh, light began to dawn; Clinton was away at Christmas and some one else in the office had forwarded all of Chester's mail. But *he* must have known and had not told her.

"So you lived on Northrop's money, while your husband was eating his heart out here, did you? Northrop, the husband's friend! No wonder you were anxious to rid yourself of me," he continued, raising himself and shaking his trembling fist at the bowed head of his wife.

"I am only sorry I had not sense enough to see it sooner. Six months, at least, in a fool's Paradise!" He laughed again and the sound roused Lorna.

Her eyes were blazing with an unnatural light, her teeth chattered as with cold, and the spot where her lips had touched the quilt was marked by a damp, red stain.

"You are mad," she whispered, "mad—I did not know! I do not lie; we are not traitors! All these weeks, we have had but one thought—your welfare; we have talked of you, prayed for you, longed for you, and all for *this*!" She choked and swallowed several times. "The angels in heaven could have found no flaw in our association, and, as for the money, I suppose Clinton could not see us starve. It hurts to have to say a word in self defense, yet it is insufferable to sit quiet and hear your ignoble accusations—yours—my husband, the father

of our children, for whom I have crucified my soul and tainted my body. Oh, God! God!" She fell back against a chair beside the bed, causing a noisy clatter of spoons, tumblers, and vials of different kinds. The door opened, quickly, and a white-capped attendant ran to the bed side; Lorna had fainted.

She was put in a room adjoining Chester's, at his request, and he waited in feverish anxiety for her recovery. The doctor did not encourage a second interview, but thought it unwise to thwart the dying man in his present state of excitement. Then he looked at Lorna and shook his head.

In the early dawn, when the morning's faint pink was in the sky, a troubled spirit was set free.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAY and Robert did not speak from the time they



W. H. H. 1899

HE LAUGHED, AND THE SOUND ROUSED LORNA

left Gordon until they reached the hotel. Then Robert laid his hand a moment on Fay's arm.

"You must have had a trying time, dear. I was thinking of you all evening and wishing I could help."

The two hazel eyes into which he looked, filled with tears, tears of thanks and appreciation.

"Mother feels it her duty to leave us to-morrow," Patterson continued more lightly, "and I have promised to go a short way with her."

"That's right," Fay smiled ever so little at the idea of Mrs. Patterson's aversion to leave. She never spoke to Fay, and scarcely ever to Robert. "And when will you be back?"

"Early the following morning; then together we will see Mrs. Corbett off. I suppose," he added with some hesitation, "that Wylde will not stay much longer. I don't want to see you troubled, dear."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"*Quien sabe?*" she answered. "Good-night Bobbie, I'm dead tired."

Except for a few words with Robert the following morning, Fay saw no one until lunch time, remaining in her room. She was distressingly depressed and perplexed; the relief she had expected to experience after telling Gordon, did not come. Instead she had the unsettled sensation one feels when waiting for something to happen.

"I am superstitious," she said, crossly to herself, "to allow this apprehension to depress me. All the same I wish Bobbie were here."

She lunched late and returned to her room to write Lorna, who at that moment was on her way to Saranac; somehow the thought of her always helped. But she could not concentrate; a peculiar restlessness possessed her, the ocean called, the wind sang, the surf charmed her. She put her writing materials aside and was dressing to go out, when some one rapped at her door.

"An answer, please, miss," said the bell boy, handing her a note from Gordon.

"I see your suitor is absent; I have also noticed your own seclusion and am at a loss whether to attribute it to a languishing for Patterson, or a desire to avoid me. Needless to say, I should not have behaved as I did



SHE STEPPED SOFTLY INTO CHESTER'S ROOM

last night, had you been honest enough with me to acquaint me with the turn events had taken in my absence. I might say also that I think you have treated me abominably. Yet am I going to eat humble pie and ask one more favor of you, before I leave (to-morrow). Will you come out in the Idlewylde at seven? I will get the Bay-haven crowd, at least Mrs. Corbett and Ponsonby, and we can take a farewell run. Please do not refuse me this; it is the last request I shall ever make of you.

GORDON."

"Tell Mr. Wylde I will go," said Fay to the boy. "I must do something," she added, sitting down again to finish her letter.

While dressing for an early dinner, she asked herself if it were possible that Gordon meant to accept defeat so easily; she knew he rated Bobbie far below him as a rival, and that he must question the truth of her loving him.

She felt perfectly at sea as to her own actions, sensing a necessity to guard against an inexplicable Something.

Unlike many women who find it hard to relinquish the fond thought of man's undying faithfulness to their memory,

it would have been a relief to Fay, had she been able to persuade herself that Gordon accepted her decision concerning Patterson and himself, but she could not.

"Something will surely happen," she said over and over again.

At a quarter to seven she was standing in the cockpit of the launch, waiting for her host. Her restlessness had increased, and she looked longingly out toward the open sea.

Gordon walked quickly down the pier, and seeing her waiting, lifted his hat.

"Am I late?" he asked, apologetically. "There were some telegrams which had to go."

"Well, come," urged Fay. "See, the sun is almost setting; I hope Irene will not keep us waiting."

At the Bayhaven pier, Harrison ran ashore a moment; Mrs. Corbett and Ponsonby were not there, but a bell boy from the hotel handed Gordon a note. He scanned it hastily and turned to Fay.

"She can't come," he said, almost before reading the note, "but don't let that matter. We need not stay long. Will you go anyway?" Fay hesitated a moment. The Pagan lifted his head and called to her; the sea was dyed with crimson and gold; a slight breeze ruffled her hair and cooled her cheeks and lips which felt scorching hot. Gordon looked at her covertly and swayed the least bit nearer. "You want to go," he urged, "say yes."

Had Fay turned toward him, she would have decided at once to return to Southhaven, but her eyes were heavy with the love of the scene before her. She steeped her artist's soul in the intoxication of its beauty. The dome above, tinted delicately in the east, gradually merging its soft radiance into flaming crimson and gold darts, stretching streakily across the west; a few scattered downy clouds, hanging well out of the voluptuous glow, preserved their whiteness and purity, save for their pearly tinted edges; the sea, Venetian in its splendor, blue and pink and gold, rolling sensuously, restlessly, alluringly; Fay drank in the picture, as Gordon drank in her personality, and yielded.

"We must ride into the sunset," she said passionately, "into the heart of things."

"Wait for me in the bow," said Wyld, "I will join you presently."

He led her to the very bow of the boat, and left her. A moment afterwards, Fay was conscious of the engine's throb, as the Idlewyld moved slowly from the Bayhaven pier, and with precision, as though guided by her accustomed, experienced hand, she swung round into the flaming pathway of the setting sun.

The vivid ball dropped into the sea, and Fay wondered that she could not hear a hiss as it touched the water; the boat raced along its course with a buoyant, leaping motion, mad with the joy of its freedom; a shower of salt spray scattered on the deck, and the girl swayed easily, rhythmically, resting one hand on the rail, the other clasping the slender flag-pole.

Her hair blew loose and clung against her lips; she brushed it back and laughed aloud, as an adventurous wave splashed against her face. She forgot the world in the mad intoxication of the moment.

"It is heaven," she breathed, "it is Life and Freedom; I am Big, Big, BIG!"

Thus entranced, she stood, until the light faded out of the sky and darkness settled quickly; a presence aroused her, something brought her back from the heights where she had stood.

Gordon was beside her.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"I would that my lips could utter the thoughts that arise in me," she quoted, conscious herself of the throbbing of her voice.

Gordon moved closer, he touched her, and put his arm upon the rail at her back, pinning the girl in the spot where she stood. Fay felt him tremble and looked full at him, for the first time; until now he had been forgotten. She hardly realized how her eyes answered the passionate appeal in his, even from a different cause, but she was immediately conscious that he read and misunderstood something.

"Darling," he whispered hoarsely, "you are mine, all mine—I knew it would come—*my hour*."

"Gordon," Fay spoke sharply, "remember that I am your guest; remember what I told you last night, and—let go."

The boat lurched; a wind had risen, and her course seemed less certain.

For answer Wylde caught the girl passionately to him and held her, struggling, so.

"You have had your dream," he said, speaking with his lips against her hair, "the very dream you told me, that night so long ago. You stood in the prow of a boat, riding on a crimson pathway, into the very heart of things. The waves rose laughingly to kiss you, as I do now,—the wind whipped your beautiful hair loose for me, me! You dreamed of bliss unspeakable—you Lived—" he paused, "for me!"

Fay struggled against the man's brute strength.

"Gordon," she said, again, this time with contempt, as well as anger in her voice, "be a gentleman if you can't be a *man*. Stop at once, or I will call Harrison."

Wylde laughed recklessly. "Harrison is miles away," he jeered. I left him at Bayhaven."

"What?"

"I left him at Bayhaven, I tell you. When you came here, to stand, I went below and started the engine, taking pains to keep that direct course, knowing of a surety you would be oblivious to everything but your own dream. It was all there," he continued, "even the sea gull, which I noticed, dazzling white against the crimson back ground. Even I was impressed by the scene, although for the most part, I looked only at you." He held the girl a little from him, gazed laughingly at her, then kissed her full on the lips. "I have lashed the wheel securely."

"And now?" she asked in a strangely quiet voice. All at once the sea was big and black, and lonely. Its very vastness was a menace; the shore lights were far away, and there was nothing but dense gloom ahead.

"Now," answered Wylde, slowly,



GORDON MOVED CLOSER AND PUT HIS ARM ON THE RAIL

"now I am to have my hour. God knows I've dreamed of it day and night for weeks, until I burn with the fever of it; I have starved for you too long, and my hour is come."

He kissed her again, hungrily.

"To-night you are rich in lovers; one absent who will never taste of bliss unspeakable," he went on tensely, "one who will drink the cup of happiness, drink it to the dregs, then pass you on to your lover there"—he pointed vaguely to the blackness of the ocean—"in whose arms you may lie forever."

Fay put her two hands against his breast and pushed herself away from him.

"You are mad," she whispered, seriously.

If Gordon had been thrilled for no other reason, his pulse would have leapt now, looking down into her wide-open astonished gaze. He revelled in her absolute fearlessness; she did not shrink nor cry. She looked him squarely in the eye, and said "You are mad."

"Mad," he echoed, laughing aloud and mirthlessly, "I never have been

sane, till now. I have let my love for you consume me. It has burned with a fire agonizing in its intensity, and now you pay the price.— Now, O God, you are mine.”

Strange though it seems, her thoughts were not for herself but for Bobbie. Quickly as she could command her wits she weighed two courses, and decided not for herself, but for him.

“Listen to me a moment,” her voice was laden with pain, “take me back, Gordon, and I will marry you, to-night.”

He laughed again, wildly. “Marry me, marry me! Never! Have I not gone through the nethermost corners of hell for you already? Have I not been frenzied by your indifference enough? Marry you, and watch your growing coldness, your disgust, even at the sight of me—Come,” he cried, lifting her bodily, and carrying her aft, “into the bridal chamber. I will tell you once more how I love you, love you.”

Fay lay inertly in his arms, she could not connect this dramatic unreality with ordinary every day existence. In every drama there is a release; it must be so with this one. Of course Gordon was mad, she realized that, also her own predicament, but Fate would intervene, she knew. It was only a question of time.

Gordon laid her gently on the leather cushioned couch, and knelt beside her. His face was not distinguishable now, the inky blackness was heavy and soft about them like a velvet cloth.

“You have forgotten one part of my vision, Gordon,” Fay began, speaking gently, as one would to a wayward child, “it was the *Bigness*, the Purity which I drank in, until it became a part of me. Is it not possible that you can feel it too?”

For an instant he did not answer, then,

“You are trying to make me ashamed; perhaps you can, but nothing, nothing can make me give you up, to-night. Put your arms around my neck,” he continued, his lips on hers, “put your arms around my neck and say ‘I love you,’—ah, your lips, your lips. . . . say, ‘I love you,’ only once—”

A crash!

* * * * *

The officer of the watch heard a slight noise forward and leaned over the starboard rail.

By the ship's lights, he saw some bits of wreckage floating aft and he swore, angrily.

“Another one of those fool millionaires, running his launch without a light—serves him right,” and he gave the signal to reverse the engines.

THE END.

THE LURE OF THE ROAD

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

I BUILT a house between two hills
Whereon I did devise;

“Who makes an end to wandering
Is cousin to the wise.”

But the West Wind laughed and blew the dust
Of the hill tops in mine eyes.

The Black Cloud veiled me; “Ho!” quoth I,
“You have no lure for me

That I should face your rack and storm
And flout my tight roof-tree.”

But the Black Cloud laughed and wet my cheek
With the spindrift of the sea.

KEEPING STORE AT TETE JAUNE CACHE

BY WALLACE FINCH AND L. DARBY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THREE PARTS

PART THREE

IT was an adventure indeed! A real adventure for a man who, although he had been in the wilderness for two months, had never moved without an experienced guide, never been left alone except in the quiet security of the store at Tete Jaune Cache.

It all happened because the Indian of the canoe tried to over-reach a white man. Caswell, a man bound for Prince Rupert with two partners, sent his horses back to Edmonton, intending to buy a canoe from some friends of Jimmie's who were coming up the Fraser. But when Pierce and Smith arrived they had left the canoe a day's journey down the river near Horse Creek and Caswell was obliged to bridge the gap in some way. He asked the Indian to carry his outfit but, like all Indians when they think they have a white man in a corner, he asked an outrageous price which Caswell refused to pay. Instead he asked us if we could take his party down to the canoe with our pack horses, and Frank suggested that perhaps Will would like to go. Here was Will's opportunity! A chance to see what he could do. Inwardly he felt a little tremulous at the prospect of the return trip over a poorly marked trail alone with four horses, but he smothered the tremor and said "yes."

Thursday morning the four men set out on foot driving the pack horses and expecting to reach Horse Creek and the canoe by evening. But shortly after fording Small River they lost the trail and camped for the night in the woods, and although Will roused the party at four the next morning it was almost dark when they found the canoe

and unloaded at the mouth of Horse Creek. Saturday morning early Will brought the horses in near the camp but they escaped and back trailed. Caught and driven in again they repeated the performance and Caswell went out to help Will in rounding them up but took the wrong way back and after a long search for the trail his partners came out hunting for their missing friends. By the united efforts of the four men the four horses were finally tied near the camp while their tired master swallowed a hasty breakfast—a poor preparation for a long day's journey by a delicate man. At last Will started, leading the train on Little Bay, Caswell with him to see him safely on the main trail. Then "good-bye and good luck" and he was off toward Tete Jaune Cache.

It was rather pleasant to be alone with the woods and Will rode along in a quiet dream. Suddenly he found himself in a thicket with no exit except the way he had come in; turning, he retraced his steps but found no opening in the direction in which he wished to go—the trail was lost. After a fruitless search he worked his way back to a creek which he remembered, found the crossing and started on. Soon lost again, he left the horses and went back to the creek to find another trail of which he had heard, but with no success. It was now raining and growing dark so he brought the horses back to the crossing and camped for the night. There was nothing to eat and he was wet, tired and very anxious. Sunday morning he wrote a memorandum telling of his plight and posted it conspicuously on a tree. Then he

packed the horses but they refused to start, so he unpacked them intending to caché the things and let the horses go while he walked home. After a little while he found a few raspberries which were delicious but only made him realize his hunger, and while he was searching the bushes for more the horses disappeared leaving him oppressed by solitude, the responsibility of losing four good horses and fear for his own fate. Darkness came on again and rolled in his blanket he spent a cold, restless night on the damp ground. Monday he rose painfully and went back to the creek to change the memorandum and on the return trip found some more raspberries. He realized that he could not wander about that creek crossing forever, living on an occasional handful of berries, so strapping his blanket on his back he started resolutely in the direction in which he thought Tete Jaune Cache ought to be, scrambling over fallen trees and forcing way straight through thickets, wasting no time in hunting for trails.

Working doggedly along with all his remaining strength focused on keeping his feet moving in that direction, he began slowly to feel that he was progressing with comparative ease; unwittingly he had stumbled into the trail. Then joy of joys, he heard hoof beats and voices and two old acquaintances of the Cache rode up behind him. They insisted that he should ride one of their horses for they saw that his strength was almost exhausted, but he was so keyed up by excitement that he did not feel his condition. A sandwich and the sight of two of the straying horses which they found at Small River helped to cheer him and soon they met Frank, who had become alarmed when Will was three days overdue and was starting out to hunt for him. Frank went on to look for the other two horses and Will and his friends rode into "town" about supper time. Then came the reaction. With plenty of food, warmth and a bed his intense weariness surged over him and it was an exhausted and chastened Will who turned out the next morning to meet a large Grand Trunk Pacific survey party.

They proved to be old friends,

Graham's party with whom we had spent three days at Big Eddy on our way out. This time it was they who brought us mail, our first bundle of letters since we left Edmonton two months before. For some time the store was neglected while we were buried in the precious sheets.

The afternoon of August fourteenth while Will was reading in the tent he heard a big splash in the river and knew that the salmon, due that day on their annual pilgrimage up the Fraser from the sea over seven hundred miles away, had arrived. Toward evening he went down to the bank and heard a number splashing and saw one jump up stream. The next day as he was washing the dinner dishes Will was startled to find an Indian with a gun by his side. The man had come up the hill and over the fence without a sound. Will managed to understand that he was related to the Indians across the river, had just arrived from Lac Ste. Anne, and was hungry. Will made porridge and tea which the Indian devoured in silence, then went away with a boy and girl who had come for him in a canoe. There was no greeting. He simply stepped into the canoe, picked up a paddle, the girl took the other one and away they went. At the farther bank he stepped out and stalked up the hill to the tepees leaving the girl to struggle up under a heavy bundle of pine boughs she had gathered on this side. A strange people truly!

This man proved to be the advance guard of the party which we had met on our way out. The salmon had come and the Indians were at home again from Lac Ste. Anne for the annual fishing. The party which now arrived were tired, wet and hungry—they are always hungry—and though it was strictly against the rules, Will started up his fire to make more porridge, and even while the water was boiling the number of his guests was augmented by half a dozen from the village across the river. During our very first meal at the Cache an Indian boy had squatted close to us all the time we were eating, without a word but with a pathetic look in his eyes that touched Will's compassion. But our experienced



RIDING A BIT LOW IN THE WATER DOESN'T BOTHER TIMBER-LOOKERS

members refused to feed him, warning Will that the boy, his family and his friends would appear at every meal ever after. Will now had a practical demonstration of the Indian appetite.

In the midst of the big dish washing following the Indian tea party Jimmie put in his appearance and soon after came three men from Calgary and Edmonton led by "Jock," an old guide

and trapper known throughout the Northwest. If you look in the government reports of the survey west of Edmonton you will find many references to "Jock's trail". Jock's party stayed several days and shared our fire and table which made it very pleasant for us. Will learned a number of things from the experienced frontiersman; how to select trees for



LODGES IN THE WILDERNESS MAY BE RUDE, BUT A FELLOW TAKES SOLID COMFORT IN THEM



YOU MAY THINK YOU LOOK PRETTY FAIR IN CIVILIZED CLOTHES—

fire wood, the best way of making bannock and of smudging horses. In his turn he astonished Jock with the quantity and enormous size of the saskatoons growing near. Some of the berries were so large that Jock dubbed them "apples".

One morning Crandall, the Edmonton man, tried fishing and soon we heard a great flopping and splashing

and a cry of "Help! Help!" There was a general rush for the water and Jock grabbed a twelve pound salmon which Crandall had caught on a spoon hook. Jock had always understood that a salmon could not be caught with hook and line, and his theory was that when this fish was making one of the usual jumps with its mouth open the hook happened to be right in line and



OUR PRIVATE BATHS AT FIDDLE CREEK—HOT WATER FREE, SOAP EXTRA



BUT WHISKERS DO MAKE A DIFFERENCE!

caught in its jaw! For the rest of us the main point was that the fish was landed and was very good to eat. That same day the Indians went down the river with their spears and brought back a canoe-load of fish which the squaws cleaned at the landing place.

By the end of August the tops of the mountains had a fresh coat of snow, the nights were growing chilly and the last evening of the month brought a brilliant aurora which reminded us

that the short hot summer of the north was drawing to a close. Autumn was upon us. That day the Grand Trunk mail carrier came past, the first direct through mail of the year. Several survey parties arrived and departed during the first week in September. The company had a large caché below us and the various parties of this section visited it to stock up for their final fall trips. It was a regular "levee" week for Will and he was kept busy by



THEIR REPUTATIONS MAY NOT BE ANYTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT—BUT THEY'RE THE BEST KIND OF PALS



PACK, SADDLE—AND GOOD-BYE TO TETE JAUNE

a brisk business in our log store. The latter part of September the exodus began in earnest. The surveyors were gone and the prospectors and land lookers were going too, some eastward to Edmonton and some southward to Kamloops, for the water was freezing nightly in the pails and it was time for men to get back to civilization. October seventh our tent was down, the horses packed, we turned the key in the rough plank door of the store and said good-bye to the river and the Indians, good-bye to Tete Jaune Cache.

The return trip was uneventful. A week after we started we reached Swift's where we again spent two days. The weather was delightful Indian summer so we decided to turn aside to visit the hot springs up Fiddle Creek. The stream flowed through a rocky, picturesque canon at the head of which

was a series of falls and basins filled with the hot water from the springs. Here we stayed a day or so disporting ourselves in the natural baths, a great luxury after five months away from the world of porcelain tubs.

But we began to feel eager to reach home, so we pressed on and the seventh of November found us back in Edmonton, a weather-beaten, bearded crew hardly recognizable by friend or foe. A quick descent upon our trunks and a visit to the barber so transformed us that the days of mountain climbing and timber cruising, the days of sleeping in a tent and waking to the beauties of swift-flowing river and snow-crowned mountains, seemed really things of the past. But it was a past that we left behind us with regret and lived over again many times in tales of "When we were keeping store at Tete Jaune Cache."

HIC JACET

BY MARGARET KENNA

Trembling with cold the blood-red vines appear;
 The souging wind about them grieves.
 The heart of summer must have broken here,
 For see, 'tis life-blood spilled upon the leaves.

GAMBLING WITH PLAYS

BY THOMAS W. ROSS

IN THE stock market you have some chance for your money; in the theatrical business you have less. A share of stock has a definite value. It may rise or may depreciate but it still represents something real and definite, so much wheat or copper or whatever the thing is with which you gamble. On the stage you gamble with plays which have no real or definite value until after they are produced.

You may pay Augustus Thomas, who is one of the best contemporary American playwrights, a retaining fee of \$1500 for his next play and he may give you a drama which reads wonderfully well and which you think must undoubtedly be a great success. It may not run a week because, while technically it is absolutely correct, it may nevertheless lack the human interest necessary to please the public who are the final arbiters of theatrical destiny.

Mr. Daniel Frohman, a man of infinite experience, of fine, trained mind, of splendid literary ability who has an international acquaintance with the best authors in the world and who controlled one of the best stock companies of his time, declined *The Lion and the Mouse*, which he had given

Charles Klein a commission to write. Klein refunded his retaining fee and offered the play to a younger and more inexperienced manager, Henry B. Harris, who took a long chance on it and made a fortune, the foundation of his present success.

After Harris had produced it, George Tyler, perhaps the ablest dramatic producer of to-day, saw the play and said, "Frohman was right. I would have refused the script if it had been offered to me."

That was the trained judgment of two of the most experienced men in the show business and yet *The Lion and the Mouse* has been one of the sensational successes of the last decade.

Daniel Frohman also declined *The Witching Hour*, which afterwards had such a wonderful vogue. Several managers, among them Charles Frohman, declined *The Fortune-Hunter* which two companies are now playing to packed houses in New York and Chicago. Yet Charles Frohman later produced *The Fires of Fate*, by Conan Doyle, which only ran two weeks. He gambled on the reputation of the author, and lost. Cohan and Harris, who produced *The Fortune-Hunter*, gambled



THOMAS ROSS, WHO CREATED THE PART OF NAT DUNCAN IN *The Fortune-Hunter*

on their judgment of the play—and won.

Charles Frohman gambles almost altogether in reputation. An actor has a big name, a writer has a world-wide reputation: Mr. Frohman hastens to obtain a lien on his services. Practically every well-known playwright in Europe has a contract whereby Mr. Frohman has first claim for American production on everything he writes. J. M. Barrie is the most notable example of this Frohman policy and on everything Mr. Barrie has done Frohman's gamble has been successful.

Madame X, one of the few European successes which has escaped Frohman, was captured by Henry W. Savage. Technically, there are many better plays but it has one big scene which reduces every woman, and many men, in the audience to tears and the public seems to be willing to pay good money to have what a woman calls "a real good cry," for *Madame X* ran twenty weeks in Chicago and now it is repeating its triumphs in New York. Savage gambled on that one scene, and the luck was with him.

Among the stars, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Sothorn and Marlowe, and Maxine Elliott can almost certainly be relied upon to carry even a bad play to success, so that the manager who gambles with their services is usually playing a sure thing but there are hosts of cases where a man may make a big success in one role and be an utter failure in another, just as the playwright who has had one big success may write something else which fails dismally.

Yet managers continue to be imitative rather than creative. "The public liked such a show," the manager says, "therefore I'll have one just like that." So he orders a play built on the same model and in nine cases out of ten,

the imitation is a failure, no matter how successful the original may have been.

The actor is, of necessity, compelled to be as much of a gambler as the manager.

He may rehearse for six weeks with a play that looks like a big thing and it may close in two weeks, leaving him stranded with perhaps a long hunt for another engagement. This uncertainty is worse a great deal for a woman than a man because a woman's clothes are much more expensive and an actress may spend six hundred dollars on her wardrobe for a play which only yields her two weeks' salary. Then perhaps her next engagement demands clothes of an entirely different character and she has lost out twice.

It seems as if it were impossible to remove this gambling element from the theatrical business for no other business in the world is conducted along similar lines. It is the public, and the public alone, who make or mar a play's success, and who can keep his finger on the public pulse?

One thing alone seems certain, that wholesomeness is the best asset a play or player can have. A salacious musical show, filled with risque jokes and equivocal situations, may make money while it lasts—but it doesn't last long. The really enduring plays are the ones which are founded on goodness and wholesomeness—plays like *The Old Homestead*, *The Little Minister* and *Shore Acres* which have endured for years and years and *The Fortune Hunter*, which will endure, and the actors who insist on having clean plays, like Joseph Jefferson, Denman Thompson and Maude Adams—these are the people who have had real and enduring success. With them the stage ceases to be a gamble and becomes a permanent and successful business.



Theatrical comment and gossip by Currie Love, illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MOTHER

"A MOTHER'S love endures through all: in good-repute, in bad-repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on."

This is the sentence appearing on the play-bill of *Mother*, a new play by Jules Eckert Goodman, which bids fair to rival, if not to out-do, the success of that other great mother-drama, *Madame X*, though the two are entirely different in spirit and treatment.

Mrs. Katherine Wetherill (Emma Dunn) has been left a widow with six children to bring up on a small income. Everything goes well with the little family until the oldest son, Will, (Frederick Perry) falls in love with an actress and persuades his mother to allow him to mortgage his interest in the estate that he may give the woman of his heart all the things she most desires, the things that only money can buy. Estrangement with his family is inevitable and for four years the mother does not see her oldest boy, until she learns that he has forged her name to a note for \$10,000, to make good the sum he has stolen from his employers to buy automobiles, champagne, and diamonds for his wife and her sister, Bessie, a soubrette who has dreams of becoming a grand opera star.

The worried little mother's cup seems full when she learns that her second son, Walter, has fallen in love

with Bessie and is determined to give her the same devotion as Will has extended to the sister. But this time she decides that she will not give in, that these two women shall not rob her of her boys without a struggle, so she sends for Bessie and in a wonderfully good scene, tells her that Walter will not come into his estate for three years and that even then, there will be very little to divide. Bessie, in her fury, overturns the furniture, swears at Walter and exhibits herself as the common little person she is, finishing by declaring that she wouldn't marry Walter if he were the only man in the world.

Walter, in an outburst of wounded feeling, tells his mother that she has not been on the square with him and she turns in anguish to meet his eyes.

"Square," she says, "Square! Haven't we mothers some rights? We fight and work and save for our sons all our lives and then, at the first sight of some little fool girl, all our love and care is forgotten. You give it all up for her. Square, is it? Who ever thinks of being square to a mother?"

Then she turns to her daughters, to find that the two girls have fallen in love with the same man; Ardath, the elder, wishing to withdraw in favor of Leonore, the younger, and the man refusing to accept the withdrawal because it is Ardath he wants.



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

GERTRUDE DALTON

Playing with William Norris in *My Cinderella Girl*

Mother saves the situation by a quiet little talk with Ardath, telling her that Leonore is still a child and will some day have a real love affair but that to the older girl, the thing is vital.

"Why, child," she says, "there are only two great moments in any woman's life, the one when she gives her first kiss to her sweetheart and the other when she gives the first kiss to her own baby. Not much of a destiny, is it? Yet no matter what other success she may have, if these two moments do not come to her, she is still a failure."

Ardath realizes the truth of her mother's speech and so she goes to her lover.

Then Will comes home, broken in spirit, worn out in body. He has not eaten nor slept in two days and his wife, at the first hint of trouble, has left him.

"I worked for her, slaved for her, even stole for her," he cries, "and what in hell good did it do?"

And then, as Leonore shrinks back from him at the ugly word, he says bitterly, "Pardon me. I've been associating with my wife for so long, I've forgotten how to talk to a lady."

Mother motions the girls to go away and then she sits down and talks until all the smart is gone from the wound and he is kneeling at her feet with the tears streaming down his face, his body shaking with sobs. She has her boy back again.

And so the little family settle down again to their every day life, absolutely commonplace with its

childish scraps, its trivial annoyances, its burnt pies—all the little things that happen every day in every household.

THE EASIEST WAY

SINCE Frances Starr first began to play in *The Easiest Way*, she has given hundreds of interviews on her conception of the character of "Laura Murdock," and Eugene Walter, the playwright, has talked almost as often on the moral lesson he thinks his play conveys. To those who do not know the story, it runs like this: "Laura



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

FRANCES STARR
As Laura Murdock, in *The Easiest Way*

Murdock, a young actress, has won most of her success by the help of Brockton, a wealthy broker. She falls in love with a young newspaper man

out in Denver, while playing a summer stock engagement there, who asks her to marry him and, breaking off her *liaison* with Brockton, she goes back

to New York to win her own way. But she soon finds how much of her success was due to Brockton's money and how little to her own talent, and it is not long before she is stranded in the third floor back of a shabby theatrical boarding-house with three weeks' rent due and no money to buy her next meal.

Brockton reappears on the scene and the temptation of luxury and easy money again is too much for her. She goes back to him, promising that she will write to the newspaper man, telling him the truth. But she is not strong enough for this and living with Brockton she still writes the newspaper man of her love and fidelity to him.

The inevitable climax comes. The newspaper man returns with a "bunch of money" and Laura still lies to him until Brockton comes in and discloses the truth. Then both men leave her, not because of the looseness of her morals, but because she has lied to them.

Laura thinks she'll commit suicide, but again her courage fails her, so, putting on her "gladdest" raiment, she exclaims, "I'll go to Rector's and make a hit. To hell with the rest."

Puzzle—Find the moral. It seems improbable that a woman of Laura Murdock's mental and moral fibre would be seriously affected by the loss of both her lovers, since she could not have had a very deep and abiding passion for either of them. To her it was merely a case of choosing a new lover as she would select a new gown, and her closing speech "to hell with the rest" plainly shows her point of view. To forget all that she might have learned from the cataclysm in her domestic relations and to remember only to put on a new frock and "make a hit."

You couldn't convey much of a moral by that, could you?

MY CINDERELLA GIRL

THE versatile William Norris has broken out in a new place. From the jester in *Francesca da Rimini* to the college boy in *My Cinderella Girl* is a long fall, but the descent has been broken by Mr. Norris' appearances in musical comedy and a brief tour as manager for *Beverly of Graustark*.

Mr. Norris appears as Tom Harrington, captain of the baseball nine at Siwash college. The day before the story opens, the team has suffered an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the rival college, the Piutes. Tom has gotten into a scrape by appropriating a captain's uniform to appear at a military ball in order that he may make love to a girl who disappears at midnight, leaving him, like Cinderella, only a little slipper as a clue to her identity.

Tom returns to Siwash, in a whirl of joy, to find things stacked up against him. The return match with the Piutes is on; his father, who is opposed to baseball and in favor of mathematics, wires that he is arriving to visit his son that day; the Cinderella girl appears as a visitor at Siwash and insists on calling him "Captain Baker" and the faculty want to suspend him before the game because of some misdemeanor of which he has been guilty.

Tom marches gaily through all his difficulties, however, and after a series of side-splitting complications, peace is restored. His father approves of his baseball spirit; the Cinderella girl forgives his deception, the faculty allows him to play and Siwash wins the game.

The curtain goes down on everyone happy, even the goat, the mascot for the team.

THE INCOMPARABLE GENEË

WONDERFUL Adeline Genee, with her fairy feet, her elusive smile and her elfin personality is to her surroundings in *The Silver Star* as a diamond in a brass setting. The absurdities of Bickel and Watson, the noisy humor of Emma Janvier, clever as these entertainers are, seem merely foils for Genee's charm and grace.

It is interesting to compare the classic art of Maud Allan, her slow, plastic poses, her unshod feet and loose, scanty draperies with the quick, flashing movements of Genee who flits hither and thither like a will o' the wisp. It is the difference between classicism and romanticism.

Reams have been written about Genee's personal charm but nothing could transcend the truth. Absolutely dissimilar in almost every respect as



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

THE ELFIN GENEV

Whose little feet set hearts a-dancing in *The Silver Star*

she and Harry Lauder are, they yet have one quality in common, intense personal magnetism. Both can win an audience without the utterance of a word. Genée, of course, does not speak throughout the entire course of the piece, but her wonderfully mobile countenance portrays so vividly every tiniest shade of expression that her pantomime conveys almost as much as speech.

Certainly, in *The Silver Star*, she is provided with every advantage that scenic surroundings can give. Her first entrance is spectacular in the extreme. A huge Christmas tree, laden with toys and wax candles is disclosed and at the top, stands Genée in her stiff white ballet-skirts, her silver wand in her hand and her yellow curls clustered about her face, a veritable fairy of the Christmas tree. As she dances down the long, narrow incline from the top of the tree to the stage, one wonders how such a tiny creature can perform such marvels and when she has gone through the various movements of the dance, she twinkles backward up the incline on her toes, a feat which elicits an ovation from the breathless audience.

In her next appearance, the stage is decorated as a silver grape arbor, and Genée is the spirit of champagne, a creature all sparkle and bubbles, wonderfully fascinating and alluring, yet absolutely evanescent.

And last of all, she is garbed as spring in delicate-colored draperies, with daffodils in her hands and hair while the background is a wilderness of blossoms.

Such a wonderful Genée! If one could only think of new adjectives to describe her, but after all, she is just—Genée, the poetry of motion, the incarnation of gaiety and unconscious joy.

[THE CALL OF THE CRICKET]

A NEW play by Edward Peple whose *Prince Chap* was such a success, promised well and Mabel Taliaferro, whose performance in *Polly of the Circus* is so pleasantly remembered, promised better. But there is a perverted adage which says, "Blessed is he who expecteth little for he shall not be disappointed," and that is the way one should feel in going to see *The Call of*

The Cricket, Edward Peple's new play, written to exploit Miss Taliaferro.

It is a pleasure to record the decided improvement in Miss Taliaferro's acting. In *Polly of The Circus*, she was just a sweet, dear little girl in a sweet, dear little part which did not call for real depth of feeling of any sort.

In *The Call of The Cricket*, she displays genuine dramatic ability. She begins by being a "little creature made of sunshine and bubbles" to whom emotion is a bore and life a merry jest. Brought up on a Kentucky stock-farm, her old guardian sends her to a fashionable boarding school where she makes a friend, Fannie Marsh, who invites the little Kentuckian to spend the summer at her seaside home. Fannie's brother, Norman, finds the little school-friend a refreshing change from the conventional society girls to whom he has been accustomed. Even her name, Rosalie Keewit, amuses him, and he dubs her "Cricket". Norman's stately fiancée disapproves of his attentions to "that little hoyden" and in a scene of much recrimination, the engagement is broken.

Norman, in his rage and his determination to "show her," asks Rosalie to marry him and she, believing that he must love her or he would not want her as a companion on a life-long journey, is overjoyed at being chosen for such an honor.

Not long after their marriage, however, she realizes that something is interfering with their matrimonial happiness and the ex-fiancée comes along just in time to tell her what the "something" is.

Poor little "Cricket" appeals to Norman who tells her just why he married her and offers her legal separation, divorce, anything she chooses. The little girl from the blue-grass country is made of sterner stuff, however, and she refuses all his offers, preferring to play out the game.

But she makes it perfectly clear that it is a game to be played only in public. In private, there are to be no pretences or illusions.

Finally she decides, however, that she can stand it no longer and she sends for her old guardian to take her back



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MABEL TALIAFERRO

The chirping little "Cricket" of Edward Peple's new play

to Kentucky. Then Norman awakens to the fact that the "Cricket" has become the only thing in life quite worth while—and the curtain descends on a scene of reconciliation.

In Miss Taliaferro's supporting company, a particularly good characterization is given by William Harrigan, who plays the role of a young business man with vigor and enthusiasm.

SERPENTS IN EDEN

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

ILLUSTRATION BY J. J. REYNOLDS

"AFTER the spring round-up las' year on the Poco Caliente range," remarked Curly Sullivan of the Diamond S outfit, delicately rolling a cigarette, "me an' Slick Jim Kineen was let off."

I discreetly said nothing, previous experience having taught me that it was quite unnecessary to do so, and Curly, lighting the cigarette, proceeded.

"O' course, I was jest an odd hand they'd picked up for the round-up, so I wasn't figurin' to stay, but Jim'd been with 'em for some time. Fact was, he'd been there 'most too long, 'n' folks rather more'n suspicioned him of throwin' a long rope. . . . Gosh, you look wise, over there!" he broke off. "Guess you don't savvey throwin' a long rope. It's jest throwin' your lass' rope over another man's cattle for keeps. . . . 'N' then 'twas his cussedness, too, that got him his time.

"This cussedness was jes' Jim's little ways that the ranch foreman's pet wouldn't stand for. Pet was a ganglin' flop-eared farmer lad; nephew of Harkness. He knew nothin' about cows but the milkin' of them; a milkmaid in bearskin chaps, that's what he was;—c'd handle Minnesota dairy stock p'raps but c'd do mighty little with range cattle.

"More'n that he was allus shying at something er 'nother; now it was rattlers, now tryantlers in his beddin', now stingin' lizards—scorpeens, I think *you* call 'em,—an' the latest was hyderphobia skunks. You see, the last night before we pulled stakes we camped at the Flying Dollar ranch an' Jim shot a skunk near Mrs. Harkness' chicken house. She was the ranch foreman's wife, a right peart little woman, wuth two of *him* any day. *Her* pets was useful; c'd lay aigs any-how!"

"Well, that evening we stretched out under the stars an' told things we'd heard about them varmints, getting a whiff of Mister Polecat once in a while to stimerlate our 'magination. We told about how they bit folks an' what—all terrible deaths them folks died, a-raving an' tearing an' frothing at the mouth, an' every time Pet scringed at a dyin' agony like a calf at a branding iron, we thought up a wusser one till it was plumb scand'lous the way we was stretchin' fac's.

"We couldn't keep that up all night, so purty soon we curled up in our bedding an' went to sleep.

"But I couldn't sleep. I was meditatatin', an' after a while I says soft-like, 'Oh, Jim!' 'Hello, Curly,' he says, an' then I knew he was meditatatin' too.

"'It's a shame,' I says, 'to shoot it into Harkness' pet that a-way. He ain't done nothin' to injure we-all.'

"'No, he ain't done nothin' nohow, Curly. He jes' lets us do his work an' draws the same pay as we do. I don't blame a man fur not knowin' how to rope a yearlin', but I shore blame him fer not trying to learn what he's paid for to do. I don't want to work with that kind of a man,' he says, 'an' what's more I'm goin' to make him quit the job or be canned a-trying.'

"'I've got a scheme,' says I, 'that'll work out jes' that way. Come out from here an' I'll make you wise.'

"So I told him my idee, and he approved of it an' we done it.

"We borried a clo'es pin from Mrs. Harkness' line of wash—maybe you know them patent spring pins that nip the clo'es like pincers,—an' with a bit of balin' wire we made it fast in Mister Polecat's mouth. It took some time, one-handed, our left hands bein' kept busy holdin' our noses. Then Jim crep' up like an Apache to where Pet



"SO WE FOOLED 'EM BY RIDING AWAY ONLY SIX SHEETS IN THE WIND"

was sleeping an' gently let the jaws of the clo'es pin fasten on Pet's ear.

"By the time he let out his fust yell we was both asleep, but it took quick action.

"I'd like to tell you how high in the air that farmer jumped but I know you'd disbelieve me. No, nor I aint agoin' to repeat the disgraceful things he said an' done when he found out that the varmint a-flopping from his ear was a dead one. He knew *all* the language we knew, and then some. A better man than I took him for!

"That's why we quit the Flying Dollar outfit. Harkness seemed to wish it. He was allus kind to his pets.

"Well, we was perty well pleased at the chance to blow in our pay, but we made up our minds not to spend a dollar in Poco Caliente, which was Schneider's town, bein's it was Schneider's foreman that canned us. So we shoved along down the river lookin' for a likely place to get our money's worth, an' not knowing if we'd have to ride clean to Tucson or maybe find some innercent pleasure on the Jordan.

"Jordan was the name that river went by for the reason that a mighty pious bunch of shoutin' saints from somewhar had located on its head waters in the early days an' they naterly didn't approve of its bein' called after some coffee-colored Mexican saint, San Xavier or some such name as greasers go by, so they baptized it Jordan an' their settlements Bethel and Beuler and Eden and the like.

"Jest before we blew into the fust town in the pious belt, which was that same evening, we come to Hogtown, a place settled by Texicans. In the early days there was a canteen on that spot where the whiskey was almighty powerful, and that's how the town come to be there: the canteen was called 'The Last Chance,' so in course them Texicans were afeared to go further. They took up land clost as they could git to 'The Last Chance,' begun raisin' young ones and pork and named their town accordin'.

"At Hogtown they sized up our wads and they shore passed us out the orneriest grade of rot-gut whiskey and the most for the money I ever *did* see.

Jim and me knew as how we'd better leave that place afore they took away all our pay, for I seen they was givin' too much candy for a penny, as the sayin' is; so we fooled 'em by riding away only six sheets in the wind.

"That's the way we hit Eden and the fust thing we seen was a big round tent an' direckly acrosst the street another big round tent.

"Says Jim, 'I 'low as how that Hogtown booze is makin' me see things twice over!'

"No, it ain't Jim,' says I, 'not if you don't see four tents. Them two tents ain't the same one,' I says. 'One of them has got a Mexican sign which says as how it's the biggest show on earth; and the other reads, 'Holiness unto the Lord!'

"At which Jim felt a lot better in his mind. 'Which show do we take in?' he asks.

"Me for the Mex circus!' says I.

"About that time they struck up the ducksology; it was the close of the afternoon meeting, an' the gospel tent begun to empty itself. Say, the fust thing that come out was two lovely peaches-an'-creamy young ladies in thin white dresses with pink an' blue ribbon trimmings underneath. Mighty fetchin', I thought, an' Jim he 'lowed the holiness tent was good enough for him. In course I couldn't back down. 'We'll deal a hand to settle it,' says I.

"So we dealt right therein our saddles an' I seen the young ladies sniff an' turn away from such light-minded doin's. Little I thought I'd ever be sniffin' at such doin's myself!

"I showed him four aces, a hand I never draw when there's money in it, so that evening we headed for the Mexican circus.

"But first we hunted up the only joint in Eden, a blind pig, for this was a temperance town, an' blamed if Jim an' me didn't mix some of their fancy drinks with what we'd a-ready had. They was assault an' battery apart, but Eden booze on Hogtown booze was perty nigh manslaughter. It wa'nt ezactly necessary, nohow, for we had both brought two flasks from 'The Last Chance' in case of drought.

"At this joint they told us about the

Mexican circus which was to open that same evening and stay a week in town. They 'lowed as how it was a perty fair show for greasers to put up an' all the black-an'-tan beauties in town would be there; an' how the shoutin' saints had been warned of their coming an' had pitched a opposition tent where they were holding old-timey revival meetings to fight the devil.

"That begun to look interesting and I was glad we had struck the pious belt.

"The place where we fust seen them two tents we c'd scurcely reckernize that evening, leastwise it looked very strange to me. Sometimes I thought there was four tents after all, but then again it looked like sixteen, an' I knew that couldn't be.

"There was plenty of light, such as it was; big, smoky gasoline torches; an' under the holiness torch was a bunch of girls and old ladies and gentlemen singin' very loud, but under the circus light was a little dinky Mex orchestra agoin' *Tum tum te-tu-um-m*; a guitar, a trombone, a fiddle big enough to sleep in and a bass drum. Plenty of insterments but the music they produced was so meek an' moley you might expect the hearse to fall in behind the band any minute.

"That's a Mexican's idee of music. Jes' hobble along like a lame hoss, with a long groan every time the game leg comes down.

"It made me fretful, though Jim swears it was the mixin' of drinks as done it.

"But what got me plumb ringey was to see them greasers toting in their own chairs to set on. It seems that the show people was too mean to supply anything but the show an' standing room, so women and children brought old rockers or milkin' stools, benches or two boxes an' a board; that way the whole family would string into the tent, the man in front with his hands in his pockets. It looked like the whole town was moving.

"Jim says I was drunk but I knew puffy well what I was doing. I rides up to old Senor Moneybags at the door an' says 'How much fer me an' my pony? You bet I don't stand up while I've got a hoss to set on!'

"At that old Moneybags jumps up squeakin' an' sputterin' an' grabs his cigar box full of dimes and quarters. Mebbe he mistook it for a hold-up. Anyhow he made such a disturbance with his foolishness that the pony raired an' pranced and perty nigh trompled some coffee-colored Senors an' Senoras an' Senioritas with their household goods. You oughta seen 'em race for cover with their shackly ol' chairs an' soap boxes for a handicap.

"That struck me as funny and I laughed hearty, but before I had laughed enough, the town constable come a-running,—a fine, strapping man he was,—grabbed a six-foot bench from a young lady in pink, an' knocked me clean out o' the saddle.

"Jim picked me up an' brushed me, apologizing to the constable all the time, for Jim is never so polite as when he's in liquor.

"I was that ashamed of his foolish talk that I let him lead me off to the opposition tent acrost the road.

"Well, sir, we slid into a back seat an' I perty nigh dropped off, but Jim was wide awake an' jabbed me frequent; then the preacher got warmed to his work an' I saw there was no use tryin' to rest so I sat up. He shore could talk a arm offen a man, that red-head gospel sharp, an' how he did lay it onto the circus!

"He spoke of what a godly town was this peaceful vale of Eden, a resting place of the saints where the slimy trail of evil had never came, where no liquor ner cards, no dancing ner theatre ever contamernated the people until this ungodly Mexican outfit had snook like serpents into the garden, seeking what they might devour.

"So he went on shooting it into the show good an' plenty an' allowin' that anyone who'd go to see the immoral spectacle wa'nt much better'n a hoss-thief, if as good. Jim an' me was right pleased that we hadn't gone in, an' felt kinda superior to them benighted ones in the tent acrost the road.

"We c'd hear 'em clapping an' hawhawing an' the preacher at that says: 'Hark! methinks I hear the laughter of fiends an' the applause of a million demons welcomin' them pore lost souls

to everlasting an' eternal hell-fire!' He shore c'd sling rhetoric, that preacher! though they *do* say he was a pin-head on week days.

"Perty soon they got to singin' an' shoutin', an' standing up an' weaving around till me an' Jim was mighty nigh locoed, what with the drinks an' the music an' the lights. A most lovely young lady come to whar we was settin' and asked us if we didn't want to lead better lives an' we 'lowed we *did* want to. Seeing she was the one that had sniffed at us for dealing our little hand that afternoon, I give her the deck. It was some greasy but a complete deck an' as good as new for playing.

"She said she would prize them cards as our ticket to heaven an' I thought that perty neat and was agoin' to give her my flasks too, but jedged I'd better not. Cal'lated I might need them for a return ticket.

"But Jim he 'lowed he wan't goin' to return; said we'd do better to give them up. Says I, 'No, Jim, mebbe there's some benighted an' thirsty brother in this town has never seen the light. I'll give him the flasks.'

"It was a good thing I reasoned it out that a-way.

"Well, I ain't agoin' to specify all the things I done the night I got religion; Jim was just as bad. The peaches-an'-creamy young lady with the little blue ribbons under her shirtwaist had roped Slick Jim; mine was the pink one. When he give her his plug of Climax an' said he'd quit the filthy habit she smiled at him like he'd give her a dimon' ring. But how they got us to singin' hymns an' kneeling at the mourner's bench and testifying as it was the latter-day miracle saved us from the circus that night,—which miracle was a six-foot bench alongside my head—well, them ain't things I like to talk about now that I'm a backslider.

"Anyhow me an' Jim 'lowed we was agoin' to fight the devil with fire an' run that ungodly show out of town if we had to rope, tie and earmark all the troupe an' brand 'em with the gospel brand.

"At that the red-head preacher let out 'A-amen brethering!' an' the whole

tentful of shoutin' saints raised a 'Glo-ory Hallelujah!' that would stampede a remuda forty miles away.

"Next day everybody was talking about the circus an' when they come to the burro bull-fight they stopped talking an' laughed. They had to. We never did hear the whole story of that burro bull-fight because nobody could stop laughing long enough to tell it all.

"The bulls, you see, was burros with cow-horns strapped to their heads an' danglin' an' floppin' in their eyes. And the matadors an' toreadors was just Mexican loafers the show people had picked up at four bits a night. The show people was wise to pass up that job, for them burros was shore scrap-pers: no, they couldn't hook with their floppy horns, but gentlemen! how they could *bite*!

"They run them greasers with their red table cloths 'round an' round the ring an' took good big mouthfuls at every jump. The only trouble was they didn't know when a joke wasn't funny any more. They jes' laid back their ears an' took a fresh holt; bit a man when he was down, bit him behind or befront, bit him *any* way in fact until another greaser would come with his red table cloth an' tease 'em to chase him; an' the newcomer generly got a run for his money all right.

"Well, we thought that might have appeared comical to us in our ungodly days, but it seemed mighty solemn in our state of mind, an' mighty likely to seduce young people from the straight an' narrer way in the course of a week. So we meditated some, an' Jim had an idee.

'Let's make them burros an instrument for righteousness,' he says.

"So he told me his idee an' I approved of it an' we done it.

"We still had them four flasks of rot-gut whiskey, the same we brought from Hogtown, an' there was just four burros in the show, which was what Jim called another latter-day miracle.

"We had some trouble that evening, gettin' the burros outside the whiskey, but Jim would hold one by the nose while I poured an' then we'd go to the next till they was all stimerlated. It

all had to be done while the first big act was on, for the stable help was appearing in that act an' we had the corral to ourselves.

"No sooner had we finished, than we heard the saints tuning up in the opposition tent an' we felt that it was a good place for us to be, so we threw in with them just as they come marching out singing thir battle hymn:

*We'll roll the ol' chariot along,
We'll roll the ol' chariot along,
We'll roll the ol' chariot along,
An' we won't get left behind!*

*If the devil's in the way we'll roll it over
him,*

An' we won't get left behind!

"It was a great hymn, made you want to fight the devil with his own weapons. We was glad now, we hadn't give away that Hogtown whiskey.

"Jim an' me was allowed to hold hymn books with the two peaches-an' creamy young ladies, but shucks! it was just our luck we couldn't seem to keep our minds on the girls. We was both thinkin' of what would transpire when that Mexican circus mixed with four jassaxes full of fire water.

"We could tell by the hand-clapping that the big act was finished an' the stable help could be heard wrangling them intoxicated animules. We hoped the burro-wranglers wouldn't smell their breath.

"At last they drug them inside the big tent an' turned 'em loose, an' I guess

the burros was seeing red when they got there.

"I don't know ezactly what they done; I was outside the tent an' all I seen was a bunch of Mexicans an' ungodly white trash bellerin' an' streakin' outa there like stampeded steers.

"One of them crazy jassaxes must have lit in the bandstand like a bomb, for the horns and drums an' performers on the same exploded right through the tent all at onct. The trombone he clumb the pole an' come out of the peak, only he stuck half way, being a sizable sort of a man about the middle. The big fiddle must have tried to hide inside his insterment for he come out crawlin' on all fours with the fiddle atop his back, for all the world like a mud-turkle under his shell. Old Senor Moneybags got that rattled he dropped his cigar box full of change, which the little boys was very careful to pick up but careless about passing back. The preacher 'lowed it was a righteous jedgement on him for tryin' for to corrupt the saints.

"The saints wa'nt corrupted so's you'd notice it much. That show never *did* stay out its week in town after all. They left that same night.

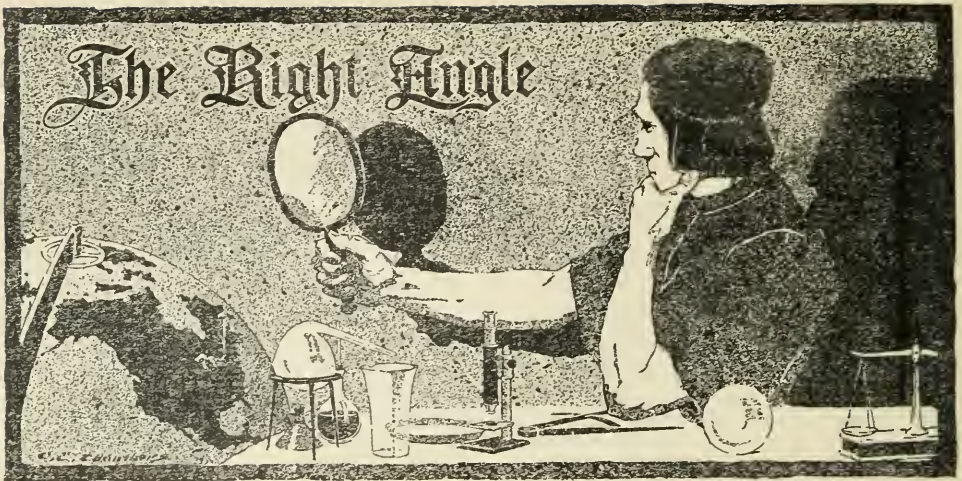
"An' that's how me an' Slick Jim Kineen drove the sarpen's outa Eden afore we backslid an' lost the light. . . . That pink girl o' mine was a corker!

"Gosh! my cigarette's out. Anybody got the makin's?"

MY MAPLE TREE

BY KATHLEEN R. BOWKER

A LITTLE frame my window makes
To hold my budding maple-tree.
A mass of frothy, feathery flakes
That every passing wind-puff shakes
And sets my glad heart merrily
A-dancing with the dancing tree.



THE WAIL OF THE BABIES

DO you know why your baby is well—or when he is sick, *why* he is sick? This isn't Mother's problem alone; it's Father's problem, too. Perhaps even more Father's than Mother's just now, for as Hubert McBean Johnston shows this month in his article, "Why Is Your Baby Healthy?", what your baby, and everybody else's baby, needs more than anything else is rigid milk-inspection laws—laws that Father must frame, and vote for, and enforce to-day, to-morrow, next week, next year. It is no idle fancy, to be taken up only after everything else is passed upon—it is a real, vital, crying need. The statistics Mr. Johnston gives are important enough to cause anyone to think seriously. When half the deaths among Canadian children is authoritatively ascribed by a leading physician to impure, germ-laden milk, it becomes more than a local problem, it is a national menace.

Did you ever ride into a big city on a hot summer morning, and see the intimate domestic economy of the poor a short stone's throw away from your car-window? The pitifulness of it! The children gasping on the steps for a breath of the cindery air, the pinched, worn little faces, the clawlike baby hands, the wizened little bodies that an older sister is casually pinning into a ragged shirt or petticoat, the steam of washings dampening the door-lintel until it drips foul moisture upon their

sorrowfully-wise young heads, the coffee and bread gulped down on the crazy porch because the kitchen is too stifling to choke down even that, the iceless, airless, comfortless burrow where babies are born to wail a little while, and die; or, if they be specially germ-resisting, to live and reproduce their piteous kind.

How can people who live here arise and correct these conditions? What time has the mother from her nine washings a week, or the father from his shovel? What chance have they to agitate reforms and demand clean milk for their children even if they had strength and time and brains nourished enough to grasp the idea? None; they can only work and struggle and let their children die as the typhoid bacteria decree.

These people are your charge, as well as your own rosy boy. It isn't enough that he is well and happy and playing out in your roomy suburban yard; not enough that you keep your own little Heaven jealously safe and still; not enough that you know why he is so strong; you must know, too, why Timmie and Olga and Gretchen and Veronica Marya are sickly, and why they fill so many little coffins in the cross-crowded field.

Of the thirty thousand children who die yearly in Canada, remember, fifteen thousand die from impure milk—from ignorance and carelessness and perfectly preventable causes. What are we going to do about it? Shrug our

shoulders, and investigate our own milkman's barn, and let it go at that? Let the other people's children die, and ascribe it to the mysterious working of Providence, and the criminal ignorance of our working classes? Ignorance! That's it. And we who are a little wise, must save them from their own un-wisdom by laws—and enforced laws—now!

THOSE READING CAMPS

"When I came out of the bush, I hadn't seen a bit of reading matter for three full months. Many a time I blessed that Reading Camp Association tent."—Extract from Letter.

THREE months without even a patent-medicine advertisement to read! Do you know what that means? Thousands of men are thus cut off—the men who earn their living on the new-cut track all over the north and west, in mine-shaft, lumber camp or right-of-way, where to eat when you can, sleep when you must, and work as long as you can stand up are the three raw elements of existence.

Think of it, you who buy a magazine to fill up your half-hour car-ride after office hours, who stuff down the morning paper from weather forecast to classified advertising every day of your lives, who muss over the bookstalls for something spicy enough to tempt your jaded fancy, who light your grate fire with last month's magazines—and poor kindling the coated paper makes, too. Three months without a line of anything to translate from black characters into new thoughts.

There are a handful of Reading Camp Association tents scattered through the camps of Canada where men crowd around a makeshift table to get the paper you don't bother to open when it comes. There's a travelling box-car or two with a shelf of books, and some dog-eared magazines, and a few pads of cheap letter-paper where the men come to read, or write their letters home. There are eager classes of five or six apiece, painfully learning arithmetic, or book-keeping, or mining science, or geography, or English—whatever the navyy-instructor-librarian can teach. One school

sixty miles north of the last town on the T. N. & O. lasted from late May to early September, and enrolled during that time seven races: Italians, Chinese, French, English, Poles, Roumanians



Drawing by Frederic M. Grant

LADY BOUNTIFUL OF THE DOVES

and Swedes—who studied a half-a-dozen subjects after their ten or twelve hours' daily work was done.

What's all this to you?

Well—maybe nothing! But what about those magazines and papers and overflow books of yours?

Isn't it something to you, after all?

Write out a check for the magazines you decided you wouldn't subscribe for this year; box all the spare reading matter you can find, and send the package to Mr. A. Fitzpatrick, Superintendent of Camp Education, 16 A Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, Ontario, and more than one camp in the North Woods will be grateful to your unknown ghost.

Your own boy may be there sometime, you know.

AN ARTIST OF SORTS

DO YOU remember the thrush-people in Barrie's delightful tears-and-laughter "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens"—the fat, pompous, black-bombazine and silk-hat persons who expected everybody to step over on the curbstone when they came by? They were the grown-ups from the fat, white, solid babies hatched out of thrushes' eggs on the Bird Island, and they had always taken themselves seriously, with an extra meringue of dignity on top.

Taking yourself seriously is a bad habit to get into. You so seldom get anyone to agree with you. And isn't it refreshing when you run across some-

body who can look at himself with his tongue in his cheek, and draw a self-caricature with a wickedly-appreciative grin?

Certainly Frederic M. Grant can do this with what Ortheris calls "eeklar"—and he can do several other things quite as refreshingly. He has a charming sense of decorative composition, as the examples of his pen-and-ink work reproduced in the Right Angle this month show. The spacing of his "Madame at Her Toilet" is particularly interesting—notice the placing of her absurd little high-heeled slippers, and the free, sweeping lines of her dress. "Lady Bountiful of the Doves" is equally pleasant to contemplate, with its tall trees in the delicate leaf of early spring, and its jealous hedges.

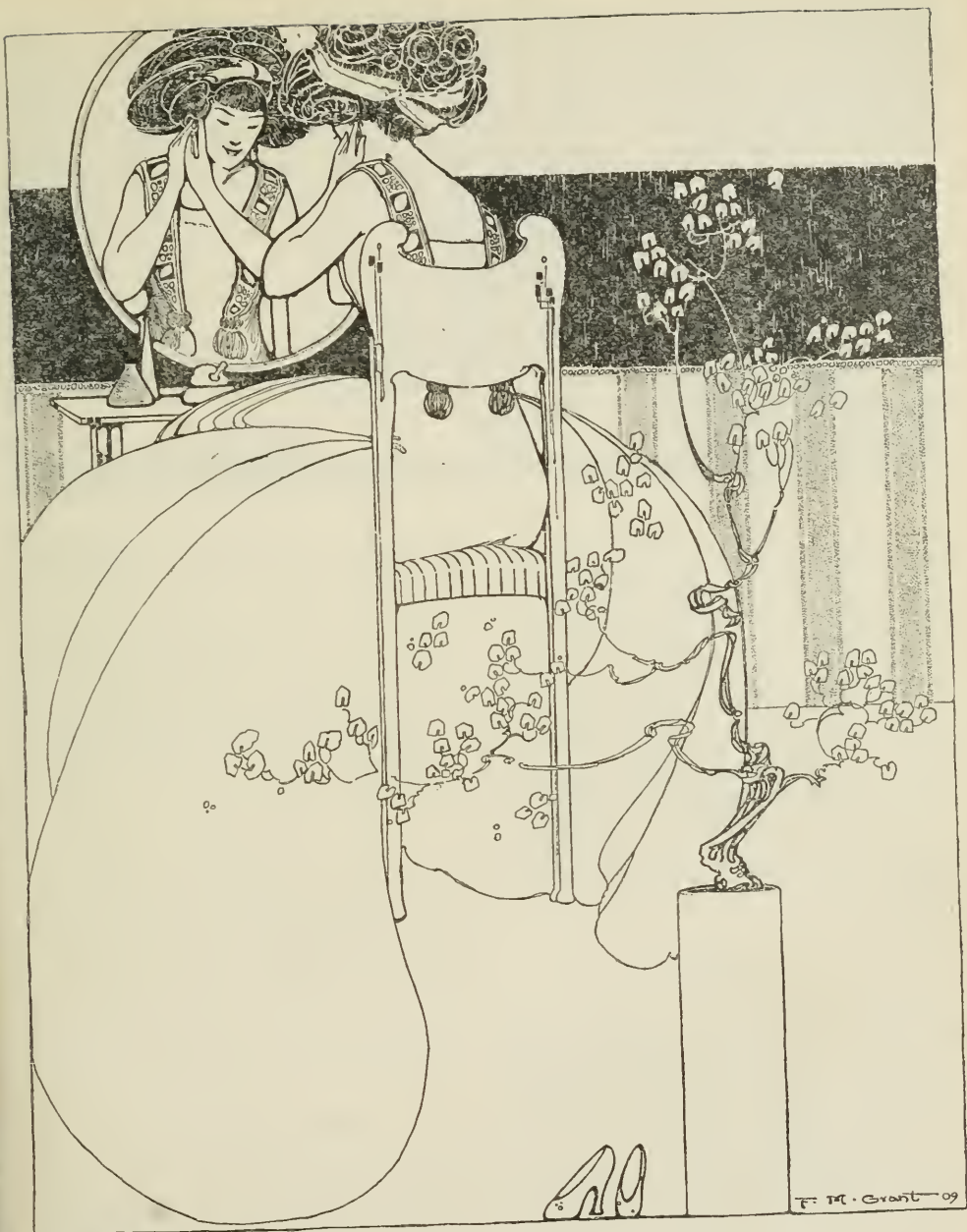
Not content with being an artist of sorts, Mr. Grant also composes music, and has a mighty good time with himself, as his sketch-book betrays, seeing the pageant of the world with observant eyes; taking pleasure in a city street on a rainy evening, with the lamps reflected shimmeringly in the wet pavements; in a group of merry-makers on the pier, a single white sail rocking in blue water behind them; in the shadows of clouds patterning the hillside grass; and in the thousand things that a painter sees and the most of us often pass blindly by. Mr. Grant's work will appear in CANADA MONTHLY from time to time, and we wish you joy of your new acquaintance.

THE QUEEN'S OWN

NEXT month Toronto will see a most interesting gathering, the Semi-Centennial Reunion of that historic regiment, the Queen's Own Rifles. In nearly every city and town of the Dominion, and even yet more widely scattered, are ex-members of this famous organization who will come to Toronto during the week of June eighteenth to bear arms with their old comrades again. Mr. G. I. Riddell, Secretary of the Semi-Centennial Committee, 36 King Street, Toronto, who has been in close personal touch with all ex-members, prophesies an attendance of several thousand, and the



FREDERIC M. GRANT'S OWN VERSION
OF HIMSELF



Drawing by Frederic M. Grant

MADAME AT HER TOILET

reunion promises to be one of the most picturesque affairs Toronto has seen for some time.

A reception at Government House, His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, being, like many other notables, a member of this crack corps; a monster

church parade on Sunday; historical pageants at the Rosedale Athletic Grounds; and many social meetings among the members have been planned for the days of this reunion, the first since 1860, of the men who have served in the gallant Queen's Own.



A MEAT APPETITE

"WHAT are you looking for?" we ask of the small boy who is eagerly scanning the trees and sky.

"I'm watchin' for the first robin," he explains.

"Ah! And will you receive a reward if you are the first to discover the primary harbinger of spring—the feathered songster whose blithe roundelay sounds to us a message of cheer and—"

"Naw!" he interrupts. "Pa said for me to watch fer it an' plug it with my sling-shot, an' then we'd have robin pie for dinner."

POLITICS

STATESMANSHIP is a science, but politics is an art. A statesman need only understand government, but a politician must understand the voter.

Politics makes strange bedfellows, and causes loss of sleep.

A statesman is guided by the lessons of the past; a politician is guided by the chances of the future.

A statesman wears a silk hat and frock coat when he sits for his picture—a politician will sleep in his if necessary.

Politics is nine-tenths promises, eight tenths talk, seven-tenths hot air and four-tenths bluff.

The politician arranges the public dinner; the statesman is only expected to speak at it.

Politics offers a fine opening for a

young man. If he falls through the opening he makes room for the next man.

The statesman is concerned for his country for a month before election, but the politician has cinched the election during the other eleven months.

When a politician begins to believe what he says about himself he becomes a statesman.

JUST SO

THE man who waits for things to come his way

Wears out his trousers, sitting day by day;

The man who goes to meet them finds his ruse

Is oft a certain plan to wear out shoes.

CROSS COUNTERING

"DEAR, me, yes," purrs the lady who is undoubtedly over 40, and who has been introduced to the one who is at least younger. "I remember you well, dear, although you may have forgotten me. You were in my class at school, don't you recollect?"

"Why, to be sure you were!" exclaims the other. "I remember now how odd we little girls thought it was to have such a grown-up among us. But even to-day there are lots of backward scholars, aren't there?"

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No. 2

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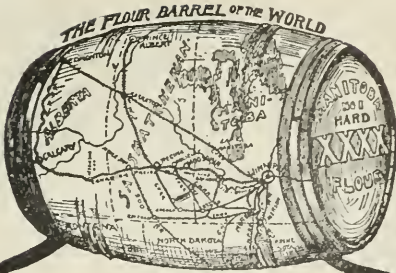
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WANDER-SONG

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

FAITH! It was dawning of yesterday,
And soft in the cool of the sheets I lay;
And I'd clean forgot how I once went free,
When a little bird came and sang to me.

Short was the song and of scanty art,
But it brought the red blood back to my heart;
And 't was never a hymn nor a true-love ode
But the song—the Song of the Dusty Road—

I've bartered my sheets for a star-lit bed;
I've traded my meat for a crust of bread;
I've changed my book for a sapling cane,
And I'm off to the end of the world again.





MOUNT ROBSON ON THE NORTH IS ONE SHEER SWEEP OF NAKED ROCK FROM BASE TO SUMMIT, TOWERING 13,700 FEET IN THE AIR ABOVE FALLS HIGHER THAN NIAGARA. THE CROSS MARKS THE SITE OF CAMP HIGHEST-UP, FROM WHICH MR. KINNEY MADE HIS CLIMB TO THE PEAK

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VIII.

LONDON, JUNE

NUMBER 2



ROBSON—A CONQUERED KING

BY THE REV. G. R. B. KINNEY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE'S a fanciful story of a hunter who sought for the great white bird of Truth, that he had glimpsed faintly, flying high in the dawn, with the rose of morning on her wings. Up against the iron cliffs of Life he faced, seeking her, with only the shuttle of Imagination for an outfit, and only a single snow-white feather from her wings for a sign. Up the foothills he went, up the out-ranges, painfully up the great buttresses of the main ridge; and finally, after a lifetime of effort, died, old and broken, with only a little row of steps cut in the rock

behind him, whereon others might climb, but with the single white feather of Truth still lying against his heart.

All I've got to say is that it was just as lucky for him that he and his shuttle weren't trying to make Mount Robson.

We put in three seasons trying to conquer the grim, scarred old peak, and it took every packhorse, and every blanket, and every ounce of grub, and every bit of muscle and nerve we could rake out of our inner consciousness—not to mention shuttles—to look abroad from his naked horns on the wrinkled valley of the Fraser.



IT WAS UP THE ICE-CLIFFS OF THIS SIDE THAT OUR PARTY OF 1908 MADE SEVERAL UNSUCCESSFUL CLIMBS

Yes, we had that look—had it on Friday, August thirteenth, 1909—had the ascent of the highest peak in all the Canadian Rockies for Canada and the Alpine Club—and between you and me and the piebald bell-mule, it took most of our faculties to do it.

It was in August of 1907 that I first saw the old bench-mark of 1875 on a big Douglas fir at the summit of Yellowhead Pass, where the waters of the continent divide and turn towards two oceans.

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Sept. 6th, 1875.

it read, roughly scored on the naked wood by an engineer's party thirty-five years ago. Thirty-five seasons had patiently striven to cover it with overlapping bark; thirty-five spring flows of amber balsam had tried to heal the scar, but it still stood out clear beside the fresh yellow mark of the Grand Trunk Pacific engineers, whose new line follows hard on the old trail.

But that doesn't mean that the summit of Yellowhead Pass is a popular

resort by any means. Only a very rude trail marks the progress of civilization there, yet. We knew all about that rude trail. It had been worse than rude to us for two hundred miles—ever since we left Laggan with the gay intention of climbing Mount Robson. We had hauled our ten horses, individually and collectively, out of the Pipestone muskegs; we had hewn our way and scratched our faces in the fallen timber of the Saskatchewan and the Brazeau, and tumbled off and into things innumerable times; we had seen the big Columbia Glacier, were intimately acquainted with Mounts Wilson, Coleman and Athabasca; had fed our beasts in the high pastures of the Big Horn and the Goat and the Cariboo. Yes, we knew that trail to the point of calling it by its first name, and when we finally camped on the bank of the Miette, and after building a raft, gingerly trusted ourselves and our outfit to the mercies of its tumbling waters, we almost sighed with relief.

For a score or more of miles we followed the Miette. The Rainbow Mountains, in all their gorgeous colors, flanked us on either hand, and brooded over us while we tumbled with the

current, or toiled across timbered bottoms and sunny meadows where the wild pea-vine grows as high as the horses' girths. Up here is the lair of all the rivers of the continent. We were constantly fording them—wetness was the habitual condition of our collective trouser-legs, and a good share of most of our possessions. Personally, I could have got along very comfortably with a few less rivers, and I fancy the rest of the party felt the same way, after the three hundred and sixty-first ford.

The party was an Alpine Club party, however, used to such incidents, and we had a definite purpose in view, which no amount of fords could discourage: to climb Mount Robson. No white men had ever been known to reach the king of the Canadian Rockies, and Dr. Coleman, of Toronto University, had organized us from the members of the Alpine Club, with this intention. We were at least going to see the huge mountain; if possible, to reach the top.

Finally we passed the last barrier, crossed the last ford, and swung into the valley of the Grand Forks. Eight or ten miles away the great limestone wedge of the king, 13,700 feet up in the air, buttressed across the whole valley,

with a fall bigger than Niagara roaring unnoticed at his feet, and the whole north side of him one gigantic, sheer, unbroken rock-faced slide from pinnacle to base, rose before our overawed gaze. The grand, isolated peak, cloaked with untold ages of snow, towering far above all the other peaks of its range, its high-flung crown almost touching heaven, its perpendicular walls and overhanging glaciers brooding over the deep valleys with awful calm, is one of the grandest sights imaginable to man. We stood at gaze, saying nothing. The words hadn't been invented.

We did not make the summit that year, for Mount Robson cloaks himself in storms, and is not sympathetic towards venturesome human ants, but we did a great deal of investigation around his lower slopes. I, from my roving disposition, became the explorer of the party, and was constantly wandering off on solitary jaunts. My first discovery was the beautiful lake that bears my name, and nestles at the foot of Robson on his western side. It rivals Lake Louise for beauty—and in fact, the whole region, dear as Banff, Paradise Valley, Lake Louise, Yoho



TUMBLING GLACIER CONSTANTLY DISCHARGES ICE-BERGS WITH THUNDEROUS CRASHINGS INTO BERG LAKE.

and Glacier are to the heart of the mountain-lover, without doubt surpasses the beauties of all the known Canadian Alps.

So fearful is the height of Mount Robson above this valley, and so sheer is its whole face, that the avalanches slide from its very highest peak to within a few yards of the lake, where they lie the year around, at an altitude of not more than two thousand five hundred feet.

On every side of the great "Valley of a Thousand Falls", a huge wall of perpendicular cliffs, thousands of feet high, hems the valley in closely. Here and there, on sheltered ledges, patches of spruces relieve with their dark greens, the greys of the rocks, while everywhere the numerous streams from the great glaciers all around plunge over the high precipices in countless falls of spray. A mighty tongue of ice lolls over a cliff at the head of the valley and curves so low as to reach the valley floor, while here and there in the bottom of the valley are huge springs from which flow full-fledged streams. A high-up glacier on

the west has such a large field of snow at its source and flows down so steep an incline that huge chunks of ice are constantly breaking off its precipitous front and crashing into the valley below. The most fearful avalanche I ever saw came from this glacier, and it took ten minutes by my watch for the foremost chunks of ice to reach the valley bottom.

At the head of the valley and to the north, rises Mount Turner, a splendid peak of some twelve thousand feet altitude, while to the right, at an altitude of between two and three thousand feet above the valley, the Grand Forks, swift flowing from Berg Lake, leaps from the cliff and forms a superb falls as high as Niagara, then plunges in a number of beautiful cataracts down a very narrow gorge, till it sweeps across the floor of the valley. And from the Goat trail, that winds in and out among these overhanging cliffs, truly the "Valley of a Thousand Falls" is a marvel of Alpine scenery.

Failing to climb Mount Robson in 1907, owing to climatic conditions, our party returned the next summer, and made several heroic



AROUND THE SHOULDER OF MOUNT ROBSON REACHES A MIGHTY TONGUE OF ICE A MILE WIDE AND SEVERAL MILES LONG



HERE IS THE DIVIDE OF THE CONTINENT. THE WATERS OF BERG LAKE FLOW TOWARDS THE PACIFIC ; THE STREAMS FED BY LAKE ADOLPHUS IN THE DISTANCE REACH THE ARCTIC SEAS

attempts up the east side of Mount Robson. We camped high up on the big glacier three different times, only to be driven back by storms. We succeeded in making two splendid climbs up the great cliffs of ice and snow on that east side, reaching an altitude of 10,500 feet the first time, or as high as

the top of Mount Stephen, and 11,700 feet or higher than Mount Temple, the second attempt. All day long on each trip we labored among extreme dangers of avalanche and crevasse, but our efforts to reach the peak that year were not crowned with success.

Failing as a party, I made a two-day



THE SNOWY HEAD OF MOUNT HELMET RISES 12,000 FEET IN THE AIR, AND IS SO CLOSELY ATTACHED TO MOUNT ROBSON AS TO SEEM ALMOST A PART OF THE MAIN PEAK

try up the rock face of the north shoulder of the mountain by myself. I slept on a snow-covered ledge, a thousand feet above tree line, and then toiled on the next day till the middle of the afternoon, reaching an altitude of nearly eleven thousand feet, but a blizzard drove me down, so that attempt failed also.

This year, 1909, hearing that an American party was about to seek the coveted prize, and being unable to obtain companions for a party, I got together a pack train of three horses and three months' provisions and left Edmonton alone to capture the mountain, hoping to pick up a companion on the trail.

Countless difficulties retarded my progress, horses would get stuck in the muskies and packs come off; flooded

rivers had to be crossed, in one of which I nearly lost my whole outfit. On this occasion only the most drastic measures saved my camera and photographs, for many of the best photographs that illustrate this article are taken from negatives that on this occasion were rolled and tossed with the pack-horse that carried them and myself, for over half a mile by the raging, foaming floods of that mountain torrent.

At the place where I swam my horses across the Athabasca, I fortunately fell in with Donald Phillips, a young Ontario guide, and persuaded him to go along with me.

We followed the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific over the Yellow Head and down the Fraser as far as the Moose River, which we followed to Moose Pass, and from there we reached



WE TOILED ACROSS SUNNY MEADOWS WHERE THE WILD PEA-VINE GROWS AS HIGH AS THE HORSES' GIRTHS

the east side of Mount Robson by way of the Upper Smokey.

A year before when I went up the valley of the Smokey with Dr. Coleman and party, a terrific electrical storm was raging, followed by a heavy fall of snow. But this year Phillips and I found the place flooded with glorious sunshine and a cloudless sky, and as we swung around a promontory, six miles away Mount Robson stood—a startling wonder of mighty height and dazzling purity. Spontaneously, exclamations of surprise and wonder burst from our lips and we realized if we were ever to reach those glory-crowned heights, our work was certainly cut out for us.

On Saturday, July twenty-fourth, Phillips and I made our permanent camp at tree-line, on the north shoulder of Mount Robson. We turned our horses loose to wander where they pleased, and for three weeks they fattened on the sweet grasses of the mountain meadows.

The following day being Sunday, we took a well-earned rest. Monday dawned fine and clear. We spent the morning in making preparations for a high-up camp. Then shouldering our heavy packs, we climbed the cliffs and rolled up in our blankets that night in a sheltered nook on the west side, nearly ten thousand feet above the sea. The next day we fought our way up the almost vertical north side of the peak and chopped our way up the steep ice of its couloirs, but by three o'clock we had attained an altitude of not much more than eleven thousand feet, so we returned to the permanent camp at the foot of the mountain to re-provision for another trip.

Wednesday night, July twenty-eighth, found us camped on a narrow ledge several hundred feet higher than our high-up camp of the Monday before. Besides three or four days' provisions, we had also packed up those mighty cliffs some thirty pounds of split dry wood.

While eating our supper of warmed-over beans and stew, we feasted our eyes on the wonderful scenes around us. With only one or two exceptions, the peaks were all on a level with or below us. Countless glaciers of purest white

hung in long crystal curtains from the peaks and dotted the landscape for hundreds of miles as far as the eye could see, as if a mighty sea of swirling billows had been turned to stone and its foaming fury to ice. The setting sun had bathed this scene in a flood of red and gold. But the blues shaded off into purples, and the purples to deepest indigo, till the gathering night rose out of the valleys, eight thousand feet below, and changed those gorgeous sunset tints to sombre blacks and greys, save where the snow-fields gleamed under the light of the stars. We wrapped ourselves in rabbit-skin robes and eiderdowns to keep out the biting cold, while the wind, though only a zephyr in the valley below and coming out of a fine weather sky, drowned the orchestra of a thousand waterfalls and swept our high-up shelf with the fury of a fierce gale, while now and then the avalanche boomed and roared. Then the early morning brought again the sun and painted the scene anew. Oh, it was well worth the desperate fight just to see the sun so rise and set.

In that early morning light we tackled a new route up that wall of rock before us with such success that by nine o'clock we had attained an altitude equal to the highest we had reached Tuesday, July twenty-seventh, over 11,000 feet. But at this height every possible lodging place was filled with snow and ice, and so fearful was the work of step-cutting in the ice that it was afternoon before we had climbed higher than 12,000 feet. That northern edge of the peak seemed only a few hundred feet above us when we turned back for camp.

At a little below eleven thousand feet I left Phillips in charge of the packs and set off to explore a better route for our next climb. Following a ledge around to the west and south for half a mile, I rounded the northwestern shoulder to find that the great west side of the peak offered far better climbing than the cliffs of the north, and hope sprang up afresh in my heart. All we needed was good weather.

That little side trip had so delayed us that it was long after dark before Phillips and I got back to "Camp

Higher-up" on the little ledge, so we had to spend another wretched night in the cold. A snowstorm rose in the night, and by early daylight the drip from the rocks above us had so soaked our bedding that, cold, wet and break-fastless we were finally routed from our rude little bed and, plunging through the screaming gale, sought the comforts of our camp at the foot of the mountain.

From July thirtieth to August ninth, it stormed incessantly on the mountain. As we were almost completely out of provisions, we spent the time in exploring the country and getting whatever game we could find, ptarmigan, blue grouse, marmots and gophers.

On August ninth, though the weather was still very unsettled, we sought to make our "highest-up" camp on the knob of the northwest shoulder. We each carried a fifty-pound pack on our back to an altitude of ten thousand feet, when a fierce blizzard suddenly stopped our work. Three inches of snow fell in the first ten minutes. Realizing our danger, for avalanches were already roaring about us, we cached our packs in a niche in the cliffs and hurriedly with no small risk, sought the valley below.

Three days later we succeeded in worrying our packs up to the "knob," between 10,500 and 10,700 feet altitude, on the west, where we succeeded in making a bed on a snow-covered shelf. Our sleeping place that night, as to altitude and surroundings, would closely resemble the very peak of Sir Donald or Stephen, excepting that the valleys below us were much deeper and at the low altitude of little more than two thousand feet. For hundreds of miles the peaks lay at our feet. Scores of miles of the Fraser valley lay open below us like a map and the mighty Fraser was but a tiny, crooked thread of silver. Then the valleys disappeared and we were alone with the stars and the snow-white peaks and the grinding avalanches.

Friday, August thirteenth, dawned clear and cold, and by the time the sun

rose we were on our way to the peak. The many cliffs we had to climb were only from ten to a hundred feet high, but those hard, smooth, icy slopes between were tipped at an angle of from fifty to seventy degrees. One slip on the part of either of us meant a fearful slide to death thousands of feet below.

The storm-clouds of sleet swept down and engulfed us while we were at little more than eleven thousand feet altitude. We had not enough provisions for another two-day climb. This was our last possible chance and we despaired of ever reaching the peak. But fortunately, though the clouds were very dense and cold, but little snow fell. The storm was a blessing in a way, for though it spoiled our chance of getting pictures, it shut out of view those fearful sheer slopes below.

In five hours of steady work we reached the peak. The clouds broke open for one brief minute, revealing to us a wonder world, with the Fraser more than 11,000 feet beneath us; then the storm swept in worse than ever.

It took us seven hours to reach our "highest-up" camp, so dangerous had the softened slopes become on account of the storm, and by the time we reached our camp in the valley the climb had cost us twenty hours of hard work—but we had finally captured Mount Robson for our country and the Alpine Club of Canada.

Our provisions were gone, and we were hundreds of miles from anything like civilization. We made the trip back on what mountain-gophers and small birds we could pick up, and the only reason why we didn't eat locusts was that they wouldn't sit still long enough to be caught. Finally I reached Edmonton on September sixth, only to find that Cook and Peary were monopolizing the interest of the world, and leaving no room for such small fry as Mount Robson and me.

Still—returning to the fellow who sought for Truth until he died—they found him dead in the hills with a smile on his lips. He *knew*—and so do I.



THE grizzly came out on the face of the farther mountain, three or four miles away as we made it with the glasses. We had followed his trail all day, indeed had traced his daily life for the past two weeks as recorded in the loam of the alder thickets, the soft ground of the creek bottoms and the rocky hillsides where he had plowed for mice and beetles. We lay now for some time watching him, looking out across a wide panorama of rocky slope and forest growth and canon-split declivity. We knew, Stepanoff and I, that it would be a long stalk and a difficult one. The old man wetted a finger and felt for the wind, pointing to the side which cooled most quickly. He shook his head dubiously. "*Natu karosha*" he said; "wind no good."

"Can we make it across to-night?" I asked him. He looked down the long slopes to the Alaskan sea far away below us, again at the rough country ahead.

"I dinno," he said. "Mebbe so to-morrow bear run off. Mebbe so could get to-night. But no get down mountain."

I put the glasses on the great beast once more as it came into better view, and then silently handed them to the wrinkled old Aleut.

"*Beeg bear!*" he muttered. Then all at once I saw his face light, his eye gleam with fire of the born hunter. "Come!" he said; and pulled his rope belt tighter.

We had never hunted together before

that day. We both knew that the great Northern grizzly may sometimes prove dangerous. Yet, for some reason, I had confidence in my wrinkled companion; and I was glad to see that, as he cast me a swift glance, he himself seemed not afraid of the encounter. Without more speech we started down the side of the mountain from whose summit we had sighted our game. We plunged through heavy alder thickets and over brown tundra, across steep canons, now and again waist deep through white, roaring floods at the canon-bottoms, where each needed the shoulder of the other. It was a heart-breaking climb, a neck-risking, laborious business, but we hurried along until we reached a point where more caution was necessary. Fortune favored us. We crawled to the edge of the intervening ridge and saw that our game had not yet taken fright. Apparently the grizzly was making himself temporarily at home. Possibly he would pause there for the night after he had finished eating.

"*Beeg bear!*" whispered Stepanoff again, admiringly. "Come!"

Slowly, cautiously, we edged around a point of our ridge and took cover in a bit of wood. We crawled through more alder thickets, and crossed another brawling torrent, and finally edged up to the foot of the last remaining slope. If the bear heard us he seemed not to care. Part of the time he looked at us stupidly or indifferently, we could not tell which. Once he heaved his vast bulk upright, sitting with drooping

forepaws and sagging head; but he seemed not to locate us, if indeed he scented any danger.

Again I looked at Stepanoff. He had resolved himself now into a dispassionate hunting automaton. His gaze was more contemplative than excited. Presently as we came to a little opening, he stopped and turned to me.

"Close enough!" he whispered, and stepped aside for me to take the first shot.

A full grown grizzly looks large when one comes to close quarters with him. There are men who are known to miss a mark even so large, or to bungle the shot,—though of these Stepanoff is not one, nor yet myself, I trust. At the first rifle crack the grizzly went down with a great roar. Three times more I fired quickly; then I saw a spurt of black powder and heard the roar of Stepanoff's rifle also. The vast gray bulk of the giant bear rolled down the slope, crashing among the undergrowth.

Stepanoff reloaded his magazine and then reached out his hand. "Good shot, partner!" he said. He did not any longer call me "boss".

We were strangely alone up there in the far, cold mountains, yet in some way we seemed closely drawn together, we two, as we started to view our fallen prey. The stooped and crooked form of the wiry old man was of fifty odd admitted years—I suppose over sixty if the truth were known. A sea otter hunter of the old days, Stepanoff, bear hunter also from his youth, silent, grim, yet withal sunny and light of heart, as I had already found him. Hunter he had proved himself and staying traveler in the mountains too, his hard sinews and crooked bones and parchment hide affording cover for a splendid energy. His breeding I do not know. From some source, perhaps from these wild mountains, this stern climate, he had taken a courageous blood. The years seemed to drop from his shoulders as he ran on ahead. He did not wait for me, nor suppose that I would wait for him. We were equals. Presently, in the darkness, we stood over our great bear; and so flung down belts and guns,

and dropped the skinning knives and the steel to keep them sharp.

"You skin um bear before?" said Stepanoff as I made the first slit down a leg.

"Plenty time," I said. "Mebbe dozen."

"I kill um fifty-two bear" said Stepanoff; and I have no doubt but that the statement was not only true but exact. It was beautiful to see him work at his own trade of hunter. He did two-thirds of the skinning and dismembering, working rapidly in the dripping fog and the dark and the chill which came over us, wet as we now were.

"Hit um here, here," he said, "here, too"; and traced each bullet's course. "All right, plenty soup now. Plenty soup, partner," he repeated to himself. "Him no get away."

At last we had the great robe loose, vast, weaponed with great claws, rude with shaggy wet grey hair, almost a back load for a horse. We added the grinning skull, which might not be spared; and as the camp was without fresh meat and we had no better, we must take home some meat with us. We felt about for bits of rope, sacrificed our braces, pieced out our belts; and so at last rolled up two packs, each very heavy.

Night had now come in the high mountains, here where the snow still lay. Between us and our camp, at the bottom of a deep canon, there ran a roaring mountain stream. Any way we might choose the going would be bad enough.

"Which way down, partner?" asked Stepanoff. He did not call me "boss."

Not answering, I started down the hither side of the canon, not attempting to cross it. We came into the worst of going, endless broken slopes of alder and devil's club. Our packs were very heavy. It was twelve hours since we had eaten and we might not eat for hours yet to come. Our clothing was soaked; fatigue had hold upon us. Sometimes we sat down to rest, and if we dropped then into pools of ice water, we only laughed. "Plenty soup now," said Stepanoff. The mask of his native



THE OLD MAN LIFTED A FINGER AND FELT FOR THE WIND

reticence had dropped. I saw straight into his simple soul. We suddenly seemed strangely akin, we two, coming though we did from widely separated portions of the earth.

It was wearying work, this long descent of the steep mountain in the dark, work not devoid of danger. Stepanoff in time began to tire. Once as he staggered under his load, he leaned for a time with folded hands upon his rifle. He laughed a little laugh and shook his head.

"Ah, partner," he said in his broken speech. "*Young all gone now!*"

I have heard pathos in human speech before, but never did speech cut keener or closer than this of the old native hunter. "Young all gone!" Could it be that I, myself—but no, I would not yet admit that I was not as young as ever. Youth—youth,—must it pass for me sometime, as it had for this man, my partner? I stepped closer to his side and looked at him in the dark; but Stepanoff, thinking I was offering to help him with his pack, laughed,

straightened and plunged on down again.

At last we left the mountain and came out upon a flat near the level of the sea, where the canon river ran deeper though less violent. This dark flood we must somehow cross. As we stepped into the water I reached out for Stepanoff's hand. I found his at the same instant reaching for mine. So, hand each on the other's shoulder, we plunged through, shouting, and the cool wet caught us waist high and refreshed us after all. We scrambled up on the farther bank and sat down, laughing and shouting like two children there in the dark, with the vast white-topped hills above us, the unknown sea below us, the fog and the night and the wind about us. Then, I repeat, I saw straight and deep into the heart of my friend. And I saw no great difference between his soul and mine.

We rose and pushed on to the beach where the sea was roaring. For some miles we could walk on level shingle here and thus, under our heavy packs, we pushed toilsomely on, weary with clean fatigue, blessed with clean hunger,

exulting as the animal exults which has pulled down its prey. We were weary, but we both were strong. We had not hesitated, had not feared; and we had won. Fatigue to us was a great elemental joy, children as we were, here in the arms of the hills and the sea. You who have known no partnership like that, be sure you will never find it in the towns. It is a thing of the new lands.

Partners I have had, before I ever saw my friend Stepanoff. Once, under peculiarly distressing circumstances, I lost what little wealth I had through the act of an embezzling partner. He was a white man. He fled to Mexico, and I have settled with him because I have never seen him since. Once at a table of gentlemen, as we thought, I was one of several partners, of whom certain ones applied theories of high finance to certain others. Once I had a partner whom I took in for his sake. It was not long before he thought it was done for my sake. Again and again I have trusted a white brother in the old countries, in the cities, to find when a pinch came that he was not my brother,

only a civilized man educated in the school of civilized success. So, long ago, I learned to care for few partners, and little to value what white men call success. But as to Stepanoff, sitting here with worn garments, his rude hide shoes soaked, his hat a shred, his face old and weazened, his hair grizzled, his hands bent and broken, his back bowed, his feet mutilated from many accidents of his hard life—I say, I saw into his soul; and I hope he looked into mine.

We staggered on until at length the beach narrowed and stopped at the foot of a cliff which we could not surmount. Here we flung down our packs. We cut the cords and freed the great grizzled robe of the giant bear, and spread it out on the shingle by the



"YOU SKIN UM BEAR BEFORE?" SAID STEPANOFF



I HEARD HIS ANSWER, FAINT ACROSS THE DISTANCE, "GOODBYE, TAVANISH"

sea. It could not make us wetter than we were. We opened the pack of meat and cut a portion of it into strips for broiling.

"Plenty fire, now," said Stepanoff. I count it much credit to myself that I got fire from a dozen matches from my hidden stoppered bottle. Stepanoff laughed in glee as he hurried about in our sodden saturated surroundings and broke off bits of crag, rooted shrubs. "Plenty eat bimeby," he called.

Stepanoff sharpened a stick and spiraled on this a strip of fresh bear

meat, resting this spit over against the flame of our tiny fire. We had no salt, but even bear meat so prepared is grateful to those who have hunger such as ours. We ate and broiled again and ate again. Meantime Stepanoff talked to me.

"One time," he said, "my friend and his partner trap foxes back here. One man fall down in deep place. Broke-um leg. Him lie two days. Bimeby partner come. His partner bring water, bring soup, stay there long time. Bimeby that man, his leg get well

Then they both climb up, go home, all right! S'pose his partner run 'way? Him die."

"Suppose I fall, break-um leg, Stepanoff?" I asked him. "You run away?"

"Maybe so run 'way from boss," he grinned. "Not run 'way from partner."

In silence we ate yet more. Stepanoff began to tell me of his early life.

He coughed badly. I saw that he was a victim of the white man's curse, consumption, once unknown on these shores. I asked him about this cough. "All my peoples," he said, "got-um cough. Hunt in cold water, all time wet. Sometime sleep, all time wet—all got-um cough. Bimeby me die, all right all right." He laughed merrily.

"But I got plenty good medicine for cough," he said. He reached down under the triple folds of the shirts he wore outside his trousers and drew out a much folded paper package whose creases were almost worn through. This he carefully put down on a stone by the fireside so that I might see. It held a fine white powder. "This my mos' best medicine," said Stepanoff. "I give three dollaroff for him. I pay doctor at town. That doctor tell me bimeby it cure-um cough."

He handled the white man's medicine reverently. I reached down a finger, touched the powder and put it to my mouth. The medicine was nothing in the world but powdered alum! Rarely has a single discovery shocked me more than this. Stepanoff was a nobleman of his race, worth any man's fair dealing. The white physician who would sell him the tenth of a cent's worth of a worse than useless drug, and charge him, of his poverty, such a sum as this was not worth the name of man. He, however, was civilized. Stepanoff was but a savage. This was what civilized man had done to my partner—my *partner*, mind you; game as any man; not afraid of fatigue, not afraid of risk, anxious to do squarely all his share of the work of the day. Such is the honor of the old lands, of the cities. But may God do even so with that white man on the last day of his merchandising!

"All the time, old days," went on

my friend, cheerily. "I have good time. Plenty hunt, plenty eat, laugh, have good time. I kill bear—sleep on his hide that night, eat him that night, all same you and me. Sometime no get meat. No eat then. Sometime no eat three day. S'pose you never go three day without eat?"

I turned now in the darkness to my friend, sitting there as we did, close to our little fire in the dark and the damp, with the roar of the sea at our feet. "Yes, one time I go three day," I answered him.

"Where?"

"Big village, Chicago," I said to him.

"You plenty sick I s'pose?"

"No, plenty hungry."

"Ah-hum?"

"No got dollaroff," I explained to my friend; which was the truth, though perhaps not worthy of record. It made little effect on Stepanoff, who thought that such starving spells come to all men at times.

"Plenty eat when you get soup?" he smiled at me. I nodded.

"You bet your life!" I said succinctly.

But some things I could not, owing to the divergency of our experiences, explain fully to my partner. He laboriously told me of his own life, of his fears, his struggles with the world, of his skill with the bow, of his luck at the fox trapping, of all his many adventures in love and war and living. I could see all his life, a wild panorama of danger, hardship, deprivation, as he talked to me in his broken speech. Two in the wilderness need but little in common language and soon learn a speech which serves them. Thus I saw all the life of my friend, saw that he was a man of honor, that his word was binding; saw that with him a partner was as himself. It seemed to me that as we sat there in the wet, in the dark, that after all men are men, life is life; and that, after all, both are very similar in the eye of the Great Spirit. Where I had suffered, my friend here had suffered. He had fought, as in time I had fought. Her had starved, and so had I, because for the time I had failed to pull down anything in the wolf-fight of life. He had

felt bitter, as I had felt, at wrongs and injustices—had avenged them in time, as I had always striven to do. At times he had felt helpless, as you and I have felt; had raged, as we rage at such helplessness. His conduct had been much the same as mine, as yours, as ours. The night was dark. I could only see the shadows, the outlines of his soul. I could no longer distinguish his face or his color. So sitting thus, as each moment passed I saw that the city is only the wilderness, and the wilderness, after all, only the city. Thus he taught me, I hope, a little of forgiveness, a little of reconciliation, and a little of resignation to life as life, inevitably is.

We broiled meat again, and in part dried our clothing. At last Stepanoff drew back from the little fire and crossed himself, as he always did at the finishing of each meal. "*Speseta!*" he said. "That means thank-you". He waved a vague hand above at the dark, far bending sky. So something of religion he knew, as much, perhaps more than I.

He turned now to the rocky beach and spread out the great gray robe. I motioned for him to lie down, but he sat for a time and looked at me with question before he made room for me upon the robe. So, wet, draggled, but successful, we lay down side by side in the rain by the sea, and drew the great skin over us. The rain fell upon our faces. Our fire sizzled into the wetted embers. The sea boomed at our side. Somewhere in the night flying birds made complaint, plaintive, thrilling; but Stepanoff and I, partners, slept very well.

After a time the city called to me again. I do not know why men should live in cities. I do not know why we should eat out our souls in strife and envy, why we should covet what white men call "success." I do not know why we, because white, should rob the man whom we find in our power. Perhaps sometime again I may be hungry in the city without a dollar to buy food—"I dinno," as Stepanoff would say. But at last I left my partner, far out toward where the sea is rough and the rocks are bleak and the

world is both old and young, and I came back to the city.

Stepanoff lived in a little hut at the edge of the town where I found him. Stepanoff is poor. He always will be poor. Himself, his wife and five children live in a little room or so. Their bed is a little mattress about three feet long. "Me plenty rich," said Stepanoff to me, however. "Got cow, got four hen, got boy, got two boys work now. All right, partner." How I envied him his smile of content!

I gave to Stepanoff the remnants of our camp supplies, many things useless to me but covetable to him. These with his wages and his little bonuses for successful hunting made him, for the time, rich among his people. He spread out his hands to show how rich and happy he was now. His little family came and stood in line before me and thanked me. But I would not let Stepanoff use the old word "boss".

"You come back nex' year?" asked Stepanoff.

Surely I hope so. But if I do not get back next year or soon I may not again see Stepanoff alive.

"About that cough, Stepanoff—" I began. He put his hand on his breast. "Plenty sore," he said. "Oh, yes, pretty soon die, all right all right!"

He looked at me and I looked at him again. "Yes," I said, "pretty soon both die, all right all right." All mans, all mans pretty soon die."

"Yes," he replied, "all mans die." He smiled again; and there was such unconscious pathos in his smile that I turned away, not too sure about myself.

The steamer came one day into the deep narrow channel of Stepanoff's town, on the far Pacific coast, whither the rails are hurrying now. He did not come to see me off, for he rarely mingled with the white man's crowds; but he knew that the boat must pass within easy hail of his little cabin on the bluff above the pine-edged channel. As we steamed by I saw Stepanoff, his wife and all their children, standing near his cabin, all waving me farewell.

"Look at that fool native!" muttered one traveler who resented such familiarity. But for my part, understanding better, I stepped to the rail

and called out, quite unashamed,
 "Good-bye, Stepanoff! Good-bye,
 partner!"

I heard his answer, faint across the
 distance. "Good-bye, tavanish!"

Now *tavanish* is the native hunter's

word, not for "boss" but for "friend,
 partner."

Ah, *tavanish*, friend, I did not meet
 you on the street to-day, here in the
 city—not although I looked into many
 faces.

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THERE came a peddler, bent and brown,
 Who cried: "New hearts for old!"
 He trudged the highways through the town,
 His voice was sharp and cold.
 But many a man and many a maid
 Ran after him that they might trade
 An old heart for a new—
 For many a maid and many a man
 Believed it was a splendid plan
 And one of profit, too.

To-day the folk in all that town
 Who have new hearts for old
 Watch for the peddler bent and brown,
 Whose voice is sharp and cold,
 For many a man and many a maid
 Since then would goodly sums have paid
 For the old hearts anew—
 And many a maid and many a man
 The broad highway will daily scan
 The peddler man to view.

The peddler man—Ah, where is he?
 None knows which way he strolled.
 He may be near or oversea
 Trading new hearts for old,
 But many a man and many a maid
 Has sorrowed over that rash trade—
 An old heart for a new.
 And many a maid and many a man
 Sighs that it was a foolish plan
 For old hearts aye are true.

Bill and the Emprer

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young



THE old circus man had been smoking his pipe in ruminative silence a half hour or so before he felt his memories too strong to be contained. He knocked out the ash against the heel of his boot, and filled up again.

"Member what I was tellin' you wunst," he began, "about the Old Man firin' the Arabian Goliath an' the Tattood Man over that trouble where the Nova Scotia Giantess' husban' an' the 'lectristy man put the Bearded Lady outa the profession? They done it by shockin' her beard off with 'lectristry while she was asleep through takin' a knock-out drink-cure that Mister Giantess got from Goliath to win 'er affections with. 'Member I told you about that an' the awful clemmin' match between Goliath an' the Tattoo in the freak quarters?"

"I mighta never seen them two attractions again if the Old Man hadn't a sent me abroad the time he made his grand stand play before the Crowned Heads o' Europe.

"That Goliath feller certainly woulda run a close second to any livin' press agent fer a offhand liar. He had a story about his bein' the great grandson o' Goliath in the Bi-bel, that belted ten thousan' Philippines offn the yearth with the jaw-bone of a ass, an' about a wife o' his that run away with all his money an' took along his pet goat that could talk, that the Sultan of Arabia

tried to buy off him fer a Pullman-loada howries out of 'is hayrem.

"This here Arabian Goliath was nawthin' but a great big hulk of a man nigh eight feet high that useta live in Cobourg, an' his name in private life was Willyum Good. I told you about him—an' about that Tattood Greek. My, my, how them two attractions useta hate each other!"

"Well, anyhow. Our Old Man that we had then was the sole an' only owner an' proprietor of the Greatest Moral Show on Earth, circus, menagerie, curiosities an' strange freaksa nacher, an' the finest printin' that ever went on the side of a barn in any country, home or foreign, on this or any other planet, globe or spear.

"When the Old Man had sumpn big a-boilin', he always useta call on me to go out ahead an' cut the first ice. This time 'e had Seenyereta Yewlala, the Celebrated Az-teck Midget.

"Squeer thing, son, but if you're born little an' stay little, you jest gotta be a Midget—professionally. Taint so with Giants, male or female. The's lotsa thumpin' big people 'at never took a dollar to let the public look at 'em, but no tiny ones. It's like mental capac'ty. Some people is born to do all kindsa things, an' some

has jest brains enough to do one. It's like that with Midgets. No matter what else they might like to do, people won't let 'em do nawthin' but jes' go on through life bein' Midgets. They's the only kinda white humans that's born in captivity, as you might say—captivity to the profession o' bein' small.

"This Seenereeta Yewlala was great—all but 'er size. She wasn't quite fifteen inches high, but she was formed like a Venus D. Medicine, an' she could sing, dance an' converse in seven diffrent an' distinct languages, do a hurdle act on a toy terrier, play a toy fiddle an' double in brass on a toy cornet about as big as a canvas-needle. She was versed in the shorter catechism an' could recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight' an' other moral pieces, an' was very instructive fer ministers o' the gawspel to talk to. You could put 'er in a plug hat turned upside down an' she'd have room enough to do a skurt dance.

"Well, the Old Man thought she was too strong to play with a ring show, an' he got the idea to take 'er over to the effect monarchies o' the Old World an' put 'er up against the Crowned Heads. An' so he sends me along to look after the printin' an' act as advance man. The' wasn't no press agent work when it come to puttin' it over the Crowned Heads. You can't throw no bull like that into no monarchs. Good strong printin' well put up, an' a common sense showman to make the first spiel, is what goes with them. That's why the Old Man puts me on the job.

"Did I make goo—Say! I had every Crowned Head o' Europe eatin' outa my hand before I'd been with 'em any longer'n it would take a thirsty roustabout to sop a tub o' suds. From the King o' the Sardines down in Italy to the Emprer of all the Rooshias up in Siberia, I had every one of 'em on my staff. Youghta see the medals an' soo-veneers they give me. I got a show-case fulla them in my front parlor to 'home now. It was Bill here, an' Bill there, all over the continong. Up to the palluses fer supper, invited to dances an' everything—me right in the middla the big push, an' wine bein'

opened like water. The fat a' the land fer Bill, no matter who got the gristle, but I guess them peasants did. Europe is fulla peasants, an' they're all vassals an' serfs to the Crowned Heads. They do the work, an' the Crowned Heads does the rest.

"I made a ten-strike with old Bismark in Austria, an' down in Boolgaria I had the Zar settin' 'em up fer me in the other alley every time I rolled the ball. The King o' Spain give me a barfulla doubloons an' pieces of eight, an' the Sultan o' Turkey give me a soota clothes made outa silver plated steel fer the coat an' a embroidered petticoat that would stand up alone instead a pants, an' a paira hammered brass slippers turned up at the toes an' studded all over with ambergris an' myrrh, an' other precious stones same as them Eastern oilygarches all wears. Had me up to his seerag-lio fer a midnight supper after the show one night, an' of all the doin's—Say!

"The lobsters was broiled in otter of roses, an' while we're eatin' them, an' drinkin' our hubble-bubble, a buncha forty octooroon slave girls romps through a dance they called the mew-ezin, all dressed up in spangled pink mosquito-nettin'. The band was a roomfulla Nubians playin' zim-boom music on cymbals an' minarets behind a open-work screen, an' the wimmin folks had their feed behind another screen that they could see through but we couldn't. I bin told supper in the seerag-lio is a honor accorded to but few Caw-casians of the male sect. He gimme a diamond as big as yer eye when I was comin' away, an' says he,

"Next time you make this town, Bill, I'll see if I can't introduce ye to a few o' my wives. Couldn't to-night, Bill,' he says, 'because,' says he, 'they's bin quite a hair-pullin' con-test among 'em to-day, an' I've had to give the heft o' them the sack. But I've given a order fer a shipload o' Circassian Beauties,' he says, an' by your next return date,' says he, 'I guess I'll be fixed.'

"O,' says I, 'don't put yerself out, Akmet,' I says.

"I won't,' says he, 'it ain't me that gets put outa this joint.' An' he grins,



"HE GIMME A DIAMOND AS BIG AS YOUR EYE"

like he was thinkin' o' sumpn funny.
The old Mormon!

"But the one I makes the biggest
hit with is Alexanderoff, the Emprer of
all the Rooshias.

"I'm up to Siberia visitin' him, the
third time we covers the Crowned
Head circuit, an' that's where Goliath
an' the Tattoo shows up. I'll tell you.

"The Emprer has me bunked in the
royle pallus, eatin' off gold glates with
the royle fam'ly, an' bein' waited on by
six-foot Caw-sack soldiers, all rigged out
in gold embroidery an' knee britches.
They's a good deal o' ceremony
about the way them monarchs has to
live, but when it's all over fer the day,
Aleck hangs up his crown on a diamond

headed gold nail, an' me an' him goes out to the back garden fer a friendly smoke, jest like any two old pals. He never put on no dog with me, an' neether did I with him—Say!

"He had the goldarndest best see-gyars I ever stuck into my face. They come from Cuba, an' they cost a dollar apiece, an' each one is put up in a glass tube with a gold band around the middle, an' plugged airtight at both ends to keep 'em green. One o' them see-gyars would last a hog fer a hull day, easy. Two you couldn't. They was ten inches long. They'd make the best see-gyar you can git over here smell like a burnin' goat-house—like mosta them do, anyhow.

"Well, I'm settin' out in the back yard one afternoon under a Cedar o' Lebanon tree, after dinner, talkin' with Aleck, when enter one o' them embroidered Caw-sacks with a card in 'is fist, an' he hands it to the Emprer with a bow.

"He waits without, me lord,' says he.

"Aleck takes the card, puts on his specs an' looks like it puzzled him.

"Say, Bill,' says he, 'this jasper seems to be sumpn in your line, near's I can make out. Know anything about 'im?' he says.

"I looks at it, an'—whaddya think! It says, 'Charley Coon, manager o' the Arabian Goliath, now exhibitin' before the Crowned Heads o' Europe. B. P. O. Elks No. 2323.'

"I give you my word, son, I didn't know which way to jump. I'm solid enough so I don't have to knock no other professional to hold my cinch, but as a friend I can't honestly boost old Bill Good an' his Goliath game to Aleck. An' while I'm tryin' to frame somethin' that'll go across straight, enter another o' them Caw-sacks, with another card.

"O, blazes!' says Aleck, when he looks at this new one. 'Do they think jest because I'm Emprer I ain't got nawthin' to do but gawp at freaks?' An' he hands me that card too.

"I'm a boiled dog if it wasn't Jake Sharp's card, managin' Con-stan-to-no-police, the world-famed Tattood Man,

now exhibitin' before the Crowned Heads,' an' et setry.

"It jolts me—an' that ain't so easy. I ain't heard o' these two freaks for nigh on two years, since they was fired from the show. But a man in my business has to ack quick, an' so I says, offhand,

"O, let 'em come out, anyhow. You can call fer the hook if they make a falldown.'

"All right, Bill,' says Aleck. 'Whatever you say goes.' Then he asks the two Caw-sacks,

"Did they break in together?'

"No, me lord,' they says, 'they don't know each other's here. They come in diffrent doors.'

"Aleck kinda frets a little. 'I'll have to put a yew-case on my army,' he says. 'Them sentuaries in fronta the pallus is gettin' too easy,' he says. 'They're puttin' me in to be fall guy for every frame-up in the land. All right,' says he to the Caw-sacks. 'Show 'em out here.'

"In about five minutes, in rolls Charley, with Goliath, an' when they see me, their eyes sticks out like two pair o' Spanish onions. But old Goliath, he comes splutterin' to the surface an' says, says he,

"Hello, Bill! Introduce me to your friend,' knowin' it must be the Emprer on account o' the Caw-sack soldiers that was lined up against the garden fence, presentin' knouts with fixed baynets.

"Before I can do anything, enter Jake an' the Tattoo. Jake is kinda stunned, but the Tattoo he only sheds his bath-robe an' stands there in his calico hide an' britch clout, lookin' dead sore at Goliath.

"Well,' says Aleck, 'What's the stunt? Throw it.'

"An' Goliath begins to dope it out about his great grandfather an' them Philippines an' the jaw bone work an' his talkin' goat an' the Sultan of Arabia. But old Con just turns round an' round like he's set on a pivot same as a milliner's dummy in a show window, flashin' his panorama-skin an' lookin' sour enough to poison the sunlight. This goes on fer a little while, an' the



"SO LONG, EMPER!" HE SAYS. "SEE YOU LATER"

Emprer is lookin' fer what it's workin' up to, until he finds out it ain't workin' up to nawthin', an' then he says,

" 'Thanks awfly,' says he, 'but I guess that'll be all fer you. Take 'em back into the pallus,' he says to the Caw-sacks, 'an' let 'em wait in the aunty room,' he says.

"The Tattoo jest picks up his bathrobe an' puts it on, an' him an' Jake makes exit with their Caw-sack. But Goliath, he smiles very genteel, an' says, says he,

" 'So long, Emprer,' he says. 'See you later. See you outside after the performance, Bill,' he says to me, in that fat, soo-perior way he's got. An' they makes exit, too.

" 'Well, whaddye know about that!' says Aleck, when they're gone. 'As sure as I'm the Emprer of all the Rooshias. I gotta good mind to have 'em pounded half to death with the butt end of a knout. Of

all the nurve,' says he, 'I ever seen—'

" 'Aw, back up, Emp,' says I. 'That ain't the answer. Youghta be sorry fer 'em,' I says, 'instead a gettin' red-headed about it,' says I. 'Jest hand 'em a lemon apiece,' I says, 'an' wise 'em up that they're dead. That's all that's coming to them,' says I. I didn't wanta see them git into no trouble so far away from home, even if they *was* bum.

" 'I guess you're right, Bill,' says Aleck. 'But this job of bein' Emprer ain't all to the lillies by no means, an' yet I gotta play up to it,' he says.

"He takes a little gold whistle out of his vest pocket an' blows it, an a new gold-embroidered Caw-sack comes out.

" 'Send Petervich to me,' he says, an' when Petervich comes on, he says to him,

" 'Pete, they's a coupla freaks waitin' in the aunty room. One's a Giant an' the other's a Tattoo, an' they're both dip. Give the Tattoo a

ten-spot an' the big feller a five. An' say—let the Tattoo outa the main entrance, but put the big mutt outa the side door, where the slippery-day stairs is.'

"An' Pete done it. Th' was a clatter like a stake-wagon bein' wrecked, an' we hears old Goliath roar when he hits the slide—Say! You coulda heard 'im ten mile. An' when Aleck hears that roar, he jest throws back 'is head an' points 'is nose at the sky, an' yowls, and laffs an' laffs until he rolls offn 'is seat onto the ground, an' then he rolls over, an' over an' over again, an' chokes, so't I got scairt an' had to help 'im up an' slap 'im on the back. Soon's he can git his breath, he says to me, wipin' 'is eyes on a cloth-o-gold handkerchief,

"'O, gee, Bill,' he says, gaspin', 'Jever hear sech a holler! Stung in my own pallus, was I?' says he. 'I guess nit,—not this time,' he says.

"Then he quiets down fer a minit, but all of a sudden it gits 'is funny bone again.

"'O,' says he. 'The Prince of Arabia an' the jaw bone of a ass an' the slippery day stairs! He didn't know I was loaded fer 'im with them stairs,' says he. An' then he laffs again till the tears come. 'O, Bill,

says he, 'I ain't had so much fun sence that last time I threw a bomb at a arnichist—Straighten up there, you Reubs!' he says quick, to them Caw-sack soldiers along the fence, that was snickerin' too. 'Straighten up an' present knouts, you candle-eaters! Blow yer noses, you sponge-faced vodkas! Right dress!'

"An' they's so scairt one o' them accident'ly discharges his knout in the air an' Aleck steps over an' swipes the head offn 'im with his gold sword.

"'I'll learn you who's Emprer round here,' says he, vurry dignified. 'Come on in to supper, Bill,' says he. 'I've laffed till I'm hungry enough to eat a packa wolves.'

"Then as we're goin' in, he breaks out again.

"'That jaw-bone performer!' says he, 'O, gawd! what a howl he put up! An' the woman that got 'is goat! I'll give you a thousan' dollar rooble note fer this day's fun, Bill,' says he.

"An' when I was sayin' goodbye to 'im next day, he slips it to me. 'Have a good time on it, Bill,' he says. It was the biggest piece o' money yever heard of, son. It was as big as a—as a—newspaper. I got it framed to home, now—autographed.

"What's that, son? The Seenyereta Yew-lala? Aw, she wasn't nawthin' but a performer. I don't know what about her. Performers ain't no good, only them that you can work up into printin'. The rest ain't good fer nawthin' only to let press agents go tellin' lies all over the yearth an' drawin' salaries. The' ain't nawthin' to the show business but the exec'tive staff an' the printin'. An' the man that handles the printin' is the biggest man in the show—or useta be. These press agents," (with heat), "these press agents git m' goat."



"OH GEE, BILL!" HE SAYS, GASPIN'. "JEVER HEAR SUCH A HOLLER?"



TRAILING SIMON DAWSON

BY REX CROASDELL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WESTERN CANADA has forgotten her Moses. He was a big-boned, big-hearted, gentle-mannered Scotchman by the name of Dawson—Simon J. Dawson. He spent ten years in the wilderness which separates Superior and the prairies, looking for a highway fit to fetch and carry the trade of the then new-born West.

That was fifty years ago. Western Canada was still in swaddling clothes; and Eastern Canada, because of little faith and less knowledge, thought an old fur trail, with the kinks straightened out, a good enough duct through which to feed the commercial hunger of the homely, flat-faced youngster by her side. Even Dawson, staunch prophet of ultimate western prosperity though he was, halted at asking for \$165,000 to make the canoe route which he finally selected, a commerce-carrying possibility.

Dawson got the \$165,000, and more besides. He built roads between his lakes and rest houses at convenient stopping places; launched steamers on the larger lakes and brought big bateaus from the Isle of Orleans to traverse the shorter water stretches. Eastern and Western Canada were at last connected. Dawson had finished his work.

There is little reason to review the

whole of the Dawson Route now. It started at Port Arthur, then Prince Arthur Landing, and ended somewhere near old Fort Garry. There were 135 miles of wagon road and 305 miles of waterway. In all, nearly three millions were spent on it and four thousand three hundred and thirty-seven home-hungry pioneers travelled over it during the five years that it was maintained. It was a high-priced experiment in transportation.

To-day, the route and the man that built it are forgotten. Eastern Canada is too much concerned with the prosperous activity that Dawson prophesied for her to indulge in reminiscences of her infancy. But the old trail will always remain—a wilderness highway, opulent in all that brings content to the lover of active sport and open air. It is the finest canoe route on the continent.

Johnny Fiunn, a white-haired, grey-bearded old Indian, introduced me to the route last spring. There were four in the party: Johnny; Joe Charley, a brawny 'breed who belonged somewhere in Johnny's family; a newspaper man; and the writer. Johnny picked on Windigo, where the Canadian Northern enters the Quetico Game Reserve, as the best place to put in at. And Johnny was wise in his choice.

The Canadian Northern practically



JOHNNY POINTED OUT THE ANTLERED HEAD OF A BULL MOOSE

parallels the Dawson Route for the first 110 miles from Port Arthur, and the first hundred miles of the Dawson Route is to be avoided when there is an alternative way out. Windigo is a little over a hundred miles from the route's beginning.



I MET JOHNNY'S FOURTH WIFE AT FORT WILLIAM

We camped the first night alongside the railway, on the shores of Lake Windigoostigan. Two of the party did not sleep over well. Softened by the upholstered side of things a city man takes an hour or two to adjust himself to primitive expedients for comfort which to the

real bushman may be drowsy luxury. A portage or two, a few miles of paddling, and the tonic, cedar-scented air make a wonderful difference.

We were seven days on the old Dawson Route. We crossed half a score of lonely, sequestered lakes; followed the twisty courses of as many rivers, some turbulent and troublesome, others purling and peaceful; found new strength in the toil of paddle and portage; and laid up a happy store of pulse-quickenings reminiscences.

The sites of the old road-houses are ideal camping places. There is always a spring somewhere near and the bush has not had time to cover the ample grassy clearances that Dawson made. Each site overlooks a lake that seems to be better than the last. The portages were, in Dawson's day, well-cut wagon roads. A wagon could not cross them now but they are easy to follow and the going is good. The French portage, which begins where Dawson built a dam across the stream through which the waters of Windigoostigan empty, is two miles of pleasant walking. We crossed it on our first day out, and the relief of walking after kneeling on an unfriendly canoe-bottom was very welcome.

Just above the dam the bleached ribs of an old bateau—once used to transport the pioneer settlers of the West—is caught by a tangle of driftwood. In



THE FRENCH PORTAGE IS TWO MILES OF PLEASANT WALKING—WILL YOU SWAP LOADS?

every few miles there is some such relic of the old days to add a romantic and historical interest to the many delights of the trip. There surely cannot be another route with such a variety of interests.

We would have lingered around Pickerel Lake, but Johnny told great



HOOKEO; THE OUANANICHE IS A FINNED BUNDLE OF FIGHT

tales of wonderful fish that homed in the small lake beyond the next portage. We reached there in time to see the redoubled glory of a wonderful sunset. The lake laughed back the red-faced mirth of the sky; the foolish, gobbly cry of a lonesome loon cracked the quiet; the sweet wild note of a white-throat tempered the harmony again; and the sun, "like a ruby from the horizon's ring, dropped down into the night."

That evening we proved the truth of Johnny's fish stories. There are ouananiche in Dore Lake. We ate fresh caught ouananiche for supper. The ouananiche is a species of land-locked salmon. Hooked, he is a finned bundle of fight. Cooked he is the most toothsome, titillating delicacy that ever graced the table of the most exacting epicure. The spruce hunger may have had something to do with the zest with which we ate the meal, but even now, the thought of crisp, fried bacon, a ouananiche steak and a pannikin of hot tea arouses gustatory desires that the best chef in town cannot satisfy. I am going to Dore Lake again some day.

From Dore Lake we reached the

upper reaches of Sturgeon Lake through a peaceful little stream which meanders quietly through a meadow-flanked valley of its own making. Incidentally it is the finest game section of the entire territory. We saw seven moose within an hour, and just as we were reluctantly leaving the river for the lake three caribou galloped across the meadow on the south bank of the river and drifted noiselessly into the bush. I did not see them. Old Johnny has a bird's keen vision, but his whispered intimation of their presence was none too clear. Consequently I only caught a tantalizing glimpse of the greyed buttocks of the last as he melted into the velvet shadows of the woods. Besides the three caribou our party saw nineteen moose that day.

We camped for the noon spell on a wide stretch of sandy beach on the shores of Sturgeon Lake. The beach was cross-hatched with moose-tracks, and even while we were resting, Johnny pointed out the antlered head of a bull moose on the water swimming towards the point.

If you want to know how quick an ungainly topheavy brute like a bull



CRISP FRIED BACON, A PANNIKIN OF HOT TEA, AND AN OUANANICHE STEAK GREAT HERE!

moose can swim, pack four eager paddlers in a half-loaded canoe, give the moose a few yards start, then go back and put your money on the moose. We tried to head that moose off. He sensed our intentions immediately. For four breathless minutes we churned the waters of the lake—but so did the moose. He left a wash like an old stern-wheeler. Nearing his objective point the moose seemed undecided about a safe landing. We were quickly nearing him. He refused an open stretch of sandy beach for the better cover of an alder-screened swampy bay. As he swam his head moved nervously from side to side and his speed slackened. We thought he was tiring. We were. Joe swerved the canoe's nose between the moose and the shore just one second too late. With an incredible increase of speed the moose plowed through the shallows, floundered through the mud, gave one watery snort and disappeared. We were three yards from him at the finish. It was a glorious chase. We were once successful in heading a cow moose back into the lake. It had swam from the opposite shore, a mile away, and there was little credit in our performance.

The following morning we made an adventuresome trip down the Maligne River and early in the afternoon we reached the head of the Namakan River, which receives the waters of Lac la Croix. Some old voyagers had warned us that the Namakan was an evil-tempered piece of water but navigable under the guidance of one or two of the local Indians whose village is littered over both banks at the river's head. Johnny didn't know the river, and didn't want to. But Johnny had relations in the village, and we had little trouble persuading him to go and barter for the services of two of them to act as guides on the unusual trip. Johnny seemed to have relations wherever more than three Indians were foregathered. I met his fourth wife at Fort William, his second wife's brother on the Namakan, his own brother on Rainy Lake and a nephew of his at Fort Frances. Johnny comes of a prolific stock. It took Johnny four hours to close the deal for us at the Namakan village, but, as Joe explained, Johnny met two sisters of his there and had to retail his share of the family news for a decade or two. A brother-in-law of Johnny's and a relation of Joe's wife were finally per-

suaded to accompany us down the Namakan the following morning. The river is away from the Dawson Route which follows a safer course, about fifteen miles longer, from Lac la Croix, through Nequagon, Loon, Vermillion and Sand Point Lakes to Namakan Lake

men still pressed them. The race was even up to the approach to Dead Men's Chute, but in their eager haste the men of the older Company missed the landing at the portage, and the pursuers never saw their quarry alive.

Before noon, we had been content to navigate the milder-tempered rapids,



THE NAMAKAN A TWENTY-FIVE MILE STRETCH OF WATERY MALIGNANCE.

I will never forget that twenty-five mile stretch of watery malignance. At one point, emulating the daring example of Red Cloud and Joe Whitefish, we rode white water through the hungry, rock-fanged maw of a wicked-spirited rapid. But only once. During the noon-spell Joe interpreted Red Cloud's version of an ugly tale which concerned the history of Dead Men's Chute, a wide-mouthed cauldron of fearful fury, which even then made the air around us vibrant with its roarings. It was of the days before the Northwest Company and the Hudson Bay factors had made their peace. Six men of the Hudson Bay Company, in a canoe laden with a rich freight of peltries, crossed the trail of some of the Northwest Company's men in Lac la Croix. It was feud time and the Northwest Company's men gave chase. Experts in paddle-craft, the men of the Hudson Bay Company thought to evade their pursuers by taking the emergency route down the Namakan, but the Northwest

but the gruesome tale had a restraining influence, and for the rest of the trip we were spectators only when Red Cloud and Joe essayed the more turbulent stretches.

The morning after our lively trip down the Namakan, we reached the Dawson Route again, crossed Namakan Lake, and about noon we landed safely at the Soldier's Portage, the last carry between us and Fort Frances.

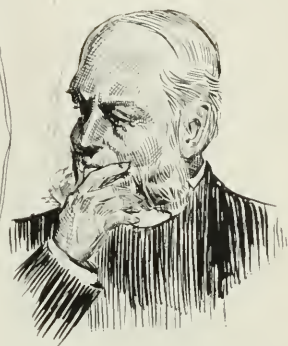
The Dawson Route continues from Rainy Lake, beyond Fort Frances through the Rainy River to the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods, and from that point on Red River carts used to jolt their creaky way on over a ninety-mile road to old Fort Garry. Our journey ended at Fort Frances.

We had lifted the age-rusted latch of the first gateway, and had followed the dim blaze of the pioneer. We had seen that Dawson's work was good; but another had first fashioned that wilderness way and we found his craftsmanship the best.



The BET and the BISHOP

By Roy Rutherford Bailey
Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



THE Pacific Express had left Winnipeg far to the eastward, and the sedate little group of clergymen on the observation platform was beginning to limber up.

The swift, steady stride with which the train was flinging them across Canada's broad green bosom, farther and farther from the conventionalities of their parishes in the States, was probably responsible for the change. Perhaps the psychology of it was lost upon them; but their ministerial brows, furrowed with the care of their flocks, began to smooth themselves out, and their laughter grew almost boyish as they squared their soberly clad shoulders to the breeze and wondered what had happened to the Bishop.

"I thought he was to have taken our train at Winnipeg," remarked the delegate from Rhode Island.

"He was. I was on the lookout for him, though, till we were clear out of the city limits," said the young man from Maine. "And then I walked through the train twice, from observation to baggage car and back. He must have missed connections."

One of the older clergymen rose from his camp stool and steadied himself with difficulty on the swaying platform.

"Not to reflect in any way on the thoroughness of your search, but merely as a corroboration of it," he observed

courteously, "I think I will look through the train once more myself. I don't know what the convention would think if he should not be in Vancouver for the opening session—the Bishop is always so punctual."

He had not gone half the length of the train when he saw the Bishop's commanding figure approaching. He greeted his superior with undisguised relief and escorted him triumphantly to the observation car.

"No, I didn't board the train at Winnipeg as I had planned," explained the Bishop in answer to the queries of his brethren. "I put in the better part of the morning motoring about Winnipeg, but after that we—I took a spin across country and caught the train at Portage la Prairie. And I'm really sorry the rest of you couldn't have been along. On a day like this, the view is superb."

"It is from here," exclaimed one of the party with an appreciative wave of his hand over the undulating prairies. "Flat, but beautiful."

"Superb inside, too—and decidedly *not* flat!" effervesced the young clergyman from Maine. "Seems to me I've seen more pretty girls on this train to-day than in all the land of the Philistines!"

"How about that, Bishop?" queried another youngster, whose awe of his superior was melting to the magic of



"WELL-L!" HE BURST OUT, "THIS AFFAIR IS ALL GREEK TO ME, BUT IF IT'S AS EASY AS THAT, HERE GOES!"

the morning. "If the Bishop confirms that statement," he added to the rest of the delegates, "I'm going to excuse myself while I rest my tired eyes in a trip of personal inspection."

"Now don't lay any such responsibility as that on the Bishop," retorted the irrepressible minister from Maine. "He's too old and dignified to notice such things—aren't you, Bishop?"

The Bishop smiled his indulgence with the unusually high spirits of his lieutenants. "This Canadian ozone is rather heady," he admitted, easily. "And... I'm always open to conviction."

"Oh, come, come now!" came the chorus from his chaffing followers, "no sidestepping!"

"He looks guilty," chuckled one, noting the Bishop's rising color, "let's put him to the test. 'I'll warrant that's where he's been all the morning—sizing up the pretty passengers!'"

One jest followed another at their beloved leader's expense as the express bowled recklessly along over the sparkling prairie. Some subtle, unsuspected witchcraft of the morning had stolen away their wonted dignity of demeanor and tossed it to the western winds. The weight of years slipped from their tired shoulders and left them boys again, and before the Bishop realized what he had been saying he found himself involved in the first wager of his life.

"To kiss the prettiest woman on the train!"

The elderly clergyman who had sought out his Bishop a few minutes before, now trailed gravely through the train after the merry little group of delegates. He was too surprised to credit his senses. His Bishop, the spiritual overseer of the proudest city in the east, so far forget himself as to actually become entangled in a wager... and over a woman! The idea seemed preposterous. The joke had gone far enough.

As a matter of fact, the Bishop, as he led the group through the unsuspecting train in search of the prettiest woman, was beginning to think so himself. What had appealed to him as merely a good joke seemed absurdly boyish to him now, as he reflected on his position

and his responsibilities. He flushed a little as he caught the old clergyman's accusing eye.

Dignified retreat, however, was impossible. He was on his way to "throw his arms about the neck of the prettiest woman on the train and kiss her on sight!"

"And you told yourself you were taking the wager for the sake of the donation they pledged your pet charity?" his restless conscience reminded him. "Was it that, after all? Or was it just natural love of a good joke on the rest, as you say, or was it—... because you hate to be reminded you are growing old?"

And what of her—"the prettiest woman on the train?" Would the innocent boyishness, the perfectly natural overflow of high spirits too long crowded under by the cares of clerical life... would these considerations appeal to her?

As the Bishop strode on through the train, he became very sober at heart, though his face did not betray the change. What would the Continental Convention think, if some irrepressible colleague should find the story too good to keep?

His heart sank. He should have considered all this before! He began to look thoughtful, but his companions did not. They laughed a good deal, quietly enough, as they followed the Bishop through car after car, expecting at any moment to see him turn back and offer to compromise. The old clergyman watched them, gravely puzzled by the Bishop's behavior.

For the Bishop did not turn back, nor did he waste many glances on the undeniably pretty women with which the train was generously sprinkled. In the last car before the diner, his astounded followers saw him fix his apparently serene gaze on a demure little woman, all peach blossom complexion and truant ringlets and the most distracting dimples, who raised a surprised smile as the Bishop bent over her and gamely threw his arms around her pretty neck.

A sounding kiss broke the stillness of the car—a kiss real enough and unmistakable enough to answer the most exacting demands of the wager.



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

"IT'S ALL MY FAULT, DEAR"

The obvious relish with which the Bishop levied the osculatory tribute despite the embarrassing circumstances, was too much for the impetuous young man from Maine.

"Well-I-I!" he burst out. "Sauce for the Bishop ought to be sauce for the rest of the flock. This affair is all Greek to me, but if it's as easy as all that, here goes!" and he instantly carried his threat into effect. The horrified little woman turned an appealing look on the Bishop, and stretched out a hand for protection, but there was no stopping the irrepressible young man from Maine until the thing was done. The Bishop's restraining hand dropped from his colleague's shoulder, and the lady rose indignantly.

"Charles! What on earth does all

this mean—has the delegation gone crazy? Who *are* these men, and why . . . why do they—*act* so?"

The Bishop regretted anew his failure to tell the delegates of his recent marriage. His solid figure, sturdily interposed between his indignant wife and the rash sheep of his flock, shook with mortification and chagrin. He caught a flicker of amused relief in the shrewd eye of the older clergyman, and his deep voice was very humble.

"It's all my fault, my dear," he explained, contritely, "and these gentlemen are in no wise to blame.

"They are a commission unconsciously appointed to teach me, their shepherd, the peril of forgetting even for a moment my duty to my flock, and . . . they have done their work well!"



THE LETTERS OF BETTY BLUE

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DEAR JOAN:—About the visit to the Galician folk I want to tell you while everything is fresh in my mind. For the first time since starting on these travels Propriety openly mutinies. She does not wish to leave Edmonton, even for a day, to fare forth in search of pastures new, not she. "I've had enough of your foreign folk" (my foreign folk indeed) "for one summer," says she with a distinct sniff. "Those Galicians wear sheepskin the year round. Think of it! I dare say it was a true story Corporal Strong was telling on the way from Calgary about the Irishman who, thinking that Galicians and Galatians were one, exclaimed: 'Faith, it's no wondher Paul sint an epistle instead of going among thim.'"

But we stand firm. "Sail on," we say as stubbornly as Columbus said it on his memorable voyage of discovery. In the end Propriety gives way, but not with a good grace. The truth is, the "fair and far away city" is an alluring spot. It has a charm all its own. After long and weary miles of flat,

flatter, flattest of landscape, we come, all at once, on a valley grand enough to rank as one of nature's masterpieces. Through the valley runs a river which has literally golden sands, and up, up, above river and valley, up into the clear spaces, one of the great hills of the new world lifts its greenness, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. From this hill, Edmonton waves a welcome to all. It is love at first sight on our part. There be those who lament her crudeness, her commercial atmosphere, her egotism, these and other drawbacks, but the blessed blindness which goes with a case of genuine love keeps us from discovering them. We only know that she is good to look on, and that there is welcome in the face she turns to us. With all her bigness, she is young, and sociable and "neighborly" in a rare old-fashioned way. Joan, dear, I could write reams on the subject, but I won't. Not having seen her—half quaint, unfinished; half grand and polished, with buildings of which the oldest cities might be proud, and with shacks, and huts, and tents

marking new streets everywhere, through the woods, and trailing boldly out on the prairie—you couldn't catch the spirit of her. Of course not. Beside it is Galicians I am due to tell you about. In fact I only mention these things by way of explaining Propriety's unwillingness to "sail on".

It is to be a family party, our host and hostess coming with us. He knows every trail and every person we meet on it. She is just the kind of woman you like to be with, sentimental, opinionated, and inconsistent enough to make you feel at ease. Preserve us from perfection. The twins make such a fuss at being left that they are counted in. This makes it advisable to add Rosie, the little Galician maid, to our number. She has a way of managing the twins.

Then there is Nummy-num, two and tow-headed, who is always being passed around like other sweets. She is one of the pink and white atoms of humanity that you no sooner see than you begin smoothing out your lap, and opening your arms invitingly. She is called by this queer name because, to quote her fond mother "she has a backward tongue" and "Nummy-num" is all the word she knows as yet. All she needs to know, since with it she rules her kingdom. She says to one "nummy-num" and he cometh, and to another "nummy-num" and he goeth. Her father remarks she "bosses the ranch," and we would have thought as much without being told—but she is the sweetest thing you ever saw.

We pretend we're old-timers as we ride along in a covered wagon. True, the wagon has comfortable spring seats cushioned with dark green leather, and the cover is of the same green leather, but it is the best we can do in the way of a prairie schooner. They are getting so up to date in this last west that to procure anything like a real pioneer flavor you have to work your imagination overtime.

The Alberta valleys have hung out their autumn banners of blue—all shades of blue—blue with a touch of gray, blue with a touch of rose, and azure clear and warm as the sky above us; and, seeming to tangle itself among

the haze, runs the black thread of the trail we follow. Wouldn't you love to be with us, Joan?

Of course there are drawbacks, nothing is perfect. The mosquitoes are holding a late and strenuous session for one thing; for another, one can't help wishing that sorrel Sam would forget his coltish ways and get down to the staidness becoming a six-year-old leader. With the sun on his shiny coat, he is not content to go straight ahead. You should see the villain showing off, side-stepping like a ducky doing the cake walk to rag-time. Still with the world spreading out its newness, and the trail beckoning, one forgets to worry. "It's all right," says the driver holding the lines carelessly in one hand; "run away nothing! It's all right," and you take his word for it. To the westerner everything is all right, bound to be all right. This optimism born of his faith in himself and his country is a part—a large part—of his religion. He passes it on to you with such assurance that you accept it without question. "It's all right". I am quite in love with my own tranquillity. When I go back to the common walks of life I'll likely be as small and fussy as of old, but up here I'm brave and buoyant as a matter of course. It is no credit to me. The wind bloweth where it listeth—incidentally your physical being gets a healthy appetite and your nature—that inside wonderful part of you with which you do your loving and hating, your soaring and grovelling—does the same thing. I couldn't help noticing the effect on Propriety of late. A thunder-storm came up while we were out picnicking on the Groat estate. Instead of the shivering, nervous Propriety we expected, she curled herself up under a bush to keep out of the rain as much as possible, remarking as a vivid flash made us all blink, "I remember my dear daddy telling me when I was a youngster it was foolish of me to be scared of lightning as there were so many tall trees to strike it would hardly bother with anything as little as I. Nice idea, don't you think?" Yes, Joan, with the thunder cracking overhead—not so far overhead, either—

she said that. It's Christian Science, New Thought, or some such thing. "It's all right—bound to be all right," is the text, and the teaching.

But all this is a long way from the Galician garden party you say—true, it's on the way to it. The Galician settlement lies many miles ahead, how many we do not know, or care. You know that arrogant assertion. "Time is for slaves." Well, so are mile posts and beaten highways. Somewhere in the blue haze lining the Saskatchewan valley the settlement of modest homes is hiding; sometime, somehow, we will reach it—which is as it should be and very delightful. This indefiniteness is peculiar to the prairie, which is in itself a world too big for measuring off, too wild for running by schedule time.

We have our dinner beside the stream which goes skipping from one rock to another like a thing mad with its own music. The twins and the Galician maid go skipping too, as soon as they have satisfied their appetites. In the quiet place their laughter rings out pleasantly.

An Indian and his squaw draw near to share our happiness, and provisions. He is a disreputable looking specimen, bleary eyed and dirty, but he fares well. This is owing to Nummy-num's partiality for the opposite sex. Of the sonsy squaw in the red print dress she will have none, but showers attentions and catables on the brave, who takes them as a matter of course.

"How far is the Galician settlement?" we enquire by way of opening up a conversation with him.

"The beeg bridge up creek you know where it is?" he returns after due reflection. I don't know where it is, but with this simple child of nature looking trustfully at me, I haven't the heart to say so honestly. I nod.

"The settlement more far than it," he says and devotes himself to sucking an orange thrust upon him by Nummy-num.

"What's that about the bridge?" breaks in our hostess who has not been listening. "How far is it to the bridge?"



"SHEEPSKIN MAN? IT IS WHAT OUR MAN WAS—BUT HE WILL LEARN MUCH THINGS"

"You know the meesion church, eh?" She is stronger than I. "No, I do not," she says.

"So, it is not so far as that," going back to his orange with the air of a man who has done his duty and told all

between Catholic and Protestant was on, here in the newest part of the new world. It began at the sun-blistered door of this little edifice, was carried to the homes, to the courts—and kept there.

The Head of the Greek Catholic church is the Pope of Rome; the Greek Orthodox, which is practically the same in teaching as the Anglican church, has for head the Synod in Russia. So you see, Joan, there was more at stake than this building with its narrow windows and wooden cross, there was the question of supremacy, which means much in any country, but more in one which



THE SECOND GENERATION ADOPTS CANADIAN WAYS
VERY QUICKLY.

a reasonable person could possibly desire to learn in one day.

We visit a famous church on our way. I am told that there is not in the whole of Canada an edifice which has occasioned anything like the stir it has. Such a little wizened church it is, standing here in the big spaces! and yet, two religious bodies have warred over it in the courts and out of the courts for seven long years. Not a good lesson in Christian charity for the Galician homesteader, is it?

Nearly all Ruthenians who came over from Galicia are either of the Greek Catholic belief, or belong to what is known as the Greek Orthodox Church. At first they all worshipped together, but after awhile came disputes—then the deluge. Both bodies claimed the church and the old, old war



AND AS FOR THE THIRD, IT IS GENERALLY
NAMED JIMMY.

has nothing to do but gather people to it. Where do you think they took it at last for settlement? To the Privy Council in England, which august body decided in favor of the Orthodox church.

Harvest has begun, and as a consequence we find our hostess in the field. She comes hurrying forward with warm if broken expressions of welcome and



HARVEST HAS BEGUN, AND WE FIND OUR HOSTESS IN THE FIELD.

leads the way to the house. A wild hop vine shades the window, an agitated, one might say angry, hen clucks protestingly from her nest on the thatched roof.

The settlement people have some way of letting one another know what is going on. It must be so, for before we have been here half an hour the women begin to gather—not only begin but keep at it until, the house being crowded, we adjourn to the garden out behind. There we start to get acquainted. The Galicians are a merry lot. No long faces, no brooding glances. You fancy they can laugh easily, cry easily. They are easily wrought upon. Environment means much to them.

There seems to be a prejudice against these people. "The Galician is lazy and dirty," says one; "the Galician is shiftless, has no ambition," says another; "the Galician is a drunkard; a fellow of poor morals," says yet another. Now, this may mean that Galicians

as a whole are undesirable, but I doubt it. A sensible conclusion to arrive at is that certain people have come in contact with the "wrong kind" of Galicians. All tribes and peoples have their "wrong kind", you know that, Joan. Even the Scotch folk of whom you are so proud do not—enough said. There is a whole lot of the Pharisee about us still, Joan, not a doubt of it.

This settlement is made up of some twenty farms. Of these two-thirds are fairly well worked, the rest show neglect. There is a hotel two or three miles below, and the woman who is mother of our Rosie, and so overjoyed at seeing the child that she kisses her every few minutes, speaks as follows in the wise way of one who learns by seeing:

"It is bad that our people get the liquor, yes, It is the liquor makes debt. I have son. He go to buy flour, but he buy whiskey at Moses Trume's place, no flour. Also he will not to

work his land. When he no money has for drink he is let to drink till he has much debt. It get more and more, and by and by it is not my son's land, but Moses Trume's, see? I pray my son, but he cares not. He is good son if he drink not, but everywhere is the drink. It is true old Moses Trume has many homesteads, and is much rich, but the poor mothers whose sons let go the land it is bad for them, very bad."

Is it not an old story? These are foreigners in a fair new land but the story is old—old. It is indeed bad for the mothers whose sons let go the land!

The younger women gather about with their sewing, little brown babies hide in the folds of their skirts, peeping out with bright dark eyes. Over by the sunflowers, a group of children are playing school—not Galician but Canadian school, much as you and I played it in the old days. Minna in thrilling tones has read the pathetic tale entitled, "Who Killed Cock-Robin?" skipping the big words with the ease of long practice, and now has her whole class up for spelling. It is a proof of their adaptability and readiness, that these children who have attended school for only a couple of years speak good English.

The comely young woman lays aside the Galician dress with its gay shawl and all, and puts on a neat shirt-waist suit, and gay millinery, but she still has a halting tongue. She has never gotten to school here, you see. These mischievous mites wrangling over the big words in Cock Robin have the advantage: they speak English readily, fluently.

The women are neat and tidy. Not so strongly built as the Doukhor women, but quicker of movement and better looking. They are merry; little jokes—even the pointless kind Propriety makes—keep them laughing a long while. Their kindness to one another is marked, and is exercised too naturally to be put on. The little homes which look bare to the outsider are the pride of their hearts. They show us the rugs they have woven, the skins they have spun, the linen they have worked.

"We work in the field not always,"

volunteers our hostess; "when the man is hurry, or maybe has the pain here" laying her hand on her stomach, "or here" pressing her forehead, "the woman is run to do work. She has many children, and there is the food to make ready, but she helps in the grain, yes, and the garden work, it is hers."

The oldest of the women takes up the thread of the conversation as we drink our tea and eat the curds—why cheese they call it—and cream they press on us. She discourses on a subject of universal interest—marriage. Her broken sentences, her eloquent gestures, I can't give you, Joan. I wish I could, but this is in substance what she tells us.

"No man can take a wife until he is the full age of twenty-four years, and free from the military conscription in Galicia." The English emigrant says "back home" when he mentions England, the German says "mine fader-land," but to this woman with the brown wrinkled face and calloused hands the new world is dearer than the old—or perhaps one should say nearer. They are a people of the present, these Galicians. "But if he marries not when he should he is no more looked kindly on by his elders. Is it so with you?"

Yes, we answer only it is not the elders who look disapprovingly on the bachelor so much as the girls of marriageable age. "In Canada there is no conscription and men marry early, the women too," she resumes. "The son of my daughter he marry when he is but nineteen. We say too soon, too soon, but he cares not. He settles him on a farm and shows he is man enough to take care of wife and family. There is talk of a law that girls may not marry under seventeen, but we see it not. The girls of sixteen make good wife, and have the healthy big family, yes. How can there be law when Anna is so old at sixteen as Minna is at twenty?"

"Is there much formality about your marriages?" asks Propriety, getting ready to look shocked.

"It is all easy, simple," is the answer, "and takes little time at all. The couple get acquainted enough to love in

one week, in three they are married, maybe. The wedding, yes, it is by church. The parents of the boy and girl they go to the minister and tell him it is to be, and when. The minister three time in church, three time," counting on her big-jointed fingers, "reports it to all people everywhere. It is the Ruthenian way."

And an old, old way it is, this publishing of the banns. There is nothing new under the sun, Joan.

"The bride to be is willing, yes, she is want to marry her man, and is to have all happiness," and now the wrinkled face grows actually tender, "but it is not to be that she goes to the altar without tears, many tears."

"It is up to her to make a cry," volunteers the young matron who before her marriage was a waitress in a Winnipeg hotel.

"The 'bride's cry' so we name it. It is known in Ruthenian songs and poems all the way up from the first of our people" goes on the old woman. "She is done crying, and all of smiling when she stands up to marry. Good to her? So, he is mostly the good, kind. Sometime if he drinks whiskey he forgets to be kind, but it is not for always, and she is to forget it, and have the supper ready and the laugh. Our men like not to be cried with or cross with, no, no, the good word and the laugh. It is so with our men, yes."

And with men the world over—only all women have not your heart wisdom, your love-craft, you dear old thing! That "cried with" or "cross with" is fine—the touch of nature which makes the world of benedicts kin.

"There is much love of family. The child is everything. He is not made to do too much what he does not desire. This is bad. It is not what he desires, but what is right he should do. The strap is for a fool's back, but the father is the most fool," this with a tolerant laugh, "and does not put it there. It is so among us. Some children are not made to go to the school, but let play. It is not well, it is foolishness, and they pay it some day with more foolishness."

Hostess has been so engaged in watching the twins form a Salvation Army

for marching and musical purposes that she hasn't heard the half of the Galician woman's talk. She now puts a hand on Propriety's shoulder and says with an air of one imparting agreeable information:

"This lady is a writer. She will have a great story about you, and your people, and your homes."

The wrinkled face hardens, the dark eyes flash. "I like not the great stories," she says with bitterness. "Men and women they write of us what is not true. They would have us bad, all bad. They say the Galician do this and do that, they come not among us to get truth; they keep far off and make the lies on poor Galician. It is shame."

We fall so silent we can hear the gasp of hardihood with which the hope of the house of Rapolitz hurls forth "fe-fe-f-e-t-t-h-e-r, feather," in the face of a scandalized teacher with bare feet and braids.

"Bad there are," the old woman takes up her grievance, "but to make better one does not say, 'Ho, devil's children all, all; the country wants you not.' We come to find good country, and do good. It is Galician country"; this is said proudly and with a sweep of the wrinkled hand. "We make home; our boy and girl make home. It is well if people write not lies of us to put in print, don't you think? Sheep-skin man! yes, it is what our man is, or was; but sheep-skin man he feels blows and bad words, sheep-skin man he work for his family, take care of his family same as other man. Some things he knows not yet, does not yet, but he will. It is long, long days here," lifting her wrinkled face to the sunshine, "and he will learn much things. Why not?"

With the sudden change of mood peculiar to the Galician she bursts out laughing.

"Cross old woman, you will put that down on paper, eh?" addressing Propriety. "Not so, I am to give you a whey cheese to carry away so that I go not down cross and old. I am cross, yes, but it is that my people deserve not the evil name your people give them."

Then Propriety does the only sentimental thing I've caught her at during all our journeying, she takes those two wrinkled, calloused hands in hers and holds them fast. "Mrs. Bramaffinitz," taking the name in steps as though

mounting a steep stair, "you are right and I am proud to make your acquaintance."

"It is my friendship you make!" cries the susceptible Galician with the tears in her eyes.

THE THREE

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THREE there were that met one day
On the long and dusty way
Where the sons of men must fare
From the Here unto the There,
On the path of fall and climb—
These three, Love and Death and Time.

"I," said Time, "am all in all;
If they rise or if they fall
Must depend upon my mood;
Company or solitude,
Plenty or grim poverty
Rests upon their faith with me."

"Nay," said Death, "'tis I that tell
Whether life be ill or well;
You but set the final bound
Of the lost and of the found.
Master I of one and all;
They but wait until I call."

Three there were, but two that spake—
Time and Death each claimed to make
Whatsoever joy or strife
There might be in each one's life.
Each declared he was the end
Toward which all pathways wend.

Then spake Love, and said: "Ah, no!
Ye but mark men as they go.
It is I that bless, and give
All the strength that makes them live.
I shall be alive," he said,
"After Time and Death are dead."

The RIGHTS of the TRAVELLING PUBLIC



BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

“SO I GAVE the waiter a couple dollars, and got him to tell me where she lived, and say, she was a peacherino from Peachville, and not one of the kind it takes such an awful long ladder to reach, either. Why, say——”

They were directly across the aisle from my section, those two young gentlemen in clothes of the latest London cut, with silk stockings of pale-green and pale-blue, and they were taking no trouble whatever to moderate their voices.

I coughed and rustled my magazines obviously. They gave me a bored glance, and paid no further attention. Finally, in disgust, I sought shelter from their sultry reminiscences in the observation car, where I found the Traffic Lord, who has under him goodness only knows what cohorts of brass-buttoned genii, and who can work all kinds of miracles at will. Now the Traffic Lord is something of a friend of mine, and instantly I pounced upon him with a wrathful protest, demanding the heads of the young gentlemen in Lower Six of the car “Clotilde” served instantly upon a charger *a la Salome*.

He smiled a quiet little smile, and pointed to one of the beautiful plate-glass mirrors. Just where my face was reflected ran the word, “Lucille,” in straggling, inch-high letters, a diamond-

cut scar that never would heal. Involuntarily I rubbed my hand across my cheek, as if the ugly marks were really there.

“So there are she-ones, too, are there?” said I. “Little vandal! I haven’t a doubt she chews gum and scents her handkerchief with santal.”

“Not necessarily,” he said, quietly. “You wouldn’t guess what apparently civilized people will do things just as philistine and just as annoying to their fellow-passengers. There is a class of traveller who seems to hold that the public has privileges aboard the sleeping-car, rather than rights.”

“They do that,” said I, remembering the fat woman who had held the dressing-room against all comers for an hour that morning, and spread her possessions over every available hook and shelf and chair and stand, with the remark that “nobody ever ran over her.” And after that she had the insolence to ask me to hook her dress, and see that I did it, too.

“But, after all,” said I, “it’s the men who have the real cream on these trains. We women must put up with things, but the men can do as they like.”

“Can they?” he countered, instantly. “Suppose you have slept restlessly all night, and feel cindery and heavy-eyed and unwashed when you rise. Suppose you go to the dressing-room to wash and to get brushed and freshened up



HAIL, HAIL THE GANG'S ALL HERE! EVERY CHAIR FULL AND SOMEBODY PERCHED ON THE WASHBOWL

and feeling like a human being again. You haven't had your breakfast. You are cross. When you draw back the curtain you meet an atmosphere that you could bite chunks out of, and something turns over inside you with a sickening heave. Turkish cigarettes are all very well in their place—but a roomful of heavy cigarette smoke before breakfast isn't much of an appetizer to anybody. However, you climb over the feet of the fellows in the chairs, coax the fellow who is sitting on the lavatory to climb down so you can wash, and proceed to make your toilet. Suppose somebody rises up and brushes himself vigorously just where you can inhale the dust to the best advantage. Suppose you find a sopping-wet towel in the rack where the clean and dry towels should be. Suppose the last man at the basin has left it full of soapy, curded water. Suppose you have a preference for half-way decent conversation before breakfast, and the

talk is—well, the less said, the better."

"Ugh! Do they do that?" said I, disgustedly.

"They do—and more. The chances are that you leave the dressing-room feeling worse than when you went in. Yet—what can the railway do? It presupposes its patrons to be gentlemen, and makes its rules under that supposition. Probably the men who occupy the chairs and blow graceful smoke-rings are not unwashed brutes; they are merely thoughtless of the comfort of others. If you intimated that they were annoying you, who so surprised as they? The cigarettes would disappear, and there would be a general exodus. 'Certainly, certainly! Didn't realize I was in your way,—didn't think anything about it, to tell the truth. Don't mention it—glad you spoke.' That's what they'd say. The traveling public is kind-hearted in the main—but undeniably thoughtless, at times."

"Well, how about the men who

smoke here in the observation-car?" I persisted. "It's all very well for men to have the dressing-rooms to smoke in, and specially shut-off smoking-compartments that we petticoats can't even see the inside of, but is it really necessary that they should bring their cigars into the observation-car, too? Couldn't the railway give us one place to ourselves, where we would be free from smoke and such talk as I recently had the pleasure of hearing in the sleeper?"

"That point is well taken," said the Traffic Lord, "by the way, my cigar doesn't annoy you, does it? I'm taking it for granted that you're speaking for Woman, instead of your own preferences."

"Oh, not a bit," I hastily protested. "You know perfectly well I don't mind smoking at all. Just as you say, I was speaking for the average woman—who generally does mind, you know."

"Exactly," he said, tossing his cigar-

stub on the right-of-way. "And that matter is being taken under advisement now. It is an interesting fact that most of our conductors are in favor of abolishing smoking in the observation-car and turning it over to the ladies. Now, of course, it is understood that a railway must make rules for the majority. The majority of sleeping-car patrons are well-bred people; therefore the railway must presuppose that its patrons are all gentle, rather than simple. For example, smoking is permitted in the observation-cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway, for the convenience of the man who prefers his after-dinner cigar in the company of his wife or daughter, who is house-broken to tobacco—just as I was enjoying my cigar a moment ago, knowing that you are of a forgiving disposition. This should not mean that the unattached drummer for Smith & Jones, ignoring



OF COURSE NOTHING HAPPENS TO THE DRUMMER FOR SMITH & JONES WHEN HE DOES THIS.



A. G. SHURC

"SAY, SHE WAS A PEACHERINO FROM PEACHVILLE."

the comfortable smoking compartments provided for men, should take up his position next to a lady who cannot endure tobacco, and blow odorous clouds into her face until she leaves the car in self-defense. Of course nothing happens to the drummer for Smith & Jones when he does this. Smoking is permitted in the observation-car, and the railway cannot allow Mr. Brown to smoke undisturbed, and refuse Mr. Robinson the same privilege. Possibly the drummer does not even know that he is annoying anyone; he is deep in plans to land the next town, and unconscious of the reason why his neighbor has arisen from her place and gone away."

"I suppose not," said I, dubiously. "I suppose he didn't really think, any more than Lucille Vandal did when she ruined that beautiful mirror."

The Traffic Lord nodded.

"The Vandal family is a large one," he said, "by far the larger portion of the offending class. For instance, there is not only Lucille Vandal's signa-

ture on the mirror, there are the marks of Percy Vandal's hob-nailed boots on the grained mahogany baseboards, and long raw scratches on the rosewood panels where Papa Vandal has lighted his after-dinner cherooot, let it go out two or three times in the course of an interesting conversation, and lighted it again, each time with another scratch. It is too hard work for Papa Vandal to lift up the sole of one boot in order to make those three or four scratches on it—the rose-

wood panel is so much handier. It is also too difficult to locate the proper receptacle for the half-burned stub; Papa Vandal drops it on the velvet carpet, along with the matches. It's only the railway's mahogany baseboards and rosewood panels and velvet carpet—if he doesn't do it, the next fellow will—what does it matter? He doesn't take into consideration that the railway builds twenty-five-thousand-dollar observation cars for the pleasure and comfort of himself and Percy and Lucille and all the rest of their fellow-journeymen. He doesn't realize that he is casually ruining property which was made for his own benefit, and in which he, for the time being, owns a share. He doesn't think at all, and he blandly continues to burn and scratch and destroy in the vague impression that observation-cars spring from the earth like cabbages, and that there will always be plenty more. The railway can afford to build new cars, of course. That isn't the point. It's not the purse of the company, but the comfort of his

fellow-passengers that Papa Vandal's behavior endangers."

"Precisely," I agreed. "And do you know what I saw a perfectly tame-looking man do yesterday? He laid his lighted cigarette down on the mahogany window-sill—there's the scar of it—and simply allowed it to burn a hole in the wood until a nice little column of smoke arose, and filled the car with the odor of burning varnish. Then he noticed what was happening, and laughed over it—positively laughed."

"Suppose it had been your grand piano?" inquired my Traffic Lord, coolly. "Suppose you had invited a masculine person to your house, and he had done that same thing, and moreover scratched his matches on your dining-room table, and knocked out his pipe on your expensive rugs? Being a lady I do not suppose you would immediately rise up and slay him——" ("I'm not so sure about that," I interjected)——"but I think it would be at least many a long day before he received another invitation. Yet a railway car costs as much as twenty-five grand pianos, and as a matter of economics, if not of decency, it ought not to be wantonly ruined."

"I don't see why you are so patient with them," I said. "If I were the railway company, I'd at least try to make them behave like decent human beings. Can't you do anything?"

"Well, we can't exactly make rules that don't govern everybody, you know—and the Vandal family are only a minority, after all. It's really the public itself that will have to quash them. Whatever the majority of the public wants, the railway will have to do. We've done all we can in providing the best possible surroundings, and giving the traveling public the freedom accorded to ladies and gentlemen."

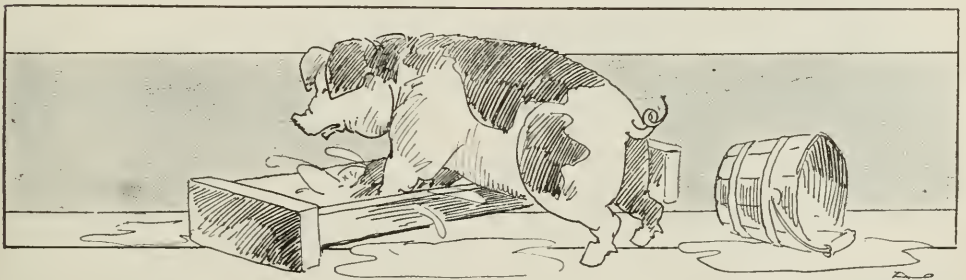
"M-m!" said I, unconvinced. "It's awfully forgiving of you, I think."

He laughed at that, and the talk turned to other topics. But when I came back from the dining-car that evening, as the prairie miles rolled away behind us through the crimson-flaring dusk, I observed that the two young gentlemen in Lower Six were extremely silent and appeared very small.

Presently one of them rose and stood before me, evidently not enjoying himself over-much, and tangling his words like a skein of yarn.

"I—we—that is, this afternoon we didn't notice you were here, and er—er—why, Bill and I ought to apologize—"

Never mind what I said. I was forgiving, like the railway. But I woke up along about two o'clock in the morning when we changed engines at the end of a division, thought of my avenging friend the Traffic Lord—and chuckled.





CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.



“AR from it, my little man!” said the musician, his hand on the smooth young brow, “the harp must rest, it has done its work. But how is it that I find you in

my home, where no man save myself has been for a thousand years?”

“A thousand years!” echoed José in surprise, as he looked wonderingly into the face of the musician.

“Yes, a thousand years! But come, my lad, tell me your story.”

José’s face burned with shame as he thought of his cowardly flight; but he was really a brave boy, and he courageously told how he had twice failed in his duty, and how in despair he had fled from his mistress. His voice failed him, and he burst into sobs.

“Ah, my truthful son, weep not! You were not to blame: ’twas I who put you to sleep. Yes, I was with you when you sat by the rock after your midday meal, and I made your thoughts wander on into the valley, down the river to the ocean; I was with you when with determination you faced this rugged mountain and struggled to drive away drowsiness, but I had my purpose, and lulled you to sleep.

’Twas I, too, who put it into the heart of the king to desire some new pleasure; and it was I who made you sleep that you might dream that you had found what delighted his heart.”

It was a strange voice that was speaking, and as José saw that this man knew all of his past he clung piteously to his knees.

“But do not be afraid, you shall have your wish. It was for that I brought you here. You will bring the king his new desire, and if you are only as faithful to me and my master, as you desired to be to Mother Fedora (you see I know her name) there will be no greater name in the world than yours—no, not the king’s!”

José’s heart bounded with delight at the words; he would have spoken, but the musician went on before he could give his thought utterance.

“This harp is the Sun’s. It was created by men who adored the great body that rules the day and the Sun-god gave it strange powers. I have been its priest for one thousand years. I have played it day by day in the flowery places of earth, but now the Sun commands that it go forth into the busy world,—the world of active life, of human strifes and joys. You have been chosen to take it to the world, while I remain here to receive it back if you should ever regret your mission.”

As he spoke José reached out his hand to touch his treasure.

“No, no! Not yet! There are re-

strictions that go with it, and these you must hear before you can touch it. You see I am alone; there is no one with me, no one near, and I desire no one. Anyone who touches this harp must renounce all human ties and be faithful to the harp alone. Can you do this?"

José was very young, and he had already had a desire to take the harp to Zora and show her the wonder he had found.

"Can you do this?" and there was a little severity in the tone of the speaker.

The wonderful music seemed all to rush back on José in a wild flood, and with the memory of it he cried aloud, "Yes! I will love only the harp and the Sun."

"Well said! Well said! Now remember, no hand but yours must ever touch it. Some may try, but woe betide them if they do, without your permission; and you must never touch its strings unless the Sun is in the heavens. From sunrise till sunset you may play to your heart's content, but if you sound it after the sun has set you will regret the day you were born. Now you can have your first acquaintance with your new friend; carry it, and follow me."

It was almost as tall as José, but when his eager hands touched it, it seemed as light as a feather, and with a heart burning with happiness he followed his guide to a cave hidden among the rocks of the neighboring cliff. He had now no fear of Fedora, no day-dreams to pain him with wishes that could never be realized. He was to become famous, to have a name greater than the king to whom all men bent the knee. Oh, if Zora only knew it!"

His guide seemed to know his thoughts and turned on him with pitying eye while the harp suddenly became a burden in his hands. José realized the cause, and resolved to think only of the mission given him.

The cavern home of the musician was soon reached and a new round of surprises awaited the wondering boy. The walls were richly inlaid with precious stones. Swords and spears, battle-axes and shields, hung about on

all sides. The owner seeing the look of inquiry in the boy's eyes explained the cause of this array.

"You wonder," he said, "why this warlike display is to be found in the home of a musician. Well, it has not always been peace with me. Long years ago a report spread abroad that my harp was in this part of the world, and knights and squires, kings and princes, came to take it from me; but none ever went back to tell that they had seen me. Yet I never lifted weapon against man. The harp can protect itself, and any who have offered it violence have left their weapons here as a mark of their rashness."

José wondered how it could be that a harp, seemingly as light as air, could have such power; but the world he had come into was a strange one, and he determined to wait patiently that he might know all.

"I am afraid," said his new friend, "by putting you to sleep to-day so early I have robbed you of your noon-day meal, but you shall be recompensed. Lay the harp there," said he, pointing to a richly carved box, "and come to this little room where we will take some food."

José did as he was bidden, and found that the apartment within was adorned with ivory and gold and that the table was spread with the rarest fruits and viands. The plates were gold, the heavier dishes silver, worked in forms of surpassing beauty, and each had on it a blazing sun. No one was about, yet everything seemed prepared for the monarch of the cave.

José asked no questions, but to his inquiring looks the little man replied with a merry laugh, "Eat, my boy! To-morrow you will be in the same service and I will lie down here and rest till the world knows the value of the music of my instrument."

José ate more heartily than he had ever done in his life before, and when he had finished his meal his new friend bade him go to rest on a couch prepared in one corner of the cave.

José slept a sound, sweet sleep; only one thought was in his young brain—the thought that he was to be greater than the king. The sunset music of the



previous day played through his dreams and made his sleep as gentle as if he had never known pain or sorrow.

CHAPTER IV.

THE night sped swiftly by, and soon the dark shadow that covered the earth began to lift, and in its place a misty gray spread over the sky, over the mountain top, and over the forest. But this was only a forerunner to the full light of the morning, for soon this gray changed to purple, the purple to red, the red to golden, the gold of the dazzling sunshine; and the whole world began to awake.

With the first ray of sunlight the quaint little musician took his harp from its couch, and placing it between his knees began to caress it affectionately, as a father might a child he loved. Sweetly the instrument responded to his caresses and a morning song of joy burst forth triumphantly.

It seemed to say: "Awake, awake! Light has come. Darkness has vanished. Awake! Awake! The world is awake. Joy is spreading over the whole world."

The music grew in vigor, and as it increased José heaved a heavy sigh—not of weariness, but a sigh of one who has realized some long-desired pleasure. On hearing the sigh the musician rose from where he had been sitting and standing upright played a ringing air that banished sleep from José's eyes.

Slowly he rose, boy-like rubbed the last traces of sleep from his eyes, and recalled, as in a dream, the pain of the previous day and the joy of the evening. But this was only for a moment. The music had possession of him once more and he could think of nothing else. At last the closing chords were struck, and as the musician put the harp back on its couch he cried out: "Now, my little man, I see you are awake. Don't



stand there in the cold. Put on your rags and we will have some breakfast."

José blushed for shame at the word rags, but hurriedly put them on. He did this with no little disappointment, for he had hoped that the good musician would bestow on him a suit such as he himself wore.

The little man read his thoughts, and said: "Wait, my lad, and all will be yours. You go forth to-day, and the harp must provide you with everything. You will not be long in your suit of rags. The king himself will provide you with as royal a robe as ever young prince wore. But now that you are dressed we will have something to eat and then you must go out into the world once more. This time you will not have to go alone; you will have a helper and protector with you, but if you prove false and faithless a worse calamity than fear of Fedora's voice or Fedora's sword will befall you."

José shuddered at the thought of Fedora and her weapon, but the musician had once more taken up his instrument, and as he played a door in the end of the cave opened,—or rather a rock swung back as if by magic, and unseen hands made ready a feast even more marvellous than the one he had enjoyed on the previous night. When the table was loaded with good things to eat the end of the cave swung into place once more, the music ceased, and the player turning to José, said: "Now eat a hearty meal; the next you get will have to be by your own skill."

The two sat down to the table and began their breakfast. At first José was a little timid, but his timidity soon passed away, and he was enjoying a meal such as he had never dreamed of tasting. The dishes were new to him, and he would have been at a loss to give them names, but this did not prevent his thinking he had never tasted any-

thing so delicious. The old musician watched him with a kindly smile, and seemed to take pleasure in the boy's evident enjoyment. At the close of the meal he said: "Now if your hunger is satisfied we will go into the beautiful sunshine. But take a good look at this room, remember everything you see, and talk to the harp when you are lonely about its old home: it will remember all, and will never fail to make you glad."

As he spoke he rose, and José rose too; a little reluctantly it is true, for on the table there was still some fruit they had not eaten, and José had a boy's desire to leave nothing good behind him.

"Come my lad," said his friend, "if you would conquer all things you must be devoted to one thing only. The Harp of the Sun must be from this day forth your only desire. You will find your freedom by being a slave to it, and you will find it no unpleasant master."

Without a word José followed the musician into the glorious morning. The earth was awake with joyful sound; the trees were bending and sighing under the light wind that swept up from the southern sea; the flowers waving in the sun or nestling in their beds of moss were still glistening with the dews of night; the wood, too, was alive with birds, and songs of love for mates, songs of thanksgiving that the dangers of the night were past, songs that told only the happiness the feathered songsters had in living, rose in continuous music on all sides.

José's eyes sparkled with delight, and he would have liked to throw himself down on the grass and listen through the whole day to this glad chorus. Ever since he had entered the cave he could not help thinking that, perhaps, it was all a dream; but this world that he had known from his boyhood, the birds that he had pointed out to Zora, the flowers that he had plucked to wind in a crown about her head when they played at king and queen, all made him realize that he was the same boy who had left Zora in her mountain home, who had been sold to Mother Fedora for two sheep, who had had his name changed from Ismael to

José, who had been beaten, and who had fled. But all the terror of the last few days had vanished from his mind.

The musician did not stop to listen to the sounds, or to drink in the sights, but beckoned to José to follow him to the mossy mound where he had sat on the previous evening. When he reached it he sat down, took the silken mantle off the harp; and the strings, as they caught the sunlight, seemed to dance and vibrate in eagerness for their master's touch. But he did not touch them. He beckoned to José, who came to him, and stood waiting and expectant, eager to hear the music that had charmed away pain and sorrow after his flight and neglected duty. But the little man sat with head bowed down and made no effort to play his instrument. At length he rose, as if from a dream, and with sad eyes, and a face from which all the light, merry laughter seemed to have passed away, said: "Take my place, and play. It is yours, play."

José was amazed, and cried out, "I cannot play, O Master, I have never played on aught save a rude whistle shaped by my own hand. I cannot play, but teach me. I can learn."

The musician did not seem to hear him: "Take my place," he said. "It is yours, my harp is yours! Take it, and play!"

José could do nothing but obey. He began to think that his kind host was mad, and tremblingly he sat down among the flowers, and as he stretched forth his young arms to the instrument, he said: "What shall I play? I know only the rude songs that the robbers delight in."

"Play your thoughts," said the musician. "Fear not! The power to make the strings answer to your wish will be given to you."

But José was not reassured. When his fingers touched the strings he expected to see them snap beneath his touch, but instead they responded with a note of sweetness that filled the whole dell.

"Fear not!" cried the musician. "Play your thoughts! Give yourself up to the harp, and the music will come."

José needed no second bidding, now that the first note had given him confidence; and as he thought of the beauty of the world, the joy of being free, and the feeling that in his hands was an instrument that would make him famous, the strings seemed to answer to his thoughts, and the sunbeam-like chords danced and vibrated before his eyes, pealing forth music that seemed to flood the world. The trees stopped swaying, the flowers ceased nodding in the light morning wind, the birds refrained from singing, and all Nature breathlessly listened to the music of the enraptured boy-musician.

On and on he played, nor did he think of ceasing till his companion interrupted him with the words: "Now, you see, you are a master, too; master of the grandest instrument in the world; and you can only master it as long as you are master of yourself. Cover it with this silken mantle, and listen. I am sending you forth to give this music to the world: no matter what song may be desired of you, think, and it will come. Only remember three things are required of you: your life must be lived for truth and honesty; no evil must enter into it, or your hand will lose its cunning. While you have the harp in your possession no other affection must enter your life: love of gold, love of power, even family ties must never lure you away; and if you should ever covet money, power, or love you must bring the harp back to me, I will be here to receive it. But the third condition is the one I would warn you against most earnestly. The harp is the Harp of the Sun. It must never be touched excepting when the Sun is in the heavens. You will be tempted: time and again powerful monarchs will desire you to play in the evening, their time of mirth; but refrain. Let them wait till the morning; you are their monarch in this; and if any of them should attempt to use force you will be protected. If you should break this last condition, terrible will be the results. Do you promise to keep all these conditions? If you do, go! the world awaits your music."

"I do I do," cried José, eagerly

falling on his knees before his stern questioner, "Night and morning, morning and night, I will live only for my instrument."

"Rise then, and take it; but before you go forth let me touch it once again. If you are faithful I may never see it more, but if you are untrue it will come back to me."

José rose from his knees, and the old musician seated himself, and seized the harp. As he removed its covering a thin, grey mist swept over the sky, and spreading across the sun cast a dull pale light over the earth. But the player did not look up. Silently, sorrowfully, he touched the chords, and the sad music sighed out on the morning air. The wood caught the strain and the trees and birds all seemed to join in the plaintive notes. It was a farewell, and the pangs that were in the heart of the musician found sympathy in the instrument. The birds had learned something of the music from the wondrous harp, and they were heavy at heart when they caught the notes of this song of leave-taking. Sadly the musician played, slowly the cloud crept across the sun, and just as the last gray shadow passed away from the wood, the music ceased, and the musician's head fell forward lovingly against his instrument.

For a moment he remained thus, and José could not keep back the tears as he saw the sorrow his friend was enduring. But it was only for a moment. The head was soon raised, and with a firm voice the musician said: "Take it! It is yours! Go, now, and play from morning till evening whenever difficulties are in your way, and there is nothing that you will not be able to overcome. As for me, I go to yonder cave, there I will remain till you have either proved yourself, by your power to resist the evil of this world, worthy to take my place, or till you have broken your promises, and then the instrument will come back and remain with me till one worthy is found to take it from my hands."

With these words he slowly dragged himself to the cave and left José standing wondering and alone before his treasure.

CHAPTER V.

FOR A moment José remained dumb-founded. A sense of utter loneliness came over him as he stood in that beautiful dell, looking towards the cave for his kind old friend, who had disappeared from sight. He felt like rushing after him and begging him to come into the busy world too; but just as his feet were about to obey his thoughts he saw the rocks slowly moving across the entrance to the cave, and nothing was to be seen but a sheer wall of immovable granite.

José naturally was awe-struck at the strange world he had unexpectedly dropped into; his heart rose within him, and there was a choking feeling about his throat that almost suffocated him. It was the feeling that he was without friends, and alone in the world; and he was about to throw himself down on the mossy bank, and weep in utter dejection, when his eyes fell on the instrument that was now his own.

He no longer felt lonely. Had he not been able to draw from its chords music that made him forget everything, and was it not his own now, his own forever! He would not weep; he would play; and as he said this to himself he seized the golden, jewel-crowned harp, and began to run his fingers over the strings.

He played a song of comfort, and as he played he seemed to get strength to endure anything. As he finished his song, the birds that had been hushed into silence burst out into merry song, as if beseeching him to play on; but he could not, he had a mission before him. Into the world he must go; and drawing the silken covering over his harp, and laying it gently across his shoulders he began to walk towards the dark woods that must be passed before he could reach the world of men, the world that was henceforth to know the music that had for so many centuries been given to the flowers and the trees, the beasts and the birds.

His eager young feet soon reached the edge of the wood, and his eyes scanned the ground for a path, but there was none to be seen. How was

he going to get through? It would not do to attempt to crush through the tangled bushes and over the fallen trees with his precious instrument, for the branches and thorns that had torn his clothes only the day before were still there and would snap the strings of his harp as if they were cobwebs.

His spirit fell within him at the difficulties he had to face; but the words of the musician came to him: "Play the harp when in trouble, it will never fail you," so he took it from his shoulder, held it before him, and played an appeal to the wood spirits to open up a way for him; and, as he played, a path seemed to be disclosed at his very feet. The harp, too, became as light as thistle down, and moved before him as if sustained by unseen hands. As he played he advanced through the branches that parted and lifted in his path. He looked not down, he looked not up; he looked not to the right nor to the left, but played and followed where his instrument led.

Suddenly he seemed to feel a trembling under his fingers. He cast his eyes along the path, and there in the very heart of the wood and right before him lay a great wolf ready to spring upon him. His first thought was that it was the wolf that Fedora had told him about, the wolf that lay in wait to devour sheep and boys. He began to tremble as he looked at the giant beast lying there with blazing eyes that seemed already to be devouring him. Its fierce red tongue lolled savagely from its black mouth, and as it gazed at him low growls came from its bristling throat.

His knees knocked together, his heart failed him, and his hands fell lifeless at his sides. As the music ceased, the wolf rose slowly, and advanced towards him growling savagely, showing the white fangs by which he felt in a moment he would be torn to pieces. It was too late to flee, and José was about to close his eyes and surrender his life to his fierce enemy, when the words, "It will never fail you!" seemed to blaze before him.

To be continued



RIVERS—AND A RIVER

BY EMILY VANDERHOOF

"THE River of Youth?" said the Little Lady, musingly. "No, not necessarily Florida. It's just the particular river of your fancy. Now, I like the River Avon best—that's the River of Youth to me. Reason? Oh, none at all, I suppose. But the Avon—it is intimate, cheerful, conversational, even fussily so at times, but I don't mind that. I feel as though I could draw my chair up close beside it and settle down for a little chat."

Now, there is no one in the whole world more delightful than the Little Lady when she "settles down for a chat." She drew the soft white shawl more closely around her shoulders, straightened her glasses, and resumed:

"You know, as we get further along in life it is the cheerful things that appeal to us most. Perhaps that is because we have so many sad realities behind us—and the sadder reality, that we are old, beside us.

"The River Avon makes me forget that I am old. It seems ever young, with the enthusiasms, the optimism, the boundless hope of Youth, and yet I know it is as old as the everlasting hills."

The Little Lady turned toward the window looking out over the fresh green fields, and continued, as though thinking aloud:

"It has its memories, too. Did you know the Celts built their fortifications and lived in their huts and pits along its shores? Oh, yes, I've read all about it—when I see the word 'Avon' on a page I greet it like an old friend. And really, it's very interesting. The Druids, too,

walked upon her grassy banks, waving their oak leaves and chanting their incantations."

The Little Lady laughed. "I never think of those old Druids," she said, "without wondering what they really thought of themselves down in their hearts. They were such colossal old shams. Just think of their taking the trouble to get up every day at sunrise. I know they did it to impress the people."

The Little Lady looked a bit conscious. She herself prefers to lie abed o' mornings.

She readjusted her glasses, patted her soft white hair, glanced covertly in the mirror, for the Little Lady is proud, and with reason, then went on:

"I think the Avon took the Romans rather seriously. She couldn't help doing so. They took her people by force, but after all they didn't make much of an impression on the country. However, they did build some good roads and taught the desirability of bathing—and I fancy the Britons needed the latter knowledge. The poor Avon—she must have suffered in the process."

The Little Lady's eyes twinkled. "But most of her memories are cheerful ones. The Cabots, John and Sebastian, sailed out from her waters to discover America. It was a splendid day for the Avon when the Cabot boys came home in the 'Matthew' a whole year before Columbus, with word of a new world. Is that news to you, too? Perhaps, then, you didn't know the Avon was responsible for Robinson

Crusoe. Yes, the 'Duke and Duchess,' sailing from Avon water, took Alexander Selkirk off his little island just two centuries ago. The tale of his adventures inspired Daniel Defoe to write his story."

The Little Lady was a bit proud of her history, but she glanced anxiously up. "I'm boring you. Forgive me. No? Well, just a little more."

"You see," she apologized, "there are rivers and rivers,—and the River Avon means so much to me. There's our own St. Lawrence, making its lonely way to the sea—its broad lakes, tiny white-walled villages, even its great cities, mere incidents in its career. It takes its steady course unheeding. Indian, voyageur, coureur-du-bois, French discoverer, English conqueror, all have dipped their paddles in its mysterious waters. All have come and gone, but the river remains unchanged. It is a sentient thing, brooding on the past with a gentle melancholy, seeming to hug to its bosom some mighty secret which it is to give up only to the sea. It makes me sad. It recalls dear friends now long gone, lost happiness, empty triumphs, dead hopes—to me it's age—age—age."

"And even the Ottawa, the muddy, roaring, turbulent Ottawa! I hear its laughing, cursing, fighting rivermen singing,

'Ho ro, mo nighean donn bhoidheach,
Hi ri, mo nighean donn bhoidheach,
Mo chaileag, laghach, bhoidheach,
Cha phosainn ach thu.'

as they bring down the raft, but it doesn't bring me any joy of the present, or hope for the future. It's just a river—nothing more."

"But the Avon tells me things. It whispers softly of days gone by."

"Who is this dainty lady picking her way carefully over the smooth clean stones? The 'Beauty of Bath' going down to the river to take ship for Bristol, there to select silks to wear at the pageant. The Society of Merchant Venturers of that great town will spread before her for her critical inspection, riches from over seas, silks, satins, laces from France, jewelry from Venice, and perhaps some trinkets from America."

The Little Lady sighed, thinking perhaps of the day when she too was a part of the Pageant of Youth, and leaned down to move the ottoman closer to her chair. When she looked up again, there was a suspicious brightness to her eyes.

"There was Chatterton, the Marvelous Boy," she continued in her mellow voice. "I can see him as a child roaming through the aisles of that old Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, rummaging in the 'muniment-room,' where they kept the musty old manuscripts, then wandering out to the river bank where strange imaginings and inspirations came to him. The Avon spoke to him, too, I'm sure, and who knows what influence it had upon him. Poor boy, he was like a meteor flashing its brief brilliant path across the sky. If the Avon could mourn, I think it would be for him."

The Little Lady stopped speaking. She closed her eyes, and leaned her head against the back of her chair. The lines around her mouth and eyes told of heavy sorrows, bravely borne.

After a time she resumed in her sweet low voice, "To me the Avon is the River of Youth. It is joyous, exuberant, bubbling over with spirits. There are the happy highlands of dreams, rainbow-hued, through which the sparkling river flows. There are misty valleys, deep, dark woods where robbers lie in wait for the unwary; there are plumed knights; there are lovely ladies to be rescued; there are secret rooms and pirate caves, Spanish gold and pieces of eight. Then there is some fairer dream than all, a hallowed dream, a dream to work for, to fight for, to sear our very soul for, but one day this dream too joins all the others. Happy are those who can cherish a memory of this dream and for its sake keep a pure heart and an undimmed vision. The Avon, quiet, unassuming, flowing serenely in pleasant places, helps me believe that it is possible to have disappointment, sorrow, knowledge of life, and yet to be hopeful—to be happy."

Dear Little Lady! You'll never grow old, with your loving heart and understanding spirit. For you the River of Youth flows steadily onward.



READY-MADE FARMS—A BRITISH OPINION

BY CURRIE LOVE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

“AND, by Jove, I hadn't been in the town half-an-hour, y'know, before a big hearty chap came up to me and says, 'I hear you've come over to settle on one of our Strathmore farms.'”

The man talking was “a big, hearty chap” himself, evidently a British farmer of the sturdy, successful sort. I pricked up my ears and began to follow the conversation on the other side of the country hotel table. The room was crowded with farmers of all nationalities, and their talk was of crops and soil, horses and steam-plows, and the gossip incidental to agriculture. All the men were muscular and brown, but this broad, red-cheeked Englishman dominated them all by sheer force of bulk and enthusiasm. He was explaining something to three or four young fellows of the landseeker type and I listened shamelessly.

“‘Settle on a farm?’ says I. ‘Why, yes, you might call it that.’”

“‘You'll be sorry,’ says he, shaking his head like a jackdaw before rain.

“Well, that was rather a downer, y'know, to a chap that had just landed. I took a look at the wife, and I could fair see her ears droop. She'd been a bit homesick, anyhow, over leaving her mother and the countryside where her folk had lived for nigh four hundred

years. So I looked at the chap square, and says I, ‘Sorry?’”

“‘Yes, sorry,’ he says—‘sorry you didn't come five years ago!’ and how he did laugh! Big, jolly chap he was, and is yet—has a quarter four mile south of my place, and is doing more than fairish. Well, that put heart into both of us, for we knew we could do what he had done. Fact of the case is, we're getting a better start than he did, because we're on a ready-made farm. Lucky we were to get a chance at one, too, with Americans and Englishmen from all the colonies reachin' for them, hungry as cats for liver. But they've ruled that nobody but folk from Old England can have one—there were only so many farms, anyway—and there were over thirty Englishmen applying for every one.

“Over a hundred of us there were to come over, and it was a big undertaking to get us out here. Englishmen are a conservative lot, you know, and many of these farmers had never been twenty miles away from home before. A trip to the nearest market town is the extent of their traveling, so you can imagine what it means for a man like that to pick up a wife and three or four children and come, lock, stock and barrel, four thousand miles.

“It's that journey that's kept a lot



THE LIVING-ROOM OF A READYMADE FARMER'S READYMADE HOUSE TWO WEEKS AFTER HE ARRIVED IN STRATHMORE.

of Englishmen away, that and the idea that they were coming over here to rough it, to build their shacks on unbroken prairie and to wait a year or two before they realized on their investment, for the Englishman likes to see someone else do the pioneering and then step in to reap the benefit of the other fellow's work.

"That's why this ready-made farm scheme appealed to us. When I read Sir Thomas's speech and saw what the railway offered the British farmer in Canada, I said to the wife, 'That's the ticket. I'm going to find out about this.' And I did. And here we are.

"Their proposition was this:

" 'Over in the Bow River Valley in Alberta, we have three million acres of farm lands which we are putting under

irrigation. We've divided part of the tract into sections of eighty to one hundred acres for selling, and fifty of these acres we'll break, cultivate and sow to a crop before you leave the old country. We'll fence your farm, dig you a well, and build you a house and barn so that all you'll have to do is to move in, buy your cattle, implements and farm machinery and settle down to reap the crop which will mature within a few months. You may pay for the land in ten equal annual instalments and if you have the money and wish to pay it sooner, you may pay it all at once. We charge you bank interest on the unpaid instalments and we add the cost of the buildings and improvements to the regular cost of the land.'



BEDROOM IN THE SAME HOUSEHOLD—NO SLEEPING ON THE GROUND THE FIRST MONTH HERE.

"Well, it was a big opportunity for us. The English farmer is in the grip of the landowner. He pays rent to a landlord and then has to pay one-twentieth of his rent to the government as taxes. The result is that he never owns anything himself, but works twenty-five or fifty years for his board and clothes and none too much of either. Then he dies a poor man with nothing to leave his family but the same heritage of hard work.

"So, when we saw a chance like this, to come over here to a house all ready for us, a farm broken, and none of the hardships of pioneering, with the hope of owning our farms absolutely in a few years, why, it seemed too good to be true. They say that opportunity comes just once in a man's lifetime and

this, I think, is ours. I don't wonder that a Danish immigration agent nicknamed the company, 'Providence, Incorporated.'

"It's a great scheme. The first idea was to have just thirty farms, as an experiment, and when I tell you there were eleven hundred applicants for those thirty farms, you'll realize just how the thing looked to the British farmer.

"And now that we're over here, I can't tell you what we think of the country. We've seen nothing but sunshine, and the air's just like wine, it's so bracing. The soil is wonderful, so rich and black and deep. In old England, a man has to be a chemist to be a good farmer. The soil is so old and impoverished that you must dose it



THEIR FIRST LOOK AT CANADA—THE LINER BRINGS OVER A HUNDRED
READYMADE FARMERS FROM BRITAIN.

to sell all his land in Africa—thirty-five thousand acres—and buy five thousand here. Then he'll bring all his family over here and live here himself. That's the decision of a man who is a judge of land too.

"Of course I know we've got a thundering lot to learn, but we're here to learn it. There isn't a remittance man in our crowd. We're all hard-working farmers, here to make money and do the best we can and if there should happen to be a drone in our colony, we'll jolly well throw him out, because we feel that it is our part to redeem the reputation of the Englishmen in Western Canada. You have had so many that were undesirable that we want to show you what

with chemicals to make it produce. Here the soil is virgin and so rich that all we'll have to do is to sow the seed and watch the crop come up.

"I met a man on shipboard, H. Mallet Veale, his name is, who's a justice of the peace in South Africa where he owns a thirty-five-thousand-acre sheep ranch. He also owns a thousand acres of farm land in Devonshire but when I talked with him, he was coming over here to see the country and possibly invest in land for his sons. He has seven children. When he came to Strathmore, he got off to see us, and do you know what he did? He bought eighty acres here and is sending over a son to live on it. He says he intends

the real Englishman is like.

"Then, too, we have to consider Britain. She's in a bad way to know what to do with her superfluous population. It is getting impossible for the poor man ever to get ahead. If we are successful, thousands will come out in our wake, because many of them are waiting to see how we do. So you see what it means to Britain.

"That proviso that a man must have at least a thousand dollars over and above his passage money is a good one for that lessens the chance of failure and it keeps the undesirable out. I hope they never take off that condition, and indeed I think if they went in for bigger farms and bigger houses for a ready-



HE DOESN'T NEED TO HAUL WATER IN BARRELS AND WASH IN A TEA CUP—"PROVIDENCE INCORPORATED" HAS PUT IN A WELL.



TWO SMALL "READYMADES" MORE INTERESTED IN BUBBLES THAN CROPS.

made scheme, making a bigger property qualification, they would still have more applications than they could fill.

"We're a rather varied lot when you look us over. One of our men is a turkey-breeder of sorts. Another is famous for his poultry, with prizes from all over England. A third chap goes in for dairy cows and has already bought twenty as a start out here, and



A GROUP OF SONSY YOUNG SETTLERS IN STRATHMORE.

still another breeds draught horses. We all have our little hobbies and then we all know general farming as well. Our old country methods have had to be more thorough than yours over here because we've had so much greater difficulties to contend with and we hope to beat you at your own game when we put our scientific knowledge to work.

"We're happy too. The wife and I love our little home already. Everything seems like a picnic to us, it's so new and interesting and two or three years from now, we'll be going home on a visit to tell them of Canada, the

wonder-country, where, if you can't pick up gold on the streets, you can at least plow it out of the ground."

The Englishman paused in his talk, and the high, clear whistle of an incoming train broke the sudden quiet of the dining-room, for conversation had ceased, and we had all been listening closely.

"Bless me!" he said, getting to his feet, "there's Number Six, and I must be off. I've preached you rather a bit of a sermon, lads, haven't I? But remember this, even if it does come from a layman—it's all true!"

HONEST JOHN, M.P.

BY ARTHUR R. FORD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPH

THERE is a soft-voiced, quiet-mannered, blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, grey-bearded member at Ottawa who in his day has had as adventurous and as stirring a career as any man in the Canadian parliament. It is John Herron, of Alberta—"Honest John" he is called at the capital.

John is now a man of peace. There is no kindlier or less belligerent member in the house; but time was when Honest John as mounted policeman, as cow-puncher and as boss of the Stewart ranch was a terror to the bad men who strayed over the border from Montana, to cattle thieves and to Indian braves who resented the intrusion of the white man.

You may find him lounging in a soft-armed chair in Number 89—the Conservative headquarters—smoking his ubiquitous pipe, and if he is in reminiscent mood he may spin you a yarn of those wild, early days. He may tell you of the 3,000 mile ride he took in 1875 across Western Canada, over the Rockies, down through Washington state to Salt Lake City and back to

Calgary. In '75 it was a perilous trip. Western Canada was the home of the wandering Blackfoot, the Blood and the Peigan; the Rockies were unexplored and the warring Sioux and the roving bandit made travel a different question from the luxurious parlor car of to-day. John may tell you of how he has trailed cattle thieves, desperadoes and Indians through long black nights across the plains and through mountain passes. He may relate the story of the capture of the famous outlaw, "Charcoal," or may tell of the exciting days of the rebellion of 1885. Perhaps he will talk of his cow-punching, his broncho-busting or of round-ups. He may—if you are fortunate; for John is modest and far from garrulous.

John Herron was born in Carelton County, near Ottawa, but life in the home valley was too tame for him, and in 1874, he struck the long and almost unknown trail for Winnipeg, where he joined the Mounted Police, then newly organized. The following year Major General Smythe of the British army

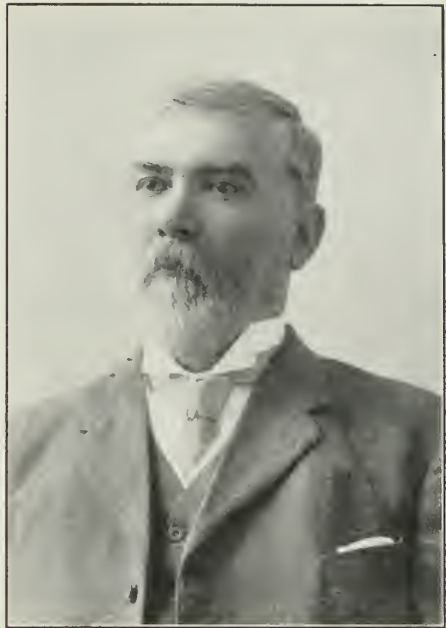
made a trip of inspection through western Canada and Herron was a member of the escort. They left Winnipeg on May 24th, and struck overland for Edmonton, then a little Hudson Bay post. From there they journeyed south to Fort MacLeod and penetrated the defiles of the Crow's Nest Pass, finally reaching Fort Steele. Here most of the escort returned, but the general had taken a liking to the young recruit and insisted that he should remain. They went south to the old Oregon trail and came to Walla Walla. A further journey of six hundred miles principally by stage brought Herron to Salt Lake City, then an outpost of civilization. From there he went to Ogden by rail, for he had parted with General Smythe and had received from him what looked like a small-sized fortune to the boy, \$300 in gold.

John then decided to start for Calgary, a thousand mile ride. It was a daring undertaking, for the Blackfoot and the Sioux were on the war-path. Four hundred miles out his saddle horse developed a sore back. The situation was beginning to look serious, when one night about dusk he ran into several Indians, and a horse deal was arranged.

"I backed," said Herron, speaking of the incident, "the sore side away from the Indian when taking off the saddle, got my saddle on the Indian's pony, and was just preparing to mount when he discovered the sore. 'Ugh! Ugh! no trade,' he grunted. I jumped on the horse, dug in the spurs and hit for the plains. The Indians shouted, but were so surprised I was off in the gloom before they could shoot or follow. I rode twenty-five miles that night," adds John, "for I didn't know but what the whole Blackfoot tribe was on my trail. It may not have been quite right, but I badly needed that pony."

It was Christmas time before he reached Calgary, then but a police post, having traveled three thousand miles on horse back since May 24.

Herron stayed with the Mounted Police until 1878 when he returned to Ottawa and entered the grocery business. But he soon found selling tea,



HE HAS HAD IN HIS DAY AS ADVENTUROUS AND STIRRING
A CAREER AS ANY MAN IN PARLIAMENT.

sugar and finnan haddies in Ottawa, while profitable enough, was not particularly exciting. It was a stupid, slow life after the frontier and the summer of 1881 saw him again headed for the West, this time in charge of a train load of horses for the Mounted Police. He delivered them safely at Fort Walsh and then struck out for himself, to begin his career as a rancher.

With Major Stewart of Ottawa, he leased twenty-seven thousand acres of grazing land at Pincher Creek. He went south to Idaho for cattle and horses, drove a thousand head of cattle north seven hundred miles to Pincher Creek and turned them loose on the range. Again he headed for Idaho and this time brought up three hundred horses. Leaving the cow-boys in charge he returned to the east, reached Ottawa at Christmas and came back to the West in the spring with his wife to take complete charge of the Stewart ranch.

In 1890 the stock was sold and Herron began ranching on his own account, but that is a long time ago.

The unwritten code of the range

demanding that every rancher respect the property and the brand of another. Woe to the man who didn't and woe to the cattle thief from over the border. Once in a while some man would be suspected of tampering with his neighbor's herds. Swift and secret was the justice handed out to him by the Vigilant committee. He would be escorted by night to the American line, whence he never came back. After the disappearance of the buffaloes there was great trouble with Indian cattle thieves, and Herron was often forced to dispense summary justice.

When the rebellion of 1885 broke out, the outlook in Southern Alberta was serious. The Indians were restive and threatening. John Herron organized a company of cow-boys at Pincher Creek for Stewart's Rocky Mountain Rangers, and a dashing and brilliant company they made. They were in charge until the rebellion was over and prevented any outbreaks.

It was in the winter of 1896 that John Herron caused the capture of Charcoal, alias "Bad Young Man," notorious Indian outlaw. Charcoal murdered another Indian named Medicine Pipe Stem and fled into the Porcupine Hills with his squaws and children. For six weeks he was chased by a posse of two hundred and fifty armed men, police and ranchers. Once a band of police charged on his wigwam, but he managed to get out at the back, doubled around, stole an officer's horse and got away.

Inspector Wilde with several policemen and Indians ran him down finally in a bush. Charcoal saw his only chance of escape was to strike across the open, but Inspector Wilde rapidly gained on him. Once he raised his rifle to fire but dropped it, evidently wanting to take Charcoal alive. They raced over the plains until the nose of the Inspector's horse was at the tail of Charcoal's. The red man suddenly wheeled in his seat and shot. Wilde fell from his horse, and the murderer drew rein, put another shot in the dying man, danced a war dance over him, stole his horse and started for the mountains.

It was twelve o'clock that night

when a messenger aroused Herron at his ranch and told him of the death of Wilde. John immediately dressed, mounted and rode into Pincher Creek to rouse the citizens. Three volunteered and the four of them started hot after Charcoal. It was four in the morning when they reached the spot where Wilde had been shot. It was too dark to take up the trail and nothing could be done, but wait until morning. As soon as daylight broke they started in hot pursuit of the murderer. All that day they followed his tracks until they reached the mountains. Late in the afternoon the tracks reached a mountain stream. Sometimes they ran in the valley and sometimes on the hills. The force which now consisted of five, with one Indian, "Tail Feathers Around His Neck," was divided. John and Tail Feathers remained on the hills. Those down below soon got two miles ahead. John came to a steep hill. They had to beat back. Going down through a ravine Herron spied Charcoal two hundred yards away with his rifle leveled dead on him. He knew his only chance of safety lay in pretending not to see him. The rancher without altering his pace turned his horse aside to a little hill. Behind the elevation he jumped and opened fire with his Colt's revolver—his Winchester he had given to one of the other men. "If I had had my rifle I could easily have shot Charcoal," says John modestly now. The Indian got into the woods. The rest of the party hearing the shooting came galloping up. It was dusk though and everything favored Charcoal. They pursued him in the forests and beat the woods until it was pitch dark. They were continually running into each other and afraid of killing one of their own number; Herron reluctantly called off the search. Herron had turned him back to the reserve and Charcoal sought shelter with his two brothers Left Hand and Bear's Bone. A reward of two hundred dollars had been offered and Charcoal's brothers gave him up. He was afterwards hanged. The Mounted Police records give John Herron, of Alberta, the credit for the capture of Charcoal.



OH, YOUTH, YOUTH, YOUTH!

“ELOPE? Oh, splendid! But do it beautifully—beautifully! Don’t go at night—that’s commonplace and dull! Go in the full sunlight, at high noon when the birds are singing, the flowers blooming, and your road lies white and smooth before you, set in green fields on either hand. Do it beautifully—I’ll help you!”

Thus John Westley as Coventry Petmore in *The Upstart* when pretty Beatrice Mitchell (played by Charlotte Ives) is wavering on the borderland of solving her marital troubles by flying with the chauffeur in approved style. As a pictorial setting it’s undeniably a peach—but if you really want to pull it off, it’s safest to do it in the dark.

Coventry, whose sobriquet of “The Upstart” fits him to a hair, has reformed his own family until they have shipped him off to Judge Mitchell’s in despair, hoping that that keen old jurist (who is most realistically acted by James Lackaye) will put a few crimps in his militant enthusiasm. The Judge does his shrewd, humorous best with the cock-sure young chap, but to his reforming mind the household is a find that just suits him.

The Rev. James Mitchell, a top-lofty, up-in-the-clouds young, professor of theology, is carrying out a system of dignified ministerialism with his romantic young wife, Beatrice, which

doesn’t at all meet her ideas of matrimonial bliss. His expression of pained disgust when she, for example, suggests that she call him “Jim” would make any human woman want to slap him, and it really isn’t any wonder that she allows the attentions of the Judge’s handsome Irish chauffeur, who in gift of blarney and romantic imagination quite lives up to the traditions of his race.

Larry O’Neill promises “green fields and sunshine” far away from sermons and musty books, and his ardent wooing blows Beatrice, who is only a bit of thistledown anyway, off her feet. The elopement is planned, and the Upstart, who like an evil spirit seems to have a genius for being everywhere that he isn’t wanted, discovers the plan. Instantly he assumes management of the affair, crowing with glee over the opportunity to demonstrate his theories of love and marriage.

Unaware that he is to be the victim, the husband-professor is rehearsed by the Upstart in his role of renunciation, and unconsciously digs a pit for himself while endorsing the young reformer’s theory that a husband should willingly release his wife, if she wishes freedom.

“Go to the other man if you love him! Your happiness is my happiness! This is the most terrible blow of my life; it will tear me asunder. But if

you love him go—and God bless you!" declaims the Upstart, and the Reverend James repeats it after him.

"Splendid! Splendid!" he declares, flipping his coat tails in true ministerial fashion. "Beautiful thought! Beautiful. I shall make that a text for a sermon."

But the Upstart's Sunlight Special is destined to be side-tracked. When Beatrice, charmingly gowned, descends to the study and announces that she and Larry are about to fly at high noon,

as per schedule, the Reverend James's theories do a lightning flip-flop, and for once in his life he becomes quite human.

In spite of his thunders, the elopers depart, only to be overtaken and brought back by the wise old Judge, who fires the chauffeur, lets Beatrice cry it out on his ample shoulder, and gives his theological son a little temporal counsel.

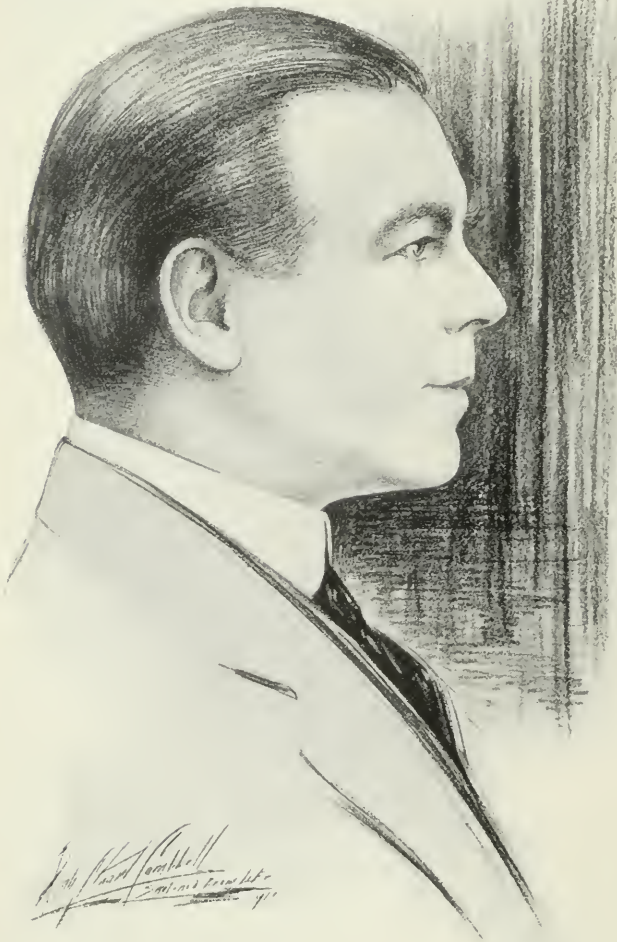
"Come down to earth, James," he advises the dignified Reverend, and when Beatrice is sent into the room by the Judge, her stately spouse tumbles down on his knees before her, begs her to call him "Jimmie," and pets her like a human man,—which was all she really wanted, anyway.

Peace is restored and everything is quiet in the household except the irrepressible Upstart, who is of the non-shut-upable kind. His defeat doesn't quash him an iota—and he promptly dashes off to pastures new in the midst of a pouring rainstorm, leaving an unchristian wish in the mind of the beholder that it may dampen his ardor, if only for the sake of his future victims.

THE QUESTION OF EMILY

"TO MAKE a woman happy, keep her well supplied with troubles," says Henry Miller, as Uncle John in the new comedy-farce, *Her Husband's Wife*.

If this is true, everybody ought to travel in chanting two-



HENRY MILLER, WHO, AS UNCLE JOHN IN *Her Husband's Wife*, IS GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND TO EVERYBODY, INCLUDING THE FAMILY CAT



CHARLOTTE IVES' BIGGEST ASSETS ARE A SLIM THROAT AND A PAIR OF DARK EYES WHICH, AS BEATRICE IN *The Upstart*, SHE ROLLS DESPAIRINGLY AND IMPARTIALLY ON ALL COMERS.

steps through the play, for there are enough troubles stirred up by one small woman to occupy all the king's horses and all the king's men for a long summer day.

Mrs. Irene Randolph, played by Laura Hope Crews, is the author of all the woes, which she passes around generously. She is a self-centred, neurotic little woman, devoted to her

green medicine and her red medicine, and the white powders to be taken after meals; and she is firmly convinced that she is presently to die and leave her husband all alone.

"Do your medicines help you?" inquires Uncle John, with the suspicion of a twinkle.

"Oh, no!" she says, "but you see this was brought to the house by such a

nice woman, who had I'm sure I don't know how many children, and I just felt it a *duty* to help her."

"Yes, but you don't have to take the medicine after you've bought it," protests out Uncle John.

"Oh, but that would be charity!" protests Irene, horrified, "and she was a very nice woman and wouldn't *take* anything—I couldn't do that. And anyway,"—with charming resignation—"nothing makes any difference in the state of my health, you know."

Under these distressing circumstances, naturally it is only a question of time until the end. The husband must remain undyingly loyal to her memory, but equally of course he must have someone to take care of his comfort, so Mrs. Irene picks out a former school-friend, Emily Ladeu (played by Miss Grace Elliston) as a perfectly harmless candidate for the position of Mrs. Randolph No. 2, and tells her of the scheme in a very amusing scene.

Emily has had an unfortunate love-affair, and has let herself grow careless of her appearance without realizing it, but when Irene calmly explains how she has picked out Emily for her successor as the most innocuous person she knows, her pride is touched, and she resolves to give Irene a run for her money.

Imagine Irene's feelings when her husband comes in with a well-groomed, flirtatious, fascinating Emily, of whom the husband says innocently, "Be nice to her? Well, I should say so! It's no trouble at all to be nice to *her*!" The situation is decidedly turned, and Irene after their departure wails in hurt amazement, "The deceit of the woman! The dreadful deceit! Why, she's a regular bird of paradise—and I thought she was only a little brown sparrow!"

Uncle John assures her that it is up to her as an honorable woman to die and fulfil her part of the contract, but dying is the last thing in her head now. "Live?" Why, of course she is going to live—to spite that viper, if for nothing else—and she waves the maid with her green medicine away.

Her solution of the dilemma is to make her husband appear to have such

a black character that Emily will be glad to release her from the bargain. But Emily, when this proposal is made to her, has no such notion, and in reply to Irene's plaintive, "But, my dear, he *beats* me!" counters gaily, "Watch me tame the brute!"

By this time, everybody is playing at cross-purposes, and finally the bewildered husband in despair sustains his undeserved reputation by getting joyously drunk (a bit of very good acting by Mr. Warwick), Emily is reunited to her lover, Irene discards her pills and powders forever, and the curtain descends on peace—and the husband sleeping it off.

NEARLY A CANADIAN

WILTON LACKAYE is reputed to be a "woman-hater," and so it was with some trepidation that the lady-in-quest-of-an-interview presented herself at the stage door to beard the lion in his den.

Such a joyous surprise. Nothing could have been more courteous than one's reception, and no one could have been kinder than Mr. Lackaye.

One told him of one's anticipatory fears and much and joyous was the laughter that ensued.

"Really," said Mr. Lackaye, "I'm not so bad as all that, and especially not to Canadians. You know I'm nearly a Canadian myself. I was educated in Ottawa in the same class as Darcy Scott; Dauntenville, Bishop Superior of the Catholic Church in Canada; Maurice Casey, whom I consider the Canadian Kipling; and other men who have since made their mark in one line or another.

"Perhaps I am called a woman-hater because I don't approve of woman's suffrage and because I deprecate the amused contempt with which the average man treats the average woman.

"Now, isn't it true that the ordinary man makes an intelligent woman ridiculous with his attempts at gallantry, his attitude towards her being really more of an insult than a compliment?

"I don't treat a woman like a doll. I assume that she is a reasoning being



GRACE ELLISTON IS FAIR AND STATELY AS EVER, AND LOOKS THE PART OF EMILY LADEU TO PERFECTION.

until she is proved otherwise. So I must be a 'woman-hater'. Isn't that absurd?

"And as for the franchise for women; there isn't a question in my mind that a woman with brains and intelligence is much more worthy of a vote than an ignorant Italian laborer, for example. But my question is—will it do her any good? A Tammany leader, in speaking of the woman suffrage movement to me, said: 'Let 'em rave. I wish they would get it. They'd be crowded out of the polling-booths and our majority would be all the bigger'.

"Women will never allow themselves to be jostled by the drunken roustabouts of the polling-places—and there you are! When they want to face men on an equal footing of that sort, they

will probably have their way, and I shan't want to stop them. But, meanwhile, what's the use?"

"Is it true," one asked, "that you are about to bring out a book of your witticisms?"

"No, indeed," with another laugh, "absolutely untrue. Doubtless a press agent's story. After all, you know, wit is just a matter of an alert mind and a good memory. When you put it on paper—it's gone!

"When Nat Goodwin was married the fourth time and I said, 'Ask me to one of your weddings some time, will you, Nat'? He replied, 'Well, you can't say I'm not game, anyway,' and Henry E. Dixey, who was standing by, chortled 'Humph! Battling Goodwin'. Now, that was funny at the moment.



Laura Hope Crews

DAINTY LAURA HOPE CREWS, WHOSE CHARMING DELINEATION OF SELF-CENTRED MRS. RANDOLPH IN
Her Husband's Wife IS A REAL PLEASURE

It is funny told—but on paper! Oh, no! Not a book of witticisms."

Mr. Lackaye's wit is bright and keen and at times caustic, but always he is

the polished man of the world who does not forget the dictates of good breeding, and one feels that laughter of that sort is worth while.



AS COVENTRY PETMORE IN *The Upstart*, JOHN WESTLEY HAS SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE PROBLEM OF MATRIMONY—ALL BEFORE HE HAS A BEARD ON HIS CHIN.

DAINTY ALICE DOVEY

PRETTIEST of ingenues is little Alice Dovey, who is playing with Lew Fields in *Old Dutch*. Miss Dovey's

tiny feet and hands, her charming, almost infantile face; and her small stature would lead one to believe that she is no more than sixteen, yet she

boasts a European education in singing, and several years' experience in concert and stage work so one gathers that she must at least be of age.

She has a rather proud recollection of singing before Queen Alexandra when she was quite a small girl, and of being introduced to the Duchess of York, the present Princess of Wales.

"My sister Ethel and I were both very young," she says, "when we were presented and our chaperon who was most anxious that we should make a creditable showing, had coached us in the proper way to courtesy and all that. Ethel did it beautifully but I forgot all about it and just walked up to the Princess and putting out my hand, said, 'Why, how do you do. I'm pleased to meet you.'

"Consternation on the part of the chaperon and Ethel, but the Princess was as sweet as could be about it and I think she really liked me better than if I'd been properly formal.

"We studied with Madame Cellini for some time and when we came back to America we did concert work until we went on the stage. My sister is now in dramatic work and I am hoping that my engagement with Mr. Fields will continue indefinitely, for it is one of the most delightful I have ever had."

Mr. Fields always has children in his own plays and in *Old Dutch* he carries half a dozen tots who are the delight of the company. Miss Dovey deprecates the idea that children should not be allowed on the stage "for," she says, "they really have a delightful time; they're looked after properly and they're getting an excellent education. They're learning to be quick-witted, responsive and adaptable and they often develop into something really worth while in after years.

"Little Helen Hayes, who is probably the best child actress in our company, is devoted to Mr. Fields and to her work and she discounts many an older person in the quality of her common sense."

Perhaps it is the childlike quality in Miss Dovey which enables her to appreciate the position of the child-actor for she is a little person of "ohs" and "ahs" and rapturous exclamations who is as charming and unaffected as the normal child is supposed to be.

A HANDFUL OF SALT

IF a man's unhappy, it's because there's a woman, or—there isn't.

—
We do one of two things in this world—either add, or subtract.

FROM "THE BATTLE"

A WOMAN with a conscience has no scruples.

—
I'd rather be strongly wrong than weakly right.

—
A sense of humor is a valuable household possession.

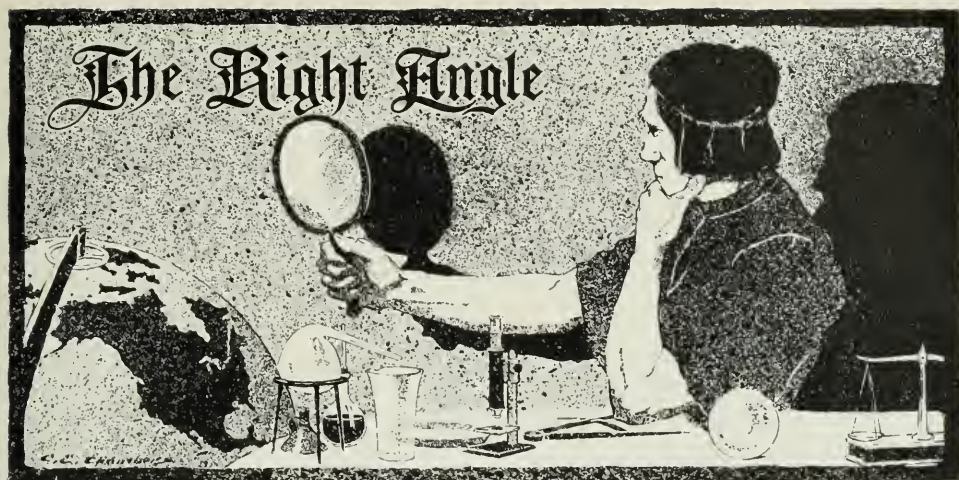
FOR THE STAGE-STRUCK GIRL

ALWAYS tell yourself the truth and beware of well-dressed strangers.

—
Don't try to educate the public—amuse it.

—
Don't repel criticism, invite it. Remember just as few people read your good notices as your bad ones, and nothing is so hard to find as yesterday's newspaper.

—
—*The Love Cure.*



THE KING

THE death of the beloved King and Emperor came to every Canadian as a deep personal loss. Edward the Peacemaker won the love of his subjects by his kindly and democratic personality, and the respect of the world by his unerring judgment and far-sighted statesmanship. Every Canadian in the Dominion still carries a sore heart, even while welcoming the new sovereign to the throne. "The King is dead; long live the King" is a sad cry at best, and doubly so when the ruler who is gone has so long been as dear to his people as Edward VII.

May his successor and son reign prosperously and long, and win as dear a place as his father in the hearts of the Empire, and as wide a recognition among the powers of the world.

PRAISE FROM CÆSAR

SOME of the United States journals are changing their point of view as to Canada's policy of conserving her natural resources for her own people, as is evinced by an editorial which appeared recently in the Minneapolis Daily News, and which we reprint in full:

Canada is hanging on to her pulp wood; she is putting up her import duties on goods which could be manufactured within her boundaries so as to force manufacturers from the States to establish factories there, and she is even protesting because power developed from the Rainy River on the northern boundary of Minnesota is not used

on the Canadian side. The Government as a unit is employing Canada's natural resources as a factor for local development.

Here on this side of the line we call it selfishness and clannishness, but in view of the easy-going way in which residents of the States have let the Morganheims and other predators walk off with the most and the best of everything belonging to the people as a whole, the Canadian policy seems to have its advantages.

There are other forms of patriotism than cheering for the dear old flag.

While, of course, we have had the mistakes of our big sister across the line to show us what we ought not to do in the way of national free-lunches, and we owe a good deal of our wisdom to observing the trouble she has laid up for her children; still, now that we are already enjoying the results of a real policy of conservation, consistently carried out, it is rather refreshing to have the big sister in question look harassed up between the strokes of the muckrake, and utter an editorial like this.

ETCHING IN COLOR

IT ISN'T often that anything new arises under a bored and blasé sun. When somebody springs a notion of his own, and sells the family cookstove to buy him a brass trumpet and proclaims his discovery from the housetops; in the height of his glory he hears some ancient Egyptian roll over in his sarcophagus and snort, "Oh, chestnuts; Get the hook!" It's as certain as the axiom about bread always falling on its buttered side.

But in the last few years artists have been experimenting with a new method of artistic expression, not revived from the Chinese or the Egyptian, or any Toth-Ra-Tum-Sennacherib school whatever—etching in color. At first glance this seems like a contradiction, etching as done by Rembrandt, Durer, Whistler, Pennell and the other masters of the craft being familiarly monochromatic—but color etchings are now an accomplished fact.

Not long ago I dropped into the studio of Gustave Baumann, examples

settles on the plate, and gives the sort grainy effect you observe up yonder—with a jerk of a red-chalked thumb in the direction of a wonderfully soft-toned composition on the wall, full of "the light that never was on sea or land," the misty, luminous glow that is the delight and despair of painters. Translated into a light water-color wash of sienna, that delicate sky would have been flat and hopeless. But the etching struck the eye with the unmistakable look of truth, and Gustave Baumann smiled quietly to himself as I stood before it.

"All the fellows in Europe are messin' with it," he said, cheerfully. "Best fun in the world. I've spent most of my time on it lately, and found it more interesting than anything I ever tried before. Got excited one afternoon and ran off over two hundred prints — and how poignantly I did realize that I had shoulder muscles the next day! But out of the two hundred I got that" — with another jerk of the thumb — "and was quite satisfied to have a lame back."

"Doesn't Fritz Thaulow—" I began doubtfully.

"Color etch? Indeed he does. Big plates, though — much bigger than most of us try. Tiny winter streams creeping darkly through

snow-fields, peasant women going home at dusk, trodden snowy streets with orange windows glowing under the thatch—they're wonderful. Oh, you can get color and light effects with etching that you can't get any other way."

Certain it is that Mr. Baumann's work in this medium is delightful, and we only wish that we could reproduce some of his studies in color, for, at the best, black-and-white gives only a hint of their beauty.



STUDY BY GUSTAVE BAUMANN
Residence in Munich

of whose work in this medium are reproduced in these pages, to find him industriously operating a pair of bellows whose business end disappeared into a huge hatbox.

"My last color etching plate is in there," he explained in answer to a surprised query as to what in thunder he was doing. "There's some red powder in the box, too. Every few minutes I work the bellows and scare up the powder. Having been scared up, it



HERR FRIEDRICH WORKED IN A FASCINATING LITTER OF BITS OF LEATHER

HERR FRIEDRICH ULYSSES

IT'S a long time since I knew old Friedrich, the shoemaker,—a long, long vista of darkening years that I must look down to catch a glimpse of that faraway youngster, playing among the trees, who listened to Friedrich's fairy-tales and thought him such a wonderful person.

I had the run of our big yard, crowded near the house with larkspur and bleeding-heart and hollyhock, tapering off into rows of lettuce and cabbages, and ending in a tangled orchard that ran down to the picket-fence, quite out of sight of the porch-windows, where I played at exploring and fought over the Wars of the Roses in my own knickerbockered person.

But no small boy was ever contented to stay within even the most generous picket-fence, and—

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands,
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

In those foreign lands of sandwiched house and garden and vacant lot, Herr Friedrich had a bit of an old derelict shanty for a shop, anchored amid a sea of tin cans and burdocks on a scrap of No Man's Land.

Presto! I was over the fence.

"Tap! tap! tap!" went his hammer all day long as he sat on his leather-seated sagging stool and mended old boots for the community, in a fascinating litter of curious nails, bits of leather, waxed ends, and tools that were a gold mine. "Tap! tap! tap!" It lured me like the magic sound of the leprechaun's mallet, and somehow, I never knew how, I came to occupy the broken-legged chair, on the other side of the dark pail of water where his leathers soaked, a good many hours when my fond mother fancied me peacefully at play in the yard.

At first I sat there like a rabbit in a new lair, ready to jump at a footstep's jar, but gradually my shyness wore off, and we grew to be excellent friends.

Every fairytale of Andersen and Grimm was tucked away in Friedrich's grey-fringed head, and with every fresh boot there was a fresh Prince Charming. No wonder I preferred him to a family who talked about wearing rubbers when the grass was wet and made ukases about pieces of cake between meals.

One day I discovered that Friedrich had "sailed with young Ulysses from the quay" in his young days, and knew fairytales that were true. After that Andersen and Grimm were discarded. At home I sometimes dragged out the big old bound volumes of Leslie's Weekly and spent hours on my little stomach, heels in air, poring over the pictures of Emperors and Sultans and Congo Kings—but Friedrich had Leslie's Weekly distanced in the first lap.

It all began with Germelshausen. That wasn't the name of the little Bavarian village whence he came, of

course. I don't think I ever heard him use its official title more than once or twice—when he spoke of it, it was simply "home"—but to my childish eyes it was a country of wonder and dream. One unforgettable day he dragged out from under his work bench a tiny model of the whole village, and permitted me, trembling with joy, to set it up under his direction. Just so went the hedged Garten of the Gasthaus, just so the curve of the poplar-bordered river that turned the mill, just so the cottages of the herd and the smith and the widow Gutmann whose only son was away serving his appointed years in the army. Here were the cows of the rich Müller, drinking at the pump; here Der Pfarr in busy converse with a black-cossacked Jesuit at the gate of the Kirche; here ruddy Herr Arnold, dispensing foaming steins to a farm lad or two at the door of the inn; and here, alas! Röslein, Röslein the



STUDY BY GUSTAVE BAUMANN
The Red-roofed, Turreted Castles of German Legend



STUDY BY GUSTAVE BAUMANN

* One almost expects to see Gutenberg turn the corner, deep in plans for his printing press

fair-haired and false, Röslein the prettiest maid in all Germelshausen, who had held the hearts of half-a-dozen lads in her rosy fingers, and then one day suddenly married the good-for-nothing son of the rich Müller,—“*der verflixte lausbub!*” as Friedrich called him one day under his breath. So Friedrich had gone away forever from the tiny-windowed thatched cottages, and come to America to forget.

Inch-high figures they were, carved and painted to a marvel, and as I moved them hither and thither, Friedrich dropped the boot he was patching and told stories of them all. Personally, I had a preference for the big white house and mill of the rich Müller, whose Frau was famous for her *pfeffernusse* and *kranzkuchen*. If I could only have had one *pfeffernuss*, life would have had nothing more to offer me.

Then Friedrich took me yet further afield with him when, as an apprentice, he had gipsied through Bavaria, learning his trade in company with one Fritz Braunhold; when he had spent a winter in Italy, helping excavate the

Roman Forum and living on ‘black bread and sour wine; when he had crossed the ocean, with Röslein’s fair head farther and farther away at every stroke of the screws; when he had drifted through the streets of New York, hungry, workless, knowing no English—well, it was all pure magic to my small ears, and even to-day I cannot hear those throaty Bavarian names without feeling the old thrill and smelling wet leather.

Friedrich is asleep in the bewreathed German cemetery now, and a cream-colored brick flat stands where his street-car defied the burdocks; but to him I owe my first glimpse of faraway lands and the wanderjahre of restless youth. I wonder if Röslein also is celebrated for her *pfeffernusse*?

SHIP ‘O DREAMS

PROBABLY there’s not one of us so poor that he hasn’t his ship of dreams. A pitiful little fleet, some of them, perhaps; not much more than the lighted candle the Japanese fishermen set afloat on the wide Pacific on

the night of the feast of the dead—but each one dear, unspeakably dear, to the dreamer. What does yours bear, little brown-eyed girl—a lover? And yours, lad with the wide-seeing eyes—a magic carpet to take you to far lands? And yours, hard-faced and shrewd-dealing merchant—a little son, all dimples and creases and wrinkly pink toes? And yours—ah, poor, poor! Just enough to eat every day in the year, this ship o' dreams holds—pity that it will never come true.

The trouble is that for most of us the dream ship never comes in, but remains a dream-ship, fair and far-away, to us all our lives. Tall and stately she may be, a rolling East-Indiaman, high-pooped, carven, sweeping before the trade-wind with her spreading glory of billowy sails cutting the sunny sky; very real and believable she may be, so real that you can even trace the pattern of the fret-work on her high stern and hear her sailors singing "Green grow the rushes, O!" and the thud of their bare feet at the capstan. But, somehow, despite the wireless reports, she never quite makes the quay,—and you go on believing in her, as you believe in fairies and fortune, without very much reason for it, but somehow not quite daring to let go the dream.

Yet rarely, so rarely you might count them on your fingers, there are lucky mortals who see their ship of dreams come home in very truth. So rarely that in the old days minstrels would have made a song of them, and sung it at the tables. But in a few years men would have forgotten that it had once been truth, and by the time the second generation came, the song would be called only a minstrel's fancy.

so very rarely did such a thing happen and so impossible would it seem.

Yet it's true; it happened so just the other day.

There was a lad born on a brush farm in Ontario—Donald Mann, by name—who had a dream-ship. It was a bit nebulous and uncertain then, as boys' ships are apt to be; but as he grew older it became more and more definite, and at last it carried a very clear and clean-cut vision of a line of steel cut across a continent, a line of steamers thrown across a sea, and all wheels turning steadily, one hundred clicks to the minute without a break or a change. Slowly he made that dream take form; head and hands often ached with the labor; but though work and weariness sometimes sat on his shoulders and etched lines in his face, the dream always shone ahead, powerful, compelling.

The ship that bore it came in a little while ago—the Royal Edward the first one of the new Royal line to cross the grey Atlantic from Bristol, the ancient port of the Society of Merchant Venturers, to Montreal, and the St. Lawrence quays. Aboard her was the news that that Ontario lad's partner, William Mackenzie, had secured abroad forty million, seven hundred

thousand dollars, to be used in the development of the country and the transportation system that was their heart's desire. And, to see his face as he watched her make her landing was to know beyond a doubt that a dream-ship is worth the waiting, though somehow in the passing years the boy who first imagined her has grown bearded, and lined, and grey.



WATCHING HIS SHIP COME IN



TWO MEN WHO TRAVEL AHEAD OF THE MAPS; MR. J. B. TYRRELL
AND FATHER GIROUX

AN HONOR DESERVED

IT will interest readers of CANADA MONTHLY to know that Mr. J. B. Tyrrell has recently been elected President of the Canadian Institute, the oldest scientific society in Canada. Mr. Tyrrell's work as a geologist, explorer, geographer and mining engineer has been noteworthy in Canadian annals. If any living man knows Canada from Prince Edward's Island

to Port Simpson and from Fort Good Hope to the Boundary, it is Mr. Tyrrell. He was for years in advance of the maps, to say nothing of population. He found and reported upon places that now are the homes of thriving communities, but were then unknown, and he is recognized at home and abroad as a primary authority upon most of the natural conditions and resources of the Canadian dominion.



PIERRE—414 STRONG

Father Berube and his party of repatriated French Canadians, mostly from Maine, who are going to settle in Shellbrook, Saskatchewan. The party comprised 80 families, or 414 persons, and was photographed at Hamilton, Ontario. It is estimated that each family will take with it \$1,000 and several good sets of muscles.



AN EXPERT

"DO YOU know what to do if the auto should break down?" asks the thoughtful mother of the young man who is going to take her daughter out in his new runabout.

"Certainly," he answered.

The young people were quite late in returning. The fair young daughter rushed in to her mother and said:

"Oh, mamma! The auto did break down, but Jack knew exactly what to do. We-we are engaged!"

AND IT WORRIES HIM

"I WONDER what brings that haunted expression into the eyes of Mr. Geebibb. Is there some unknown shadow over his past?" asks the man with the high collar and the low Adam's apple.

"Nothing like that," explains the man with the excessive ears. "Geebibb has six daughters—one is studying elocution, one is doing this fancy brass work, one is a parlor socialist, one wants to have a home for stray kittens in the back yard, one has taken up aesthetic dancing and the sixth is a dress reformer."

UNHAPPY MAN

"YOU don't seem to be enjoying your meal," we say to the guest at our left.

"No," he admits. "Whenever I am getting a good dinner, the pleasure of overeating is marred by the knowledge that I will suffer later for my greediness."

A PSALM OF HAIR

HEADS of bald men oft remind us
That our hair would be sublime
If the tonic men could find us
While there yet was lots of time.

AFFINITIES

"IT certainly seems poetically appropriate," says the man with the rectangular ears.

"What does?" asks the man with the peeling nose.

"That a man with hay fever should marry a grass widow."

POST GRADUATE

"IS HE an expert in debate?" asks the man of his friend who is commending an attorney.

"Is he? He has been married four times."

EXCEEDING HIS PRIVILEGE

THE strange lady having coolly appropriated the strange gentleman's seat, tumbling his packages into the aisle and otherwise clearing things while he is at the end of the car getting a drink, is stiffly dignified when he mildly asserts that the seat is his. She refuses to vacate. For the instant he forgets that he is a gentleman, and says things.

"How dare you!" she exclaims. "You—you brute! You have the effrontery to talk to me as though I were married to you!"

Has a Man the Right to Starve to Death? See page 217

C A N A D A

M O N T H L Y

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No. 3

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Cautionary Note.—Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION."

The Queen City Oil Company, Limited
or The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.



A SUMMER SIBYL

BY S. JEAN WALKER

O daisy, white-lipped daisy,
You pose as sibyl old;
I pluck your fairy petals
From round your heart of gold.

O daisy, love-wise daisy,
I pray you may speak true;
I fain would learn the secret
Of which you have the clue.

O daisy, delphic daisy,
What may your tale imply?
You said at first he loved me;
You now that truth deny.

O daisy, prophet daisy!
I shall no longer sue,
My heart has clearer vision,
False oracle, than you!

EDWARD TILTON GRANT



W. H. Drummond

C A N A D A M O N T H L Y

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TRANSPORTATION AS IT USED TO BE IN CUBA

CUBA AND VAN HORNE

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IT'S AN old jest that you must put a cyclometer on Latin America to discover how many revolutions it makes a minute, but in 1900-1902 Cuba experienced a beneficent revolution which continues to the present day—a revolution in transportation for which Sir William Van Horne was responsible.

Twelve years ago, the Jewel of the Caribbean lay among her creaming surf, 45,881 square miles of lazy summer-and-sun, untrammelled by spikes and steel, with the exception of one or two short lines, uncrossed by rights of way, unfenced except by rank vines scrambling from tree to tree, and wallowing in a heaven of *manaña*.

Manaña—to-morrow—was the an-

swer to everything Cuban. Time was nothing; life was a glorious vista of sunny days in some vague one of which the thing in question might conceivably be accomplished—*manaña*, to-morrow. The bright lexicon of Cuba was undisfigured by any such annoying associations as "to-day" and "work".

There was some reason for this, of course. Under Spanish rule, it was useless for the peasant to labor for more than a bare existence; all extras were snapped up by taxes and overlords. Moreover, the Spanish-American war had just ended a long period of oppression, and the country lay inert, like a man after a punishing fight, gasping for breath. Further than this, there was a centuries-old



THE PATIO OF A CUBAN HOME

There are no more beautiful women in any part of the world than the Cuban belles

habit of Spanish leisure. In fact, nobody cared much whether school kept or not.

Under the Spanish regime in Cuba travelling was a serious business. Does Don José Miguél Fernández Filipe Sebastian y Heréra desire to go anywhere? That, look you, is a matter for thought. He discusses it gravely with his family and friends for a week or so, over coffee and cigarettes. Perhaps at the end of that time, he does not feel that there is need for instant haste, and loafs over more cigarettes and fresh coffee for another ten days.

At last, summoning up his energies, he languidly sends for Pédro, and requests that the conveyance be made ready.

In a reasonable Spanish time (which anywhere else would be an outrageously unreasonable one) Pédro returns. The volanta-wagon is minus a wheel! *Que calamidad!* What misfortune! *Car-ramba!* Likewise *Voto á Dios!* It is to repair it. Exit Pédro.

Business of interval, and more cigarettes. Re-enter Pédro. The volanta-wagon is repaired, but he is desolated to inform the señor that the off mare is ill. Ah, child of a pig that she is to fall ill on this most auspicious day of days! But, *Santissima María*,—with an outward gesture of the hands that casts Pédro a passive wreck at the señor's illustrious feet—the fact remains that the off mare cannot stand up. More impassioned Spanish, and another interval.

Eventually on some one of those

vista to-morrows, the volanta-wagon is at last ready. Don José Miguél Fernández Filipe Sebastian y Heréra deposits himself and all his names in the creaky, wooden-wheeled contraption—and spends heaven only knows how many days of hay-foot straw-foot travel in reaching anywhere.

But it is so seldom that one wants to reach anywhere that what does it matter? Except Englishmen and Americans, who are always wanting some mad thing. It is much better to remain in the cool patio and smoke cigarettes.

So much for the Spanish point of view. But it didn't count on Sir William Van Horne.

By rights, Sir William in 1900 was a man whose work was done. That year he resigned from the active presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with a lifetime of labor behind him of which any man might be proud. The public expected that he would realize his position and settle down to the easy-chair by the fire and the place out of draughts on the sunniest corner of the piazza. His family and friends beamed, though rather cautiously, and said, "Well, perhaps we'll see a little of him, now."

But a "lean and slippered pantaloons" existence didn't strike Sir William's fancy at all. He had no sooner resigned from the Canadian Pacific than he plunged head-foremost into railway construction once more, picking out, at a time when even the most venturesome would have hesitated, a foreign



A TYPICAL CUBAN COUNTRY HOME

In the garden of this country "Villa Mica" a wilderness of multi-colored tropical roses run riot at certain seasons of the year, and fill the atmosphere with bewildering perfume. Every kind of southern fruit is found in profusion—but because a leper once lived within it, the "A Louer" (to let) sign continues on its front gate.

country heavily forested, overgrown with tropical vegetation, and just recovering from a period of strife and oppression.

In short, he chose Cuba, the little ex-Spanish island which, wounded and bleeding, had just emerged successfully with the help of the United States from the throes of many years' internal rebellion and recent acute colic; and for the moment of action, a time when the government of that island was not even permanent; when an interventory power held the reins of administration; when the future of Cuba as a self-governing power was, in the eyes of the world, extremely problematical; and lastly, when under a resolution proposed by Senator Foraker, and approved by the United States Senate, no concessions of any kind were to be granted during the intervention of that government, the length of whose administration, though unforeseen, was commonly supposed to be limited to such time as the island was educated to self-government.

Then it was that Sir William formed the Cuba Company, one of whose

projects was the construction and operation of a standard gauge trunk railroad, now known as the Cuba Railroad, which, commencing at the eastern terminus of the existing railroad at a point called Santa Clara, in the western center of the island, would pierce the heart of the central and eastern portions of the republic, and bring Havana and Santiago into direct touch. The existing railroads extended eastward from the capital some 225 miles, leaving approximately some 315 miles to construct in order to effect the junction of these two cities.

Had Spain built such a railway, doubtless Cuba never would have been free. Had the east and the west been brought into close communication, enabling the rapid transportation of large bodies of troops, Cuba's chances of ultimately freeing herself from the heavy yoke of Spanish rule would have been practically eliminated. As under the "Foraker Resolution" no concession was obtainable, expropriation proceedings could not be resorted to, thus limiting the only means of securing right-of-way to dickering with



CONGO CHARLIE, THE RAT CATCHER
Semi-ready tailoring in the tropics

the owners of the land. Accordingly, locating engineers, accompanied by experienced right-of-way agents, were sent into the interior to work along these lines, and a sweet time they had of it.

another. "That is still good enough for me. Why should I sell my patrimony to your accursed railroad?"

Socially, they were all courtesy; they put up the right-of-way agent, and gave him chicken and rice redhot with



DUMP CARTS, LAID UP DURING THE RAINY SEASON.
NOTE THE MUD ON THE WHEELS



THE SCRAPER GANG AT WORK ON
THE SAVANNAS

To deal with an educated community appreciating the possibilities of a railway, is one thing; and to tackle an ignorant, suspicious, foreign public, governed by tradition and still wearing the swords of their great-grandfathers is quite another. "Cuba libre" was not altogether the cry of "Cuba forward." Long an bitter experience of

Spain had taught^d the Cubans the danger of being too closely in touch with the outside world, and they looked askance on all foreign projects.

"We have had enough of your devil-schemes," said they, "Leave us alone."

"My grandfather of sacred memory made his journey on horseback or by ox-team, or stayed at home," said

pepper, and delicious coffee, black and strong, but they wouldn't talk business; and on the third or fourth day the agent generally went out behind the cafetal and swore aloud.

However, the right-of-way was secured in bits, often at considerable cost. Here and there were pieces that couldn't be gotten for love or money, and the

Compañía de Cuba let them go, for the time. The old Sabanilla & Moróto Railway, leading out through the mountains some fifty miles from Santiago and the Jucare & Morón Railroad, from the south coast to Ciego de Avila, about the center of the island, were secured, and bases of construction established at both ends, and at the center of the



AMERICAN MULES IMPORTED FROM THE SOUTHERN
STATES TO DO THE HEAVY WORK



FRANK P. BROTHERS, MANAGER OF CONSTRUCTION, AND STAFF WATCHING ALCALDE MACHADO, OF SANTA CLARA, TURN THE FIRST SOD OF THE VAN HORNE RAILROAD IN OCTOBER, 1900

Mr. Brothers was well known in railroad construction in Canada, Jamaica and the West Indies. In the early days he had charge of the building of the C. & E. Railroad, etc. Two months after this first sod was turned on the railway, Mr. Brothers passed away at Ciego de Avila, after a short, severe attack of tropical fever, and the road lost a competent, energetic and well-beloved general.



DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE ON THE CUBA RAILROAD

With a two years from the turning of the first sod, the last spike, forming the junction of the railroad, was driven at six o'clock one morning about twenty miles east of the town of Placetas



GROUP OF CUBA RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION OFFICIALS WITH THEIR CUBAN FRIENDS IN THE CASINO CAMPESTRA, CAMAGUEY. AMONG THEM IS MR. D. A. GALDOS, NOW GENERAL MANAGER OF THE COMPANY, AND H. B. SNIDER, SUPERINTENDENT

proposed line. All government properties, public roads and highways and lands through which permission to pass had been refused were skipped. Construction on the in-between patches went briskly ahead, and Sir William's men sweated and swore and pushed behind when the six-mule teams stuck in the adhesive Cuban clay. The forests melted before the machete, the vines withered, rootless, in the sun, the diamond-backed snakes hissed and slid away noiselessly to safer retreats.

Railroad building in tropical countries is no joke. Intense heat; heavy rainfall when for months at a time the world is one rank, wet, fever-breeding green sponge; the exasperating intricacies of foreign law and foreign dignity; alien speech; unstable, lazy, cigarette-smoking labor; all these make the lot of the constructing engineer in the tropics unenviable. Fever got some, dysentery took others—but the work moved, as move it must with the Anglo-Saxon behind it.

And when in 1902 Cuba, under its first president, the late Don Tomás Estrada Palma, was handed the reins of management, concession was applied for, was granted, and hey presto!—in a night the highways and public lands were crossed, private properties in dispute expropriated, and the road unified. Later, a considerable subsidy was voted the road by the government, and when further branches and extensions began to take definite shape, they were approved and generously aided by Congress.

In the fall of that year, in spite of cyclones, strikes, climate and revolution, the system was opened to the public with all due formality, and the gardens of Hesperides were brought several days' journey nearer home.

The West Indies, those enormous silent poems of color and light, have always had a fascination for us cold Northerners. Perhaps some time you have stood on the wharf to see the steamers loading for the south, and been thrilled by a glance from strange eyes, eyes large, dark, peculiarly luminous, set in a fruit-coloured face that speaks of the lapis lazuli seas. Only a roustabout from Cuba or Jamaica or perhaps Saint Lucia, shouldering a crate, but poignantly and keenly suggestive of sun and summer and ripe fruits. Or, born inland, never having seen the sea, you perhaps have watched an eastbound express picking up its stride out of town, and followed it to the cruel North Atlantic, and taken ship at the end of the rails, and gone south, south, south where the water changes from cold grey to shadowy green, to violet, to tinted blue, to aqua-marine and azurine and at last to deep, throbbing intense lapis unbelievable.

And there's my love, white Nassau, girt by
her creaming key,
The Queen of the Lucayas in the blue
Bahaman sea.

And then perhaps you've dreamed of the bright-clad market girls and blanchisseuses in the sun, singing "Loéma tombé", or "Marie-Clemence maudi", or that wistful, haunting little Creole air that runs:



ON THE LINE OF THE CUBA RAILROAD
Note the umbrella-like forms of the palms

To, to, to!—"Ça qui là?"
—"C'est moin-mênme, lanmou;
Ouvé lapott ba moin!"

To, to, to!—"Ça qui là?"
—"C'est moin-mênme, lanmou,
Qui ka ba ou khé moin!"

To, to, to!—"Ça qui là?"
—"C'est moin-mênme, lanmou;
Laplie ka mouillé moin!"

"To, to, to" is the sound of the lover knocking at his sweetheart's door, and roughly translated the song runs: *To, to, to* . . . "Who taps there?"—"Tis mine own self, Love; open the door to me." *To, to, to* . . . "Who taps there?"—"Tis mine own self, Love, who give my heart to thee." *To, to, to* . . . "Who taps there?"—"Tis mine own self, Love; open thy door to me; the rain falls upon me." Slight and frail enough, but hauntingly sweet to us who labor and do not sing. Indeed there is a lure of the tropics that is hard to throw off, once you have fallen under its spell.

Sir William's Cuba Railroad has brought these Hesperides islands much nearer to the traveler, for taking this cross-Cuba route in connection with the new Flagler ocean all-rail route from Miami, Florida, across the keys, which brings Havana within six hours of the United States by steamer from Knight's Key, the tourist who loves not ocean travel may now practically reach that delightful winter resort, the island of Jamaica, by rail. From Santiago to Port Antonio, or Kingston, Jamaica, a distance of approximately one hundred miles, is but a matter of a few hours' travel on a

powerful, modern turbine steamer such as Sir William proposes to place on that run. From Jamaica to Panama, and from there direct to New York, or across the isthmus and up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco or Vancouver, is a round trip at once delightful and inexpensive.

At the commencement of operation, three days were occupied in the journey from Havana to Santiago, nights being passed at the towns of Santa Clara and Camagüey. However slow this may appear to those unfamiliar with travel in such countries, its inauguration was a stride of great progress, transportation between the two points by the then existing route occupying four days and nights on small, uncomfortable coastal steamers. Later, the running time was reduced to two days, and at present, an up-to-date passenger express, with standard sleeper and observation cars, fitted with most modern comforts and conveniences, covers the distance in less than twenty-four hours.

Besides this added convenience of transportation, the railroad hotel at Camagüey is an oasis where the traveler may rest in Northern comfort and get good things to eat, properly cooked. In this connection there is an amusing story told of Sir William.

When the typical railroad hotel at Camagüey was under construction, Sir William, with his keen eye for detail, had an idea.

"Why not fit up one of the parlors," said he, "with panellings of the beautiful native woods of the island? It seems to me that such a room would



THE MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL AT CAMAGÜEY

Formerly the old Spanish barracks with an unenviable record for filth and fever, the building underwent a thorough overhauling at the hands of the American Interventory Government, and is to-day a refuge from the very filth and fever it previously bred

interest visitors greatly, and give a handsome effect."

"Fine!" said everybody, and his suggestion was carried out to the letter.

Next time he arrived in Camagüey the hotel was practically complete, and Sir William recollected his hardwood room.

"Yes, it was there," said everybody, but with a singular lack of enthusiasm.

"I should like to see it," suggested Sir William mildly.

"Certainly, oh certainly," said everybody and hastily changed the subject.

Sir William was deaf, dumb and blind to the beauty of the weather, the excellence of the service, and the sudden death of everybody's grandmother. He wanted to see that hardwood room, and with drooping ears everybody, checkmated, led him to it.

It had been panelled in all the different varieties of beautiful native hardwoods, according to schedule, from ceiling to floor. It had given a beautiful effect, as Sir William had foreseen. And then a gang of painters, putting finishing touches on halls and corridors, had wandered in, observed its paintlessness, and given it two heavy coats of ivory white.

Like the black on the darky, it wouldn't wash off, and ivory-white that parlor is to this day.

The main line of the Cuba railroad is a little over three hundred miles in length. It serves the republic's three largest provinces, which constitute about seventy-five per cent. of the

total area of the island, and although they contain but fifty per cent. of the total population, they are, at the same time, the richest in natural resources in the whole island. The route traverses the heart of the island, penetrates forests of the rarest and most valuable hard woods, and crosses immense tracts of open prairie, which in the spring, is carpeted with a luxuriant growth of tall guinea grass. Occasionally may be seen as one travels, the pointed horns of sleek grazing cattle, Venezuelan, Porto Rican or Corollo. The road finally swings south, north of Santiago, and plunges down the mountain side through a bit of the most picturesque scenery to be met with outside of Switzerland or Mexico.

Along the line in the Province of Santiago, at various points the railroad trestles and bridge structures are constructed of mahogany, and many enterprising Canadian and American settlers have built themselves homes of hard woods, which elsewhere would have cost fortunes, their furniture being of mahogany, majagua or sabicu, in its natural state or hand polished. In Eastern Cuba the forests are a source of wealth hardly tapped as yet, while mineral wealth, especially iron, is undergoing rapid development on the north and south coasts at the hands of the Spanish American or Juragua Iron Companies. As in Western Canada, little towns and villages have sprung into existence almost over night



A TYPICAL STONE COBBLED STREET IN OLD-FASHIONED CAMAGUEY

The windows have no glass, but are iron-barred; while the front door is made big enough to permit the entry of the family carriage which is generally kept in the front hallway. The doors and windows were made strong with a purpose, and when revolution and stray bullets wandered down the street, as was apt to happen, each house was a stronghold in itself

while saw mills, tobacco factories and sugar houses are rapidly being erected.

From the main line, branches run north and south to the principal towns of importance, and a branch adding nearly two hundred miles to the main line, now under construction, will form a "cut-off" and reduce the running time between the capital and the Orient by two or three hours. This branch is being subsidized by the government to the extent of \$8,000 for each of the approximately one hundred and eighty miles of the extension.

The Cuba Railroad is doing for Cuba what the Canadian Pacific has done for Western Canada. In place of wheat, barley and oats, there is tobacco, sugar and coffee. The tobacco production in the interior of Santa Clara province, which prior to the coming of the railroad flourished only moderately along the coast, was valued last season at over a million dollars. In 1902, at Cabaiguan, a point which to-day may

be considered the center of this tobacco production, the traveller rode through only a group of deserted shacks. To-day they have electric light, churches and moving picture theatres.

The sugar mills of the eastern section of the island, twenty-seven or twenty-eight in number, produced between them last season, over a million and a half bags; the Cuba Company has, since the completion of the railroad, constructed two or three large sugar mills, which are among the most modern plantations in the republic.

Says "The Havana Post" in a recent issue; "Good, well kept highways are strong factors in promoting the prosperity of railroads, and the results obtained in this respect during the second intervention of the United States has considerably stimulated and accelerated railroad building throughout the entire island. There is every reason to believe that the extension to the Cuba Railroad's tracks will not



THE GOLD-DUST TWINS

They were born and bred in the Oriental portion of the island, where the colored population largely predominates



ONE OF THE MODERN IRON VIADUCTS ON THE LINE OF THE CUBA RAILROAD

Not only the highest bridge on the railroad, but the highest point on the right-of-way. It lies about three miles south of the inland town of Placetas

terminate with the completion of the important work now under way."

Sir William has "made good" in Cuba, as he did in Canada.

CUBA RAILROAD REPORT.

The report of the Cuba Railroad Co. for the month of September and nine months ended September 30, compares as follows:

	1908	1909
September gross.....	\$141,227	\$158,898
Expenses.....	81,914	102,503
September net.....	\$ 59,313	\$ 56,394
Charges.....	32,262	35,228
September surplus... ..	\$ 27,051	\$ 21,165
Nine months' gross....	\$422,857	\$484,536
Expense.....	257,102	228,030
Nine months' net....	\$165,755	\$156,506
Charges.....	96,787	105,220
Nine months' surplus	\$ 68,968	\$ 51,286

With Sir William Van Horne's constructive genius behind it, Cuba and the West Indies cannot choose but develop, and renew something of their former commercial importance. In the meantime, those of us who want to "roll to Rio" can do so without discomfort. Certain it is that there is no fairyland in the world like the islands of the Caribbean, parrot-green with trees, white-citied, rainbow-fruited in their indolent, indigo seas. You cannot see them through another's eyes, or guess their beauty unless you

roll to Rio
These wonders to behold,
Roll down—roll down to Rio,
Roll really down to Rio!
Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old.

Incidentally, Don José Miguél Fernández Filipe Sebastián y Heréra has discarded his volanta-wagon.

FIELD TWILIGHT

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

SHROUDED in crimson, the long day is dying,
Far on Lost Mountain the last fires roam;
Over the marshes the kildeers are crying,
And white on the upland the highway leads home.

Lazarus and Job

By W. D. Eaton



ILLUSTRATED BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

"O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
"Teach thou this sorrow how to make me
die."

VIEWED broadside on, Lazarus presented an astonishing prolongation of dog, but vertically he was altogether disappointing, being squat. This implication of dachshund was offset by a poodle's head at one end, a setter's flag at the other, and an intermediary barrel suggesting Mexican seamless.

Job was rangey, stump-tailed, nosed like a stag-hound, and patched with oases of varicolored hair, separated by considerable areas of skinny desert. His brevity of body and length of leg indicated a strain of step-ladder, but this was nullified by alert activity and power of flight—though not from dogs. Singly, he might have split the air to evade uneven combat. But with Lazarus involved, he was as the old guard at Waterloo.

They loved each other with a perfect love that cast out fear from both, where either was concerned. It was a love that plumbed the depths and touched the heights, selfless and powerful enough to make a materialist ashamed to say that all must perish with the flesh.

Nobody owned them, saving as they belonged to each other. They were

openly disreputable—slinkers, and snappers-up of unconsidered trifles from the floors of places where gratuitous luncheon was employed to enhance the sale of alcohol. They had an established round of such places, in and between which they were to be seen, but nowhere else. This round was eclectic. From the "don't start nothing in here" caverns up north to the reticulated glass-fronts as far south as Queen Street, they foraged, and were contemptuously tolerated.

Someone, somewhere, had taught Lazarus a stunt. When broken meats were sparse upon the floor, he would uprear his pitifully funny figure upon his brief forelegs, and walk twice his length or thereabout, to his own nasal discomfort, and then look up for reward. Job's admiration of this athletic feat never abated with its repetition. If it failed of commissarial results, he would use his right forepaw upon the indifferent audience until somebody threw them something, or somebody else kicked them out. That was their career for five or six years, in the territory they had made their own.

It must have been some decayed religionist who gave them the firm-name of Lazarus and Job. It fitted, and it stuck. In the two miles of their daily prow, everyone knew them by it.

They were a vaudeville team in a circuit where they had prescriptive rights, and the patrons of the many houses therein knew them as such. It was good business or bad with them, according to the condition of these patrons, the time of day, or the season of the year. Sometimes it was undeniably tough, but neither Lazarus nor Job ever growled. As to barking, it was out of their line altogether.

One day a fat gentleman, potent in "the ward," was celebrating some event more auspicious to himself than to the municipality, and "buying" indiscriminately. He happened to notice Lazarus after a prod or two from Job. He looked down and emitted a prophecy of sulphurous import to his own soul. After which he inquired:

"Why don't they vote? They's bigger hobos in the ward than them two mutts. They work for what they get. They ain't treated right. Oi'm goin' to blow them."

Whereupon he commandeered a piece of fresh steak from the ice-box, and laid it on the floor.

Lazarus and Job sniffed it, and looked up inquiringly. Then Lazarus

reared his southern department toward the ceiling, walked on two feet twice his own length, came to earth again, and sneezed. Job prodded the liberal one with his right paw.

"Well," said the liberal one. "I'll be—" as before.

"Here!" he roared. "Them's the two gamest bums on the west side!" And dumped a plate of unclean remainders, which the team at once engurgitated, as having no palates.

Another day when it was cold and they stood shivering beside the kerb farther south of their usual route, a pretty woman came by, with two little girls. Without any apparent reason unless for rehearsal, Lazarus at that moment threw his stunt and came down again, dejectedly. The little girls were filled with amazement and delight.

"The dreadful little brute!" commented Mamma, through her laugh. "I never saw anything so ridiculous."

But when Lazarus did it again, with no sense whatever of their being there, the little girls screamed in delight, and Mamma laughed so hard she almost cried. Lazarus yawned, pulled with

his forefeet, kicked with his hind, and suddenly scratched himself with violence behind the left ear. Job was looking down the street in utter melancholy. The little girls swarmed upon them noisily, with outstretched hands, and friendly squeals, which were not misunderstood. No little girls had ever before made bold with them, but they were dogs, and understood the friendship of young things at first sight. In a feeble and noncommittal way, they returned it. They stood still, and Lazarus almost waved his flag. When Mamma tried to put an end to this flirtation, there was trouble. The



THE WAY THEY SHOT OUT OF THE DOOR GAVE THE COOK A TURN SHE DIDN'T GET OVER FOR AN HOUR



"WHY DON'T THEY VOIE? THEY'S BIGGER HOBOS IN THE WARD THAN THEM TWO MUTTS.
OI'M GOIN' TO BLOW THEM"

biggest little girl flared into open rebellion, and the smallest projected appalling sounds from a reddened and distorted face. It ended by Mamma's saying:

"Well, my goodness!" (which it wasn't, but her weakness, the dear woman) "if you must have them, bring them along! I'm not going to stay here till dark about it."

Lazarus and Job had telepathic conference on the subject while they were being teased along, but upon the whole, it seemed to be Job's opinion that no harm could come of it, and Lazarus having long since deferred to Job's judgment, they followed the children home—to disappointment. For the place was neither dirty nor noisy, nobody was drunk or in process of getting drunk, and on the floor, which they prospected with swift and expert skill, there was not a thing to eat!

And they were washed! This assault upon their personal liberties was endured with bitter patience, partly because they wouldn't bite a child nor a woman, and partly because they were sustained by a hope of food to follow.

The inhumanity of humanity to dogs was never so driven home to their feelings as by that food, when it did finally come, after they had been dried, and warmed before a fire. Food! The stuff was simply sickening. It was soft, and clean and steamy, and suggested the odors of such hostile holes as restaurants. Lazarus threw his stunt in vain, and Job's pathetic pokings were of no effect. The little girls danced around them, and cuddled them, which was a pleasure of course, but not nutritious. At last they gave it up, and failing to negotiate the kitchen door, lay down. It was a hard world.

"They must be sleepy," said Mamma, "and they don't seem to want to eat. They can stay until morning, anyway." So she had cook bring a rug, on which they staid until the room was empty, when with some slight relief but no delay they shuffled off to the bare boards.

The way they shot out of that the first time the door was opened gave the cook a turn she didn't get over for an hour. With a quick scramble of

feet, they were gone like wind-smitten smoke. A wonderful escape from the fearful realms of decency it was, but the fresh air after that washing gave Lazarus a cold that made him cough until he was ashamed of himself, it sounded so like barking—and it hung on for days and days.

On a rainy afternoon in "Jake's Place," along toward winter, somebody happened to inquire what had become of them. Somebody always does think of such things in any settled order—or disorder—of life, such as prevails in those streets. A comparison of memories disclosed that nobody knew. They had not "bin round" for a long while.

"The place must be goin' on the blink if them two old bats had to quit us," remarked one, with sarcasm.

"Aw gwan!" retorted another. "Jake's lunch is gettin' too swell. That's what. They can't stand for it."

Psychologically, at that moment a customer came in, and scuffling past his heels came Job the managerial, all alone. And such a Job!

He was so gaunt his poor old slats showed through the desert areas of his sides. His eyes were gummy, and his long legs uncertain—while he stood blinking in the middle of the floor, one

of them suddenly went double, and almost let him down.

"You punk comedian!" said Jake, as he reached for a seltzer bottle, and squirted poor Job squarely in the mustache.

"Cut it out, Jake!" snapped a big fellow, with sudden sympathy. "Can't you see he's sick?"

"Well," parried Jake, "I don't want him in my place without his pardner. Where's Lazarus, old yegg?"

While they went to the door and looked both ways for the answer, Job made a weak-kneed scouting expedition along the foot-board and under the lunch-table, without results. There were many scraps, but he tasted none.

"He's alone this time," was the report from the door.

He would not eat. "That's because he's sick," explained a wise one. They tried him with the worst on the table, but he only looked up, and whimpered faintly.

The relenting Jake cut off a full slab of ham, and threw it to him. Like a wolf he pounced upon it, and on the instant made for the door, and waited to be let out.

"What do you know about that!" gasped Jake. "Open the door, Mose. Let's see what he's got framed up."



THEY WERE JUST IN TIME TO SEE HIM STUMBLE DOWN A CELLARWAY

"You bed you I vill see," responded Mose, and followed Job to the street. Three or four others trailed along after.

Job with a slab of meat in his mouth excited gluttonous attention in several other dogs, who tried to give chase and might have held him up if the men had allowed. He side-stepped a few vicious dashes, and feebly but steadily made his way east. He turned a corner going north, and then with an astonishing burst of vigor, whipped round into a dingy side street. The party was just in time to see him stumble down a cellar-way.

They went down, too, and there in the middle of the littered floor sat Job, looking down intently, whining with empty mouth, and poking with his paw at something that did not respond.

"Chee!" said one of them. "It's Lazarus, and he's sick too."

But he wasn't sick. He was dead.

About his head were mouldy bits of food, some of them hard with the exposure of many days. Job pushed the ham against the cold face, and prodded, and half got up and sat down again, and once more prodded; and then put up his nose, and howled the howl that with a dog means heart-break.

One of the men uncovered. For a moment, they looked at each other and said nothing. Then they murmured soft and brief profanity, that was not profane.

Only when they began to touch old Lazarus did Job notice them at all. Then he made the best fight he could, standing waveringly across the body of his friend. When they subdued him he gave up, and watched.

They found an old box, and lifted Lazarus into it, giving him cerements of waste paper. A hammer and nails were brought, and the casket was sealed up. They decided to take it out beyond the limits, and bury it there in an open block of ground. Job got up, and put his paws upon the lid, and whimpered. He suffered himself to be picked up, and carried along.

"Sure," said Mose. "He muss go der funeral bei."

At the end of the line a shovel was borrowed, and in a very little while it was all over. The proposition to establish Job as a permanent resident at Jake's was well meant, but Job himself developed unexpected fury in his objection to going there, or anywhere else, and the last they saw of him as they caught a townward car, he was sitting on the little mound, alternately prodding it with a forefoot, and voicing his misery to the zinky sky.

Mose had known Lazarus and Job long and well. He had uneasy sleep that night. In the morning he took a run out to see how things were. He might have saved himself the trouble, for there across the little mound stretched Job, as dead as Lazarus.

MILADY'S PORTRAIT

BY VICTOR SHAW

THRO' the lazy hours of twilight
I watched as in a dream,
While Cupid sketched a face as fair
As ever I had seen.

Then his mocking laughter waked me,
And lo! the page was bare—
The rogue had etched upon my heart
As I was dreaming there!

THE CALL OF THE FOOTHILLS!

BY NEWTON A. NEUSSLE

(After Kipling's "The Feet of Young Men.")

NOW the nights of endless toiling and the long day's work are over,
Now the autumn winds are luring me away,
And my heart is yearning, eager for the wilderness and trail,
Where the nimble-footed broncoes leap and play.
Who hath heard the lariat snarling? Who hath heard the spurs
a-tinkling?
Who hath felt the frenzy of the maddening race?
Who hath galloped toward the morning? Who hath swung the
supple quirt-lash?
Who hath felt the heated winds upon his face?

*O my heart is yearning to be gone,
And faint voices are calling me away—
I must hurry—hurry—hurry—they are calling to me now,
And I'm ready for the fray.*

Do you know the crackling fires and the twilight slowly falling?
Do you know the pleading voices of the night?
Have you heard the hungry coyote, lone and faintly, faintly calling?
Have you seen the distant buzzard in his flight?
It is there that I am going with my Mexican sombrero,
To a dear profane cowpuncher that I know,
To my rancher and my plainsmen, to my herds, corral, and saddle,
For I hear faint voices calling and must go.

Do you know the long day's riding and the challenge of sun-devils?
Do you know the giant herd, the reckless race?
Do you know the savage trail that meanders vagrant, listless,
And the pinto loping on with patient pace?
It is there that I am going—going for I cannot stay—
To a little dauntless pony that I know,
To my Foothills and my cartridge-belt, my quirt-lash and my sage-
brush,
For I hear faint voices calling, and must go.

*O my heart is yearning to be gone,
And faint voices are calling me away—
I must hurry—hurry—hurry—they are calling to me now,
And I'm ready for the fray.*

What the Sand-piper Heard.



by
Agnes Deans Cameron

Illustrations by Chas. A. MacLellan

"WE'VE drunk to the Queen,
God bless her!"
"True, O king, we have—
several times, likewise we've
drunk to our mothers' land."

The third man took up the history
gravely,

"We've drunk to our English brother
and we hope he'll understand."

Number Four looked at the many
empty champagne bottles, and com-
prehensively summed up the situation
with,

"We've drunk to the wide creation!"

"Well, then," drawled the Hon.
Dick, "Last toast, and your foot on the
table, a health to the Native Born!"

With all the honors they drank it,
and, in various stages of collapse,
staggered towards their respective
rooms in the Hotel Mount Baker to
sleep it off; all but the Honourable
Richard Cecil Stanhope, who, nodding
to the night-clerk, made his way out-
side into the gray dawn. It was four
a.m. on the twenty-fourth of May,
and the Hon. Richard was well drunk-
en, not the slightest doubt about either
fact. Still as he strode along between
the golf-links and the shore, the homing
sea-gulls looking down upon him in-
quisitively saw a man who was from
the crown of his cowboy hat to his
close-fitting leggings well-groomed and
band-box neat.

Half an hour's striding through the
lilies and buttercups brought the sea
to view, the pheasants were calling in
the long grass, and high upon an oak
limb a meadow lark announced to all
and sundry that "God's in His Heaven
—all's right with the world." The
Hon. Richard found the beach at Shoal

Bay, sat him down on a drift-log and
buried his head in his hands. Half-a-
hundred birds now sang Jubilates, the
long waves, leaving a sea-weed etching
to mark their highest point, were creep-
ing slowly out to sea; the world was all
clean and sweet and pure and happy;
and the Hon. Dick wasn't.

"What an utter, utter ass I am!"
thought he. "This is the first night of
our holiday, and a fair sample, I suppose,
of what the week's celebration will be."
He rose and shook himself like a big
Newfoundland. "A dip will do me
good"; and throwing off his clothes he
took a refreshing header into the icy
waters of the Straits.

"Beastly lot of tommy-rot all that
about 'the modifying influence of the
Japan Current,'" sputtered he, dress-
ing; for the water of the Straits of
Fuca was very cold. But it cleared his
fuddled brain and made him feel fit.

Just then the sun burst out in its
glorious sheen, the clouds were lifted
from the new-washed Olympics and
every little wave shimmered in the
sunlight,—the ever recurring miracle
renewed each day, a miracle which
those who are born by the sea (unless
accident call them to an early steam-
boat or train) often live out their al-
lotted days without seeing.

The Hon. Dick looked out upon a
new heaven and a new earth; he
stretched his well-shaped limbs and
took mental stock of himself.

"There's nothing in it," he said, "the
game's not worth the candle. I've
half a mind to vow a vow, purge me of
my follies, leave sack and live cleanly
as a nobleman should. I'll see through
the celebration with the boys, go back

to the ranch and put in two years of hard clean work. If I don't pull up soon I'll be as drivelling an idiot as any one of the bunch, and God knows they're a poor enough lot."

A sandpiper from the kelp cocked his head saucily, stood on one leg and eyed his long-legged brother—"Yes, I mean it, old chap, it's a vow, and you're the witness."

Dick carefully selected a cigar, lighted it with deliberation and, head in air, started out along the wet sand. Already he felt virtuous; half-unconsciously he followed the sharply defined track of the little sandpiper as it led in and out among the kelp and the flotsam and jetsam of the out-going tide. The morning air was a tonic, salty with the sea and dashed now and then with a wild-rose suggestiveness as the breeze bore out from the land.

Suddenly he stopped with his foot almost on top of the little sandpiper, and as it scuttled off at its own peculiar double-quick he saw under a tangled bunch of weed a lady's black silk bag. Dick stooped to pick it up.

"Why, the little beggar seemed to be pointing at it like a born retriever!" he said. "By Jove," as he gingerly opened the draw-string, "somebody is going to miss this."

He sat down on a flat-topped boulder, carefully laid his cigar aside and took stock of his find. *Item*—a purse containing a one-dollar note and two green car-tickets. *Item*—one diamond ring tied with a scrap of narrow blue ribbon. *Item*—one drawn-work handkerchief, with a slight suggestion of —what was it? Dick sniffed and sniffed again judiciously and finally decided in favor of crab-apple. *Item*—one photo by Savannah. "It doesn't seem just right to look at it," soliloquized he, "but still the sandpiper found it and he put me next, and, if he hadn't, the next tide would have carried it off to Trial Island."

It was a beautiful face that looked back to Dick's; Savannah surely excelled himself at that sitting and had made a speaking likeness. Dick looked at it long and earnestly, till every line of that face had impressed itself on the memory of his very soul. The features,

the poise of the head, the compelling power of the wonderful eyes, and the half-sweet, half-proud curve of the lips which seemed about to open and speak exerted a strange charm upon him. Who was she? Where was she? The sandpiper was at the water's edge, but he had no further information to impart. "That street's closed." Dick was confronted with a "staggerer" like the Dick of old.

Carefully he laid the picture down, and began to smoke the half finished cigar. Perhaps the bag contained some note or scrap of paper, a calling card or an old envelope; inside out he turned it, no sign of written word, and it was placed alongside the picture. The picture itself fascinated him, he couldn't long keep his eyes from it. Picking it up, he for the first time turned it over, and then he saw, written "in such a hand as when a field of corn bows all its ears before the roaring East":

"As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, 'All good things
Are ours!
Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was
made."

Rabbi Ben Ezra—

And down in the lower corner was the one word, "Lucile".

When Henry II. of England did penance at Becket's tomb and vowed a life of chastity, he heard that his trusty Richard Glanville had captured William the Lion of Scotland; so the Hon. Dick was inclined to look upon his find as a direct message in answer to his vow. Not in vain had he had a Scottish nurse who opened her Bible at random to place her finger on a "leading text" when in need of special guidance.

"As the bird (that's you, sandpiper), wings and sings, let us cry all good things are *ours!* Ours, Sandy, do you hear, you beggar? Jove! but you *are* a mascot worth having. May your tribe increase, may long-legged children to the third and fourth generation rise up and call you blessed!" and gathering up his precious find, Dick turned hotelward.

"It's Longfellow's perfect day," murmured he, with a backward toss of

his head to better inhale the balsamic tonic of the great pines 'whereon shall no man work, but play; whereon it is enough for me not to be doing, but to be.' And those beastly beggars are still in their boozy slumbers—Faugh! And last night I was of them; but from this on it's right about face and a clean march for yours truly. Lucile, (how he dwelt upon the name) I may never see you—that rests with God—" and Dick uncovered as he stood there in the open with the buttercups at his feet, "but if I am permitted to stand in your presence it will be to meet the glance of your eyes unshamefacedly, and with a tale of work done squarely and un wasted days."

At the Mount Baker, a breakfast, a shave, and the donning of a light suit of tweeds made of Dick a new man, and the world was before him. He just at that moment felt in no humour for the tally-ho and the noisy party arranged for the Regatta at the Gorge, and sleep was farthest from his mind. A certain Rabbi Ben Ezra demanded investigation and further acquaintance, and to obtain this he, abjuring the tram, turned his long strides in the direction of the Carnegie Library. The Librarian supplied the information where the sandpiper had failed, and Dick learned that Browning was responsible for the words which had taken such a strong hold on the verities of life for him; to Hibben & Co.'s next, to make two purchases, a pocket edition of Browning and a little Russia leather case into which Lucile's picture fitted;

then to the "Colonist to insert an "ad" in the "Lost and Found" column, for with the exception of the picture (and its inscription) it was Dick's intention to be honest. About the original of the photograph, Savannah could tell him nothing, not even the name. It had been taken during the tourist-rush, that was all.

At lunch he rejoined the others, "fit" after a night's rest and a tub, immaculate in boating flannels, though still somewhat noisy.

"Ho! Dicky-bird, you must have been up with the lark: the beggar looks as fresh as a daisy."

"Did the early bird catch the worm?"

"Got any tips on the races?"

He was assailed on all sides with a shower of chaff. At two o'clock the tally-ho drove them all off riotous and rollicking to the Regatta up "the Arm"; they had invitations to join a Club party at Curtis Point and here



WHO WAS SHE? WHERE WAS SHE? DICK WAS CONFRONTED WITH A "STAGGERER" LIKE THE DICK OF OLD

the drag dropped them.

The world had assumed the part of one big, anxious throbbing personal question-mark to Dick. Lucile, where was she? Surely in Victoria still, no later than yesterday she had walked on the beach. Might she not be one of this very picnic party to which they had the entree? The "rawnchers" were introduced to a score of laughing English girls, very sweet and pretty in their sailor hats and well-fitting summer gowns; and oh, it was so delightfully like "home" this chat with one's own kind after the long months on

the ranges where womankind is scarce, and neither Indian nor settler teems with conversational graces.

The cockney accent of the blue-jackets from Esquimalt told that they too had

Learned from their wistful mothers to call old England home.

—the coxswain, who had bent himself double with his encouraging "Hup wiv 'er!" and the quarrelsome one on shore whose "'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im, 'Arry" told of bloodshed to come. It caused a distinct homesick pang in more than one big rancher's heart—an Englishman's love for the foggy island of his birth never gets dull at the edge, and these men, however wide they wander, will never lose out quite all of the wholesome English boy. Even now more than one tongue sure of a sympathizing listener is eager with details of his own home life, of sister and mother, and the beauty of English meadow and hedge row at the spring of the year.

Dick alone was busy with the present; it was a very real possession which had taken hold of him, in which Lucile, and Browning, and the sea, and sobriety, each had a part. Ordinarily no one would have called Stanhope a dreamer of Arcady, he was essentially a man of action; but ever since, (like the other Prodigal) he had "come to himself" that early morning down by the sea, his whole mentality had undergone a change, and he had a strong conviction that by some psychic force Lucile must know and be herself affected by the same subtle power. The days of uncertain hoping when each new hour held the possibility of standing in the very presence of the real, living, moving Lucile, were very precious. Was she tall? He thought she was. What were the tones of her voice? How and where would he meet her?

But there was no word, no answer to his "ad." in the "Colonist" and tired out with hope deferred, on the first of June he made up his mind to return to the range. The parcel just as he had found it he deposited in the Bank of British North America, sub-

stituting his own picture for Lucile's. On the back of it he wrote his name, the words "*No one can keep my own from me*," and the date; then he put an "ad" in the "Colonist" directing the owner of the bag to apply to the Bank for it, and the Hon. Dick resolutely turned his back to all the pleasures of the Coast.

The others went up on the steamer with him to Vancouver, and they pulled out on the same express, but in the Upper country their trails diverged. Two hundred and fifty miles from Ashcroft lay the Bar Z Ranch, Dick's holding, and this distance he rode on Pinto his piebald pony. Lonely? Not he. He had Lucile's face for company and a whole host of new people that he had discovered in Browning-land.

As the glory of autumn gradually gave place to winter Dick got word from his bankers that the parcel had been claimed by wire from Kentucky. This changed the tenor of his thoughts, Kentucky became the world's centre, Victoria stationers got an order to forward Kentucky literature, and for the first time Stanhope saw the hemp-fields through the witchery of James Lane Allen's presentment.

Then came winter in earnest and the long shut-in evenings, and Dick read and smoked, dreamed dreams and saw visions. "The Kentucky Cardinal" was his companion, and the "Kentucky Colonel," anything and everything Kentuckian, except Kentucky whiskey.

The pledge to the little sandpiper was kept; and the snow melted and then came spring—spring on the cattle-ranges, clean, sweet, green. It was May, and Dick stood upright in the sunlight with the smell of growing things in his nostrils and the fever of unrest in his soul and said with the Prodigal, "I will arise and go"; all the king's horses and all the king's men could not have kept the Hon. Richard Stanhope from the coast that merry month of May.

"I will meet her. I know it. I feel it, nothing can keep my own from me," he said to himself, and the Gladstone bag was packed and the under herders received their orders,

and as the Hon. Dickie rode off on Pinto, round the first rocky corner his Baden-Powell hat was tossed in the air, and the old fox-hunt call—"Whoop Warry, Warry, Warry! Ki-ope! Ki-ope!" rang down the cañons.

All things come round to him who will but wait, and one afternoon the Oak Bay tram deposited him at the Mount Baker. As he eagerly secured his room of the past summer, No. 17, the weary months of waiting dropped away and Dick was on the tiptoe of expectancy; and yet he had only conjecture, conjecture and wild hope to whisper that Victoria and the twenty-fourth of May must mean Lucile, too.

It wanted still a good hour before dark and Dick hurried off for a glimpse of the bay before night closed in. Rounding the corner an intoxicating breath of the sea blending with the sweet of wild roses [set every nerve a-tingle. What other sense quickens memory like the sense of smell?

But what does the commotion mean in the little secluded bay? Crying children, a lame old man and an hysterical nurse all hail him at once, and each voice tries to outshri11 the others. Dick's quick eye takes in the trouble, out three hundred yards and quickly floating towards Trial Island a festive small boy astride a drift log lifts his voice skyward and howls like a lost soul; he can't swim and it is far beyond wading depth.

"There's nothing for it but a swim," judged Dick instantly. "Hold on, youngster, sit low and keep quiet. I'll be with you in half a shake of a dead lamb's tail," and discarding coat and riding boots, Dick, tired and overheated, dived into the ice-cold water. It was a long hard swim against the tide and when he restored the scared small boy to the bosom of his own, the swimmer himself was chilled through and through and ready to collapse; limp and cold he made his way to the Hotel and into bed.

Nature is a stern old accountant and sooner or later she exacts her pound of flesh to the last small scruple. Before morning certain uncompromising chest pains told Dick he was in for acute

pneumonia. He had had it once before up on the range, and roundly did he curse his luck.

Next morning the doctor somewhat eased his mind.

"Stay in bed," said he, "don't fume, obey orders, and I may be able to pull you around by the twenty-fourth." It might be worse. They were kindness itself at the hotel, and the little boy's nurse took the invalid under her special care. Of course they exchanged confidences—sickness is a great leveller,—and Dick widened his knowledge of human nature by getting the viewpoint of a young and pretty girl who combined the duties of nurse, ladies' maid and nursery governess. Nurse Lottie was bright and cheery and confidential.

"You know if you hadn't saved Billy boy they would have held me guilty of murder in the second degree; I am his keeper and twenty-four hours each day responsible for his mental, moral and physical wholeness."

Another time it would be, "Oh, I wish you could see the last batch of tourists on the third floor. They call themselves Mystic Shriners, but they're jolly all right enough; they are going to get up a masked ball for the eve of the twenty-fourth, every guest in the Hotel is invited and we're going to have Finn's band and fireworks." She was a great mimic and kept the sick man entertained with her clever imitations of the daily arriving holiday guests.

But again Lottie would lose her gay mood and ask for sympathy. "It's all well enough, this wandering from one holiday centre and one health resort to another, if you are 'in society', well enough for the mistress, a different thing for the maid"; and Dick the lonely one knew how to sympathize. After this personal opening the confidences came quickly; the patient learned quickly of the nurse's Devon home and in a locket saw the picture of a comely woman of forty, her mother, with the mother of her smile; and in return Lottie caught a hint of Dick's master-passion.

"I'm going to the ball Friday night and I'm going to have a gay time for

once in my life. I've gone actually blue-mouldy for lack of a little fun!"

"Save one dance for me," replied Dick, "I won't be able to dance, but we'll sit it out on the balcony." And so it was agreed.

At ten o'clock on Friday night on the west balcony Dick promenaded, with an overcoat thrown loosely over his dress-suit, and as the first lonely rocket shot out across the Gulf and the band struck up in the ball-room below he felt very much out of it. But it was a peerless night, the odors of the lilac and narcissus from the gardens were wafted upwards in delightful whiffs.

"Is your patience exhausted?" a salmon-pink domino broke in on his silence. How very graceful Nurse Lottie was! Dick felt he had never before quite appreciated her magnificent carriage.

"Good evening," he said, rising to hand her a rustic chair. "May a poor male savage be permitted to remark that your ball-room toggerly is vastly becoming? Why do nurses dress like blackbirds or nuns when butterfly humming-bird rainbow tints are theirs by divine right?"

"Look below," returned she, "there are rainbow tints for you," and together they watched the dancers, Lottie's feet beating time impatiently to the delicious strains of the waltz. Dick, too, felt the witchery of the music.

"Why not join them?" he said, standing before her, "I never did learn to see happiness through other chaps' eyes. Will you trust yourself to a cadaverous partner escaped from the jaws of quarantine?"

Fifteen minutes later they were back to their coign of vantage. "I never had a better dance, you're awfully good to a bed-ridden wayfarer; that waltz has shaken off the last lingering vestige of pneumonia. I have but one wish under heaven," and Dick leaned back luxuriously in the Japanese lounging chair.

"Name it," laughed Lottie.

"A cigar; if my partner permits; as ye are strong, be merciful," and the case was held up interrogatively.

"Don't say you object to smoke, the modern school of medicine claims it is an ally."

"Object? Not I," said Lottie, laughing, and leaning over the balcony she watched the dancers, while Dick puffed serenely. Suddenly she straightened up impatiently.

"Oh, this music gets on my nerves!" she exclaimed, "It's like Kipling's banjo-song—'*I am Memory and Torment, I am Town, I am all that ever went with evening dress.*' How I hate, hate, hate it all, this life of mine, the waiting on other people, the self-repression—they're kind, of course, and all that—but I'm tired, utterly tired of being an appendage of some one else, I want *freedom*, I want to live my own life however meagre. You look astonished. You're a man, an out-door man, and you can't understand how a woman in my position, a sort of governess-nursemaid-nurse, feels, how she longs for sympathetic companionship, for some of the loose beads of life with no straight string running through. Don't think me crazy, please," with a laugh, "I'm quite safe, like Pratt's Astral Oil, 'will not explode.' But I'm going to leave it all, to-night."

Dick gave a perceptible start, and she continued, "I know no one in Victoria except indeed one or two members of the visiting Miners' Convention,—Mr. Livingstone-Johnson, he's the secretary, that young-old, gray haired man in the window-seat down by the chandelier—he and the other one—I was speaking to them last night—and they—he—said I'd be sure to get on all right if I left. He seemed quite friendly and advised me not to give notice, just to slip away, it would avoid all fuss—he knows a good private boarding house, too—in fact, a friend of his keeps it—well—I don't know why I'm telling you all this, I seem excited to-night—but we've been good friends, haven't we?" and Lottie's hand dropped to Dick's shoulder.

"Yes, we've been friends," curtly said he, rising, "and, because of that and at the risk of your thinking me an interfering prig, I'm going to suggest



AND WITH HIS WHOLE SOUL ON THE ISSUE,
DICK HAZARDED THE FUTURE

that you go inside and sleep on this. Things will look different and more wholesome in the morning; they always do. For my part I'm going to do myself the pleasure of finding this precious Livingstone-Johnson and telling him he's a damned scoundrel." That was all. Raising his hat, he was gone.

Under the pink domino, Nurse Lottie blushed a deeper pink and laughed a little laugh that was not all of displeasure.

"There, my dear, did you in all your years ever have a neater lecture more crisply delivered!—And sent to bed and told to be good! Oh, it's too much, I feel about ten years old! And you're not exactly a Methuselah yourself, my dear Sir Galahad! I'd better do as I'm told, and go to bed like a good little girl, though," regretfully, "I *would* dearly love to be a fly on the wall when the 'scoundrel' is having his bad quarter of an hour."

Next morning Dick was awakened by the twitter of field-fares and the

sound of the surf through the open window.

"Another glorious day, by Jove, a day for gods to stoop and men to soar. It does seem good to be a well man once more! I wonder how Nurse Lottie looks out on the world this morning," and with this thought uppermost, after breakfast, he almost ran into a gray-haired gentleman making his way into the billiard-room. "I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir; awfully clumsy of me."

"No apologies," returned the elder briskly, "Hon. Richard Stanhope, is it not? I've just come in on the E. & N. train from shooting at Shawnigan, and I learn that I must thank you for fishing that young grand-nephew of mine safely in from a watery grave. It was a brave deed, Sir Richard, and

we are all under a deep debt of gratitude to you."

"I am Memory, I am Torment, I am Town,
I am all that ever went with evening dress.

* * * * *

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof,

I have told the naked stars the grief of man—

* * * * *

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone—"

Clear and rich rose the notes of a wonderful contralto from the music-room across the hall. The old gentleman's face softened.

"It's my daughter and she too wishes to thank you. . . . Lucile!" Something gripped Dick's heart, as he bent low over her hand acknowledging the presentation.

She was the first to speak.

"The Hon. Richard Stanhope and I have met before, father," and she stepped to the window, letting in a flood of morning sunlight. Every nerve in Dick's body tingled. What a superb carriage she had!

"In a former incarnation?" hazarded he, with a smile.

"Yes, perhaps—doubtless," she returned, "but father, he and I had a long interview last night as we watched the dancers, and," with spirit, "he really seems to wish to repudiate it. Yes," continued Lucile, "I gave him the whole of a dance, and—and—he told

me I lacked common sense, and sent me to my room." Mr. Henderson looked amused and mystified, and Dick's face flushed hotly under the tan as he realized the trick of the night before.

Lucile had taken Lottie's place and amused herself with him for the evening. And yet—Livingstone-Johnson had not denied the soft impeachment when accused. He saw it all now, Johnson's conversation had been with Lottie, and Lucile had learned of it. He felt the need for indignation, but indignation would not come. His heart was surging wildly, "It is she! It is she! My own has come to me!" There was nothing of the timid lover about Dick. As his Scottish nurse said, "He was aye magerfu'."

Half an hour later they made their way across the golf-links where the larks were singing, down to the sea. To the few passers-by on the Cliff-road a picture good to look at they made, she sitting on a boulder in a sheltered cove, and Dick's long length stretched on the sands at her feet. The sun shone out, and passed its noon-line, and still they talked on: the Past was theirs and all this glorious golden Present. But when, his whole soul on the issue, Dick hazarded the Future, there was one curious eavesdropper. Down by the water's edge, his feet halted in the weed, with a wise look out to sea, a little sandpiper listened.

CIRCUMSTANCE

BY S. E. KISER

"WHY do the fools go singing?"

I heard the pessimist say:

"The hours that pass are bringing

More sorrow along the way."

He shouted within an hour

With a voice that was glad and gay;

Fortune was his, and power,

And he laughed as the careless may.

WHEN JOURNALISM GOES SKYLARKING

BY ROBSON BLACK

Author of "The Broken Kingdom," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH CAMPAIGN POSTERS

WHAT the experienced city-editor does not know about elections and electioneering is not worth proposing for the Senate. He sizes up candidates surer than their own papas; he adjusts policies to public sentiment and finds them wanting or wanted; through platitude and puffery his keen senses penetrate as a grocer through a pound of cheese. In a whisper, dear reader, it is well to know that the man who invented the gyroscope would feel antiquated if he saw a city editor's brains in action.

These few castigations apply closely to the subject in hand, for it is desired to show how the newspaper man, so proudly and coldly judicial in others' affairs, leaps into crimson flame the instant events grow personal. Generally, the journalist does unto others as he desires them to do unto him. Upon the bruised shins of his clergyman, he gazes with the instinct for a ten-line item; but upon his own or his son's shins as a devil-of-a-thing.

For a city editor to clear his desks for an election campaign, confuses no more than target practise on a man-o'-war. And whether Jones advocates public ownership of peanut stands and Bones

wants a garbage plant in the city park, the old head on the desk doesn't care "a continental". It is his sweet business to get out the fireside companion in time to catch the early mails—also to keep the staff convinced that they are indigent orphans grafting on poor uncle's money.

This creature of iron surrenders to panic only upon one occasion—the annual Press Club election. History records no exception. Editor or reporter may glory in iconoclasm eleven months in the year, but January he reserves for strife-oid fever, for mental measles and dyspepsia, for it means a big honor in a big city to be elected assistant-auditor of a journalists' society in which the treasurer keeps no books. Executives of Press Clubs attend to no such affairs as Worry Culture Societies and Old Boys' Reunions. No debates on politics or the cost of living. No hard fought parliamentson

"Is a lie ever justifiable?" for these matters have all been considered and put on the shelf. But if the butter at the annual club pow-wow is too strong for its size, or the ham is undercooked and the soda biscuits stale and soft, some one is sure to move an amendment to the constitution.



A MAN MAY LOOK LIKE A SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT AND LEAD A BLAMELESS LIFE, BUT IT DOESN'T HELP HIM A ONE-EM DASH WITH THE PRESS CLUB



"THIS CODFISH ARISTOCRAT WOULD WANT US TO MISTER HIM. THAT'S WHAT!"

In a serious way, however, Press Clubs in cities like Toronto are both social and charitable of purpose. They not only create and promote an esprit de corps, and enable an interchange of ideas, but use the funds of the club to relieve extreme cases of need. Practically every man connected with the editorial, reportorial, and art departments of newspapers and magazines is eligible as a member. Once every two weeks a supper is held, usually graced by a distinguished visitor, who may be either Ambassador Bryce, or Harry Lauder.

But to return to the campaign period, where we left our editor and reporter wrestling and perspiring as candidates for office. That copy-reader with the snowy brow has suddenly realized the

emotions of Vesuvius. Only the day before did he offer himself for vice-president and here in his morning's mail are printed dodgers calling him a "plug-pilfering popin-jay" and "a candidate for the Drunkard's Home." Small wonder the Spartan self-possession of his soul sputters and sizzles. Small wonder he retaliates with "flannel-mouthed demagogue," "Down with rat-eating rotters," "A vote for Billings is a vote for Gypsy Smith," and much more of a like nature.

As the present story is based on the recent contest of the Toronto Press Club, it is best to get a perspective of the candidates who entered that skull-strewn tourney field.

For President: M. O. Hammond, "The Globe"; J. M. Elson, "The World"; and

C. W. Mogridge, "The Mail and Empire".

For Vice-President: Alfred Lorenzo Rubbra, "The News"; Nelson Wilkinson, "The Mail and Empire"; J. S. Cowper, "The Globe"; and Chancellor Boylen, "The Telegram".

To each and every of these gentlemen the election was not only a test of popularity, but a battle royal for his own moral integrity and the enemy's damnation. As fast as printer could print, and engraver could grave, a document rolled off the presses to this effect:

Place Elson As President of the Press Club,
And Pure Pie for All the Populace.

Who is Hammond? Hammond is the man who invented the hole in the doughnut. We do not want holes. Holes ain't satisfyin'.

You can't eat holes. Both are empty boasts and hollow mockeries.

With Hammond as President, the proverb "Laugh and Grow Fat" becomes a snare and a delusion.

Who is Cowper? Cowper is the cuss that stands for cults and occultism.

You can't eat cults, and occultism is obviously unapproachable.

Mogridge stands for champagne. Hammond stands for pain. Vote for Elson, the painless president.

To the onslaught of Mr. Elson and his press-agent, Mr. Mogridge's committee of publicity retorted after this manner:

Vote For Mogridge and Merry Moments at Many Meetings. No Surrender.

Beware of class-rulers and auto-crats with no policy but bunkum.

Everybody vote Mogridge for President and better pay. Minimum salary for all reporters \$8 a day, paid promptly and no waiting.

The Press Club needs good square meals, not Hammond eggs. Don't kill the Press Club by putting either a Sunday School teacher or a poet in the chair.

These posters, it may be stated, were not confined to correspondence, but were placed prominently in every newspaper editorial room. The jackpot of satire, however, must be kept stirred and sizzling hot, and what follows was calculated to perform that service. It will be noticed that it mimics the style of the English cable letters sent by Canadian correspondents back to their papers, during the recent election struggle.

An Impartial View of the Situation.

How the Contest Sizes up To

Our Honest-to-Glory
Correspondent.

(Stalwart Lyar's Fable.)

Special cable to The Globe. Copy (occasionally) right by Stalwart Lyar and Dr. Redericke Crook. (Musical and Dramatic Rights Reserved.)—

"I ran down to New Orleans last evening in Mr. Victor Ross' Pancake touring car to attend a meeting held in Flynn's saloon in the interests of Mr. M. O. Hammond (etc. etc.).

"After returning to Toronto this morning I seen Davie O'Brien, the prominent news-boy, in the World Alley and asked him who was going to win the election. After giving the matter deep consideration, he answered,

OH! VERY WELL!



Boylen Does not Own ALL the Silk Hats

VOTE FOR "RUB"

and REAL Respectability

Vice-President Toronto Press
Club, 1910.

N. B.—Wilk doesn't want a silk hat. No use putting a seven dollar silk hat on a seven cent head. Cowper wears a cap.

WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATIONS ARE MADE BY
THE PRESS CLUB ARTISTS

'Aw, wot in—are yeh talkin' about?' This shows the unprecedented interest being taken in the election by all classes.

The Christian Guardian says this morning that at the Ministerial Association on Monday, odds of five to three on Hammond were offered with no takers."

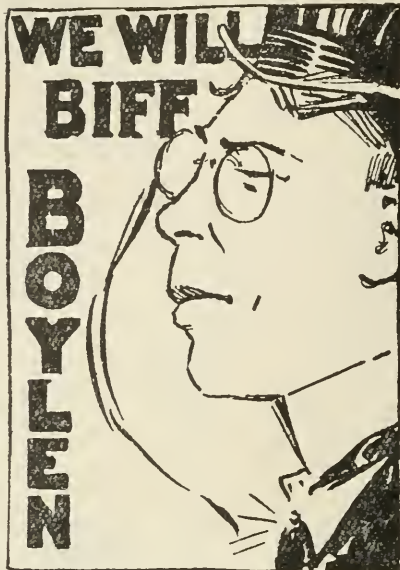
The ingenious correspondent goes on to say:

"I had the cutest breakfast at the Savoy for half a guinea. It included oatmeal, creamed fish, toast, marmalade, pop-overs, coffee and finger bowls. Joe Clarke and Blackjack drank the latter, but Willison and I knew better, simply pouring it over our hands on to the carpet. The very moderate prices convince us that the tales of suffering and starvation in London are grossly exaggerated.—Stalwart Lyar.

So much for the presidency, which was comparatively a light skirmish. It was in the desperate and closely-

packed ranks of the vice-presidential candidates that verbal slaughter was heaviest. As but one man could possibly obtain the plurality, the efforts of each was to riddle by grape shot and cannister the reputation, policy, and personality of the other three. Every device, short of infernal machines, was leagued with one side or another. Mass meetings were held at the committee rooms of the city hall. Speakers proclaimed the secret of oratory with inspired breath and hearts of flame.

If Blank was a teetotaler, someone was certain to storm upon him for a "molly-coddle, the grandson of a train wreck-er," and point out "his eminent fitness as a highwayman and a blackguard." If he drank spirits, so much worse was the case against him, for the club "was not a drunkard's haven," nor could



CONTEMPTUOUSLY CORRECT, "THE PRESS CLUB'S CHANCE" MOVES FAR ABOVE THE HOWLINGS OF THE MOB

exemplary members afford to give Vice the imprint of their favor. And thus it ran. To the stack of printed matter already on the walls of every editorial room, fresh inventions were added daily, the interest being very keen in the latest essay upon friend or foe. If you belonged to the reportorial staff, you sought the list of victims before you paid any attention to possible assignments, though world powers might be declaring war and an actress getting a sensational

divorce. If you were an editor, before you hung up your hat or rolled up your cuffs, you nervously sought through the pillory for your own name, or the finished copy of the last slam at "the opposition." One of the most prominent posters "boosted" the claims of John Chancellor Boylen for vice president. It was headed "The Press Club's Chance" and broke forth with a phraseology all its own:

Elect Him While He's Willing.

Elect John Chancellor Boylen.

His Platform: More Butter, Better Meals for Less Money, and Brotherhood of All Religions.

Over against him came a doughty student of the classics. In a hail-storm of excerpts from Pope, Tennyson, Shakespeare, and Byron, down to race-track experts, his campaign


(11-47-28716) T. S. FORM 2 C

TRANS-ATLANTIC **CABLEGRAM.**

No. 12265 Time 4:15 P

Check Paid

Route Via Carso



Send the following Cablegram "Via Commercial Cables," subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back hereof, which are agreed to.

To Rubbra News Toronto

Congratulations heartily appreciated. Hope
you are equally successful in your
candidacy for Vice Presidency Press
Club. Journalists like sailors are
expected to do their duty

Beresford

Please read the conditions on back and sign your name and address thereon for reference.

of: "innuendo" made highly-persuasive reading:

Plan all thine actions well is wisdom's rule;
Who trusts to "chance" proclaims himself
a fool.

Pope's "Essay on Man."
Like a Hell broth "Boylen" bubble.

Macbeth.

And many more of a like calibre. The
Rubbra rooters followed up their ad-
vantage with a dirge in this vein:

Rah! Rah! Rah! for Rub.

Remember the ancient and amiable Alf.
Alf. may work on an afternoon paper, but
by nature Alf. is a rounder.

Who is Boylen? Ask the cabmen. Boylen
is the man who rides a hack horse on the
12th of July and abuses the hackmen all the
rest of the year. Vote for Rub and abolish
rottenness. Mearns is dull and windy.

Vote for Rub, and better butter. Mearns
means moist soda crackers, and Boylen
stands for dog biscuits. Vote for Rub.

A document directed against one of
the vice presidential candidates will
illustrate the degree of blistering to
which a Press Club office-seeker must
expose himself. It requires at least
a gracious patience and a Christian
training to endure adjectives of this
sort with calm, for they are cunningly
calculated to wilt the "pink flower,"
make its wearer try to shave without
looking in the mirror, and cause him to
go to work by the back alley, unless he
possesses an unusually thick hide.

What would this — individual do if he
were elected vice president? He would
appear at Press Club, clad in a pink flower,
eye glasses and a cane. This strutting mutt,
this would-be Demosthenes, this political
cancer, this skunk cabbage of the journal-
istic world, this codfish aristocrat, would
want us to Mister him. That's what.

To the ash heap with this person.

An advocate of the Wilkinson policy
or personality spread out his wits in
this design:

If Boylen is elected vice-president of the
Toronto Press Club he will not be content
until every member of the club joins his
Orange Lodge, for he gets a rake-off on every
new member. We will all have to parade on
the twelfth of July wearing frock coats and
silk hats and carrying canes.

If Rubbra is elected, the Toronto Press
Club will become a thing of the past. Every
meeting will be turned into an orgie and a
debauch until no restaurant proprietor will
stand for Rub and his evil companions.

If citizen Cowper is elected, the Toronto
Press Club will degenerate into a Socialistic

organization where no one will be admitted
unless he wears a red tie and swears to throw
bombs at every capitalist.

If Wilkinson is elected the Toronto Press
Club will flourish like the proverbial green
bay tree. With the formation of the pro-
gressive party the Toronto Press Club will
become one of the wealthiest organizations
in the world. This increased wealth will be
added to all salaries.

As the elections were concurrent with
those of the British Commons, Mr.
Rubbra thought he would "ring in"
some opinions from the Old Land.
He therefore issued on facsimiles of
cablegram sheets, which he spread
broadcast, a personal greeting from a
great British admiral:

THE PRESS CLUB'S CHANCE



ELECT HIM WHILE HE'S WILLING

Don't be misled by the brainstorm of a few
flannel-mouthed demagogues.

HERE'S THE REAL ISSUE

DO YOU WANT THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENT ?

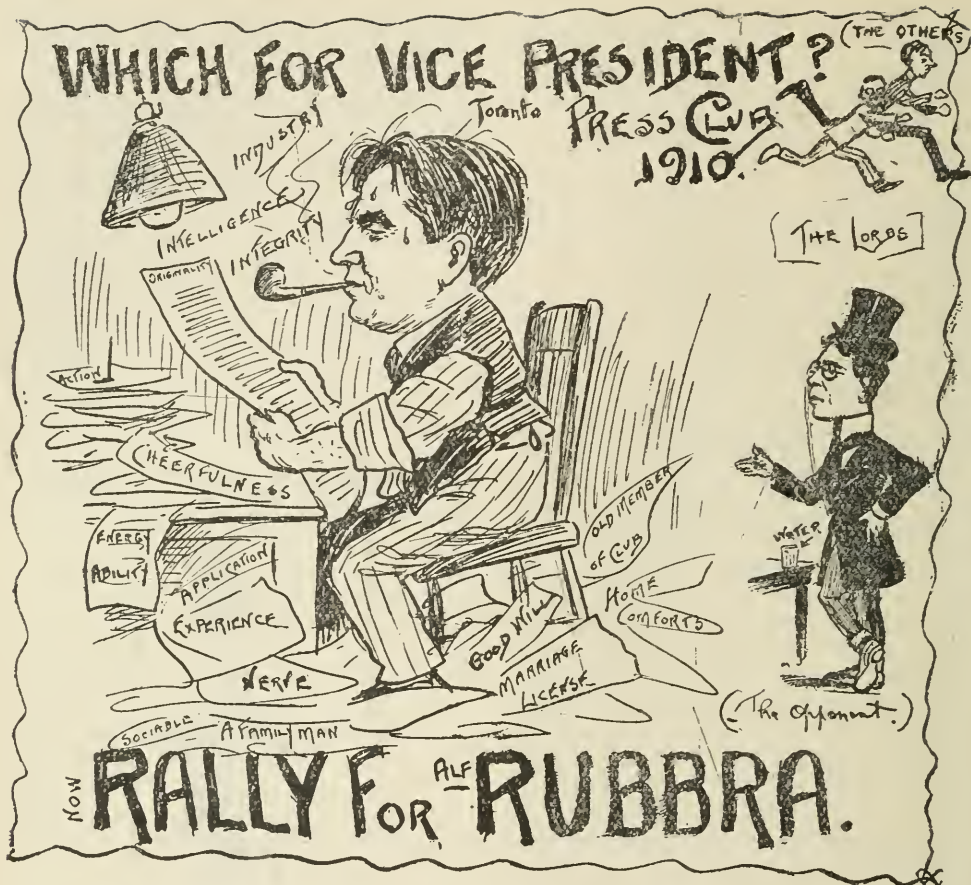
IF SO ELECT

JOHN CHANCELLOR BOYLEN.

HIS PLATFORM

More Butter---Better Meals for Less Money.
Brotherhood of All Religions.

A PLATFORM THAT IS AT LEAST CATHOLIC



RUBBRA SIMPLY SAT BEHIND THE COUNTER AND TOOK IN THE VOTES LIKE TAXES

To Rubbra, The News, Toronto:

Congratulations heartily appreciated. Hope you are equally successful in your candidacy for vice-presidency Press Club. Journalists like sailors are expected to do their duty.

Beresford.

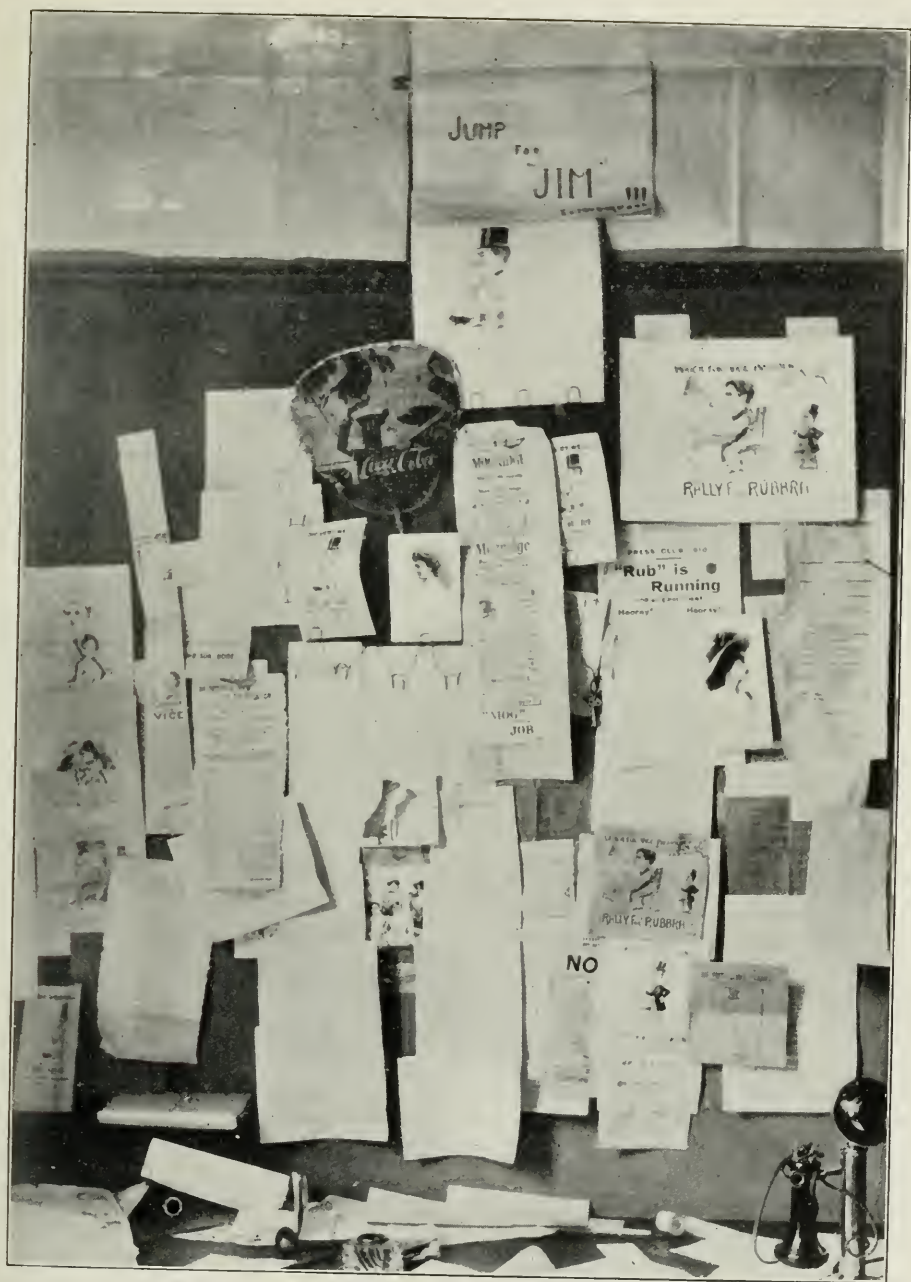
It would have been an interesting study to observe the illustrious admiral's countenance on reading this bluff and sailor-like effusion. Cannon-shot and flying shell may bring no flicker of emotion to his cheek, but there are times when the pen has the greatest warrior on earth looking over his shoulder and undignifiedly climbing a tree.

Forward followed the tenacious Rubbra with a document proclaiming:

Weather clear—track fast—Rubbra favorite.

Rubbra has not signed the pledge. Rumors that he has even contemplated signing it are simply calculated to hurt his reputation. Rubbra's reputation may not be anything to write home about, but he is glad that it is as good as it is, and so much better than that of the church members who are his calumniators.

To traverse farther these mighty pastures of journalism's wit and wisdom is but to spread a wrong impression, and to enlarge an occasional backstairs frolic into the permanent programme of our high-browed brethren. These foolish things they do not, except at intervals, and lapses into folly now and then, hurt neither the wisest men, nor the editors-in-chief. It is enough to say that Hammond, for president, came in first by a neck and a head; Rubbra simply sat behind the counter and took in the votes like taxes.



THE CITY EDITOR'S DESK THE DAY AFTER THE FRAY

The remaining candidates (though they did not remain long) girded their pride with sackcloth and ate ashes.

One day later—such is the brevity of newspaper memory—had you asked

the city editor who won the election, he would have packed you off to the Antiquarian library and bade you look up the grand-dad of Boaz or the Diet of Worms.

THE HABITANT'S FRIEND

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "The Last Spike," "Weiga of Temagami," etc.

A friend whose lips lie motionless,
Whose name I breathe, not without pain;
Yet, what rich gifts he left to us—
The cheerful children of his brain;
Leetle Batiste an' Dieu Donné,
Dose feller will not pass away.

You, who have broken bread with him,
Have lingered laughing late at night,
You will know why mine eyes are dim,
With tears that blur the lines I write;
Dere's one, he's fren', I'm not forget—
Dat small Curé of Calumette.

Time rolls, and brings us frost and flowers,
Set changes of the changeless years:
He passed 'mid early April showers
As tho' the world were moved to tears.
De Rossignol sing on an' on.
More sadder now, 'cause he ees gone.

He would not have his friends repine,
He fought, and wrought, and made a name
His work—I'd gladly make it mine,
Believe me, not for wealth or fame,
But just because he had to go
And leave it when he loved it so.

IT IS not complimentary to the wit, wisdom, generosity and good judgment of the real original Canadienne to say here that not a few Frenchmen were inclined to resent what, at first glance, they regarded as "making fun" of the rural Habitant, yet that is true.

Of course these did not know Dr. Drummond, who idolized the Habitant; whose simple life, happy heart, quiet mind and satisfied soul he sang. This burly, big-hearted Irish poet, who could not look into the eyes of a dying deer, was incapable of doing anyone an injury in cold blood. If he caught a carter beating a lame horse over its sore back, he cuffed the carter's ears: not because he wished to hurt the carter so much as he wished to help the horse.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier dialect poet, suffered in the same way until he made men understand. Now he's the idol of Indiana. Dr. Louis Frechette, the French Canadian poet-laureate, did a lot to quiet the early critics in his introduction to Dr. Drummond's first and best book, "The Habitant." Being a poet himself, Frechette saw not only the finished song but the simple honest Habitant who inspired the singer.

Doctor Drummond's dead, but his

works live, and will live. He passed away the 6th of April, 1907. He was one of four brothers who came to Canada from Ireland. The father, who had been an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary, died shortly after their arrival. From him they got a stout neck and a strong will, the "fight" that has made each of the four sons a force in Canada. From their mother, who brought them up, they inherited a stout heart and a quiet mind. While the other three brothers showed the commercial instinct from their youth, and, later, great business ability, none of them was of a literary turn of mind. As a boy William Henry learned telegraphy, later studied medicine, graduated and practiced for a number of years, until he found himself. To be sure, he had been a poet all along but it came so easy, so natural, that he did not know the real value of the simple songs he sang, which were all the sweeter for their unstudied simplicity. In fact he counted his poems of so little consequence that they might have remained unpublished for years had it not been for the insistence of his youngest brother, T. J. Drummond, now president of the Lake Superior Corporation and head of a number of other great industries. This was probably the only "business" undertaking

of his which had not for its aim the making of money. This was his labour of love. He carried the manuscript himself to New York, and secured a leading publisher for his unknown brother with little trouble, in spite of the fact that a book of poems is the hardest sort of a book to place.

After that it was easy. For a time the Doctor lived with his mother, or she with him, and often, when the other boys made their daily visits to their mother, they had the pleasure of reading or listening to the Doctor's latest poem. The daily visits of these big boys was the joy of the mother who had reared them, until she passed away at the ripe age of eighty-three.

Having discovered himself, the Doctor gradually withdrew from the practice of medicine. For a number of years he gave public readings of his poems, giving much pleasure to his admirers and gaining not a little revenue. The charm of his reading was that he knew not the first thing about the art of elocution. He did it naturally. He was not an elocutionist, when reading he was not even a poet. He was the Habitant telling his story in the Habitant's tongue. The result was that you saw only the Habitant and heard nothing else. Although a sunny soul, full of good cheer, Doctor Drummond had a deeply religious nature, a reverence for all things sacred. He worshipped mostly in the Open—in God's Great Cathedral of Out-of-Doors. Also he was decidedly human. He could express his feelings as force-

fully and picturesquely as the average Anglo-Saxon. If he could coo like a dove, he could also roar like a lion. He was a man, strong of body and mind.

One evening, finding myself in Montreal, I called at his home in Dorchester street and met him at the door. I wanted to excuse myself, saying I would call at another time.

"Sure you will," he said, taking my arm and leading me down the wide stone steps to the sidewalk. Instead of turning toward my hotel I found myself walking the other way with the

Doctor. Two blocks away he turned in at a gate. Here, I made another effort to excuse myself, in fact had said good-night, when he said: "No, no, come in, you can wait below, I'll only be a minute."

I noticed that he carried nothing but a stick. He was taken directly upstairs and for two or three minutes I could hear him joking and laughing with his patient. We made another short call and at the third house the patient was down stairs—not even in bed—but reclining listlessly in an invalid's chair.

As we walked back to his home I

asked him, "Do you ever give any other medicine beside this?"

"Beside what?" he asked.

"Jolly."

"Not if I can help it. It's the greatest medicine in the world."

He had more faith in the glad hand than he had in the griping pill. Fort he logy liver—the Laurentines; for low vitality—the woodland and the laughing stream.



IF BEV GILES WENT INTO VAUDEVILLE, HE
WOULD BE A TOP-LINER

As the years went by he talked less of medicine and more of books. With the exception of this night when we were making the professional calls, I heard him refer to his profession but once. Even then it was to illustrate a point, the point being that the cheque that comes for a poem, while it is very welcome, is not the only royalty or reward. "The feeling that one has given pleasure or help to another is the real reward for work well done," said the Doctor.

"The other day," he went on, "I was called by wire to meet Mr. Blank who was travelling through in a private car. I called and made him comfortable. By way of showing his appreciation he sends me this kindly letter, and a cheque out of all proportions to the service rendered, but I can forgive him when I read this beautiful letter."

Like the poet he was, he counted the letter of greater worth than the cheque.

Intimately associated with the Drummonds, and at the head of an important branch of their business, there was a young man named Giles—J. Bevans Giles. The friendship between Giles and Dr. Drummond was very strong, and in a way almost pathetic. It was the friendship of an old man for a young one; of a worn and wearied body for one of the huskiest, most radiantly well chaps I ever saw. Giles understood the big-hearted, sympathetic Irishman, and often accompanied him on his woods excursions, staying by him like a shadow and getting first hand impressions of the man and his work. When the Doctor's engagements over-

lapped, he used to send Bev Giles to fill them, and often said he was the best reciter of French-Canadian verse he knew. A letter from a lady who had consented to take the boy because she could not get the poet, is one of the treasures of Bev's collection. Indeed, though he was an imitator of catholic abilities his long suit was the Habitant.

If an election was coming on, it was considered a great joke to put Giles up to deliver an address to an audience in dialect of both English and French. Here he would use the Habitant dialect, and if a man called out "Parle Francais!" he would hand them a few reams of south wind in faultless

Parisian, proving his right to speak for the French electorate. His looks were against him. When he rose before an audience, he made you think of a full moon swinging up out of the desert. But when he opened his mouth, knit his brow and began:

"Johnny Courteau of de mountain, Johnny Courteau of de hill—"

FACSIMILE OF DR. DRUMMOND'S HAND-WRITING

you knew right away he was a Habitant.

Said a friend to him one day, "Bev, if you don't stop smoking you'll die young."

"Oh, very well," he said between puffs, "I'll have that much more time in Heaven."

If Bevans Giles went into vaudeville, he would be a top liner; also if there is a cheerful idiot on this continent, as the Painted Jaguar remarked, "that's him." The Doctor and he had splendid times together up to the time of the elder man's death.

Dr. Drummond's hobby was Irish

*Don't seem so long its bird' dat home
Chemin de pacifique
Laff' hundred dollar pass on dere an' nearly
two time week!
Wa look at place she freez. So hard
on what you call Klen - dat
It all if we have to pile dem up we
Got some large kn - trac!
It's serious ting. I stole you dat, de
way she go fast,
an' worse of all we don't know just
how long de boom'll las!
But if we don't go slower, an' ease
up little bit
Brimley de Canayens will be some
dead bird an' de pit!*

terriers, his recreation fishing. He was an enthusiastic and useful member of the Society for the Protection of Fish and Game. Many of his poems had their first reading at the annual dinners of this society. He enjoyed fishing, but he enjoyed the woods and waters most of all. He hated the fish or game hog, if so gentle a soul can hate.

The Doctor had an agreeable musical voice, with the faintest hint of an Irish accent. His brother, George, has this also. The poet liked serious poems, was fond of "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" and it was a real treat to hear him read Moira O'Neill's "Boy From Bally Terum," his favorite. If I may be personal, he liked "The White Lights."

The last time I had the pleasure of dining at his home I was the only guest. Over the coffee he said he had a favor to ask. It was that I recite for Mrs. Drummond that bit of railroad rhyme of which he seemed so fond. Of course, I consented, but before I began he called his man servant, a serious sphinx-like fellow, and said to him, "Stand by—listen."

When I had finished he gave his head a scarcely noticeable nod sideways, and the man withdrew. Then he had me promise to write the poem

out and mail it to Mrs. Drummond. The interesting part of this incident is that it revealed to me his big-hearted democracy, his gentle generosity which included every living thing. He seemed to hold that what was good for the master was good for the man.

Over the cigars, when we had returned to his den he repeated, musing:

"God, only, knows what's at the end—
I hope the lights are white."

When the hour came for me to take my departure for the ten-thirty train, he walked part way with me. When we separated he gripped my hand and said "Good night, good hunting and white lights for you always."

And that was the last time we were to touch hands. When the telegraph told the world that he had been stricken at Cobalt, where he was superintending the Drummond mine, every incident of our last meeting came back to me. I felt then that he was looking along the Line. And, when, three days later, word came over the wire that he was off, I had not a shade of doubt but that he had the right of way; that the Lights were white and the switches right and that his singing soul would glide smoothly into God's great Round-House at last.

THE WANTING LADY

BY MAE HARRIS ANSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. KOERNER

STEPHEN DUNKIRK was irritated; the kind of irritation which just escaped profanity, but found expression in kicking whatever his feet touched and slamming whatever came under his fingers. He was hungry—in itself considered by all humans of the masculine gender as sufficient to excuse any phase of ill temper—it was dark in his shack and nothing seemed to be where he had left it, "nothing" in this case being the single item of his waterpail. At last, he did

what he ought to have done first. He struck a match.

"Now, gosh all beeswax, where—" he began, and then stopped short.

Upon the very spot where his pail had stood every day in the month and every hour of the day, save when it journeyed in his hand to the spring, there lay a silver dollar! Half-fearfully, he stretched his hand out toward it, and as his fingers closed upon the metal, proving that it was no hallucination, he dropped into a chair and began

to laugh half-foolishly. After a few seconds he looked again at the coin.

"Now—where in thunder—who in blazes—how in the name of everlasting mystery—did—this—get—here?" he said. He looked searchingly about the shack for evidences of other appropriation. Not one of the simple fittings had been so much as touched.

"Oh, well, go to thunder with it all, I'm hungry!" he said at last, and picking up a deep-bodied stewpan he went to the spring for water. An hour later, as he sat smoking before the open fire, in that beatific condition into which a sufficiency of crispy pork, baked potatoes, hot coffee and a pipe never fail to put a ranger of the wide outdoors, Dunkirk's thoughts turned again, though hazily, to the mysterious disappearance of the pail and the equally mysterious appearance of the silver dollar.

"Huh!" he said disgustedly at last, as he rose and stretched himself and made ready to turn in. "I made a dickens of a row about nothing. Some wanting person of a hunter or a traveler, passing, needed a pail, and took it. That's all. . . . Deuced decent for him to pay for it at that rate," he drawled sleepily, and pulling the blankets up over his shoulders, he was asleep almost before the words had left his mouth.

By morning, he had quite forgotten the incident, and during the day as he tramped through the forest, it did not once recur to his mind. It all came back to him with a rush, however, with the first touch of his hand upon the latch and mindful of his experience the night before in the dark, he struck a match as he entered, and moved toward the shelf where he kept a candle. No candle was there, but in its place lay another silver dollar. And then as the rays of his lamp lit up the dark interior, he discovered a number of tinned things gone—salmon, tongue, peas and tomatoes—while in their stead a pile of silver dollars mocked at him from the shelf.

"He's hungry—and hiding," said Dunkirk, and with the thought, his pulses thrilled to a sense of sinister

mystery. The next morning when he left, the usual military order of his shack was gone. A warm sweater lay on the back of a chair; a pair of stout, homespun knickerbockers hung over the arm, and puttees and thick-soled boots lay on the floor beside them, while matches, biscuits—a dozen camp comforts—were openly displayed upon the table. Then he went out and conscientiously ranged the woods all day, eating supper in the open and returning to his shack only when it was full dark.

With his first step over the threshold, Dunkirk's foot smashed down upon something that he could feel even through the thick sole of his hunting boot. Without moving, he struck a light, and then carefully shifting his foot disclosed a tiny memorandum, one of the frivols that jingle in a collection of trinkets that jewelers call a *chate-laine*. For a few seconds, Dunkirk stared at it, dumbly. Then a strange expression crept into his face.

"Hunting Jehosophat!" he exclaimed, turning it over. The heavily embossed cover slipped back of its own weight, and he felt a strange tingling as he read the words,

"Chocolates, auto veil, modiste."

"Yes, it's a woman, sure enough," he said aloud, and then as if awakened from a dream by the sound of his own voice, he exclaimed, "A woman! Good God! what is a woman like that doing out here—and hiding! Chocolates! Auto veil! In the heart of the Riding Mountains! I wonder what she looks like. I wonder if she'll—oh, hell!" he broke off disgustedly. "Here I am, going off my base at the first hint of a petticoat!" And catching up his pipe, he rammed home the tobacco as if it had been the priming of a gun, and flopping sulkily into a chair, soon filled the shack full of smoke to suffocation by his vicious puffings.

It lacked an hour of sunset the next evening when Dunkirk walked across the clearing to his shack, his eyes alight with anticipation. All day, even though he forced himself to range the woods as conscientiously as had been his wont during the two months he had dwelt in the lovely Canadian

wilderness, he nevertheless, had looked forward to the tingle of the moment when he should discover the particular bent for the day of the mysterious Wanting Lady.

He lifted the latch with a feeling akin to that with which, as a little boy, he had greeted the opening of the parlor doors upon the glories of the Christmas tree. Eagerly he scanned his meagre array of utensils. All were there. His eyes roved to the shelf where his store of tinned goods was kept. Nothing had been touched. Even a brace of prairie chickens still hung where he had displayed them.

"She's gone!" he exclaimed at last. "She's gone!" he repeated a few moments later, as he went mechanically about his preparations for supper, from which all savor had gone. And even with the coming of another day-break, he awoke to a sense of peevish disappointment, and in the same temper he strode a little later through the forest with a crushing of twigs underfoot that proclaimed his presence to all the forest folk within a mile. For more than an hour, he plunged ahead, and then he suddenly awoke to the realization of an insistent sound that had been beating against his ears for some time. He listened for a few minutes, and then a look of mystification came upon his face.

"A dog," he said. "A little dog. Now, why in the name of a war-whoop is a little beast like that loose here in the wilds? What kind of a man—by heaven!" he broke off excitedly. "what if it should be my Wanting Lady!" He turned in the direction from whence the sound seemed to come, and plunged joyously into the tangle of the forest.

For some time the yapping kept up without cessation, and then Dunkirk's heart gave a sudden bound as it was cut short, and all that he could hear was the usual talk of the forest,—the rustle of leaves, the twitter of birds, the creak of swaying limbs. For full five minutes he stood as still as the great tree trunks about him, just where the cessation of the little dog's yapping had left him. And then, it seemed as if life itself returned when once more the



THE LADY

shrill, impatient sound fell upon his ears. This time he moved much more quickly, driven by the fear that the sound might cease altogether before he could trace it to its course.

At length he came to the banks of a creek, where the waters of the June

freshet raced in mad abandon over its clear, sandy bed. Just across from him, standing out in startling boldness, was a great rock and from behind this came the shrill bark of the little dog. Dunkirk felt his heart beating in unaccustomed excitement as he splashed across to the jutting shoulder of the great rock. He thought he was prepared for anything he might find behind its screen, but as he rounded the point of granite, he stopped short, literally stricken dumb by the sight before him:

For there, fully a mile from even the suspicion of a backwoods road, was a big touring car, apparently intact, and as ready to respond to the sweep of the crank as if it had only pulled out for a stop along a main traveled road. While he stood spellbound at the astounding sight, a small atom of a Pomeranian went almost mad with indignation, as it tugged and pulled at the strap which held it in leash upon the front seat. Just as he recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to take a step toward the amazing apparition, a woman's head lifted itself from the rear seat, and dazed though he was, Dunkirk noticed that her first glance of hostility quickly changed to one of relief.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh! so it's only you. I'm so glad it isn't—them."

"So you are the Wanting Lady," was all Dunkirk could say.

"So—you are the man of the cabin," she mocked with mischievous eyes.

"H—how did you get here?"

Her laughter bubbled up as musical as the ripple of the water flashing along at their feet.

"Blew here," she said.

"Blew here?" repeated Dunkirk, stupidly. "But—but—I don't understand."

"Please don't try—oh!" she broke off suddenly with a groan.

"What is it?" cried Dunkirk, as he saw the blood recede from her cheeks. "What is it?" he repeated, but only when he started across the space that separated them did she manage to stammer out,

"It's—it's—my ankle. I turned it day before yesterday."

"Let me see. I know something about medicine," he added as she made a motion of dissent. And before she could frame a word of remonstrance he was beside her and as wholly in charge of the case as if he were a surgeon-general, and she a matter-of-course patient in the most matter-of-fact way.

"So this is why you did not come yesterday," he said at last as he tucked away the end of the improvised bandage. She gave him a quick, searching glance, and then what she said was quite the last thing that Dunkirk expected, in spite of all the surprises connected with her presence there.

"Wasn't it jolly?" she said.

"Jolly? Well, hardly—that is—yes. H—how long have you been here?" Dunkirk was disgusted to hear himself stammering.

"When did you lose your pail?"

"I discovered that I had given my pail in an unfair exchange four days ago."

"And four days by that same exchange, have I been here,—absolutely happy and free. Never an atom of fear,—but once—and that was when I heard your step and thought that—they—had found me and I should have to go back."

"Do you sense the woods like that, too?" said Dunkirk.

"Oh, in every fiber of me. I have always thought that the phrase 'the call of the wild' was a pleasant little fiction. And only four days ago did I wake up, really wake up. I have traveled in all the civilized countries of the globe, and nothing moved me, nothing touched my very heart until I found myself—alone—in these wilds of Western Canada—and free for the first time really to think my own thoughts. And such thoughts! It seems to me that I never, never can go back now."

Nevertheless, though she knew it not, Dunkirk slept that night rolled up in his blanket, just within the fringe of woods on the opposite side of the stream, and though there were hours during the succeeding two days when he left her to herself, he yet never was for long so far away but what the slightest sound from her camp would

have reached him. In the afternoon of the second day, she awoke suddenly to find Dunkirk looking down at her with troubled eyes. Her pulses bounded with a sudden fear, but she said calmly,

"What is it?"

"They are on your trail. I ran across them awhile ago, but I turned them off—until I had seen you."

"Well?" she said, as he paused.

"Dear Wanting Lady, I can not—can not let you be taken back—unless you wish to go."

"Taken back—where?"

"The asy—the place—that you are so glad to be away from. No, wait!" he said peremptorily, as she made a movement to rise, gazing at him with eyes wide with amazement and alarm. "I love you. If you will trust me and marry me, at once—to-morrow—they cannot take you back. I am not the backwoodsman you may think me. I am—"

"No, don't tell me yet," she interrupted. "Neither am I what you have thought. Man, dear, I am as sane as you are this moment. I have not escaped from any asylum. I have never been kept in that kind of restraint."

"But you said that you blew here," Dunkirk insisted doggedly.

"And so I did." She laughed at the recollection, and then sobered suddenly as she saw the look upon his face. "We were making a tour across Canada," she went on simply, "and a week ago we camped one night somewhere on this creek, higher up. In the night there came a storm—you remember that 'storm?' Dunkirk nodded. "I awoke to find my automobile running down hill. I don't know yet how it happened. I merely awoke suddenly to find the car in motion, and I scrambled for the steering wheel. I thought I was in the road, and I had all I could do to keep the car to it, and then suddenly that big rock loomed up before me, I turned out, the car stopped, and here it is—and so am I."

"Yes—but—" Dunkirk began.

"What looked like a road was only the dry bed of the creek, and then the

freshet came down and washed away my trail."

"By Jove! so it did! So it did!" exclaimed Dunkirk.

"I thought surely they must find me the next day—and then when they did not, I began to enjoy the strange things that began to happen,—and—"

"And now?" said Dunkirk.

"Never mind that just now. Go and bring them to me. No, just trust me and wait. Please—please—dear. No,—wait,—just let me do it my own way." Dunkirk looked deep into her eyes for a moment, and then with his pulses thrilling he turned like a soldier and plunged into the forest.

Half an hour later, he crunched again to the shore of the creek from whence he had gained his first sight of the surprise behind Big Ben, as the Wanting Lady had named the huge rock. But this time, there trailed along behind him a puffing, ejaculating stout man who limped with his left foot, a stouter lady who limped with her right foot and peevishly resented it all with every step, and a thin, tight-waisted, dapper little man, who said nothing and walked correctly, but whom Dunkirk knew was the most disgruntled of the three.

In silence Dunkirk piloted them across the stream to Big Ben, then without so much as extending a helping hand, he jumped lightly to land, and set himself close to the rear seat of the car. When the stout man found himself and the stouter lady and the medium sized man safely on land again and had a chance to lift his eyes and take in his surroundings, he said simply and without apology,

"Well, I'll be eternally damned!"

The eyes of the girl in the car danced, but she coolly extended her hand and said calmly,

"Glad to see you, Henry. How are you, Daphne? I'm sorry that you had to walk so far in the wilds, count."

"My dear!" wailed the stout lady. "Such a fright as you have given us. The count has been so concerned. How you must have suffered. The count has hardly slept a night. We must get you right out of this. The

count has had enough of cross-country touring. Henry, don't stand there with your mouth open like a hippopotamus in the bulrushes. This has so disarranged the count's schedule. Do hurry and do something."

"Don't excite yourself, Daphne," the girl said, in cool, calm tones. "It is all very simply arranged. You and Henry and the count are to go right along and pick up your schedule. I am going to stay here."

"But, my dear!" wailed the stout lady. "That is quite impossible. You can't stay alone in the wilds, even if we would leave you."

"I shall not be alone," the girl said quietly, but the rich color swept over her face, though her eyes did not falter. "I am going to marry this gentleman to-morrow, and spend my honeymoon in the shack you saw a way back."

"Helene Murdock!" shrieked the stout lady. "Have you gone clean out of your senses?"

Helene Murdock! The name startled Dunkirk. It was a name to startle anyone, especially when the owner of it had just calmly announced her intention of marrying one within twenty-four hours. For Helene Murdock was a famous heiress whose reported engagement to a man of title had for months been the choice morsel of international gossip.

Henry's mouth came shut in a sinister line, and both he and the count took a threatening step toward Dunkirk.

"Wait!" said Dunkirk, as Helene caught at his arm. "I am not exactly what I may look to be. My name is Dunkirk. All of you are wearing the famous Dunkirk outing clothes. Had you read the Chicago papers within the past three months, you would know that I have bought three thousand acres up here in the Riding Mountains, where in time I expect to have a big country home and shooting box."

Again Henry's vocabulary failed him, and as he sat heavily down beside his hysterical wife, the phrase seemed fairly to be jolted out of him,

"Well, I'll be damned to Salt Creek!"

"But mademoiselle!" said the count. "Is this—are you—surely you will be guided by your family. A young girl—"

"I have been guided by my family,—guided straight to this step I am taking," she said with emphasis and a level gaze into the blazing eyes of the Frenchman, that made him grow white inch by inch, and at length bow silently and withdraw to the side of the hysterical Daphne. "Nothing that any of you can say will alter my decision. I am of age. My property is exclusively my own. I am of sane mind," this with a roguish half-glance up at the still astounded Dunkirk, "and I am going to marry Mr. Dunkirk to-morrow. You and Henry can be the right kind of a brother and sister, if you will, and forestall all chatter by being at the ceremony,—or you can make a nine day scandal by leaving me here alone to be married."

"But the announcement of your engagement to Count Roqueville! How can I ever explain it?" exclaimed Daphne.

"Something the way you explained it to me when it was made," said Helene in cutting tones. I never acknowledged it. I have always denied it. I feel under no obligations to shoulder the consequences of your foolish talk. You have lost all hold on me. I never will go back to your ways of life. I never shall care again what 'people' may say, so long as I know I am doing no wrong. Now, which is it to be? peace and propriety that your 'people' will understand, or opposition and scandal that will be harder for you than for me, since you must live in the midst of it?"

In the end, she had her way, and as the crestfallen trio splashed through the creek and rounded the shoulder of Big Ben, she turned to Dunkirk with glowing eyes and as her hands slowly crept from his breast up to his neck, she said softly,

"Dunkirk, dear, what is your first name?"



José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED



FAST as quickly as his courage had ebbed, it now returned, his young arms grew strong, his eye grew bright and his cheek flushed. With an impulsive hand he sent a note of defiance

ringing from the chords. The wolf hesitated a moment, but only for a moment; once more it advanced, and as it drew near José clanged his defiance from his instrument, nor did he cease, though he felt the hot, angry breath almost in his face. Something told him he would not be harmed, and even when the wolf rose to spring upon him he sent forth his most confident outburst.

The wolf rose to spring, but instead of falling upon José he fell upon his back as if he had received a tremendous blow. His bones crashed together under the force of his fall, and when he

regained his feet with a terrified howl of pain he limped away crestfallen into the dark shadows of the wood.

José began to realize what a power he had in his hands. A great difficulty and a great danger had been surmounted simply by playing on his harp. If it could make a path through the woods, and conquer a beast that had been the terror of the forest, what could it not do? Already he began to feel that, as the musician had said, he would be greater than the king himself. This thought gave him new vigor, and with quickened step he followed his instrument's guiding notes, never looking back; having no dread of the wolf or the shadows. Soon the trees began to grow thinner, the shadows were less dark, and the giant forest kings gave place to trees of lesser growth. In a few moments José felt a full warm gleam of sunlight on his cheek that told him he had reached the open. He ceased playing, and sat down—not to rest, but to wonder.

There was the fair world spread out before him; the distant city, the distant stream, and the waving fields of grain. Only the night before he had rushed into the woods, his little feet had

been torn by the brambles, his clothes had been rent, and his body bruised. To-day he had come through the same woods barefooted, and yet he had suffered in no way. Could it all be only a dream? No! There was the city before him, the river, the orchards, the fields; and far, far away on a distant hill, he could see the strong palace of the King—the King who had wanted some new pleasure. He had it for him, and at the thought he seized his instrument and began rapidly to descend the steep hillside.

Down and down he went with his protector clasped lovingly in his arms, until he reached the spot where he had made such efforts to keep Fedora's flock from straying away. He expected to see the flock nibbling the grass among the hills, and he had a dread of meeting Fedora. He looked far and near, but no sheep could be seen. He sat down sorrowfully at the foot of the very rock where sleep had overpowered him only the day before, and in the blazing sun began to lament on his harp the pain he had caused the poor, cross old woman, who had, for all her crossness, been very kind to him. Sorrowfully he played with closed eyes, and sweetly the music stole over the mountain side. As he played, two sheep rushed bleating towards him, but he did not hear them, nor did he open his eyes until his strain was finished; and when he did, on either side of him stood one of Fedora's very best and snowiest sheep. The flock, he thought, has strayed away and these are all that are left, but I will bring the others to me; and he played with might and main, but no more sheep obeyed his call.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "these two are all that have been lost. The rest have returned to the fold, and Fedora has been unable to take them to their pasture. I can at least return these to her."

With a feeling of dread—for he still, even with his protector in his arms, dreaded the angry tongue and menacing weapon of his old mistress—he wended his way down toward her cottage. It was his duty. Perhaps his harp might be able to charm even her anger away.

Soon the cottage was before him, and with trembling step he advanced towards the open door. As he passed the sheep-fold, he saw that the sheep were all there, and the two that had followed him rushed eagerly to the gate of the fold anxious to join their comrades. But José did not stop to let them in; fearfully he went to the door. But Fedora was not moving about in the cottage, and to his sorrow he found her on her bed tossing and groaning with aching bones.

Fedora turned towards him, and when she saw him in the doorway, she rose on her couch, and shaking her fist at him, cried: "It's you, you thief, is it? Oh, if I could only get up, wouldn't I cut you into mincemeat? Bring me that sword, you thief, till I kill you."

But José was not anxious to be killed, so he made no effort to comply with Mother Fedora's request. He was, however, very sorry for the poor old woman, and said earnestly, "Forgive me, my good, kind mistress! I did not mean to do wrong, but I could not keep awake, and so I ran away."

"You could not keep awake! Wait till I am strong enough, and I will teach you to keep your lazy eyes open. Here have I been for the last twenty-four hours waited on by Juanita, who delights in telling me that I am old and weak, and that I will soon have to leave my flock and little cottage and garden in her keeping. Old, am I? I'll teach you, you gipsy thief, that I am young enough to make every bone in your body ache. My flock would have stayed out all night but for Juanita; she tended them, and two of my best sheep have been stolen. I suppose you have taken them to your rascally tribe."

José, who had been struggling to get in a word to explain that he had brought the sheep back, at last sat down in despair and ran his fingers over his harp, playing the same air that had drawn the sheep to him on the hillside. Scarcely had he begun to play when a hurried patter of feet was heard on the hard ground in front of the cottage, and in an instant the two stray ones bounded in to José's side.

Mother Fedora, at the sound of the



"WAIT, AND I'LL GET YOU A MEAL FIT FOR A PRINCE"

music, ceased shouting out her woes about Juanita's taunts, José's wickedness, her own aches, and her lost sheep; and sat up in open-mouthed wonder. And when her lost sheep pattered in she uttered a cry of delight and fell back exhausted and dazed.

José ceased playing and said: "Here, my mistress, are your sheep; I brought them from the mountain-side. I will come back some time and repay you what you have paid for me, and the trouble I have given you."

"You'll come back?" cried Fedora. "You'll not get out of my sight again."

As she attempted to rise, she found she had not sufficient strength, and fell back with a cry of pain.

"I am very sorry," said José, "to have to leave you; but I have been given a duty to do, and I must go into the world until I meet the King. I have been sent to him."

"Sent to the King, you lunatic!" exclaimed Fedora; "you have been

sent to watch my flocks, and if you leave this cottage I will hunt all over the kingdom for you and chop off your head. You sent to the King! Where did you steal that instrument, you young thief,—and where did you learn to play it?" she added, in a milder tone.

"I did not steal it; it was given to me, and I have been commanded to give its music to the King. But I cannot leave you suffering as you are, and yet I must go on."

"Oh! you ungrateful boy," moaned the poor woman, "would you leave me to die of starvation, perhaps; for Juanita has barely enough to support her own miserable life. Your harp is a rich one; take it to the city and sell it, and come back and live with me. I promise never to beat you again."

"Sell my harp! I cannot, I cannot!" cried José. "It is a magic harp. No one taught me to play it: I need only touch its strings, and whatever I wish will come. It led me through the

forest, and made a wolf rush back to his den when he was in the very act of springing upon me."

"It will give you whatever you wish?" interrupted Fedora. "Then, wish that I be made young and strong again; wish that these wrinkles leave my old face, that my arm become once more fit for work, that my bones leave off aching. Do this, and I will not envy the King his castles and his servants."

"I will wish it," said José, and he took the harp and played. As he played, the warm healthful blood began to course through Fedora's veins; her yellow, shrunk, shrivelled cheeks grew full and young and rosy; her arms worn with toil became round and strong, and her bones ceased aching. She rose from her couch as if she had never known a pain, and stood dazed and stunned from very joy, feeling and looking as young as she had been thirty years before.

She was about to rush upon the harp and embrace it, but José cried out: "No! No! You must not touch it; it will kill you."

"Kill me!" cried Fedora, derisively. "I could break it into a thousand pieces with these arms," and she looked admiringly at the muscles that had so suddenly returned to her.

"No, you could not," replied José. "I saw it dash a wolf from it as though he were a feather. Remember, it bestowed that strength on you, and it can take it from you in an instant. But the day passes, and I must hurry on."

"Not till you have something to eat. It is high noon already, and it will be evening before you reach the city. Wait, and I'll get you a meal fit for a prince."

As she spoke, she bustled about with a youthful activity that made José look with wonder on the instrument that had such marvellous power. But he was still José, and quite a human boy, and at the sight of the home-brewed wine, and the grapes, and the black bread, his mouth watered and his eyes danced quite as hungrily as they had done before the golden and the silver dishes in the woodland cave.

He was soon eating heartily, and, as he ate, Fedora drew from him all that

had passed since he left her, and she was often compelled by the strangeness of the tale to doubt his words; but the new youth she had received, the fresh strength and activity, reassured her, and she believed it all. But she was loath to let him leave her, and when the meal was done she begged him to stay, and not attempt to find the King, who, she said, had enough pleasures already; and promised José that he would have nothing to do but sit in the sun and play to his heart's content.

But no pleading could change José's purpose, and he got ready to depart. Fedora, however, was filled with a desire to have the magic harp in her hands, but José snatched his instrument up, and cried out, "Do not touch it." Fedora laughingly put out her hands to seize it. José knew the harp could defend itself, but to save her he rushed from the hut and ran with the wings of the wind towards the city. She rushed after him, but he was soon a mere speck on the road, and she gave up the chase.

She then went to Juanita's cottage; and poor Juanita, bent and shivering with age, could hardly believe it was Fedora; and when her neighbor told her that José had become an angel, and was going about playing a harp that could lead home the flocks, make paths through the woods, send wolves howling to their lairs, and renew youth to people who were on the verge of the grave, Juanita rushed from her cottage to beg him to restore her youth. But José was nowhere to be seen, and she hobbled back, feeling many years older, now that Fedora had become young again; and Fedora joyously went back to her cottage and her toil never again to dread Juanita's taunts about her age.

CHAPTER VI.

José never looked back, but hurried on to the city whose walls gleamed before him white and beautiful. The sun was slowly sinking in the West, and he was afraid that it would be behind the hills before he could get into the city, and the thought that his harp could only answer his touch while the sun was in the heavens made him hurry along at a break-neck pace.

What would he do for a place of rest and an evening meal if he should be unable to make his harp provide them for him? Slowly the sun sank, and rapidly he neared the city, with its great domes glittering in the golden light and the gleaming spires towering in grandeur high above the walls. The sight made José's heart glad. In a few moments he would be in that city, where all people would delight in his music; and all, even the king, would do him honor. He was almost at the walls now, and as they loomed up high and strong before him he saw at intervals little watch towers, where soldiers clad in glittering armour stood keeping a careful guard. He looked about him for the gate, and there, a little to his right, he saw two towers, higher and stronger than the others, and connected by a bridge over which two guards paced to and fro. This, he felt, must be the city's chief entrance, and to this place he hurried. There, sure enough, was an opening, but, just as he was about to enter, the great thick gates moved slowly outward, and with a shrieking of bolts, a groaning of hinges, and a clattering of chains, they closed and shut out the city. He rushed against them in his eagerness to enter, but they moved not, and his little hands pushed in vain.

"Hallo! my gipsy," cried a burly soldier, leaning over the guard-bridge, "so you were going to take our city! We have enough of your miserable tribe within our walls already: you can sleep out on the plains for to-night. Know you not that it is due to you sneaking rascals that our good king compels us to shut the gate an hour before sundown? Under cover of gathering darkness your beggarly people, with their lame legs, their starved looks, their squeaking pipes and squalling stringed-instruments have kept crowding in, to beg and lie and steal, till every corner of the city is full of them. If I had my will I would string you up by the score on every tower as a warning to your friends to keep to their own side of the hills."

But José heeded not his angry voice and cried out the more vehemently, "Let me in, I must get in!"

"You must, eh?" cried the soldier in a gruff laugh. "We'll see about that. What is that you have on your back under that covering? A musical instrument, I should say, from its shape. So you hope to get in to add your racket to the din that makes us wish our ears were stuffed with wool from morn till night. Listen, you monkey-faced brat, and hear what your countrymen are doing!"

He stopped speaking, and José heard harsh jarring notes: the pipe, the harp, the flute, all vieing with each other, each evidently eager to drown the other rather than produce music. Mingled with this music, or rather noise, he could hear the clatter of hurrying feet across the stones of the city, the shouts of mule-drivers as they forced their laden beasts through the crowded streets, the murmur of voices in conversation, and the cries of merchants calling their wares. All these sounded clear and distinct to José's ear, and yet he could not enter.

His thoughts were rudely interrupted by the harsh voice over his head: "So you wish to join your strength to all that din? The blessed saints will thank me for what I am about to do."

As the guardsman spoke he took his great bow in his strong hands, and drawing an arrow from his quiver placed it on the string.

"No, no!" he cried laughing, "you need not turn pale and shudder for your life. The arrow of Lara, the king's chief guardsman, would turn upon himself before it would enter a gipsy brat. No, no! I'm merely going to save my fellow-citizens from many days' annoyance by snapping the strings of your instrument."

He then raised his weapon, glanced his eye along it, taking steady aim so that his arrow in its course should not merely crash through the strings, but should break them all as it tore across them. A moment he paused, laughing at José's terror, and then sent the arrow with unerring aim on its path of destruction. It whizzed with angry swish through the air, and before José could move it struck the covering of the harp. But that arrow, that in

Lara's hands had often pierced triple mail, made no dint on the harp. It struck the silken mantle and fell to the ground, shattered into a thousand pieces.

Nor was this the only thing that happened. As the arrow struck the harp the bow in the archer's hands snapped into splinters and the string burst with a fierce cry. The archer, too, was hurled to the ground, as though struck by some giant hand. His comrade in the opposite tower rushed across the bridge and raising him gently poured some wine between his lips, and slowly he opened his eyes.

"It is an angel or the devil," he cried, "at the gates. Keep them shut! If the very devil is there we must keep him out. Be on your guard, Haro!"

José, as the arrow fell at his feet, tore the covering from his harp to see if the blow had damaged it in any way, but it was still shining beautiful and undinted, the jewels still glittered in all their brilliancy, and the strings still quivered like sunbeams eager to respond to the lightest touch. The desire to play came to José, and notwithstanding the presence of the stern soldiers his hand swept across the strings.

At the first touch Lara forgot his bruises and with Haro leaned over the bridge to listen. José saw them and cried out once more in childish appeal, "Open." They could not resist, and forgetting their duty they were about to take hold of the levers that controlled the gates, when suddenly the dull, heavy groaning of the bolts, the clatter of falling bars, the ringing of dropping chains, warned them that the gates were being opened by unseen hands.

Awe-struck, they stood open-mouthed, while the ponderous gates swung inwards, and the city lay open to José. With delight he hurried through, fearing that the gates might close before he could get inside, and as he advanced he played a stirring song of triumph.

"Humph!" cried Haro, "scratch my leg with your dagger, Lara, for, by my life, methinks we dreamed. I trust no one saw the gates open; if they did

we will be given to the crows in the morning. There they clang to again and no alarm has been sounded, thank Heavens!"

"It's no dream, Haro. There is my bow broken into splinters, and here is my hand torn where the string burst. And see my helmet is dented where I struck the corner of the tower. Lucky I had it on, or I am afraid my head would have been cracked like an egg-shell. But where is our musician? Lost in the crowd; he still plays on, however, and would he were always in the city: every pipe, every screeching merchant, every beggar, has stopped his clatter and listens with open mouth. I wish I could get out of this. I believe I would follow him about the streets as I did the pipers when I was a lad. By our Lady, when the king is gracious enough to give me my pay, instead of buying a gold chain to hang about my neck, I will lay it all at the shrine of our musician, for an angel or saint he is."

"Beware, Lara," said Haro, "you may be doing reverence to the devil."

"Out with you, Haro! Think'st thou that Satan ever heard such music? If he did methinks he would discard his horns and hoofs, give over his stubbornness, and once more become an angel. Had he been an angel of darkness he would never have been content with breaking my bow and string, and cracking my helmet; he would have dashed me to pieces. He is an angel of light, and, though I do not know his name, my unknown saint will be only second in my reverence to our Lady. But listen to the music, it is slowly reaching the market place. I only wish I could spirit myself away from this tower."

As he spoke, José was passing along the streets, playing as he went. When he had passed the gates the street musicians and beggars who had not caught the full richness of his music in the discord and din they were making at first thought it was merely some more skilful musician come among them, and dreading lest the scant harvest of coins would go his way they began to shout and pipe with their utmost energy,



LEAVING THEIR SHOPS UNGUARD, THEY FOLLOWED AFTER JOSE'

But José's harp rang out above them all, and one after the other as they caught his music, paused and stood spellbound. Their eyes, too, greedily viewed the rich frame that held the magic chords, but no one thought of that for more than a moment. The music seized them, and held them in rapt attention. Along the street he passed, and the crowd, forgetting their occupations, and leaving their wares behind them at their stands, and their shops unguarded, followed after him, crowding, jostling, trampling on each other, everyone eager to hear the music, to see the player and his magic harp. No sound was heard except his notes, and the shuffling of feet, as men, women, children, beggars, tradesmen, street-musicians, and jugglers madly hurried along after the player.

At length the great square was

reached, the square where once a year the king assembled the citizens while his heralds proclaimed in voices of thunder the new laws he had in his wisdom enacted, and the dire calamities that would befall anyone daring to break his decrees. The sun was shining with level beams right into the square, its light falling full upon a broad white marble stone, pure as new fallen snow, that lay in the very centre of the square. It was the King's Stone; the place where the king, clad in a robe of dazzling whiteness, with a golden crown on his head, golden shoes on his feet, was wont to take his stand, while the people knelt with their heads in the dust to hear his sacred commands. No foot save the king's ever stood upon it, and the penalty for trespassing on this sacred stone was death.

José knew not this; he had never

seen the place before, and he was following where the harp led. Right across the square he went, nor did he stop till his bare, brown feet stood on the very centre of the King's Stone. The crowd uttered no cry of horror; under the spell of the music they had not realized the desecration. José seemed to have become transfigured there; in the full rose-tinted sunlight, his bare feet, his ragged dress, his uncovered head, and dark gipsy face were not seen. The harp was everything, and the whole square seemed filled with ten thousand rainbows, for about him was cast a celestial glory from the harp and the sun. Awe seized the beholders;

a feeling that they were in the presence of some being more sacred than the king himself took possession of them; and all about him, men, women, and children, lords, ladies and beggars, fell on their knees and veiled their faces. José did not heed their obeisance; he knew only one thing, that his fingers were making the same music that had drawn him to the woodland musician. The sun, as it sank seemed to compel him to play it to rest as it had urged the master in the wood, and José, feeling that he must soon cover up his instrument for the night, played with an eager enthusiasm that held the crowd breathless.

To be continued

SUMMER TWILIGHT

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

A DOWN the hills the shadows drift,
 The bees come, honey-drunken, home,
 The alder bushes yonder lift
 Their treasury of blossom-foam;
 The wind comes whispering to us
 A song that is too sweet for speech
 And roses folding, tremulous,
 Are holding converse each with each.

One white star blazes in the sky,
 The sunset flings its banners far
 Until their tintings fade and die
 Beneath the lustre of the star;
 The forest purples into black,
 The stars march up like homing sheep
 That to the fold are coming back—
 And all the world is now asleep.

A SILVER-POLISH ANGEL

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. A. NOTEWARE



THE HOUSE which Joe had built was like Joe himself, short and plain and unfinished looking. It stood upon a little hill and had a low, green valley on either side of it. Joe had built it for the tall woman who stood in the doorway, shading her thin face with

a large red hand. Half a mile away her eyes rested on Joe, laboring patiently with the new oxen. Beyond him, a gray blur on the green, stood the log house of the Thompsons, their nearest neighbors.

It was satisfying to the woman to know that the Thompsons envied her and Joe their new home of matched pine and real brick chimney; and for a moment the deep eyes lost their hard, weary expression as she gazed. Then the narrow scowl-lines came up again between the heavy brows, and she turned with an impatient sigh to look across the prairie, northward. Here lay a long, long stretch of unbroken loneliness, with nothing to mar its stillness save the twitter of the prairie-chickens, scurrying brown dots of life between green grass clumps.

Often of late, memory had carried the woman back a long distance; back to the old log home in Eastern Ontario. Before it lay the wide, clear waters of a great river. Behind it stood the great trees of the forest. And people

had called this spot lonely, lonely with all those voices of wind and waters and bird-notes. Lonely with all the beauties it held.

A hot tear crept down the woman's thin cheek and splashed on the hands that were clasped now; clasped tightly with the nails biting the flesh.

She stood up straight and tall, anger flushing her sallow face.

"I wish I hadn't married him," she murmured, her dark eyes turned upon the spotted oxen and the man who drove them. "Joe and me has both made a mistake, I guess; him thinkin' he cared some for me, an' me thinkin' he'd understand me enough to know—"

Almost Joe's wife wished now that she had married Abner Stutter, the peddler. Abner was one of the very few men she had met before Joe came into her life. Abner had been devoted to her. He had proposed twice before Joe came and once after. He was a little man with a receding chin and big, milk-blue eyes. She remembered how smart he had always appeared in his store clothes and paper collar.

She turned at last, and passed into the house. The soft glow of memories was still in her eyes and she sang in a high, uneven key "There Were Ninety and Nine."

Abner had always liked to hear her sing that hymn. Said it went right to his heart and made him feel like turning over a new leaf. She had sung the same hymn to Joe right after they were married, and he had simply grinned and said he reckoned she wasn't cut out for a singer, but to keep right on practicin' and never mind him.

She dropped into a chair and rocked to and fro eagerly. Joe didn't nigh deserve her, she told herself. She picked up a paper-covered book from the table and leafed it over. It was

entitled, "A Wife's Sacrifice." Joe's wife had read it three times. Its heroine reminded her of herself.

By and by her head drooped forward, and she began to weep as a broken-hearted wife is bound to do; as Agatha in the story had done. When she raised her eyes, Abner Stutter stood in the doorway.

"Oh, Abner—you?" sobbed the woman, hiding her face in her hands.

"Libby!" cried Abner, setting his case of silver-polish on the floor and advancing with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Abner," sobbed the woman.

"You are an unhappy wife," asserted Abner, wiping his weasel-like face on a red cotton handkerchief. "Poor Libby, you are an unhappy wife of three months."

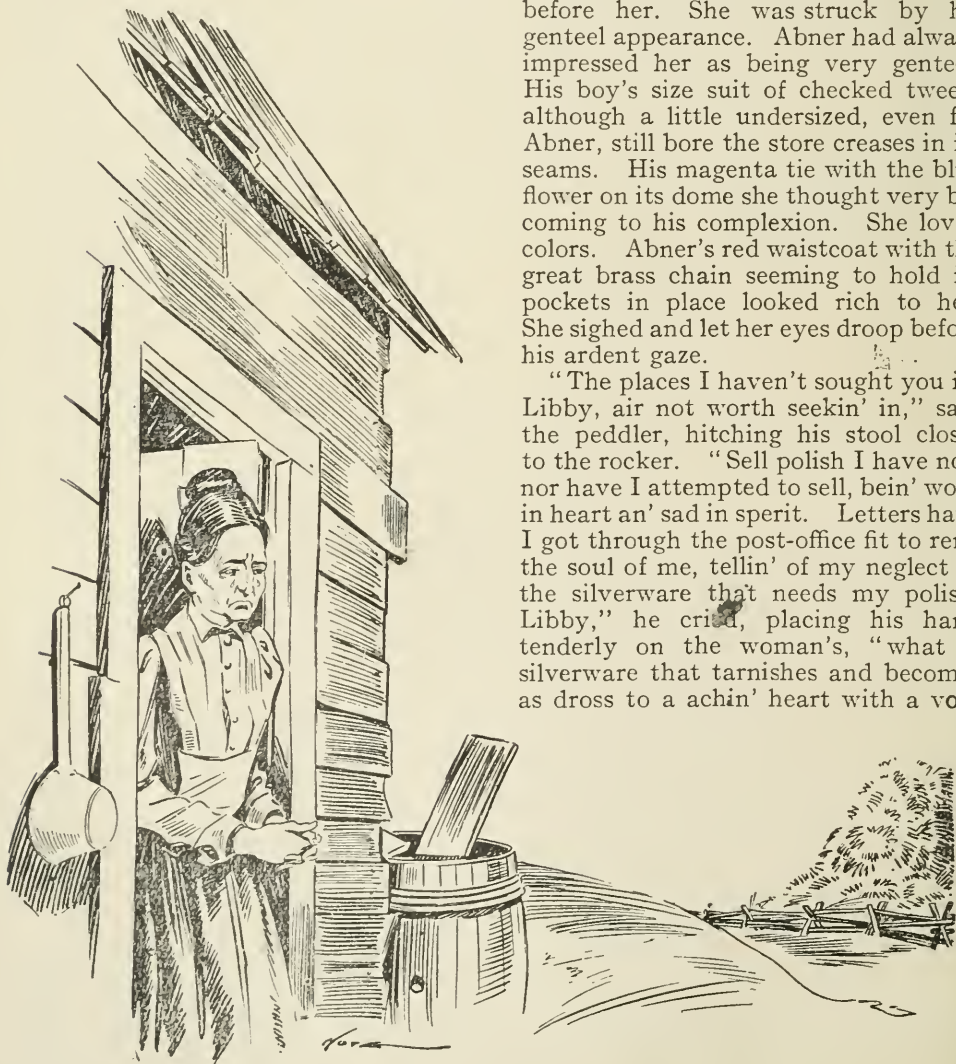
"Three months come Tuesday," sobbed Joe's wife.

Abner laid a claw-like hand on the arm of the woman's chair.

"Human natur is errin', Libby," he said, tapping the chair-arm with a long finger nail.

Joe's wife dropped the apron from her face and gazed on the little man before her. She was struck by his genteel appearance. Abner had always impressed her as being very genteel. His boy's size suit of checked tweed, although a little undersized, even for Abner, still bore the store creases in its seams. His magenta tie with the blue flower on its dome she thought very becoming to his complexion. She loved colors. Abner's red waistcoat with the great brass chain seeming to hold its pockets in place looked rich to her. She sighed and let her eyes droop before his ardent gaze.

"The places I haven't sought you in, Libby, air not worth seekin' in," said the peddler, hitching his stool closer to the rocker. "Sell polish I have not, nor have I attempted to sell, bein' worn in heart an' sad in sperit. Letters have I got through the post-office fit to rend the soul of me, tellin' of my neglect to the silverware that needs my polish. Libby," he cried, placing his hand tenderly on the woman's, "what is silverware that tarnishes and becomes as dross to a achin' heart with a void



"I WISH I HADN'T MARRIED HIM"



"WHAT IS SILVERWARE TO FEELIN'S SECH AS MINE?"

in it. What is silverware to feelin's sech as mine, I ask you?"

"Or mine," sighed Joe's wife. "Or mine either, Abner."

"No, nor yours either, Libby," agreed the peddler.

"Nuthin'," sighed the woman.

"Nuthin' 't all," echoed Abner.

Through the tiny, west-end window the golden sun poured its soft light, stealing along the floor and kissing the rude, unpainted table that Joe had made. Out across the board floor it spread until it had touched nearly all the rough furniture in the room.

"Which bein' the case, Libby, it is some natural as I should look you up," continued Abner. "Me knowin' you

as I do, *you* knowin' *me* as *you* do, and us a-knowin' of your husband as *we* do—"

Joe's wife looked at the peddler wistfully.

"I thought as Joe would have appreciated me more," she spoke, a quaver in her voice.

"Which like is not in his natur' to do," replied Abner. "Joe, boy ner man, was never intended fer you, Libby."

The woman arose to prepare the supper fire.

"Let me do it, Libby," begged Abner.

He came over and took the kindling from her hands. She watched him thoughtfully, towering above him and

looking down upon him with deep, narrowed eyes.

"Joe, he always speaks high of you, Abner," she said at length.

Abner bent above the shavings and scraped a match against the floor.

"Allers when he reads in the *Weekly Blazer* 'bout any man as has done somethin' smart and clever, he most times says as the man in the paper puts him in mind of you."

Abner's match went out with a puff, and he lit another.

When the fire had started, he stood up and ran his slender finger about his neck, under his paper collar.

"Does he now?" he said, his eyes on the fire. "Somehow I never thought as Joe had any particular likin' fer me, Libby."

"Not that I judge he has," said the woman. "Not that I think it's Joe's way to like anybody beside hisself over much."

Abner picked up the novel and leafed it thoughtfully.

"I reckon as you full understand my feelin's, Libby," he said, hesitatingly. "I don't pose fer any more'n I am, and if I've made a success of life, it ain't fer me to brag about it like a amateur. The peddlin' business is a hard life, and one gets lots of knocks and little praise. But what I want to get at is this here: You've knowed me a long time, and you'll say as I've allers played pretty well above board with you. I had hoped you might have got a likin' fer me in time, and I ain't sayin' but that I kept my real feelin's hid from you a great deal. However, I ast you, and you says, 'No, Abner, it can't be,' and that settled it. Then come Joe, and you marry him."

The peddler threw the book on the table and toyed with the penny fob on his chain.

"This ain't no way fer us two to be talkin', Abner," remonstrated the woman, fearfully. There was a streak of pallor in her cheeks, and the hand holding the dipper trembled.

"I ain't goin' to say anythin' you wouldn't want to hear," said Abner, raising his moist, milk-blue eyes to the woman's. "Nuthin' I wouldn't have

Joe hear, neither. All I want to show you, Libby, is where I stand—that's all.

"When I heard it, what did I ast myself, d'y'e think? I asked myself this here question, 'Will Joe make Libby right happy?' You see, I didn't harbor the least feelin' of resentment toward your man. He was spoke well of and he had some property. All I wanted was to see you satisfied, Libby. As God's above, that's right."

The woman sat down and lifted her apron to her eyes.

"Oh, Abner," she sobbed, "you was always so good, I—I—Oh, don't let me say it, Abner, don't do it."

The peddler gripped the table and braced his slender form.

"Say what you please, Libby," he said, gently. "Or say nuthin' 'tall as best suits you. Only don't let either of us say anythin' as'll add to your cares."

"Why did you come here, Abner?" asked Joe's wife, from behind the apron.

Abner strove to answer; then swallowed hard, and looked down.

"I reckon I'd best tell you," he said at length. "I heered—no matter how ner where—as you was failin' in health and looked miserable! I *had* to come then, and I did come and I found you jest as miserable as people said. I thort it might be over somethin' as I could help you, Libby—help both of you, you see. Maybe, says I, it's money troubles, and what's the use of me havin' four hundred dollars layin' in the bank doin' nuthin' when friends is in distress. So over I comes to help you out, to help you both out, and I find I can't do nuthin' after all."

Joe's wife dropped the apron and looked at Abner with a glad light on her face.

"You was allers considerate," she cried. "You allers was."

"And now," went on Abner, a frown between his narrow eyes. "I can't see nuthin' else but fer you to leave him, Libby."

The woman gasped.

"Oh, Abner!" she cried, hysterically.

"Yep," said Abner, straightening up, "if he can't appreciate the best woman

in the world, there ain't no call on you to stay here and eat your heart out. You've gotter get a di-vorse."

"A what, Abner?"

"A *di-vorse*, which means in legal terms, a separation from your husband, with the right to marry ag'in if you so please. In other words, the puttin' asunder of what God has j'ined together. I don't think as God has much to do with j'inin' hearts sech as yours and Joe's, anyhow," he added, bitterly.

"You mean as we go away from each other and—and forget, me and Joe—forget as we was ever married, and—and—"

Her white face fell against the chair back. Abner went over and lifted her up.

"You used to be right strong, Libby," he said, chidingly. "You've gotter be stronger than you ever was, now. If you ain't happy, why, you ain't a-goin' to stay that way, if I can help it. I ain't askin' nuthin' ner expectin' nuthin'. I'm speakin' fer you alone. You'd best be *di-vorsed* from your man."

The woman was silent for a long time. The sunbeam had crept through the room, and through the stillness was borne the hoarse toot of the McWilliams' supper horn.

"Perhaps it might be best," said Joe's wife at length. "Best fer Joe, maybe, best fer us both, likely. You remember Phoebe Brown—"

A red flush wiped the pallor from her face.

"You don't reckon Joe remembers her yet, Libby?"

She nodded. "Joe could right soon marry her if—if we was that you say, Abner."

He nodded.

She arose weakly.

"I can't jest tell you what I will do now, Abner," she said, almost pleadingly. "After supper I will, or tomorrow."

"I can't stay fer supper," said Abner, moving towards his satchel. "Leastways, I'd like to stay, but I might see things as would make me bad friends with your man, Libby."

She did not answer, but spread a white cloth on the table. He took his hat from the peg, and stood fumbling it.

"Joe allers says he feels good after talkin' with you," said the woman, pouring the boiling water in the little pewter pot.

Abner hung up his hat on the peg again.

"I reckon I might as well stay, Libby," he said, hesitatingly. "It might jest be as it might be best fer us all. Guess I'll go and meet Joe."

He passed out, and down the green slope toward the barn. At the alder bush he stopped, and lifted his head.

From the house came, in a high, uneven treble, the sweetest song he had heard for a long time. He passed on, humming in a tuneless voice, "There Were Ninety and Nine."

Joe's wife, having spread the table and fried the potatoes, along with the ham and eggs, to a turn, stood in the doorway and watched Joe and Abner come up the path from the barn together.

They were walking slowly, Joe with hands behind him and head bowed, and Abner, boy-like beside his great form with one hand on the farmer's arm.



"I DON'T RECKON AS I'D CARE TO HAVE LIBBY THINK ME SOFT, ABNER"

Occasionally Joe would nod vigorously and look down upon Abner with a chuckle of admiration.

When they entered the room, Joe looked at Libby with a half-bashful, half-shamed expression. At supper he did most of the talking. Abner was strangely silent.

Once during the meal, as Joe helped the visitor to more ham and eggs, he said:

"You won't be gettin' the likes of Libby's cookin' every day, Ab."

And Abner looked up with a smile and replied, "Not many men are fortunate enough to possess a cook like this here wife of yourn, Joe." And Joe blushed. Abner saw that blush. It disappointed him at first. He was chagrined. Then, slowly, unbidden, there came to him a feeling of shame, and suddenly he found himself admiring the big farmer who sat in awkward silence gazing at his wife.

After supper the men sat outside on the porch, smoking their pipes in the restful coolness of the plains. Joe broke the silence first.

"Which same ain't holdin' only in the cookin'," he said, hesitatingly, and in a low voice—not too low, however, for a listening woman to hear, "but in everythin' else likewise, Abner. I

don't suppose all women are as good as mine, but they don't jest have to be fer the matter o' that, to make home pleasant."

"You think a right down heap of Libby, I guess," manoeuvred Abner, in a casual tone.

Joe looked over his shoulder, fearfully.

"Not quite so loud, Abner," he cautioned. "Libby'll be a-hearin' us."

"Don't you ever tell her how much you 'preciate her, Joe?" asked Abner, drawing his chair closer to the farmer's.

Joe looked at him in surprise.

"I don't reckon as I'd care to have Libby think me soft, Abner," he said, reproachfully. "I don't think as I'd care to have Libby laugh at me any."

Abner lay back in his chair and laughed happily. Then he sat up and gripped Joe's hand.

"You're a dam fool, old Joe," he said, huskily.

Joe sat with a foolish grin on his face.

Abner blew his nose on the red cotton handkerchief.

They smoked in silence as the western twilight had settled down upon the land. Inside, Joe's wife was singing, "There Were Ninety and Nine," as she cleared the supper table. And in the song's cadence there was a new note of gladness.

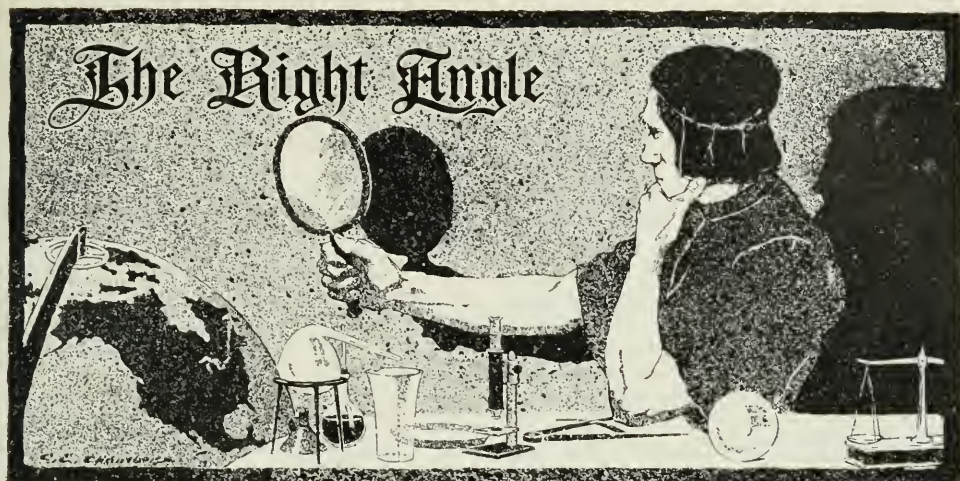
A CONVERSATION

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

A LITTLE road goes up the hill,
And Thistle-down says she,
"I'm off a-gypsying to-day,
Drift up the road with me."

"And sure 'tis nice to go," says I,
"But 'tis not I will come,
For who would feed my cow and cat,
And make my wheel to hum?"

'Tis here at home that I will bide,
And thanks to you," says I,
So off went gipsy Thistle-down
A-drifting in the sky,



HAS A MAN THE RIGHT TO STARVE TO DEATH?

SIX charitable societies of England in 1907 sent eleven thousand "assisted emigrants" to Canada. Eleven thousand of the unfittest. Eleven thousand *who had not cared to try* to pull down anything in the wolf-fight of life. Eleven thousand who had given up, and "come on the rate," had acknowledged their helplessness, and floated, unresisting, with the tide. Eleven thousand failures.

Somehow the miraculous air of Canada was to transform these men, was to lend muscles to their flabby arms, vitality to their anæmic bodies, ambition to their listless minds; was to inspire them to build a new success from the scattered straw of their old failures; was overnight to make them men, instead of "assisted emigrants". So it was worked out under the shaded lights in charitable ladies' committee meetings in London. Theoretically, it was a beautiful solution.

Practically, they starved.

Canada needed men to plough, to sow, to reap, to punch cattle and make horseshoes and mill flour and raise fruit. They could do none of these things. The men who had depended on carrying somebody's bag across Blackfriar's Bridge for sixpence, and knew no trade at all, were as out of place as a Sevres vase in a stable. The country was an unknown wilderness to them, born and bred in Ratcliffe Road. They knew nothing of its requirements, and what was worse, *they did not want to*. Moneyless, underfed, discouraged, unused to anything wider than 'Igh 'Olborn, they huddled in the lowest quarters of the cities where they landed, and literally starved to death, while the ladies under the shaded lights were figuring how many more they could send by the next steamer.

Seeing this, Canada made two regulations covering immigration: the first, that immigrants coming to employment other than farm work, or, in the case of females, to domestic service must have in

their possession at time of landing the sum of \$25.00, in addition to railway transportation to ultimate destination; the second, that the consent to emigrate to Canada (required by law to be granted by the Assistant Superintendent of Emigration for Canada in London, England, to such charity-aided emigrants as he considers suited to this country) shall be given only to such as are suited for, willing to accept, and have assured employment at farm work.

The English press complains of these two regulations. It contends that Canada is autocratic and overparticular; that Britons never shall be slaves; and that a man shall have the right to go where he pleases and die when he gets there, if it suits him. The gentleman who has never seen a forkful of hay pitched, or done a day's labor with anything heavier than a fountain-pen, waxes very indignant over the East-Enders' right to die in Canada, though his right to live in England doesn't seem to be of so much importance.

But Canada has some rights of her own, according to Superintendent of Immigration W. D. Scott, whose system of controlling, handling, and turning to the best account a great influx of population has become the model for all civilized countries; and we agree with him thoroughly. Month after month, when Canada was wrestling with the problem of the eleven thousand failures dumped on her shores, we protested editorially that immigration should be controlled by law; and when Canada put into effect the two regulations quoted above, we believed, and still believe, that they were the two wisest regulations that ever went on her immigration statutes. We cannot repeat too strongly that immigration of inefficients should not be allowed, not only for the sake of the immigrant himself, but for the sake of the country to which he comes. And whatever the press across the water may say, we cannot see that freedom to starve to death in a strange land is an inalienable right of the Englishman, or that Canada has committed an unpardonable sin in forbidding him to force her to bury his pitiful bones.

EVERY INCH A KING

IT ISN'T every day you can find a genuine bona-fide king on the North American Continent; the highest the average young Canadian can hope to attain is the proud title of "Boss"—yet there is at least one royal ruler in King George's Dominion who goes unchallenged by herald or pursuivant—Peter Veregin.

King Peter is absolute Czar over ten thousand Doukhobors. He looks the part, too. Driving over the trails between the Doukhobor villages, he makes an imposing spectacle to the traveller who chances to meet him. A

handsome dark Russian he is, clad in a magnificent fur overcoat with wide lapels of white fur, and a fur cap, that he wears like a crown. His buggy is rubber-tired and shining, his horse spirited and beautifully harnessed, and behind him rides a ragged young outrider, bare-backed on a glossy bay. A commanding and royal figure is King Peter, a personage who might well gain and hold the loyalty of his people.

The "palace" at Otradnoe doesn't bear out its owner's magnificence—at least to English eyes. It is a rattle-trap and lurid affair, painted in violent blue and green, but doubtless consider-

ed the acme of magnificence to the King's subjects, who dwell in the typical log-and-clay houses of the region, and confine their colors to the flowered skirts of the women and the red and blue flower-beds in the tiny yards. King Peter spends only a small part of his time there, for he is away much of the time on community business. Recently he has bought 3,500 acres of land near Nelson, B. C., part of the purchase being the beautiful Vaughan mansion and estate where it is said that he intends to reside. He has planted 11,000 trees this year, making 20,000 altogether, 4,000 being prunes, and the rest principally apples. He is operating a brick-yard, saw-mill and grist-mill there, and is planning to secure yet larger holdings of land.

Under his leadership the Doukhobors are unquestionably prospering, and people who know something of these so-called impenetrable folk prophesy that in a generation or two they will be assimilated into thrifty, honest, hard-working Canadians. Their children are beginning to learn English, and some of them are attending academies and getting at least the rudiments of an education.

The next ruler of the Doukhobors will be a queen. She is a cousin of King Peter's and is already known among the community by the Greek Catholic name for the Virgin Mary. Meantime Peter Veregin and his people labor without ceasing, ship wheat, and continue to thrive.

FROM THE SILENT PLACES

THOSE of our readers who were interested in our account some time ago of the huge wood bison bull brought down for scientific purposes by Mr. Harry V. Radford last December, will find the accompanying photograph of the immense beast a curious study. Not only the largest bison ever killed in North America, but the largest animal of any kind slain by man from Cape Bathurst to the Horn, the photograph makes the beholder rub his eyes and think of Brobdignag rather uncomfortably.

Mr. Radford is now somewhere north

of base lines on the great Barren Grounds, mapping the country and striking for the Arctic sea-coast at mid-continent, which he expects to reach sometime during the summer. The photographs accompanying this article were taken in his winter quarters at Fort Smith on the Slave River, and were accompanied by a letter telling



PETER VEREGIN
Canada's only home-grown king

something of his experiences during the year that he has spent in the North Country. He has travelled 7,000 miles since leaving Edmonton, 1,200 of them by shanks' mare in moccasin and snow-shoe; has been down the Mackenzie to the Arctic Circle and seen the midnight sun; has hunted wavy at Fort Rae, and had many curious adventures.

Although he confesses that "candidly, poetry is not in my line," Mr. Radford has tried his hand at interpreting the spirit of the north in verse, and we give one of his poems, "*On the Mackenzie*," written while in winter quarters at Fort Smith.

Gay halcyon
days of
golden
youth are
these

That see me
floating on this mighty tide.

So few have witnessed: where the northern
breeze

Blooms strong and sweet beneath the
heavens wide.

Strong from the ice-fields of the Arctic coast,
And sweet from woodlands where wild
roses grow.

I seem to catch the age-long wanderlust
Of the wild Indian and Eskimo.

Ah, this is freedom! let me deeper roam,
My spirit burns to dare and do!

In truth the wilderness to me is home,
With savage guide, and gun, and bark
canoe.

The mountains frowning on Mackenzie's
flood,
The eagle soaring in the heavens above,

And the long twilight—all have stirred my
blood
And fired my soul with wildest wish to
rove.

Onward! I care not though our trackless
course

Should lead to north, to east, west—any-
where!

What though a
continent
we have to
cross

To reach the
musk-ox
and the pol-
lar-bear?

Mr. Radford mentions the fact that no one has yet sung the spirit of Northern Canada, although the Yukon has produced a bard to celebrate its mountains and mines. It is surely a country worth a poet's praise.

AN ECHO OF HISTORY

FLINT- LOCK

muskets, ar-
quebuses, cul-

verins, and the catapults with which Julius Cæsar used to scare the stuffing out of the Helvetii, are generally bracketed together in the average reader's mind; and it comes as rather a shock when a gentleman of our own day remarks casually that his first job in the gun business was altering flint-lock muskets to percussion. You look at him admiringly, and wonder if he will say next that he was a chum of Hendrick Hudson and used to play baseball on the same team with Rip Van Winkle when they were kids.

It is another shock when Mr. Frank Tobin further explains that the job



IN WINTER QUARTERS AT FORT SMITH



THE BIGGEST BEAST SINCE "ALL-THE-BUFFALO-THERE-WAS" AROSE AT THE COMMAND OF THE ELDEST MAGICIAN

began in 1880 at Halifax, that these "modernized" muskets were in great demand among the fishermen and coasting traders of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and that probably some of them are still in use to-day. Spirit of Bertha Krupp! Wouldn't it jar you?

Mr. Tobin is not engaged in the reconstruction of flint-locks now. He is the head of the only gun-making plant in Canada—there is no other, strange as that may seem in such a nation of sportsmen. There is probably not one Canadian in ten who cannot handle a gun, while the propor-

tion is much more nearly reversed in the United States. Yet we cannot buy Canadian-made guns, except from this man who in 1880 bent over a work-bench and altered flint-locks to percussion. That job got too slow for him in 1884, and he left the shop of the Halifax gun-repairer, to study the trade with an up-to-date firm, getting a thorough knowledge of the gun-business, and finally establishing a Canadian gun-plant of his own, which needless to say, doesn't make flint-locks. But it gives one a curious feeling of antiquity to think that some of those ancient arms may still hang in the cabins of the schooners that ply in the fog-haunted waters of the Grand Banks, and even occasionally be fired, with a mighty kick at the reckless marksman who beards tradition and wakes the echoes of history off Sable Island.

Flint-lock muskets! How do you suppose great-granther's sword would look with our Sunday suit?

A MEMORY OF THE RED GODS

IS THERE anything more fascinating than a map?

Not the dog-eared maps in the old blue-backed geographies, with their inconvenient habit of raising questions about population and exports and principal products and things no right-minded child wants to know, but Real Maps, railway, or government, or geological survey maps—the kind you spread out on the floor in spring and weight down with the tackle-box and a bunch of sinkers and get excited over, and end by nearly tearing in two, with your best friend clinging to the opposite edge and vociferating:

"Why, you blithering idiot, can't you see you'll save thirty miles paddle if you take the south fork?"

There's nothing like a map for testing friendship and making the family cat wretched. After you've discussed one with a man and haven't killed him on the spot, your companionship is warranted proof against all weathers; and your household, heaving a sigh of relief, crawls cautiously out from under the gooseberry bushes and takes up the

ordinary business of existence once more.

Now every fellow has some particular first love in the way of maps, some direction in which his stick generally falls when he, knapsack on back, sets up the oracle to determine the angle of his journey. One sees his swooping fancy hover over wide brown prairies, quivering in the full sun; another hears the musical drip of fountains in hedged Italian gardens and dreams of blue sky and tinkling goat-bells on the high cliffs of Capri; another lets his fingers rest for an instant on the wide white map-spaces that he knows for the restless Pacific a-rock under the moon; another—well, it's not polite to ask a man to tell his first love, but one of the most cherished maps of my collection is that of the strip of woods and rivers between Superior and Hudson's Bay.

The very names are a calling temptation, a dancing, mocking, elusive will-o'-the-wisp among the pavements and telephones of town. Missinaibie, Maganetawan, Rupert House, Dead Men's Chute on the Namakan, Kawagama—can't you see them, with the warm sun filtering through their pointed firs? A country threaded with brawling streams, jeweled with lakes, starred with still trout-pools, a place to rest and dream, a place to labor with pleasant toil that hardens your muscles and makes you sleep sound—that's my country.

The map of it that I own is decorated in half-a-dozen colors of pencil, and varied with all sorts of landmarks and notations, smoke-stained, adorned with a fish-scale or two, and some coffee-cup rings—a rowdy and dissolute-looking old map, but nevertheless one of my dearest possessions.

This year I unfolded it tenderly, and spread it out on my littered desk. Here ran the boiling Narrows where three years ago Dick and I busted that old birch-bark of Joe Charley's all to flinders; here, marked with a charcoal cross, was the pool where we hauled out such a dandy catch of trout; here the place where we paddled down the wrong side of a rocky little nubbin of



DEAD MEN'S CHUTE ON THE NAMAKAN—A WICKED RUN OF BOILING WATER

an island and spent half-a-day hunting for the International Boundary. Every mark on that map meant a memory pungent and sweet as sassafras.

I laid it down, and looked out across the court of the big office-building at my narrow strip of sky where the last glow of sunset had paled into greenish-grey. In the opposite windows, lights were beginning to sparkle out fitfully, and far across the roofs from the dock-fettered, bridge-bound slave of a city river came the long whistle of a steamer calling for free channel—the free channel that all of us seek at some time in our lives, and so few of us ever find.

With a sigh I folded up the old map, and turned again to my papers.

WILLIAM WHYTE PRESCRIBES

IT has always been the contention of CANADA MONTHLY that mixed farming and stock-growing are the salvation of the western landholder, and it is in this connection that we print a recent statement by Mr. William Whyte of Winnipeg, in which he prescribes this same medicine for one of the standard ailments of the West. Mr. Whyte says:

After the wheatgrower has gathered his crop, there is absolutely nothing for him to

do until the following spring. Because of this, we find him leaving his holdings and spending the winter at the Coast, or in California. I think if he could be induced to take up the feeding of cattle in the stalls and the raising of hogs, that it would be a blessing to him and to the great plains country as well.

Years ago southern Alberta was one vast grazing ground. Countless herds ranged there. To-day the great bulk of that land has been transformed into wheat lands. Unless the farmer takes up the work of feeding cattle in the stalls, I do not know where the meat supply of the world is to come from. And take hogs. At the present market price of pork, it is quite possible for a farmer to make his poor grade wheat, or the damaged variety, easily worth three dollars a bushel. Western packers tell me there is no better tasting or sweeter bacon than that raised on wheat. So you can see to what advantage the big wheatgrower could turn his surplus crop, provided he did so without making a regular business of it, and so glutting the market.

The westerner is being forced into diversified farming because of the difficulty in procuring men to harvest his grain. Look at the great crop there now. When ripe, it must all be gathered in a short time, or else the wind will break open the husks and half of it be lost. Last year we took out for the farmer an army of 30,000 men. We had some difficulty in getting that number, and what will the situation be as the acreage increases?

This year the area sown in wheat in the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Sask-

atchewan will be from eight to eight and a half million acres. Saskatchewan alone will have about four million six hundred thousand acres, and there are ninety million acres of arable lands between the forty-ninth and fifty-fifth parallels of latitude in that province alone. We have only touched the fringe yet.

Coming from a man who has been in active touch with Western Canada for so many years, this statement carries real authority, and merits the thoughtful consideration of every citizen of the West who is interested in Canada's future prosperity.

THE PURE MILK QUESTION

MANY readers of CANADA MONTHLY have commented favorably on and given support to our appeals for pure milk legislation, and it is with interest that we note the importance which has been given to this subject by the Canadian Medical Association, which recently met at Toronto.

Dr. J. C. O. Hastings, introducing the report of the Milk Commission, said that the reason for existence of the Commission lay in the present lamentably large infant mortality, and the fact that at least fifty per cent. of those who die under the age of five years, do so from some kind of stomach disorder or kindred preventable diseases, and that under the age of two years the proportion was ninety per cent. There was no problem in preventive medicine of greater significance than that of removing the dangers which exist in the ordinary market milk. Because one child had died from rabies, every dog in Western Ontario had been muzzled. Why were not some stringent measures taken to save the five thousand children under five years of

age who at a conservative estimate might have been saved to Canada by preventive measures last year out of the ten thousand who died? Certificates were required before druggists, doctors and even undertakers could practice, but any ignorant foreigner who was willing to do the work could come in and milk the cows and send out the milk which filled the coffins of the undertaker.

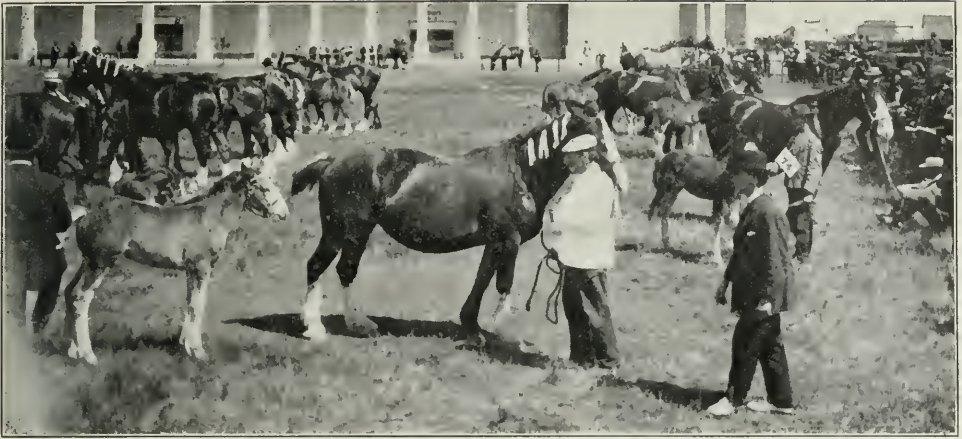
The Commission had tried to secure legislation from the Dominion Parliament and the Local House. The Federal House was limited to the power of defining what certified milk, milk, and officially pasteurized milk were, but they had assured the Commission that when these definitions had been sufficiently adjusted by them to the satisfaction of Professor A. McGill, Dominion Analyst, they would be incorporated in the adulteration act. They had also tried to co-operate with the dealers, and they had found these when properly approached quite willing to do all they could. Two years ago a pint of certified milk could not be purchased in Toronto, while now 470 quarts are sold daily, as well as 36,448 quarts of officially pasteurized milk, 4,956 quarts of pasteurized cream, and



WILLIAM WHYTE
Mixed farming and stock-growing, according to Mr. Whyte, are what the Western farmer must develop

nearly 200 quarts from the plant of the Hospital for Sick Children. Altogether 42,074 quarts of what they could guarantee as being free from disease-producing germs were being sold daily in Toronto, almost half of its milk supply.

During July and August, the most dangerous months of the year for babies, extra precautions should be taken by every father and mother to see that the milk supply is properly handled.



EVERY CITIZEN OF WINNIPEG IS A HORSE-LOVER

A FIVE-MILLION-DOLLAR MEGAPHONE

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE comes a time in every nation's existence when she must rise up and wave her arms and yell to attract the attention of the world. She may have the gold of Ophir, the spices of Arabia, the jewels of Cathay, and the Great Behemoth of Holy Writ drawing her gang-ploughs, but they avail her nothing. The world is too busy eating and working and making love to go on independent investigating tours. It must be clouted on the head with her facts, must see them blazing before it at every turn, must be driven at the point of her advertising pen to look up between mouthfuls and see what she has to of-

fer. Just to see—that's all the persuasion needed. Then, and not until then, will it recognize her riches and her strength.

It is indisputable that Canada has the riches. They have been accumulating in the rich, black soil of her prairies since the dinosaur played tag with the pterodactyl and left clawed footprints on Superior's sands. They

have been gathering in the hills for centuries until gold and copper and silver and lead and antimony and a dozen other precious metals lie hidden away in shining veins beneath the roots of her pines. They swim in her sea, and leaf in her forests,



BOUND BY THE COMMON TIE OF A BAG OF PEANUTS AND A GRIN



THE HOME-STRETCH—COME ON, YOU BEAUTIES!

and graze on her buffalo-grass, and smell at the bait in her half-breed trapper's snare, and lurk in the spray of her ten-thousand horsepower waterfalls. Where in the old countries a hundred mouths fight in the streets over a penny loaf, in Canada there are loaves to spare for all the world.

But fresh-baked loaves, crusty and brown and smelling like warm ambrosia don't grow in umbels on timothy-grass, even in Canada; and what she needs is men to break her sod and sow her wheat and achieve the sweet miracle. She needs every one of those hungry mouths to develop her resources and eat the resulting bread. And, observing that they are too busy fighting for their crumbs to heed her call, she is buying herself a five-million-dollar megaphone and going seriously into the calling business.

The International Exposition, or Selkirk Centennial, to be held in Winnipeg in 1914, is the megaphone on which Canada depends. There is not a right-minded Canadian who does not believe in it as the best means of getting Canada's goods before the world. Of course there are some opposing voices, as there always are in any big movement, but they are rapidly becoming converted. Not long since Mr. Hugh Sutherland, of Winnipeg, met one of

these protestants in a smoking-room, loudly expressing his opinion that "the scheme was all right for the West, but for the East—all bally rot."

"Ah?" said Mr. Sutherland, blandly. "May I ask what business you are in?"

The protestant was a bottle-maker of Ontario, and he didn't see any good any Exposition was going to do him.

"No?" said Mr. Sutherland. "Well, I am a bottle-buyer. At my mineral-water plant, I use so many thousand bottles a week. Yet am I on your order-books? Did I ever buy a single bottle from you?"

"Sutherland?" said the bottle-maker, pricking up his ears. "Why no, I don't think you ever did. Why don't you try us? Now our bottles—"

"In the first place, I don't know about your plant. In the second place, I am able to get the kind of bottles I need from only one city. That city is Milwaukee. I ship them across the line, and pay extra on every bottle. I would greatly prefer to buy them in Canada. But you don't make them."

"But—" began the bottle-maker, hunting for his catalogue.

"Now," continued Mr. Sutherland, "if at the Exposition you had an exhibit of bottles and I had an exhibit of mineral waters, you would find out the kind of bottles I needed, and I would



ORANGE-PEEL AND BALLYHOOS ARE PART OF THE CHARM

find out that you would make them for me, and if the gates closed without your having landed my order, it would be the fault of your salesman. That's one thing the Exposition is going to do."

"Hm!" said the bottlemaker reflectively, and was silent for at least ten minutes. Then he took out his check-book. "Look here," he demanded. "Can I book two hundred square feet of exhibit-space at that Exposition?"

Canadians in general believe in the World's Fair idea strongly, and believe in it to the practical extent of going down into their clothes for money to help it represent Canada worthily. The citizens of Winnipeg believe in it enough to raise by municipal taxation the sum of half a million dollars. In addition to this, they have already raised two hundred and fifty thousand by private subscription, and they will double this $\frac{1}{2}$ amount before the end of the year. The rest of the Dominion, equally enthu-

siastic and equally generous, it is hoped, will pledge the sum of four millions as follows:

Dominion Gov't Grant.	\$2,500,000
Province of Manitoba	250,000
Transportation Companies.	1,250,000

\$4,000,000

The Provincial, British and Foreign Governments will put at least as much more into their buildings and exhibits.



BUILT ALONG THE LAKE-SHORE, THE EXPOSITION CITY LOOKS AIRILY OUT TO SEA


at the Exposition. Boards of Trade and mayors of all the leading cities in Canada will co-operate with the press, the railways, the manufacturers, the farmers and every other good Canadian down to the smallest newsboy on Portage Avenue to "help holler for Canada" with all the force of their individual and combined lungs. The world will have to stop and look up, and possibly even miss a mouthful or so, to discover the source of all this racket. Once realized, Canada does not worry about the future. That will take care of itself.

Although the International Exposition is still four years away, Canada has been in training for it with her numerous provincial exhibitions and fairs, which on account of the approaching International show, are being featured even more than usual this year. They are all the familiar fairs of common custom, where one hears:

"Come on! Come on! Come on! Bring the children and let them ride on the little horses. The greatest exercise in the world! Here they are, the cute little ponies, the delight and joy of the child, to be remembered for an entire lifetime! Come on! Come——"

"Peanuts! Fresh roasted peanuts! Five a package! Chorkluts! Choon gum! *And* Crackerjack! Only five a package!"

"This way for the Seven Singing Sisters; this way! Most refined act and mee-lodious music. Seven Beautiful Singing Sisters! Step up! Step up! Step up!"

Fair time! Orange peel, peanut shells, merry-go-rounds, roller coasters, prize pumpkins, log-cabin quilts, mammoth swine, cattle with ribbons on their horns! Sleek and glossy horses, prancing divinely and making their grooms dodge. Pretty girls in flowered hats and ribbons. Young men writhing under stiff collars. Sun-browned and broad-shouldered farmers mixed with slight-boned and sophisticated city folk; all out for a lark, all laughing, joking, good-natured, bound with the common tie of a bag of peanuts and a grin. There's no time like fair-time, and no crowd like a fair crowd for having a good time and finding a joke in everything. 

At least four big fairs will be held in Canada this summer: the Provincial Exhibition at Regina, the Alberta Provincial Exhibition at Calgary, June 30th to July 7th; the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, July 13th to July 23rd; and the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, August 27th to September 12th.

The Alberta Provincial Exhibition is principally devoted to agricultural products. Out in Calgary they are too busy raising Alberta Red and prize steers to get away from them even on a holiday. The acre yield competition, the milking-machine demonstration, exhibits showing the grading up of native stock with purebred stallions, demonstration of various grades of commercial cattle—these are the things they feature on the banks of the Bow. The Dominion Forestry Branch is also using a portion of the exhibition grounds as a demonstration plot to show the possibilities of tree planting on open Alberta prairie. The trees will be made a permanent exhibit, being allowed to grow from year to year as an example of the possibilities of Alberta soil, and the grove will be another unanswerable argument for the skeptics who have pooh-poohed the idea of arboriculture on prairie sod.

Every district in Alberta has its wheat record, and a great many entries for the acre yield competition will be made. The amount on an acre must be shown, the average must have been taken from the entire field, which must not be less than ten acres in size, except in the case of flax, which must be at least five acres. The grain from each field will be piled in a huge mound in the agricultural building; the piles will be judged, and then arranged in order of merit. Sixty per cent. for quality, twenty per cent. for purity, fifteen per cent. for quantity of yield and five per cent. for acreage will be the basis of judging.

The milking-machine will be in charge of Professor W. J. Elliott, Superintendent of the big demonstration farm at Strathmore, and a herd of twenty cows has been secured so that the machine may be observed in full action. Other interesting features will



A STABLE-FULL OF STEEL HORSES



INDIAN RACES AT CALGARY ARE WILDLY EXCITING AFFAIRS

be an art exhibit of paintings and china, a remarkable collection of Indian bead-work and wearing apparel, and a reproduction of the Blackfeet Indian treaty of 1877.

The Regina Exhibition is also typically Western-Canadian, with its show of prize stock and farm products, and various new attractions. According to the manager, they have everything caged except Halley's Comet, which bit through the bars one night and got away.

In Winnipeg they tell a story of a country boy who came to the Industrial Exhibition, and walked home without a cent in his pockets. Later, he retailed his adventures to his less lucky friends. He told of the races, the prize farm-products, the fire-works and the bands. But for the circus and the hippodrome he sought describing words in vain.

"It was great!" he said. "Man, it was great! Why, I hadn't been in there fifteen minutes when whizz! went a quarter!"

Western Canada has grown so rapidly that a seven-days' fair will not content her any longer, and ten days have been set apart in which quarters may whizz as fast as their owners please. The horse-show and races will be an especial feature this year. Winnipeg is famous for the class of pleasure and driving horses owned by its citizens, and remarkable for the quality of horses seen on its streets in the harness of burden, hauling the heavy loads of commerce. Every citizen of the community is a horse-lover, and yet the harness classes of the exhibition have in past years gone almost without recognition because of the time and place that has had to be utilized for their showing. All this has been done away with under the new arrangements provided, and the two afternoons on which the heavy-harness horses will have their innings before the great grandstands will be the most brilliant days of the exhibition.

The racing card's feature will be the start of The Broncho, 2.00 $\frac{3}{4}$, and the finest piece of racing machinery owned in Canada, to beat her own, the track and the world's record for a mile, over

a half-mile track. On the opening day of the fair, however, the auto is king. Automobile races will be in order, and a list of automobile features have been scheduled for that day. There is to be a utility contest among stock models of various kinds, an automobile parade, and auto races.

In Toronto during the Canadian National Exhibition, there rises on the lake-front an independent city of ten thousand people, exclusive of spectators—the people who manage the big show. Laid out in streets, equipped with post office, telephone system, police station fire-halls, banks, telegraph office, restaurants, rest-rooms and all the paraphernalia of a modern city, the Exhibition City fulfils all the requirements of a flourishing metropolis and is national in more than name. Its exhibits come from all parts of Canada. The provincial governments of the different provinces send collective exhibits, showing the natural products of the province. British Columbia shows her fruit, her fish, and the yield of her fields and forests. Saskatchewan shows the wheat from her prairies, and the others those sources of natural wealth on which they base their claims to a great future.

During the thirty-one years of its existence, the Canadian National Exhibition has grown and prospered until it has a fine permanent exhibition plant. Its grounds consist of two hundred and sixty acres of land along the lakefront, which are used as a city park most of the year. In the heart of Toronto, the exhibition city has been built of brick, stone, concrete and steel. Stabling will be provided for fifteen hundred horses, twelve hundred cattle, nine hundred sheep and six hundred swine, and a live stock arena to cost one hundred and ten thousand dollars is to be added. The total value of the exhibition buildings is placed at two millions of dollars, and it is proposed to spend three hundred and twenty thousand dollars more in immediate additions and improvements. The attendance last year totalled seven hundred and fifty-two thousand, and the exhibition pays an annual surplus of from thirty-five thousand to fifty

the dollars and dollars to the city of Toronto which provides the grounds and buildings.

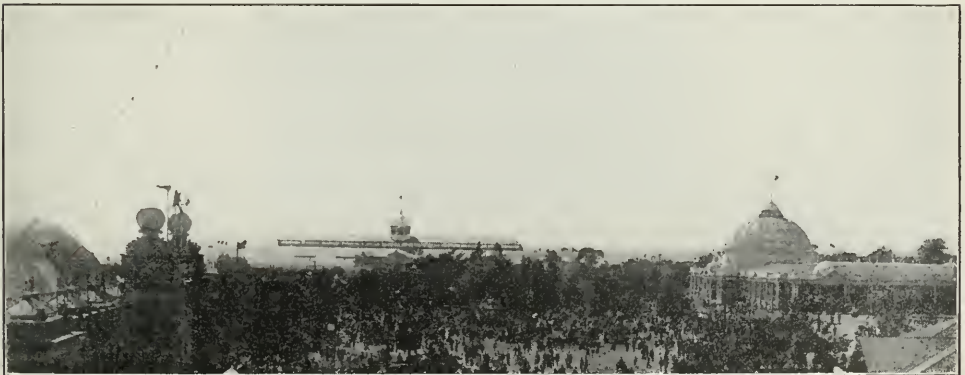
The Grenadier Guards Band from England will be one of the interesting features, as it is one of the four great military bands of the British Empire, the others being the Coldstream, the Scotch, and the Irish Guards Bands. Ten massed military bands will take part in the nightly tattoo.

But what's the use of enumerating? Everybody knows the lure of the fair—it is as distinctive as the sawdust smell of the circus to the small boy, the smoke of trains to the traveller, the sight of a dream of a hat in a milliner's window just before Easter to the feminine heart. The spieler and the barker and the leather-lunged popcorn man will all blossom on the cinder paths. Father has promised to take the children, and will have a better time than any of them when he gets there. Mother is found in the cellar with a candle at unseemly hours, walking round her preserve-shelf and trying to decide whether the crab-apple jelly or the peaches look best. And as for sister, she is forty fathoms deep in a flowered organdie trimmed with lace and insertion in which she will look like a June rose; and if a prophetic fairy godmother

is to be believed, she will come home in Frank McIntyre's shining new buggy, with a ring on the third finger of her capable left hand.

And the beauty of it all is that it boosts all Canada. These exhibitions are vital factors in making the Maple Leaf Land known to the bread-hungry over seas. Not only do they show to the city dweller the resources of the country but they touch the men of the soil as nothing else can do. The crudely-written letter of Alfred or Ivan or Karl or Luigi telling the folks at home what he saw at the big fair is of more interest to them than all the embossed booklets and four-sheet posters and stories in the papers of crops and conditions. These so rarely reach the relatives in the old country cottages—but when Alf, who used to live neighbor to them, writes so and so, why they pack their goods and come. And after all, the brothers and cousins of Alfred and Ivan and Karl and Luigi are the people Canada needs, men of muscle and brawn, who are at home between the stilts of a plough, and whose almanac is the cloud-shifting face of the sky.

Blessings on the fair! Hang the expense—let's have another bag of peanuts!



MINARET AND MOSQUE—BUT THE MUEZZIN IS SELLING PEANUTS INSTEAD OF CALLING TO PRAYER

IN A REMINISCENT MOOD

BY JOHN E. FORSLUND

WITH PHOTOGRAPH

THE Winnipeg papers are full of enthusiastic plans for the Centennial Exhibition to be held in 1912. This spirit of celebrating early events has so filled the atmosphere that it turns my mind back to the twentieth anniversary of my arrival in this country, particularly in connection with my short stay in Montreal. Something happened to me then and there that might have been buried in the sands of time, had not an item in the Winnipeg Free Press police court news brought it up.

A barber had undertaken to clean up the face of a subject who fell asleep in the chair, in which condition he was put through everything the barber could think of. When he waked up he had undergone a wonderful change, for besides being shaved, shampooed, singed, haircutted, seafoamed, herpicided, massaged, cold-aired and powdered, his eyebrows were colored a beautiful, "reverberating", glossy color. He was a Galician and because he did not understand why his bill was three dollars and seventy-five cents, he took the barber into court to have it explained. It came out during the trial that he had not long ago crossed from Antwerp to Halifax in steerage.

The incident brought to my mind the circumstances of my own traverse from

Norway to Halifax, and my subsequent journey to the west. The very smells of the ship seem suddenly to pervade the atmosphere and the moving picture gallery contained in the recesses of my brain throw out on memory's canvas films which vividly picture the miserable conditions under which emigrants used to be transported from the Scandinavian countries to Great Britain on the steamers of the Wilson line who then, as now, had the monopoly on the North Sea. The cargo room was converted into a large barrack, where the sexes were thrown promiscuously on the soft sides of planks covered with straw. The governments of Sweden and Norway might have insisted upon better accommodation but as they are inclined to discourage emigration they do nothing about it, and although the journey only occupied forty-eight hours, its horrors are still very vivid. Food was of the same "high quality" as the rest of the accommodation and the stewards so adapted themselves that the whole should form one dire picture, never to be forgotten. While on the Atlantic ocean things were much better, they could in no way compare with the present accommodation on a modern liner, for instance the stately Empresses, with dining rooms duly laid at



JOHN E. FORSLUND

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meals, pianos, children's play grounds, and private sleeping rooms instead of the large common one.

The traverse on my old ship, which took fourteen days to Halifax, was favoured by splendid weather. Desirous of improving my English, for which a foundation had been laid in the gymnasium and by private study, I talked to as many as would listen to me. After a while I was rather sought after for my conversation and at the time I looked upon myself as quite a wit. A few months in Winnipeg taught me the reason why, but the experience paid me for having been played with.

When I reached Montreal I found it was necessary to lay over one day. Being somewhat dusty after a night spent on the hardwood seats of a colonist car, and thinking my hair looked a little ruffled, I went into a barber shop in the St. Lawrence Hotel. My cash assets at that time consisted of two English gold pieces, worth about \$2.50 each. One of these went into the roomy pockets of the hotel proprietor, and the other was disposed of in a more fascinating way. I informed the barber as haughtily and independently as possible that I wanted a "haircut". It tickled me to hear the question he threw back at me.

"Did you arrive from New York this morning?"

It is easy now to understand how one's importance would be magnified by being taken for a New Yorker after a night spent on the "slats". My barber kept on talking and succeeded in bewildering me and, I think, mesmerizing me.

After my hair had been cut, I was asked if I wanted a shampoo. Now, Dickens' Christmas Carol had been the standby in my English studies, but this

word did not occur in that delightful story. However, rather than parade my ignorance, I would certainly have a shampoo. This being administered during some further conversation by the barber, I was again taken unawares by another question.

"Do you want your hair singed?"

This expression also being absent from the Carol and consequently unknown to me, of course I would be singed. After that I could not resist a shave, though the hairs on my face were as far from each other as the trees in a second year growth on a timbercut along the C. P. R. main line running the Lake Superior division. After a darkey had finished me off with three distinct knocks with a long handled whisk, I produced my half sovereign and received back as my share seventy-five cents.

Not having been asleep, I could not forestall the example of the Galician in Winnipeg, but retired with as good grace as possible. I did not at that time know of the expression "easy mark", although I now know I fulfilled the requirements of it to the last letter.

It is best not to dilate upon the manner of travelling from Montreal to Winnipeg with seventy cents as means of sustenance. As a matter of fact I do not recollect much more than that I repeatedly ran my fingers through the hair which had so suddenly become costly. One thing I do remember. Upon arrival at Winnipeg in the crush in the waiting rooms I succeeded in stepping hard on the big toe of a fine looking gentleman who said something with an accent I had not heard before. Later on, however, I found out that the expression was quite common, the accent Scotch, and the owner of the toe was Mr. W. Whyte, then General Superintendent.





MID-CHANNEL

ZOE BLUNDELL and her husband in *Mid-Channel* are victims of a disease that is both modern and as ancient as Lilith—the man-and-woman feud, the microbe of which is latent in nearly every household. Some smother it entirely, while others allow it range only occasionally, with accompanying courtesy—but the Blundells were ruled entirely by it until it was accepted by all their friends as a settled condition. Through all their quarrels, misunderstandings and attempted reconciliations, the pitiful fact is that had either one possessed the slightest atom of self-control, it might have been so different.

In spite of Zoe's weakness, impulsiveness, superficiality and selfishness, our hearts go out to her, and as played by Miss Barrymore, she grips one's sympathies to the very end, when she takes the only way out of it all for one of her character.

Zoe wanted to be happy, and she makes us want her to be happy; and had she had a normal outlet, such as children and a real home, instead of a great, big, gaudy house, we feel that she easily might have been a real woman instead of a bit of fascinating nothingness, dressed up in pretty clothes, scattering crumbs to her "tame robins." Played by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Alla Nazimova, or other actresses one might name, the audience would probably have left the theatre

thinking, "Silly little fool! Served her right!" but Miss Barrymore's understanding interpretation makes one rather feel, "Poor Zoe! If she could only have had another chance!" In doing this, Miss Barrymore has accomplished something really fine and worth while.

Zoe's philosophy towards the last, when it is too late to alter their lives, points the moral of the play. She says, "Our married life was doomed from the very beginning, when we promised ourselves that we would never be bothered with any brats of children." And then she adds, "We forgot about the time when we would need some other interest than ourselves."

In the beginning, they had been happy, when they lived "up north in Fitzjohn's Avenue," but they got on in the world, and financial success enabled them to move to more fashionable quarters.

Theodore Blundell bought his wife many pretty clothes, a fine big empty house with numerous servants, and then he thought his obligations ceased. He becomes middle-aged and stogy, heavy in mind and body, and when taken to task by Sir Peter, the mediator, he roars, "Why, my wife is the smartest dressed woman in London—what more does she want?" But as Peter presses the subject, he shouts, "Must I play the dandy always? Her gowns please me—so I keep still about them. I'm proud of her—but must I always



ACCORDING TO THE CRITICS, ETHEL BARRYMORE HAS SCORED HER GREATEST SUCCESS IN *Midchannel*

tell her? What a silly ass I'd be. Why—there comes a time when horses want to quit prancing and settle down to a steady trot, and I'm there."

Through Sir Peter a reconciliation is nearly consummated, when they quarrel over travelling expenses and the hotel they will stay at, and Blundell informs

his man, "Pack my bag! I'm not sleeping at home to-night." And then the tragedy begins. In spite of their incompatibility they really love each other, but find solace for their bruised hearts elsewhere; he flamboyantly, with a notorious woman, she quietly, with one of her former tame robins, who had followed her and finding her ill, uncomfited, and piteously sad, gains her consent with the promise of marriage when her freedom shall have been given her.

Again Sir Peter pleads, and as both have broken off their illicit loves, a real reconciliation and reconstruction seems imminent, for Blundell confesses and is freely forgiven. But when Zoe's story is dragged from her, he thrusts her from him and they are hopelessly apart.

Nothing is left except a return to her

lover, but she finds him trying to be nice to the girl he ought to love, and cold to the woman he found so sweet a little while ago. So as she hears her husband's foot on the stairs she disappears into the next room, and presently is discovered to have thrown herself headlong from the balcony into the court below. Poor Zoe! Tired out with bickerings, quarrels, misunderstandings, and the search for happiness which is misery at every turn, she has found the only possible solution at last.

IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?

WELL,—is it?

That is a riddle to be solved individually, although there are some idle people who think they can help you.

Describing Belasco's comedy-farce reminds one of the little boy who differentiated between Father and Mother with the wise remark, "Why, Daddie's Daddie—but Mother's a feeling." Exactly! Its charm lies in the situations; how they fit your case, and how you think they fit your neighbor's. All the married couples laugh and prod each other when things hit home; that is, if they have been fortunate enough to have the wound heal without leaving a scar. The scarred ones look stonily forward and wonder what the others are laughing at. Those in love gaze, unbelieving, and whisper, "It will never be so with us."

In the rural village of Rosedale live many married couples in more or less discontent. Suddenly it is discovered that, owing to a careless magistrate's allowing his clerk to perform most of his duties, many of the marriages are invalid, and as far as the law is concerned,



JANE GREY,

Playing in *Is Matrimony a Failure?*



AS FRANK IN *A Man's World*, MARY MANNERING ATTEMPTS TO DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
IRRESISTIBLE FORCE MEETS THE IMMOVABLE POST

John and Mary have the freedom for which they have collectively sighed.

The feeling of exhilaration which follows the announcement is much

more apparent among the men than among the women,—except in the case of one shocked clergyman, who looks forward to a season of wholesale busi-

ness in marriages, and finds instead that not only does no one come to the parsonage, but his own wife point-blank refuses to keep him as a partner. The men in a body depart to the village Inn, but after a few days of bread-pudding and potato soup, they decide to confer a favor on their spouses by returning to their respective homes. Caresses, open arms, happy tears and general rejoicing is the expected programme, and the men have the surprise of their lives when they meet indignant wives grimly packing suit-cases and reserving rooms at the Inn which their husbands have just quitted. Prayers and pleadings are of no avail; the men are left to guard empty hearths, and in one desperate case, the protesting baby.

"Lord!" says an unregenerate benedict, sitting down heavily as his wife's departing heels click on the front porch, "any man who thinks he can get the best of a woman is a — fool!" Later, when Mary has returned, and is outlining to her gay John the line of conduct he is expected to follow in future, one of the provisions being that she is to accompany him on his frequent trips to New York, he grunts, "Take you with me? Huh! Three times the expense, and half the fun!" But it takes no very far-sighted prophet to see Mary presently reclining in a cushioned Pullman and being very nice to a respectful husband.

In fact, the women triumph all along the line, and the men come home in various degrees of buttonless humiliation, having found that freedom is without salt, and that real happiness consists in "four feet on the fender."

Is matrimony a failure?

Well—is it?

SALAD VINAIGRETTE

Talent needs three meals a day—only genius can exist on none.

Don't blame nature for spoiling the life of a good woman.

No man's life can be stirred up—be thankful if it looks all right on top.

Lawyers cannot afford the luxury of a conscience.

So the ceremonies are all illegal?

H'm! Now we shall find out how many unions there are and how many are just keeping house together.

Any man who thinks he can get the best of a woman is an asterisked fool.

Damn! A condensed version of Hamlet's soliloquy.

A MAN'S WORLD.

{F YOU have any doubts that this is a man's world, and that women get the worst of it, Miss Mary Mannering will prove to you that the egg has been for the men and the shell for the women since Adam first saw rosy dawn in Eden.

As Frank Ware, a clever and original literary woman, she pits herself against this age-old principle, and carries her theory of a single standard of morality for the sexes undauntedly to its conclusion—but what does she gain? Only a triumphant theory, and a lost love. And after all, theories are but a poor fire at which to warm an empty heart. One wonders if it was worth while.

Everyone in the old-fashioned boarding-house loves Frank Ware, and the little lad whom she has adopted after his betrayed and deserted mother died in her house in Paris,—everyone including Malcolm Gaskell, who, clever, fascinating, possessed of all a woman hopes and looks for in a man, seems just the mate for her.

She has always been afraid of love, and held it at arm's length, but when Gaskell woos her, she yields at last, and for half-an-hour is happy with her dream. Half-an-hour only, for then the awakening begins. Leone, who has always been jealous of her, has sown suspicion among the others, and suggested a resemblance between Frank Ware and her adopted boy; and Gaskell, before he can call her his own, must know that she is not the lad's mother.

"And if I were?" she says, facing him. "If I were?" Then she turns and tells him she is not, and he says, "Thank God!" with all a man's noble splendor.

Then Leone stormily flings in Frank's face that the boy's resemblance is not to her, but to Gaskell, and



LOUISE WOODS WHO BRINGS A FROLIC SOME BENEDICT TO REASON, *Is Matrimony a Failure?*

one look at her lover's face tells her the truth. That he did not know of the boy's existence, that the girl had never expected him to marry her, that he had merely played the game as a man always does, moves Frank not one whit.

"Why thrust your happiness from you because of something that is past?" pleads Gaskell. "Why beat your head against a stone wall that always has been and always will be? I was living a man's life—this is a man's world."

"Yes—and just so long as we women forgive, there will be deserted women who pay, and men—who go free! No! This is the end."

And it was. She stuck to it, and the curtain went uncompromisingly down. Everybody rustled into their wraps, and the two men in the next row looked at each other. The fatter one laughed:

"Hm!" said he. "If he'd 'a' stuck to 'er long enough, he'd 'a' got 'er, anyhow."



SASKATOON

BY CY WARMAN

THERE'S a town that's coming strong
Saskatoon,
And it's coming right along—
Coming soon;
There, the summer winds are low,
Where the summer roses blow;
You can stand and see it grow—
Saskatoon.

In a valley, O, so fair,
Saskatoon,
(See the railways will be there,
Very soon);
Sunny skies and fields of gold,
Land you'd like to have and hold,
Place to have your fortune told,
Saskatoon.

Pearl, then, of a Promised Land,
Saskatoon,
Shimmering, Chinook-wind-formed,
Saskatoon;
Fairest land from sea to sea,
Land of opportunity
"One best bet," take that from me,
Saskatoon.

THEN AS NOW

JONAH went home and explained to his wife the reason for his prolonged absence.

"That sounds too fishy for me," observed the good woman, reaching for the rolling pin.

OF COURSE NOT

"HAH!" sneers the petulant husband. "The way women dress nowadays is the limit of absurdity. Look at the figures they present—utterly out of all similitude to the human form. I tell you, you couldn't get the Venus de Milo into modern corsets and—and—things."

"I should say you couldn't," agrees the long-suffering wife. "The poor thing is made of marble."

A HURRY ORDER

"THE government requires immediately an air ship capable of conveying a large body of men," says the English cabinet officer, entering the office of the inventor.

"Ah! You want a war machine? Is it a secret order?" asks the inventor.

"It must be a dead secret, but it is not a war machine. We've got to have some means of enabling parliament to escape the suffragettes."

JUDGMENT DAY

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

YES, you are very debonair,
You walk forth with a languid scan,

The neatly tailored clothes you wear
Proclaim you as a Gibson man.

And ladies favor you with smiles
And get your photographs to boot—
But wait until the sea beguiles;
Wait till you don a bathing suit.

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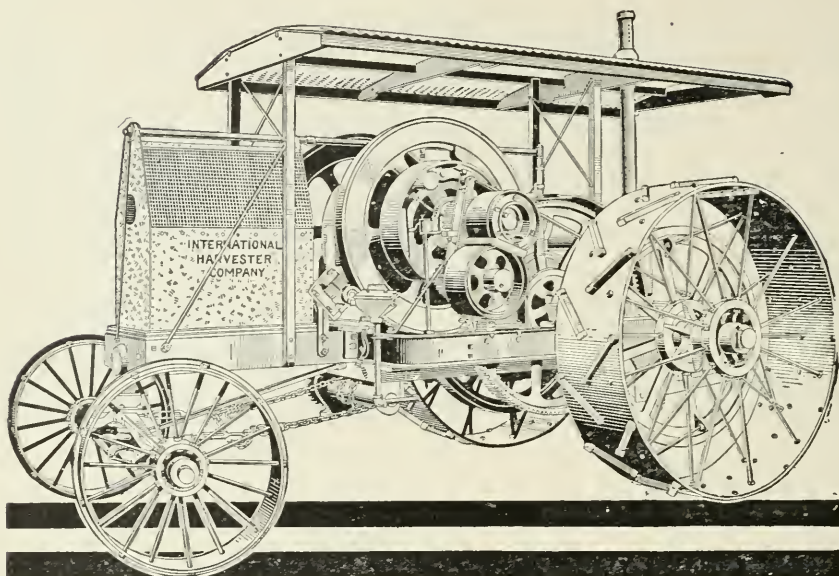
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I H C Gasoline Tractor

you are under no expense for feeding and caring for horses. You have a power that never gets tired. It's as ready to go at the end of the day as it is at the start.

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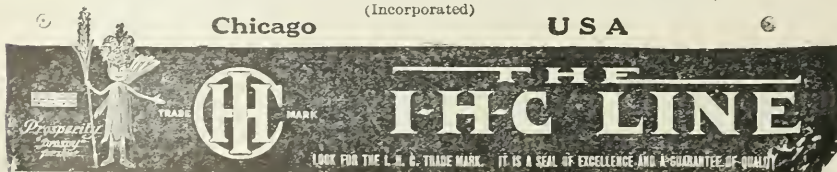
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U S A





AT NIGHT

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

DADDY'S all right in the daytime,
To toss me 'way up to the sky,
To answer my "da-das" and "goo-gooes,"
Or perhaps get my milk when I cry;
But after I've finished my bottle,
And the Dark's gobbled down all the Light,
I've no further use for my daddy;
I wants just a mudder at night.

Daddy's all right for a horsey,
Or to make funny noises and such;
But daddy's no use as a cradle,
And I don't go to sleep at *his* touch --
'Cause when I want someone to rock me,
Till my eyes are shut down good and tight,
My daddy's so awfully awkward;
I wants just my mudder at night.

Daddies, of course, are quite useful --
They'll do to get babies a "dink";
They're all right to fetch and to carry,
For that's what they're made for, I think,
But daddies have no place to snuggle --
Their arms are not fashioned quite right --
The Sand Man won't come at their bidding.
Wee kiddies wants mudders at night.



THE COQ HIMSELF, WHOSE PART COQUELIN FOR SEVEN YEARS DREAMED OF PLAYING,
ONLY TO BE CHEATED BY FATE AT THE LAST

CANADA MONTHLY

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LONDON, AUGUST, 1910

NUMBER 4

THE COCK WHO CALLED THE DAWN

BY HILDA VIRGINIA JONES

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF THE FAMOUS CHANTECLER
AQUARELLES BY M. EDEL

"THE saddest thing in the world is a man of broken courage," says Darrell of the Blessed Isles, and *Chantecler*, the new play that has stirred the interest of two continents, is the obverse side of that pitiful phrase. The *Coq*, who so long believed that his voice awakened the sleepy day and brought *la belle Aurore* to flush the eastern sky, took heart again in spite of learning that the sun rose without any aid of his, and called the dawn as valiantly as of old.

"Eh, well," he says in effect, "though I do not call the dawn in reality, my voice tells these poor creatures that the sun will rise—and that is something."

Delicate and fairylike the play is, unbelievably so when one considers the barnyard setting and the homely chick-

ens which inspire the dainty music of the words—and yet with an undercurrent of sadness running through it that hints at the end. Despite the fun-making, despite the clever caricaturing, despite the laughter and the satire and

the flashes of rapier words, even the first act presages dimly the disillusion and disappointment of the *Coq*, just as Coquelin among the rose-leaves and sunshine of Rostand's garden felt that he, too, was doomed to defeat—that he would never walk the boards in the cleft shoes of Chantecler.

The play opens on a bright Sunday morning, after the farm folk have gone to the fair. "Some philosophers," says Rostand, "would say that there was



THE RABBIT, CARROT AND ALL



THE PHEASANT HEN IN HER GORGEOUS PLUMAGE, STOLEN FROM THE PHEASANT COCK. A COQUETTISH SUPFRAGETTE, SHE IS THE HEROINE OF THE PLAY, AND HER SIREN WAYS CAPTURE THE HEART OF THE COQ FROM THE INSTANT SHE FLUTTERS OVER THE GARDEN WALL

marks, "I once knew a robin who lived beneath a city poet's eaves, and he did not talk like you." Nothing is exempt from the Blackbird's mocking tongue. Trust him not to believe, with the rest of the farmyard in the Cock's prowess, or in his command of the sun—not he! But neither is he such a fool as to betray his disbelief in the face of popular opinion, and he hides his private notions under a mocking trill. Most of the farmyard consider him extremely clever, although some of them complain that he

not a soul left, but we humbly believe that there are hearts. Man in leaving does not take with him all drama. One can laugh and suffer without him."

In the farmyard the Hens peck and chatter. A Pigeon stops at their shed-roof to catch a glimpse of the renowned Cock, "the one whose cry pierces the blue horizon like a gold-threaded needle stitching the hilltops to the sky." Above their heads the Blackbird hops and whistles, a rowdy jester, who once knew a city sparrow, and since that meeting talks in the cynical argot of the streets, affirming it the correct thing in town, although Chantecler re-

never whistles his tune to the end. To this the Turkey remarks, "That's too easy, carrying it to the end!" (He hums the tune the Blackbird has been whistling.) "'How sweet to fare afield and cull—and cull—' You should know, Duck, that the thing in art is to leave off before the end. 'And cull—and cull—' The whole point is lost, if you tell them what you cull."

Presently Chantecler enters, accepts the homage of the Pigeon, issues lordly commands to his harem, and sends them afield to forage for grubs and grasshoppers. When they have departed, Chantecler and Patou, the farm

dog, have a conversation, in which Patou protests against the Blackbird, saying that his spirit of modern cynicism and smartness has infected the entire farmyard. Chantecler laughs at this—the idea of anyone's undermining his influence is too absurd. Yet, as the Old Hen, his foster-mother, observes, "Bubbles downstream tell of laundresses upstream," and in the course of the scene Chantecler discovers several bubbles. The Guineapig is no longer yellow, he is "khaki." The Duck no longer takes his bath, but his "tub." The Guinea Hen has a day. Says the Blackbird, who has joined the conversation, mimicking the fussy Guinea, "Mondays, my dear—"

"What do they do at that feather-brain's parties?" inquires Chantecler.

"Cluck and cackle," responds Patou with a growl. "The Turkey-cock airs his social graces, the Chick gets into society."

"From five to six—" remarks the Blackbird, with a simper and a wink.

"Evening?" says Chantecler, amazed.

"No, morning," grunts Patou.

"You see," the Blackbird explains, "she must take advantage of the time



THE COQ IN HIS PRIDE

when the garden is deserted, and yet have it a five o'clock tea. So she chose five o'clock in the morning, when the old gardener is at his early potatoes."

This is not merely a bubble, it is a balloon. Never before has anyone in the barnyard dared to undertake anything without the Cock's seal of approval on the enterprise.

Chantecler is shocked at such independence, and is about to voice his disapproval, when the Pheasant Hen flies over the wall, pursued by a hunter. Before the hunter's dog appears, Chantecler and Patou, thinking their rainbow visitor a Pheasant Cock, hide her in Patou's kennel, later throwing the dog off the scent and saving her from the poacher's gamebag. But the hunter's dog explains that she is no cock, but alady who prefers to attire herself in the rainbow tints of the male, and see life, instead of being content to shelter a brood of Pheasant Chicks under a sober gray wing, and this makes all the difference in the world to Chantecler, who preens himself and awaits her appearance.



THE COQ DISILLUSIONED



THE PEACOCK, ARGUS OF A THOUSAND EYES

When the dog departs, the Pheasant Hen comes forth, and introduces herself with all the grace of an experienced society woman. In five minutes she has won the heart of the susceptible Chantecler, repulsed his lovemaking, and established a shrewd "just like-two friends" basis, which she intends to

keep up just as long—or as short—a time as she chooses. Now Chantecler, abashed, must content himself with showing her over his domain, which he thinks so wonderful, but which bores the Pheasant Hen, used to wider spheres. At last he shows her the spot where he sings.

"Your song, then, is a matter of importance?" says she.

"The very greatest!" affirms Chantecler, seriously, but he does not explain why, and to all her inquiries, responds indefinitely and changes the subject.

A secret! Now at last he has struck something that interests the Pheasant Hen, and she tries to worm it out of him. But he is firm. The secret that he makes the sun to rise is not to be told to anyone. Great the world may consider him, magnificent they may consider him, they may reverence his clarion call and adore him, but that he calls the day and brings the rosy pencils of morning to the world, is not to be revealed. That is his sacred mission, the thing for which he was formed, and he holds it in as sacred trust as a high priest holds the mysteries of the holy of holies. So he changes the subject and continues to play showman about the yard, until the Pheasant Hen admits thoughtfully, "One feels that you have a soul."

With this admission, there is a rush of Hens, headed by the excited Guinea, whom the Blackbird has slyly

apprised of the Pheasant Hen's arrival, and who is bent on inviting her to the five o'clock tea on the morrow.

"My dear, would you care to come quite informally and take a simple snail with us? The Peacock and the Tortoise are to attend, and the Tufted Hen has promised to bring Chantecler."

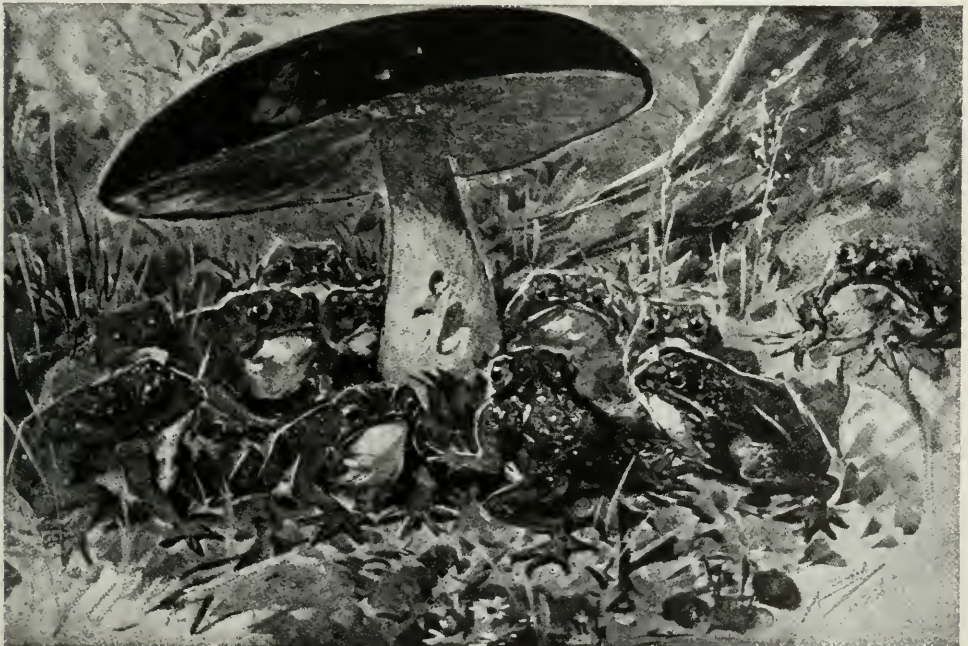
But here Chantecler raises an unexpected obstacle; he won't come—not for Tufted Hens by the dozen. He is disgusted with all his harem, anyhow, after this beautiful stranger—dowdies and frumps, every one of them. Again he interests the Pheasant Hen.

"Oh, but you will go," she says.

"Why?"

"Because you said 'No' to the other," answers the Pheasant Hen daringly, and for a moment he wavers. But at last he refuses, and the Pheasant Hen retires to Patou's kennel, where she is to spend the night.

The moment the day creatures sleep, the Eyes come out. The Mole, the Owls, the Bat, the Cat, all appear. They hate Chantecler and plot to hire a fighting cock to kill him at the Guinea Hen's party.



MONSTROUS INDEED IS THE MUSHROOM THAT SHELTERS THESE HUMAN TOADS



THE GUINEA-HEN, LION-HUNTER AND SOCIAL CLIMBER, WHO GIVES FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS IN THE GARDEN—THAT IS, AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE GARDENER IS AT HIS EARLY POTATIONS

When morning breaks, Chantecler goes to call the sun above the horizon, and takes the Pheasant Hen with him. She sees him perform the miracle, and tells him she loves him. Day comes, glorious and golden. The secret is revealed.

The Blackbird also sees the miracle, but laughs at it knowingly. However, he warns the Cock that there is a plot against him. After day is come the Pheasant Hen goes to the Guinea Hen's

party, and arouses the jealousy of all the other hens by hinting to them that the Cock has a secret, suggesting to each one that she of course knows what it is. One after another the Hens besiege the Cock. Each one says, in effect, "Since I am nearest to your heart of all the flock, you must tell me, and me alone." They embarrass Chantecler horribly, for already he has told each of the Hens that she is his dearest, and he is very much afraid that the others may overhear the conversation. So he puts off each one, agreeing with everything she says, and letting her think that she knows the secret. But all day he thinks of the Pheasant Hen, and falls deeper and deeper in love with

her. Tomorrow the Day shall be even brighter and more beautiful because the sun shines upon her beauty.

But this dawn is not to be called by Chantecler's voice. This day it is decreed otherwise. Chantecler oversleeps. When he awakes, the sun is in the sky, and every rick and rooftop is tipped with dazzling gold. Day is come; day unheralded, unbidden by any clarion call. The Cock is crushed; his power is gone; his belief in himself

as the high-priest of these mysteries has wilted like a broken flower. It is not true, then, that he made the sunshine sparkle; it came without him. It were better now to die.

Yet *Chantecler* is not a cry of defeat and disillusion. After the first shock, the first heart-breaking revelation, Chantecler plucks up heart, and carries his crest erect once more. Everyone believes in him, everyone thinks that his voice wakes the world, and why should he disillusion them? No! Though in reality he does not call the day, his voice tells these poor creatures that the sun will rise—and that is something. "Courage!" he says to himself. "Courage! I will call the dawn as of old."

And so the play ends.

The pity of it is that *Chantecler*, the brave cry of courage in the face of disillusion, was the unrealized dream, the last and most bitter disappointment of Coquelin, who died, weary and broken, just as the play was on the point of production with himself in the role he had worked on constantly for seven years.

It was in 1903 that Rostand con-



THE WHITE HEN, WHO IS QUITE SURE THAT SHE IS THE DEAREST OF ALL THE HENS TO THE COQ, AND CAUSES HIM UNSPEAKABLE EMBARRASSMENT BY INTIMATING THIS FACT BEFORE OTHER HENS WHO HAVE HEARD THE SAME ENDEARMENTS FROM THE WATTLED HEAD OF THE FLOCK

fided to Coquelin his new inception, and the comedian, eager to hear the reading of the first proofs, accepted Rostand's invitation to visit him at his home in Cambo. Playwright and actor went over the play eagerly, reading, changing, working out details with a rapid enthusiasm that fired Coquelin's imagination to white heat. He felt that he could hardly wait for the completion of the

play, and urged Rostand on feverishly.

But Rostand had another dream that engrossed at least half of his mind, and was perhaps even dearer than *Chantecler*. Ordered by his physicians to leave Paris for the mild, soft air of the Pyrenees some years previously, Rostand had acquired a barren sheep-pasturing hill girdled by the silver Arnaga, and had devoted his whole energy into converting the barren scrap to a veritable garden of dreams. Daily conferences with the most celebrated European landscape artists, architects and decorators took up much of his time; and although he told the impatient actor that these conferences and the development of Arnaga was the direct inspiration of much of the

beauty of *Chantecler*, yet Coquelin fumed at the delay.

Rostand kept him informed of the progress of the drama daily, and at each new phase Coquelin was more delighted with the idea. He talked of its beauty to his friends in Paris; he wrote of its possibilities to his friends abroad. Before its completion he proclaimed it "stronger than L'Aiglon, surpassing *Cyrano*." "It will revolutionize Paris" he told his compatriots, and with the passing of each day, his patience strained nearer the breaking-point as he endeavored frantically to hasten its inception so that the world might share the indomitable hope that he felt it would bring.

But at Arnaga, Rostand was busy working over the placing of gardens, and spending long hours of apparently idle dreaming; and neither the estate nor the play progressed as rapidly as outsiders wished them to do. It may be that he felt *Chantecler* suffered at the expense of Arnaga, but the enthusiasm that his Paris friends felt for the play heightened his own enthusiasm for Arnaga, which few of them had ever seen. So Coquelin, torn by desire and anguish to see the birth of *Chantecler*, was forced to admire and delight equally in Arnaga's daily increasing beauty, and he succeeded so well in



PATOU, THE FARM-DOG, WHO HAS A SOUL ABOVE BONES

this difficult task that Rostand did not suspect the agony of this period to his impatient friend.

So it was not until May, 1904, that *Chantecler* was at last complete; and then, despite Coquelin's entreaties, the author, true to his ideals, laid the manuscript away until August, when final arrangements were made for its formal reading to the managers. Coquelin endured this with unfaltering patience; and continued to wait in spite of the subsequent mourning in the Rostand family which prevented all business intercourse for still another year. This was the year of his tour of the United States, and he left Paris partly consoled by the manuscript of the *Coq's* part stored in his safest pocket. As everyone knows, his American tour was a triumphant success from start to finish, yet every letter written during this period, almost every thought expressed, proves that *Chantecler*, and nothing but *Chantecler*, was sounding in his ears and working in his brain.

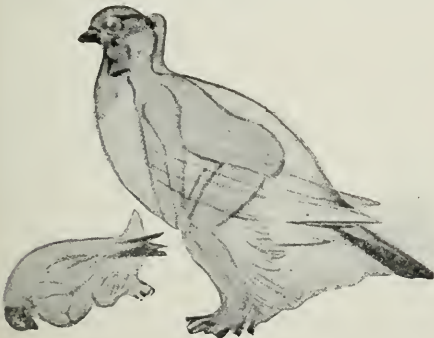
Upon his return to Paris he was letter-perfect in his part, more enthusiastic than ever over the beauties of the play, and more eager for its presentation. Surely the day of patience and hope deferred was past; a few months would surely see the dream come true. But Fate, who always has a card up her sleeve, played it now. Coquelin, bodily fatigued by the unceasing hard work of his tour, fell an easy victim to the epidemic of bronchopneumonia that was then raging in Paris. For a time his sufferings, both physical and mental, were intense, though his courage was unshaken. He fretted unspeakably against Fate and



THE BLACKBIRD IS THE MERRY JESTER OF THE COMPANY, A ROLLICKING, SLANGY, CITY-BRED CHAP WITH A MOT FOR EVERYONE

his own incapacity; and Rostand, realizing his condition, suggested that he spend the period of his convalescence at Arnaga, where they could discuss the final aspects of the play. His physicians, realizing his impatience and disappointment in the unexpected delay caused by his illness, acquiesced to the project, and Coquelin departed for Rostand's home.

The first sight of Arnaga was the first step in Coquelin's recovery. Every detail of the beautiful place rested alike tired body and chafed spirit. The soft, mellow beauty of the land, the clear and gentle air of the Spanish Pyrenees, the stately house crowning the hill, the broad open windows, the sloping roof, the wide parterres and the glorious profusion of flowers everywhere made it an ideal refuge for an invalid. He shared Rostand's enthusiasm in each



THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PIGEON

carefully-considered detail of the estate with as much interest as he would have displayed in studying the development of *Chantecler*—apparently. And really Arnaga could not help but be a delight to any lover of beauty. The approach to the house, shrouded in mystery by thick-foliaged oaks, the fine specimens of cypress, evergreen and plane trees, the French gardens, smooth as velvet, the beautiful lake of sailing swans were each a constant joy. Within the house the touch of the master mind was equally potent. The finest work of artists, the wonderful tapestries and rugs lent just the required touch to the rooms, both large and small.

In this atmosphere of flying rose-leaves and fragrant odors, Coquelin quickly recovered. Rostand and he spent long hours of talk about the play, and by the time he was permitted to return to Paris, the plans for costumes and scenery were well under way. In Paris he spent every possible moment on his own conception of the play, and the details of his costume, with every expectation of putting the play upon the stage as soon as the mechanical details could be completed.

But he had hardly begun when news came of Rostand's serious illness, followed almost immediately by the necessity of his undergoing an operation for appendicitis. For a year his life was despaired of, and every day of that year seemed to age the comedian a year in itself. He had risen from every disappointment and postponement with indomitable courage so far, but now the old fire refused to leap up again. He spoke frequently to his friends of the depression that engulfed him, and his realization of old age stealing upon him by strides, reducing his body as it reduced his ability. He felt that he would never be the *Coq* in *Chantecler*, and that it was useless to fight further. His friends laughed his doubts aside, and made every effort to cheer him, but it was harder to bear disappointment than it had been a few years previously.

However, in 1908 he again took up work on the play, and the principals were engaged for the different parts. By September all were letter perfect.

The costumes were progressing satisfactorily, in spite of their intricacies. The advance notices caused a furore of speculation in the theatrical world. Coquelin worked like a slave; no one could make him rest. His enthusiasm kindled in the heart of every member of the company sparks that as the rehearsals progressed burst into a clear flame. They felt with Coquelin the glory of carrying a new word, a splendid call of gay courage to the world, and the beginning of 1909 was greeted by everyone in the play as the dawn of Coquelin's dear dream. Rostand arrived in Paris to superintend the rehearsals personally. Everything went well.

But the strain was too much. The incredible amount of work the old comedian had done during the year, combined with the miserable wintry weather, brought on an attack of la grippe, and physicians ordered him to leave Paris and go to Point aux Dames for a complete rest and change of climate. When to come back? That, one did not know.

Ah, for the *Coq* that valiantly called *la belle Aurore!* Coquelin could fight no longer. Another now must call the dawn.

One final effort he made before the end, writing to appoint a meeting with Rostand on the twenty-eighth of January. That appointment was kept with death instead of with the playwright, and the dream was done.

For a time Rostand was shattered in body and spirit by the death of his friend. For three months he had not the courage to defy the fate that had repelled him so continuously for seven years. Finally, however, Lucien Gentry was chosen as Coquelin's successor, and after twenty-one delays, small and great, and one hundred and twenty-seven rehearsals, *Chantecler* was given to the public.

The rest everyone knows,—the furore that greeted it, the triumph that it won. America is soon to see it, with Miss Maude Adams in the part of the *Coq*, and those who are wise predict for it no less a success than it met in Paris. It has won yet greater fame for Rostand, for it is the work of a true poet, masterly and wonderful.

And Coquelin? Ah, Coquelin sleeps!

A COMMERCIAL CONTRETEMPS

BY W. LACEY AMY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. A. MACLELLAN

This is the first of a series of six stories dealing with the business adventures of a woman commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

WHEN Mary D. Norton opened the door of the Royal Hotel dining room at Verny and, after entering, calmly turned to close it everyone looked up. For several seconds she drew the eyes of all the diners, but before she had seated herself veal cutlets or raspberry pie were more absorbing to all save a table of farmers, and one other, who sat alone at a small table some distance from the door.

The guests—with the exception of these farmers—were commercial men, and to them Mary D. (as she was commonly called, and which she never resented) was taken as a matter of course, much like late trains, carload orders, or expostulatory (and worse) letters from the manager.

For she was a commercial man herself.

Mary D. was no ordinary woman. From her selected business to her dress and walk, she carried so much of the remarkable, that she had become accustomed to the gaze of every stranger, and the more than ordinary attention she attracted in the Royal did not discompose her for an instant.

Indifferent, she did not notice the one pair of eyes belonging to no local stranger, that followed her as she stalked between the tables looking for an empty chair. These eyes were no more to her than the six pair from the other corner, until she had placed her hand on a chair next to that occupied by their owner. Then a slight tinge crept up her cheeks, and her hand faltered on the chair, as if she would gladly have had more preparation for the meeting. But the evidences of feeling were so slight that they escaped notice. Then seating herself as nonchalantly as she had walked in, she turned to the eyes, and, as she unfolded



MARY D. WAS NO ORDINARY WOMAN

her napkin, smiled as a casual acquaintance and said, "Well, Marly!" And without awaiting an answer she reached out and arranged her knives and forks and adjusted her plate.

"How are you, Mary?" answered the owner of the eyes, as he resumed pouring his tea, a process which her entrance interrupted. "When did you get in?"

"On the 5.30. Hour late. Wanted to catch the International but have to wait here until midnight now, I suppose."

It was scarcely the opening conversation of a man and wife who had not seen each other for three months. And yet Mary D. Norton was the wife of the man at her side.

Mary D. had a history, and it was partially this history that made her the hard, business-like woman the travelling fraternity knew so well and treated without distinction of sex.

Every jeweller in Western Ontario knew Mary D., and there were very few who had not bought from her, and would not do so again. Yet they criticized her goods exactly as they did those of any other jewellery traveller, and found just as much reason. They did not buy because she was a woman, but because she was a salesman first and last. After she had made a sale and left, many a chivalrous jeweller suddenly bethought himself that he had been dealing with a woman. But the thought came only after she had left. Even her husband never considered her sex in their business meetings, which were not infrequent. For he, too, represented a jewellery house.

The relationship of Mary D. and "Marly" (a contraction of Marlborough with which his parents had saddled him, in the fond hope that some day he would be as big as his name) was no secret. But most of the jewellers had forgotten it in the six years of business rivalry between the two salesmen.

One never connected sentiment with Mary D. and few would suspect any woman of falling hopelessly in love with Marly, the little, earnest indefatigable man, whose zeal made up in his sales what his general ability would have failed to bring.

Six years before this quiet dining-room conversation the Norton household had been broken up after a four year test of Marlborough's proficiency, or rather deficiency, in managing a

wholesale jewellery establishment. At the beginning of that four years he had been left a rather profitable business by his father, who had built up a three-story warehouse from a grip, so to speak. And Marly had immediately offered his hand to a young woman whose life work had been the care of an invalid mother. On the death of her mother Mary Boscombe was thrown on the world with no scope for the use of her life training. Marlborough Norton had supplied the scope first, and the appeal was not long without its answer.

Four years of mismanagement on Marly's part had taught Mary that her care of him would not keep his business alive—was in fact having an enervating effect upon a man who could not lean on another without throwing his whole weight. A settled indifference had sprung up in her relations with him.

Conditions kept growing worse until the business ceased to bring returns, and Mary perceived that while each might take his or her part in the world's fight, separately, they could not make anything of a joint household. She had learned enough of the jewellery business to know more about it than anything else, and he could not unlearn what he knew. So he sold out his three-story warehouse, secured a position as travelling salesman for another house, and after two months of fair success in a business where he had not the cares of management, had his first sensation of striving to outsell his wife as salesman for a new precious-stones firm that had started up in Montreal with spectacular advertising and his wife as one of its spectacular methods of selling diamonds and pearls.

Marly's position was with the conservative old firm of Main & Co., the head of which recognized in their new traveller a fine jewel education, honesty and enthusiasm. Of course such an old established jewel house could find no use for the more brilliant and sensational ability of a woman. But Flank & Miers, a new firm of Jewish principals were quick to appreciate the advertisement of a female drummer, and, although characteristically showing reluctance, were really delighted with the opportunity of placing their wares

before the jewellers through an unusual medium, which possessed at the same time genuine cleverness and a knowledge of stones.

The first meeting in a jewellery establishment had been one of the sorest spots in Marly's life, for he had retired in confusion utterly unable to remember even the prices of the stones, and Mary had been left in possession of the field.

When next he met her, he had the satisfaction of turning the tables. Poor Mary could not follow him into the intricacies of diamond cutting, ruby tests and guesses at weights, and had gone back to her house to spend six months in an earnest study of all the details which few jewellers ever learn, but which they are always eager to hear.

The fight between the two salesmen had continued ever since with varying success. Mary had taken to the work, and had trained her womanliness to a manly trade. She wore black velvet waists because they did not crumple or show dust. She had cut her hair off, because she missed too many trains in her morning dressing. Now her hair was short and curly below her ready-to-wear hat. Thick-soled shoes, short skirts, with a pencil pocket in the front, were, of course, necessities and to all appearances, one could imagine her fretting under the restraint of petticoats about her ankles at all.

When Mary D. walked into the dining room she was feeling some annoyance at missing the International, for she was on her way to Senegal, an

American city just across the river, where she was commissioned to attend to some important business for her firm; and the delay meant six hours to her.

She did not have much to say even to her husband, and as she moved her heavily jewelled hands in the motions of eating Marly had time to note that to her usual stones she had added a black pearl surrounded by diamonds and a ring made up of a star sapphire flanked on each side by a diamond and blue sapphire. She had always worn rings worth about \$3,000, since she

engaged with Flank & Miers. This was merely one of their methods of advertising and Mary D. had found the rings better than a full cigar case.

As the rival jewellery salesmen sat saying little, but not in the least embarrassed, the conversation of two travellers at an adjoining table was clearly audible.

"Quarantine is raised on Torqual to-

morrow, they say," a fat drygoodsman was saying to a hardware traveller, who handled his knife and fork as if they were a part of his cutlery samples.

"Is that so? Must get in there right away. Bray of Haddon Bros. is back at Canton, I hear, and I must beat him in. It'll be a cinch for the first traveller. Let's see, it must be about three months since the quarantine started, ain't it?"

Torqual, the Canadian border town only eighteen miles from Verny, had been through a long siege of small-pox, started by a lumberman from an up north camp in Michigan, who had settled down in that unfortunate town to



SHE UNFOLDED HER NAPKIN, AND SAID, "WELL, MARLY!"

get rid of the couple of hundred dollars and case of small-pox with which he had left the bush. A score of other cases had broken out, and just when the six weeks was almost up, a fresh batch had cropped up in a river section of the city, and the quarantine had been closed down again. Trains went through guarded by quarantine officers at first to prevent passengers alighting. This guard had been taken off, however, as the quarantine became so well known, and no one was eager to run the risk of even alighting on the platform.

Of course merchants had been unable to inspect travellers' samples, and yet a little business had naturally kept up. The result was that stocks were very low and the first salesmen in would book a whole season's orders within a few hours. The travellers all knew this and were working the surrounding districts ready to get in the minute quarantine was raised.

Under his eyebrows Marly noticed that Mary D. had heard the conversation although he did not know that she had first noticed that he had heard it.

Marly did not object to Mary D. getting a good share of the business, as long as it did not interfere with his, but this chance for a scoop on the Christmas buying of Torqual was too good a thing to let any other traveller share. He had been working around the district for the same reason as the other travellers, but thought the quarantine was not raised for another week, and he knew that was the general impression. But on going back over the duration of the closed doors of Torqual he worked it out that to-morrow was the day, and he had been in danger of missing the big run of business by a week's margin.

He knew he would have but little opposition to-morrow in Torqual except from Mary D.; for he was sure she would be on hand. He must devise some means of getting ahead of her or he would have to be satisfied with only half the business at the most.

He started to talk of the best hotel in Senegal for her to stop at, in order to make her think he had not heard the

conversation. Mary talked quietly with him about everything but the subject uppermost in their minds at the moment, and Marly lingered over his dessert until his wife had finished her meal.

It was after seven when they rose from the table and it was still over four hours until the International left for Senegal, across the border. He seemed to prefer his wife's company most unusually that night, and the intervening time was spent together on the streets of Verny and on the little porch of the hotel.

Marly had no idea Mary D. would continue her journey to Senegal and miss some hours' business in Torqual. At the best she could not return from Senegal to Torqual before 2.30 on the morrow, and the train he would take would land him in Torqual within a few minutes of noon.

When therefore, at eleven o'clock Mary D. announced that she would have to go to the station to catch her train, he believed it a ruse, and offered to accompany her. She did not demur, for she was forced to follow the programme already laid down, on account of the nature of the business. Her one hope was that the train she knew Marly would take on the morrow might be late, enabling her to reach Torqual very soon after him.

She made no sign of her disappointment but bought her ticket, and waving her hand to Marly on the platform, climbed aboard the International, leaving him delighted but uneasy.

The next morning he finished his work early and was at the station an hour before the train was to arrive. To deceive the other travellers and to give the ticket agent no reason to divulge the fact of the raised quarantine—a week earlier than the other travellers suspected—he bought his ticket through to Senegal.

For an hour he strode up and down the platform, and then just a few minutes before the train was due, the agent came out of his little room and chalked up on the blackboard under "Going West" the figures "1.10".

"Damn you," yelled Marly, "What do you mean by that?"

"Just what it says," grunted the agent, in as much surprise as his nature would allow him to show. "Slight accident down the road; train two hours late."

Marly was furious. Two hours late! That would just put him in Torqual about forty-five minutes ahead of the train he knew Mary D. would return on.

He thought of driving but he knew he would gain nothing by that. There was nothing for it but to pray that the train was no later than billed, and to work out some scheme to make up his lost time in some other way.

He walked back to the hotel, sat down in the office, got up and strayed up to the hill overlooking the town, his brain working so fast that he spoke to none of his fellow salesmen as he passed them on the street.

As he sat on a big stone with his knee in his hands, seeing nothing but just thinking he pictured his meal of the night before, his wife, her cleverness in selling, why she was so successful, the methods of her house, the fine rings she wore.

A thought flashed through his mind. He jumped from the stone, raced down to the station, shoved his head in the wicket, and demanded if there was any further word of the train.

"Due at 1.10," said the clerk. "She'll be here all right by that time."

Marly hauled out a time table. It took twenty-eight minutes to run to Torqual. That would leave him fifty-two minutes before the train from Senegal would arrive. He would need every minute of it. If the train was no later—well, he had a chance. And he surprised the agent by chuckling out loud as he put the time table back in his pocket.

At 1.12 the train drew in. Marly took a seat with an elderly woman, so that no one could talk to him. His sample grip he held on his knee all the way.

As the train neared Torqual

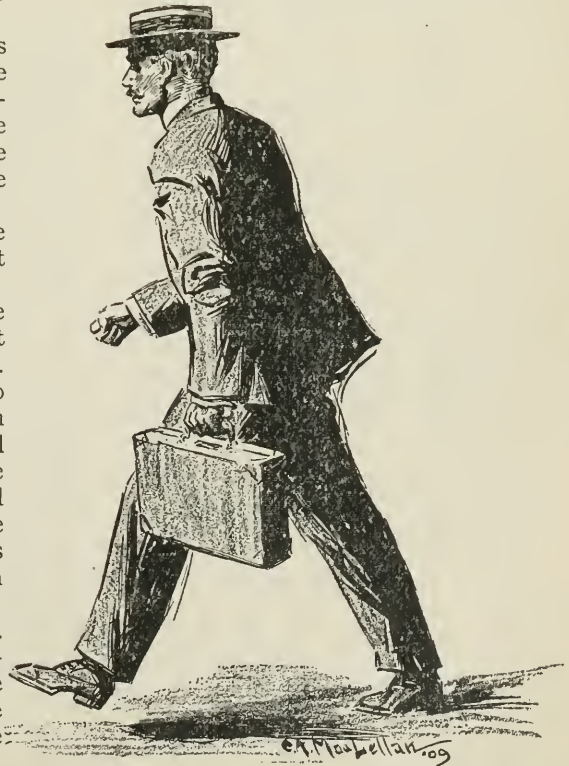
he arose and walked to the back door of the car as though going outside for a smoke.

When the train drew up a moment on the platform to deposit its mail bags, and to receive orders, Marly leaped off on the town side and raced up the street, everybody stopping to look at him. Strangers had become a novelty to the lonesome Torqualians, and Marly was a most welcome break to three months of monotony.

Once a policeman lazily attempted to stop him, but seeing the little sample case, thought him only a health officer of some kind and made no further effort.

Straight to the postoffice ran Marly, and up the stairs to a room on the door of which gleamed "Customs Office". Pushing the door open without knocking, he found himself looking at a chubby little man lying back on an easy chair before an open window.

"Well, say! What's this? How'd you get here?" gasped the little man



MARLY LEAPED OFF ON THE TOWN SIDE, AND RACED UP THE STREET.]

with the cap that told of his office.

Marly paid no attention to his questions or surprise. "You the custom officer?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the chubby man, suddenly coming back to the dignity of his position.

"Well, say! there's a woman coming in on the 2.30 train from Senegal, and I have every reason to believe she is smuggling jewellery into Canada. I heard her talking to a pal last week in Verny, and although I'm not sure, I believe she is trying to do the customs. You'll know her by her black velvet waist and check skirt. She wears a black pearl ring surrounded by diamonds and another ring with a white sapphire in the centre."

"What?" exclaimed the officer, jumping to his feet in excitement and pulling out his watch. "I guess not. I guess not. She don't work that at the port of Torqual. Not if I know it. But say, what's your name?"

But Marly had gone. He wanted to do all the business he could before the 2.30 train, for his plans might miscarry.

As he reached the street he ran into the policeman who before had tried to stop him.

"Say, governor," puffed the policeman, as he grabbed Marly's arm. "What's the special fuss now? Where'd you come from?"

"Let go!" shouted Marly. "I'm in a hurry."

"I don't care how big a hurry you're in. We aren't used to excitement here. Kind of got out of the way of it since we had nobody but ourselves to look at. Who are you? A health officer?"

"Health officer be damned!" answered Marly trying to draw away.

"Well, what are you?"

"Jewellery traveller. There, let me go now," and Marly reached for his watch.

"Say," drawled the officer, "you have all the time there is; there's no hurry for your watch. You've got two weeks to study it in."

"Two weeks? What do you mean?" asked Marly, a sickening feeling of calamity coming over him.

"Well this is the 16th," grinned the officer, "and quarantine isn't raised here until the 27th. Hope you like reading. Everybody has read every book in town, so you can have them all to yourself. Hope you're a good singer, or something. They've run out of entertainment up at the King Edward, and they'll be glad to see you. But how in thunder did they let you off at the station? Quarantine was to be raised next week, but an order came to-day to continue it for a week longer until everything was perfectly safe. Say, old boy, don't look so glum about it."

For Marly had sat down on the steps, and leaned his head against the side of the door.

"Sorry you take it like that," said the good natured policeman. "Wish I could let you leave town, but I can't, you know. You'll find it pretty comfortable at the King Edward, though."

That night, as Marly sat in the hotel office calling himself names, and wondering where Mary D. was, a cap with gold letters was stuck into the door, and the chubby little customs officer followed it. He walked over to Marly and drawing out a letter put it in his hand.

"Guess you were wrong about the woman, Mister. She proved to Tom, who does the examining now that I am quarantined here, that her jewellery was bought over here, and that she hadn't smuggled stuff on her. She gave me this letter for you. Seemed to know you somehow. What in the world did you run into quarantine for?"

And Marly read:

"My dear Marly:

Thanks awfully, dear boy. You're a good old soul. Your information to the customs officer just saved me running into a two weeks' quarantine. I'm sorry you got into such a stretch of it.

"For variety I would recommend the dictionary, although perhaps the Bible would be the greatest change for you.

"Tell Vance I'll have a brand new line of samples to show him two weeks from to-day. I'll be glad to see you then too. But don't fret too much—I won't do all the business before then. Shall I bring the rest of your samples in with me?

Your grateful Mary D."

With a groan, Marly laid down the letter, and rising heavily, turned his steps to the bar.



Dickie

By Floy Campbell

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

"HELLO, Mr. Blatchfield; I've been hoping you'd get in to-day."

It was a cordial American voice that detached itself from the Babel of many tongues in the crowded waiting room of the Gare d'Orléans. To me, just escaped from a Bordeaux train after a fortnight of steamships and railway coaches, of strange tongues and faces, there was a keen pleasure in the sound.

"Jack Adams!" I cried. "Now, it's really thoughtful of you to take all this trouble for me."

The young fellow shook my hand with generous warmth.

"Thoughtful?" he said. "Well, it's thought for myself then, sir. You're the first man straight from home I've seen for months. I'd naturally get my grip on you as quick as I could; and you may be sure I'm not going to loosen it very soon, either. I've reserved a table at one of my pet restaurants, and you're going over with me to déjeuner, while I absorb the latest news from little old New York. Gad, but you look good to me!"

We pressed through the throngs of the Gare, and passed out on the Quays, talking at the headlong speed that marks friends newly met in a foreign

land; clipping each other's sentences with fresh questions, bursting out with some newly suggested anecdote, laughing over nothings, interchanging gossip about old comrades of America, and new acquaintances of Paris, interlarded with enthusiastic description of the special work Adams was doing in the great medical schools of the Sorbonne.

The restaurant, which was but a short walk from the Quay d'Orsay, proved a typical student resort of the Rive Gauche. It was thronged with men from the Beaux Arts, and from the Julien Atelier in the Rue du Dragon and as I glanced about at their violently picturesque attire, I asked suddenly,

"By the by, speaking of old friends, have you heard anything of Dickie lately?"

"More than that, I've seen him," Adams replied, as we settled ourselves at one of the tables on the sidewalk.

"Seen him? He is in Paris, then?" I asked, in surprise.

"Been here ever since he had that break with his London friends."

"You will have to enlighten me," I said. "I don't know the 'London Friends' chapter. The last bit of Dickie's serial I heard was the New York episode two years ago. His father disowned him, turned him out

of the house without a penny, which was his regular habit, you know—happened at least once a year since Dick was sixteen. This time the boy came to Manhattan, without any capital but his face, took a studio in Carnegie hall, furnished it like a dream in the Arabian Nights, and started in to paint impressionistic landscapes and give studio teas. The landscapes didn't go, but the teas did. They were the most popular events of the season during the six months Dickie's town career lasted. But even he couldn't live forever on his good looks and his eloquent tongue; and when the tradesmen began to be pressing, and the usual forgiveness and check failed to arrive from home, he departed suddenly for Canada, leaving a wake of bills that was a revelation even to his oldest friends."

"That's great," said Adams, with the reluctant, but half envious admiration a man of steady honesty often feels for a brilliant bit of successful rascality, "but the chapter that followed, which I have pieced out from Dickie's own narrative and from various other sources, is still better. There was an old lady on that Canada train, who took his eye, and he elected himself her cavalier. You know how he can fascinate women, regardless of age? He had the old lady fairly locoed before they reached Quebec, where she was to visit relatives. She asked Dick to call, and since she had money, and a handle to her name, he made such good use of the permission, that what with adroit flattery, and the gift of a sketch or two, and the clever use of that eloquent tongue you speak of, he convinced her that he was a persecuted and misjudged child of genius, who would develop into the greatest artist of his generation, with a little sympathetic assistance. She begged him to return to London with her as her ward; for this, she said, was her one chance to win immortality—by linking her name to his as the patron who had given him his chance to make good; and finally, after much persuasion, she wrung from him a reluctant consent."

"Oh, very reluctant!" I said, "I can see the whole comedy. And he would play it so well, so earnestly, he would

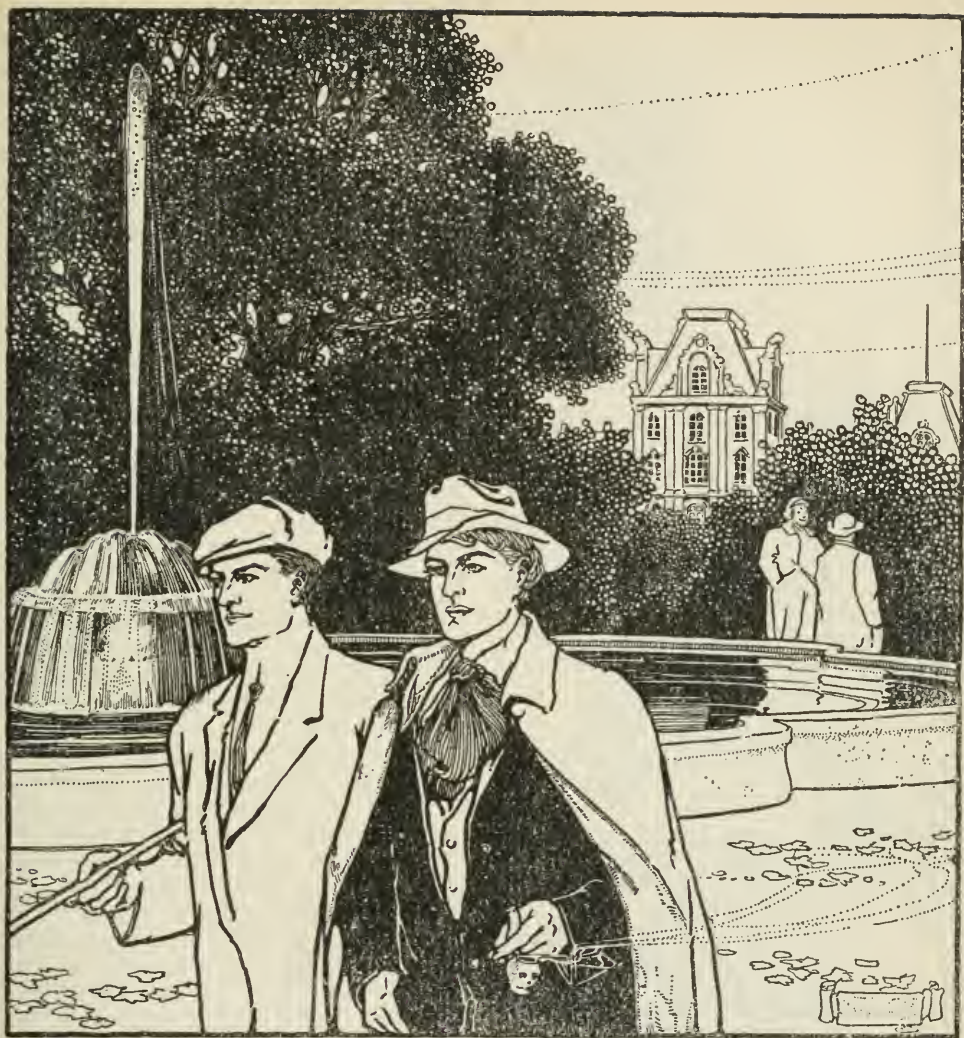
almost come to believe it himself!"

"He made her believe it, all right," Adams rejoined; "She used all her big influence for him—set him up in a London studio, and introduced him to her crowd of æsthetic friends. He saw that his freakishness was a drawing card with them, so he exaggerated it to the limit. He worked only under 'the spell of inspiration,' and let his unbridled fancy run riot in talk until his brilliant whimsicalities were quoted all over London, and the studio-haunters began almost to make a cult of him. He always dressed in a "color harmony" and they say that if he entered a room in which were warring hues, he would cover his eyes with his hands, and stagger from the place, while the fair lion-hunters murmured in awful joy, you know, over this wonderful display of artistic sensibility."

"Oh, come, that's too strong," I protested, laughing.

"Well, I'm only repeating what his fellow-students swear to as a fact," Adams declared. "Of course the whole thing ended as Dick's chapters always do; when he thought he was secure in his following, he began the old trick of charging purchases on the accounts of the men—or more likely, the women—who he knew paid their bills without totting up the items. Once or twice he made mistakes in the qualities of his friends. Then there were awkward explanations; but Dick always managed to satisfy the complainants somehow—to buy immunity with a sketch, or to make people think it was all a mistake. He persisted in charging things to Grandma, though, with her consent, at first. But as the imposition increased, she protested mildly, forbade the practice, and finally, when a monstrous bill came to her for one of his midnight suppers, after he was earning a good income from the orders she had secured for him, she was roused. There was a scene in Dickie's studio, short but decisive; and the next day he shook the dust of London from his feet, indignantly removing forever from the old lady her one hope of vicarious immortality."

"Unmitigated ass! And how's he living here?"



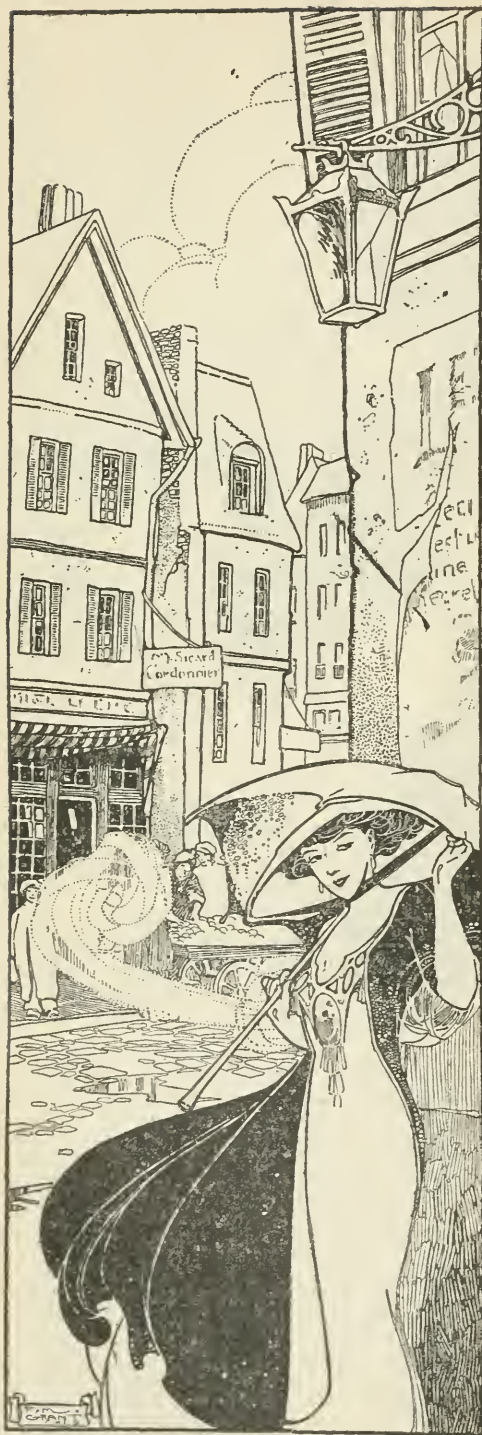
"MY REGULAR PRICE," HE ADDED CALMLY, "IS EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS"

"Mostly on his perpetually self-renewing credit. I fancy he gets a little money from his mother now and then, but it must be precious little, for he's head over heels in debt, as usual. As usual, too, he's in love—that is, he was, last week—and La Belle Annette's no cheap bijou. He's in a tight place."

"I can't help feeling sorry for him," I said reflectively. "There's something like genius runs strand for strand with the folly of his makeup, and I keep hoping the genius will prove the stronger—the folly, perhaps, run out. From past events, of course, one would argue that there isn't anything he

would stop at, short of actually putting his hand in a man's pocket—and, by the Lord, I think the only thing that keeps him from that is his hatred of personal contact with what he calls 'the herd'—and yet even now I've a keen desire to give him one more chance. Suppose I talk with him, and see if there's anything in him worth while? Where is he likely to be found?"

"It's a little past his usual time for déjeuner," replied Adams, looking at his watch, "but he patronizes this restaurant. You see, they give him a charge account—I've told them they shouldn't lose by it—well, you can't see



"LA BELLE ANNETTE IS PROBABLY LYING IN WAIT FOR ME AT THE CORNER"

a man starve, you know. He dines inside nowadays, though—less conspicuous. Shall I look and see if he is there?"

In a few moments he was back again, dragging in his wake a rather reluctant figure. I should have recognized him anywhere, for he still kept the fair curling hair, the alert, sensitive face, and the cherubic blue eyes of childhood; but an undefined sinister expression flashed and faded now and then in the narrowing eyes, and the expressive lips had a cruel curve. His whole mobile personality, too, had already taken on a touch of the Parisian, so that he resembled those tall, fair men of the Germanic type who abound in the northern provinces of France; a resemblance accentuated by his costume of red-brown velveteens, and his cloak, one of the all-enveloping capes of the "Boul' Mich'," lined with maroon. Upon his little finger was a signet ring of curious workmanship, and the after dinner pipe he had been smoking when Adams found him, was carved in the form of a skull. He held out his hand with the old gracious smile.

"Mighty good of you to hunt me up right away, sir," he said, "Adams tells me you want to talk impressionism with me. I didn't know you were interested."

"But I am, though I've no idea what to make of it. I'm intensely interested in impressionism—and the impressionistic." My hand sought the boy's shoulder. The candid eyes and the disarming smile were reasserting their power.

"Come along with me to the Luxembourg, then. We'll look at the two greatest impressionists of all time—mon Dieu! at the two greatest souls!" he cried, starting away with the boy's impulsiveness of action, the boy's swinging gait.

"As, following in his wake, we threaded the maze of narrow and irregular streets that leads southward to the palace, Adams explained that it was Dickie's custom to spend an hour each day in the galleries, immersed in contemplation, as a worshipper before his shrine, the masters of his present adoration being Manet and Rodin. When we entered the hall of sculpture,

ne was already standing in an attitude of rapt devotion before the latter's "Portrait d'une Femme."

"Look!" he cried as we came up to him, "there is the noblest piece of marble in all the world. Compare these inanimate creatures of mere flesh and blood who move about the hall with that living stone. They are as those dead, long dead: no, rather are they as the still-born. Flesh though they be, they have never lived as this woman has; their blood has never throbbed as hers; see the adorable irregularity of the face, the divine assymetry, the lower lip a little fuller on the left side, the careless hair... Ah, thou beloved one of my heart, what creature of mere half alive flesh could be so altogether perfect as thou art!" he added, beginning to *tutoyer* the statue in impassioned French.

Adams was very unhappy. Few normal Americans can endure with equanimity such a burst of emotional oratory from a compatriot; and Dickie's eloquence was slightly marred, moreover, by a peculiar quality in his voice, which broke when he was excited, rising unexpectedly to the falsetto, like that of an adolescent. We hurriedly retreated with our worshipper of the arts into the smaller side gallery of the impressionist painters, where his transports would have fewer observers. There Dickie lectured us with equal enthusiasm on Manet's Olympia. She was the most masterly bit of flesh-painting since the days of Titian and Giorgione. She was the perfection of coloring, of brush handling, of arrangement. To Dr. Adams' mild suggestion that it would be an improvement if her eyesockets were a little less than an inch out of line, he opposed a scorn that was sublime. A soul so small that it could dwell on that one defect in the presence of this marvellous, this unapproachable work of the age!

After his hour of worship before these two altars, Dickie refused to "destroy the impression" by any further inspection of the gallery, so we all left. At the door we parted, Adams going toward the Sorbonne, and Dickie and I strolling through the gardens on our way to his studio in the Rue de l'Enfer.

The boy's clear eyes, his face, fine and ingenuous save when the sinister look passed for a breath across it, his enthusiastic, though somewhat indiscriminate appreciation of the two noble works he had chosen for special study, had reawakened my old interest, and I wished to see more of this strange character, to learn how the chances stood now in that battle of power against degrading folly which was his life. I determined to order a portrait.

A gleam, almost triumphant, swept across his expressive face when I broached the subject, but was at once carefully replaced by a blasé look. He pulled out a small note-book marked "Engagements," which was quite blank, and consulted it carefully.

"Let me see—Monday—Tuesday—um—um—yes, Friday is my first free day. After that I can give you every morning until the portrait is done."

"And how long will that be?"

"Pray, how can I tell? Sargent does a portrait sometimes in five hours, sometimes only after months of labor. An artist cannot limit himself."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I said meekly, "but—er—can an artist tell the value of his work beforehand?"

"The price, but not the value," Dickie corrected me. "My regular price," he added calmly, "is eight hundred dollars."

I bit my lips. I had not expected to pay so high for the privilege of proving Dickie's worth, and I was still inwardly debating the wisdom of carrying out my plan when we reached the Rue de l'Enfer.

This street merits its name. It is a short passage running diagonally from the Boulevard Montparnasse to the Boulevard Raspail. Its uneven sidewalk is faced by two low and unclean charcuterie shops, four cabarets, several blanchisseries, with open gates showing the sloppy courtyards, and the women singing shrilly above their steaming tubs, and a line of bill-boards whereon "affiches" reeking with vermilion blood set forth the attractions of certain cheap melodramas. In the midst of these squat old buildings number nine rises high, new, but badly built, and already as rickety as its ancient neigh-

bors. It is given over to the cheapest class of ateliers, and is popularly known among art students as "The Barracks." We turned in at its gate, the fat concierge eyeing us suspiciously from the spy window of her lodge as we crossed the flagged courtyard; and, entering the hall, beyond reach of her appraising eye, we mounted four flights of filthy stairs and traversed a narrow and ill-smelling passage. While Dickie, with a lighted match to guide him, struggled with the stubborn lock, my determination was taken. Such lodging could mean only the extreme of destitution, and the master's price he had asked for the portrait was his one hope of salvation. The order should stand.

It was a relief to get inside the room. The warm hangings and the beautiful rugs, reminiscences of the London episode; the rich splashes of color in the few paintings hung against the tinted walls, and the tiny stove, not much bigger than a thimble, but sending out a grateful warmth from the glowing "boulets" within—all these things made one forget the hideous street and the unclean halls, and even the warped doors and the thin partitions, through which we could hear our neighbor arguing with his model in picturesque French as to the proper pose. Dickie insisted on making me some coffee, being very proud of his skill in that respect; and over the cups we completed the arrangements for the portrait.

Thereafter I saw much of the lad. When I went in of a morning he was often crouched before his canvases, staring at them with absorption, every faculty intent, overmastering love and torment in his eyes—the love of the creator for his work, however faulty, the torment of his unsatisfied ideal. While he worked this absorption doubled. Sweat stood on his forehead; his eyes stared like a madman's; the muscles of his jaw grew rigid and prominent, and his cheeks bloodless. There was nothing of the reckless boy left in his aspect. Watching, I was not surprised that strangers who knew only this side of him should show such enduring faith in his capacity, such

miraculous patience with his irregularities.

Many times he felt little inclined for work, and would greet me eagerly with the suggestion that he read aloud from some new book or magazine in which he had discovered a "glorious bit". Perhaps it was "De Profundis," where the ill-fated Oscar Wilde relates how one man stood for hours in the rain that he might lift his hat as the condemned and degraded poet was led past him to prison. "Men have gone to Heaven for less." Perhaps it was the "Garden of Proserpine," and I shall never forget his reading of the last verses;

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods there be,
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Oh the ache and the longing of it! I looked at him curiously. Was it really feeling in his thrilling voice? Could it be that this lad whom neither failure nor disgrace ever daunted, who seemed to have happily solved the problem of pacifying his conscience, by killing it—could it be that he too felt the weariness of life, the uselessness of striving, the longing for the soothing peace, the cradling of the ocean of death?

It was Dickie who introduced me to Baudelaire, whose "Fleurs du Mal" he carried religiously for several weeks, and insisted on reading aloud to all his friends; Dickie who raved over Fiona McLeod, when that writer was still almost unknown; Dickie who expatiated on the virtues of Aubrey Beardsley's line work, until even I saw the value of these extraordinary illustrations. Dickie who pointed out that Manet and Rodin and Puvis de Chavannes were the only three contemporary artists worthy of the name—himself being the coming fourth.

He displayed every facet of his character as frankly as he exploited his literary and artistic tastes. He was an individualist, much imbued with the half digested opinions of Wilde and



DICKIE WAS AGAIN DECLAMING IN RESPONSE TO AN ENCORE

Shaw and Ibsen, and to him the satisfaction of his own nature was the one end of life, and his "great moments" which he indubitably had, were the excuse and glorification of all wrongdoing. Wrong-doing, in the true sense

of the word, did not, indeed, exist for him. He seemed to have no vestige of moral sense whatever, and an action, for him, was merely "ugly" or "beautiful," never right or wrong. He loved to "experiment with the life-stuff,"

as he called it; and being as free from the ordinary compunctions of humanity as a healthy animal, or a Greek god, such excursions into the debatable land seemed to leave him marvellously unscarred.

One morning shortly after his exposition of these his standards of action, Dickie was called from his painting by an imperious rap. Through the warped panels I could not avoid hearing every sound—a woman's voice, high and complaining, speaking too rapidly for my comprehension, in the argot of the dance halls; the man's guardedly low responses; then suddenly a burst of shrill invective, mingled with sobbing, from the woman; the man's evident effort to urge her toward the stairs, and his final brutal "Oh, damn!" as he retreated into the room, slamming the door and double-locking it. Left alone, the woman belabored the panels until doors began to open down the hall, and slangy protests were hurled at her by the disturbed occupants. Then she gave up the battle, and, still sobbing, retreated down the stairs.

Dickie leaned against the wall, ill at ease, his hands in his pockets, his head lowered, glancing at me from narrowed eyes. His face was that of a man old in dishonor, ill to trust.

"Always the way," he muttered at last, with a shrug. "She got my last sou weeks ago, but—"

He picked up the palette, and tried to paint, but presently threw down the brushes. "It's gone out of me," he said, impatiently. "I'm off to the Bois."

Mindful of his hint that he was destitute, I offered him a twenty franc piece, but he shook his head. "La Belle Annette is probably lying in wait for me at the corner," he explained drily, and she has X-ray eyes. A lie don't go with her, so I wouldn't have your gold more than five minutes."

I recounted the incident to Adams that night. "Yes," he said, "that's the case I told you about, you know. Dickie got tired of the woman in about two weeks, and has tried desperately to rid himself of her; but she heard somewhere that his father is a millionaire, and she is sticking like a burr,

and adding her most ingenious persecutions to the boy's other miseries. And none of us can help him out there, either. What you give him for the portrait might end most of his other difficulties, if he just had some sense; but I'm expecting him to give a champagne supper, or do some other fool thing, though his bill at the restaurant has been three months running, and his 'louer' is so endlessly behind that the landlord is getting desperate, and has refused to let Dick move out, or even take a picture to the Salon, unless he pays up. You see, they know he's going to be able to pay, or they wouldn't be so hard on him. "But," he added in a more cheerful voice "I'll bet on Dickie's coming out on top anyway."

In spite of his financial stress, when the portrait was finished, and I offered him the check for the amount due, Dickie pushed it away with a shudder.

"Don't give me that," he said, "put it in the vase as you go out of the door. Then I can feel that I have not been vulgarized by receiving money for the work of my love—have not parted with a portion of my soul for mere bread."

I did as requested, and did it without a smile. To associate long with Dickie was to respect his attitude, and even his attitudinizing. He could beg, borrow, almost steal, with the unconscious impudence of a jackdaw; but when it came to a question of his work, he had the scruples of a parent who, under stress of poverty, sells his child into slavery, and the touch of money so obtained actually seemed to him a degradation. I feared, however, that, the money once in his possession, he would have small scruple about the spending; and I waited anxiously for his next move. Sure enough, within thirty-six hours of the time I dropped the check into the vase, Dickie sent around an invitation to a smoker. "Wear your biggest, your most voluminous, cloak," was the mysterious postscript to this peculiar invitation.

Adams and I went together. It was a polyglot gathering. Russian, Italian, Spanish, German, Scotch, English, Irish, and even Japanese, were there.

As for the cloaks worn in response to the postscript, they were amazing. They invariably reached as far as the knees of their wearers, and sometimes much farther. Pasquale, a short Spaniard who had borrowed his cape from a taller compatriot, really stood in need of a page to carry his train. As for the linings of these picturesque wraps, they ran the gamut of the rainbow, shades of crimson and maroon being the most popular.

The little studio was crowded to suffocation. Under the table stood a magnificent and varied array of bottles, and its top was covered with glasses. Three siphons of the largest size stood ready for the few who wished to dilute their potations. The mantel was laden with pipes of every description, even to a hookah and a Chinese opium pipe that showed signs of recent use. There were several boxes of cigars, and an unlimited supply of English and Turkish cigarettes, the most popular smoke among students of Dickie's class. In half an hour the air was blue and the tongues were loosened. Folk songs from every language of Europe, and arias from the greatest operas, followed each other in quick succession. Violins, flutes, and a banjo appeared from the dark corners. The plaintive sighing of the wind instrument, the violin's searching cry of tragedy and of longing unfulfilled, were followed by the patter of a plantation dance from the Kentuckian. Then a voice began, for comment, Kipling's "Song of the Banjo":

"With the folly and the feasting and the fun,
And the lying and the lusting and the drink,
And the merry play that drops you when
you're done—"

(Yes, it was Dickie's voice, sharp with pain, full of pitiful yearning.)

"To the thoughts that burn like irons if
you think—"

Adams and I stood a little apart from the crowd of revellers.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I might have known how it would be; but I had to give him the chance. Surely he feels the madness of it, too, even now. Listen to that voice":

Dickie was again declaiming, in response to an encore.

"I that was clean to run
My race against the sun,
Strength on the deep, am bawd to all disaster—"

"Humph! 'The Derelict'," I commented. "Do you think the boy's sane?"

"Oh—sane!" the Doctor laughed. "Define your terms, and maybe I can answer. He's certainly abnormal. A part of his sensibility—the response to line and color and beauty of sound—is over-developed. In every other respect his feelings are atrophied for lack of use, and he is the most callous creature I ever saw. Only yesterday he was in the dissecting room—how he gets free run of the place, I don't know—and what do you think he asked me to do? Get permission for him to buy one of the bodies, that he might bring it here, to his own room, and study anatomy at night! Selected the best one in the place, too—a young man about his own size, of the fair type so common about Lille. You can trust Dickie to pick out the best of everything, even corpses."

"Did you get him the body?" I asked, thinking it not impossible that the ghastly subject, half dissected, was at that moment hidden under the couch in the corner.

"By no means. He would never be allowed to keep it in an atelier. It's against the law. Besides, one of the professors took it for his own especial work that same night. But think of the character of the man who could even suggest such a performance! Good Lord! I'd not sleep in the same room with the corpse of my doppelganger, though I'm a physician, and have dissected 'em by dozens!"

Interrupting our low-toned conversation, there came a rap that stilled the riot about us. It was the concierge, angry and insolent. "The messieurs were keeping the other lodgers awake, and it was far past midnight. There had been three complaints of the noise. It must stop. And she would suggest that a man might better pay his louver, instead of throwing his francs away in

wine and cigarettes for a lot of drunken rowdies."

The door slammed, and the bewildered, wrathful, half-tipsy youths, silenced for a moment, looked to Dickie for an explanation. He sprang upon the table, dominating the crowd, alert, alive, tingling to his finger-tips. His face was gay with laughter, his sunny hair was tossed in disordered curls from his forehead, his blue eyes danced. In spite of his six foot body, he looked a mere mischievous boy, out on a frolic.

"You see, fellows," he spoke in French, that all the motley crowd might understand, "they know that my friend here has lately paid me generously for this portrait," here he unveiled the painting with a sweeping gesture, theatrically effective. The students looked at it, at first in stupefied amazement; then cries of admiration and delight broke forth. There could be no doubt that, in many respects the picture was remarkable; there could be no doubt that in their present condition, the students were ready to swear it was the one work of the century, out-Manet-ing Manet himself. Dickie stilled the enthusiasm with an upraised hand.

"As I say, they know I've had the check. They do not know—nor did my patron until just now—that, hoping to treble the amount, and so wipe off the entire score against me, I've been playing the *Petits Chevaux*, and the whole sum was gathered in by the little rake. This wine, these cigars, were furnished gratis by a kind man who saw that check, that fair snow-flake, before it melted from my grasp forever. . . . And now, as you see, I can't wipe off any of the score—not a franc. You know what that means. You know that I will be turned out, and my furniture and pictures held until I pay—which will be—never! You know that this my generous patron will get the portrait, his property, only after much trouble, possibly after a law-suit—a French law-suit, men! An endless French lawsuit! You know that there will be no work of mine in the *Champs de Mars*, since to-morrow is the last day for entering pictures. Friends, I ask

you to help me. It was for this I have said, 'Wear your largest cloak.' Take each of you some souvenir of this, our last revel in my studio; place it beneath your all-concealing cape—"

There was no need of farther words. With a roar of delight the men threw themselves upon the contents of the room. Dickie was everywhere, directing, explaining.

"Here, DeWitt, take this easel. You're big enough to carry it easily. Ivan, will you have your native samovar and ikons, or this set of Jap prints? All right, we'll give the samovar to Okama, then. Fair exchange between nations. Hold on Mr. Blatchfield, that paint's wet; let me put the portrait in a canvas-carrier: now it's safe. Adams, you take the frame—careful, man; wrap it in the rug, so the corners won't be marred. Now, Pasquale *what* do you want of that pœle? Oh, if you must have it—" for the short Spaniard had attempted to appropriate the little stove, and finding it still warm from the smouldering embers was sitting on the floor, tearfully nursing a scorched hand. Dickie quenched the coals with a dash of water, and wrapping his thin mattress about the absurd burden, gave it to Pasquale, who embraced it in maudlin consolation.

"No use hauling out that trunk, boys. It's broken; and besides, *Ma Tante* got all its contents weeks ago. Why not the rugs instead? Oh, a man can lie abed and read poetry while his one shirt's drying, but he's got to have something decent to rest his eyes when he looks up. Allan, you take the rest of the pictures down and pack them. Bumgard, here's a portfolio for you. Schwartz, lend us a hand with the curtains. Calliopolus, here are the Greek casts; wrap them in the bedding for safety. Cipriani, you might take the little Pompeian table."

After ten minutes of this hot work. Dickie looked about him like a triumphant general on the results of his coup d'état. Only the broken *sommier*, with one corner propped on an old wooden box, and the gaping and empty trunk, and the big table, with its army of bottles and its squadron of glasses, re-



AND THERE WAS DICKIE, WHISTLING TO A BIRD IN A TREE

mained in sight, and the guests shrouded in their great cloaks, presented the appearance of perambulating Christmas stockings, well filled; so did they bulge at unexpected points with strange and knobby protuberances.

"Bare as the palm of your hand!" cried Dickie joyously. "Hi! what wouldn't I give to see that concierge's face when she opens the door to-morrow! Now, boys, a stirrup cup all round! One last stirrup cup and farewell!" and he drained the remaining bottles into the goblets.

The men raised the glasses high. "A Dick-ie-e-e!" they roared in a mighty chorus; and then with one impulse they flung the glasses in a shattered heap on the floor, and, with their bundles carefully shrouded in the folds of their voluminous cloaks, they poured from the room and down the rickety stairs. Fortunately, at this hour of the night—or rather of the morning—the lights were out in the court; and as the gate opened from the concierge's lodge by means of an electric button, we had

the good fortune to escape unseen. Once in the street we gave one ecstatic whoop-hurray, and scattered from the Rue de l'Enfer, bearing Dickie's precious belongings to safety in our various lodgings. Our host ran after Adams and me with the final caution:

"Be sure you send that picture to the Salon to-morrow. Remember it's the last day for entries. Goodby! I'm going to spend the night with DeWitt." "Where can we find you to-morrow, Dickie?"

"Who knows? Maybe Seine. They say one sleeps sound there, with never a creditor nor a cast-off mistress to break the peace," and he laughed, hastening after DeWitt, while we, shouting an invitation to try lodging with us rather than with the fishes, wheeled toward the Boulevard St. Michel.

We saw DeWitt the next day, and asked after Dickie. "He went away early this morning," growled the student, "before I was awake. Didn't leave a word except 'Good-by', scrawled right across a charcoal study I had nearly finished. Confound him!"

As the days went by, we extended our inquiries among all the roisterers of that night, but not one had seen Dickie since he stood in the middle of the dis-

mantled room, flushed, triumphant, dominating chaos and defeat, and drank that stirrup cup.

Two weeks passed in this ominous silence. Then one day Adams came in, pale and unsteady.

"Blatchfield," he said abruptly, "DeWitt tells me Dickie's body has been taken out of the Seine."

"Dickie? The Seine? My God, that's not a thing Dickie would ever do!"

"I hope you're right: but we've got to go to the morgue and see—it—anyway," said Adams heavily. "See if we can identify it. I hope we can't—oh, I hope to God we can't! Poor, brilliant, worthless, endearing scamp—I loved him in spite of everything."

We went together to view the body. How could it be, we asked in horror, that it had lain so long in that well patrolled river? Two weeks in Seine-water may work hideous alterations. The flesh was scarred and torn and gnawed, bloated and black. The sunny curls were there, mockingly alive and bright. The innocent boy's eyes were gone, the sockets empty. On the shapeless little finger was the familiar signet ring, embedded in the swollen flesh past all possibility of removal. It was Dickie, beyond the shadow of a doubt. We took the poor flesh away, sealed it from sight in a leaden casket, and cabled to his parents. They came, the mother unreasonably mourning, as mothers will over the blackest sheep, the father outwardly decorous, inwardly relieved, for the cruellest curse, the heaviest care of his respectable, well-regulated life was removed. They rented a grave "in perpetuity" in Montmartre, and there they deposited the casket.

It happened that the funeral services fell on the opening day of the Salon. The papers I had bought that morning were in my pocket as I stood beside the open grave, and watched the casket lowered into the darkness. In the critiques of the Champs de Mars the portrait was always mentioned, and one or two journals that were in especial sympathy with the newer methods were enthusiastic, hinting of rare honors in

store for this young artist, the coming genius of America. and here before me was all that remained of that lauded power, that splendor of youth, that enthusiasm for beauty. Oh the cruel, the cruel prodigality of nature! And, yet, to such a life, it was the only logical end, of course; the one fitting dramatic finale.

There was the trouble; it was too fitting, too logical! Never before had Dickie done the thing that was fitting or logical. I myself had identified the body, yet I could not make him dead. The river is fascinating at night, after all the little boats have stopped. Dark and still the water lies, with the lamp reflections like drops of molten gold fallen on the black surface. I could see Dickie leaning over it, his sweet blue eyes tearful as he worked out the idea of death in its depths, gloated over the sensation such a death would cause, read in fancy the staring headlines of the Cincinnati papers, dwelt on the feelings of the many who scoffed, of the father who despised him, of the mother who adored—but I could not see him take the plunge. Never Dickie. Part with warm life for the sake of a dramatic ideal? Not he. And he would feel the call to death and oblivion merely as a dramatic ideal—oh, I was sure of it! I could not shake off the feeling that just around the corner he must be lurking. I looked up from his very grave with the feeling that I should meet his eyes. When the last solemn words were said, and we turned toward the street, I felt that my vacant rooms would be insupportable, so I signalled a fiacre, and ordered myself driven to the Bois. In the deserted tangle of paths at the southern part I dismissed the cab, and wandered miserably through the woods, that were so mockingly fresh with the golden green of young leaves, and the perfume of the springing grass. The birds shouted through the trees, mad with the joy of life; the pollen of the blossoming trees was shaken out in a cloud of scented gold-dust through the sunny air; but my eyes saw the black hole and the sealed leaden casket, my ears heard the echoing words of that last awful service.

I rounded the end of a hedge, and there, stretched on the grass, his arms flung carelessly above his head, was Dickie, whistling to a bird in the tree above him. He leapt to his feet when he saw me, ready for flight, but I was upon him, and had gripped his arm. It was solid, firm flesh and bone.

"How—how—how the devil did you get out of that coffin?" I stammered.

He threw back his head and laughed until the woods rang.

"Oh, that was a neat deal, wasn't it?" he finally gasped, with evident pride, "you surely buried me in good style. I went to Montmartre to see the interment, and I must say I appreciate the way you handled my remains."

I merely gaped, uncomprehending, overcome with the wonder, almost the horror of seeing him so, the blue of his eyes, the gold of his hair, the red of his cheeks freshened as if by some rejuvenating bath—and to think of that festering thing, green and swollen, that we had sealed in the leaden casket.

"Don't you see how I worked it?" he cried, impatiently. "Why, one of the professors at the Sorbonne got me the body Adams refused to ask for. They told me I couldn't study it in my studio, so I took it to a little deserted shack up the Seine, which I'd rented as a refuge from my creditors and Annette. The morning I left DeWitt's, I went out there to think. It was the one place I had to go to, you know, and that body was the one piece of property I owned in the world. So I sat down on a box, face to face with it, and took stock of the last few days, and wondered what the next move in the game would be. Then of a sudden it struck me, the likeness between that dead French boy and myself, and I saw my way. I set about destroying the few differences between the body and my own, and when at last I slid it into the water just outside the walls, I myself hardly knew in which flesh dwelt the soul that had been mine. The thing worked like a charm, for what I had begun the fishes finished in the few days before the body was raked up. Hi, but I'm clever!" he added, frankly.

Clever enough, indeed; damnably clever. I shrank away from him with a

sudden physical loathing, and the paper in my hand rattled against my knee, recalling to my mind its estimate of the lad before me.

"Have you seen to-day's 'Journal'?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he grinned. "They're giving me a good sendoff, now I'm dead. Nice of them, eh? Pity it comes too late!"

The old, disarming, wistful face and voice! Impulsively I put my hand on his shoulder. "Dickie," I said, pleadingly, "it isn't too late. Come back. Say you've just been on a trip, and we've made a mistake. It's simple enough, easy enough. Come back with me; think of your mother, your father."



"THEY'RE GIVING ME A GOOD SEND-OFF NOW I'M DEAD," HE GRINNED. "PITY IT COMES TOO LATE"

It was the wrong touch, I saw at once. Dickie's face hardened.

"Bah!" he sneered, "you know the governor was delighted to see the last of me. He couldn't keep the content out of his face, and look decently mournful, even at my grave. As for the mother—well, I suppose it is hard there, but it's the last wound, anyhow, and a clean knife-thrust, that'll heal quicker than the daily crown of thorns I've given her to wear these last years."

"Make it up to them, then," I said. "There's nothing in the past you can't retrieve. Look at these critiques. Boy, boy, it's the chance of your life. It's the open door to success and fame and honor. Come back, come back with me!"

"Man, man," he mocked me, "what do I want with a chance? Haven't I had 'em by scores? Open doors—they've widened for me at every turn, and when have I gone through one? And if I come back as you say—I, the old self, with the old devil in my blood—the old comrades,—Annette, too, and all my debts. . . . Ah, God," he cried, suddenly, sharply, "Don't you see, can't you understand this thing I've done? Ah, the fascination of it, to shake off the past, ring down the curtain on the farce, slough off all the

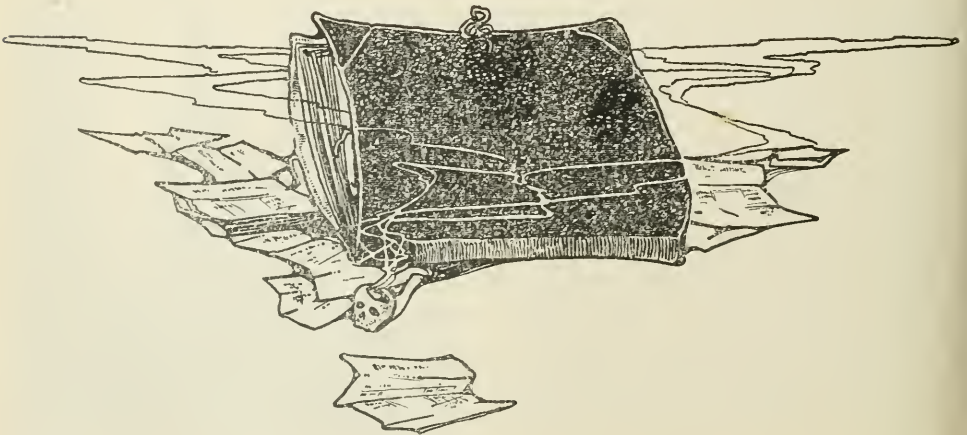
blunders and the sins, and start afresh! Oh, the delight, the delight of washing my soul in this water of death, yet living! Of beginning anew, with a clean life, a clean soul—"

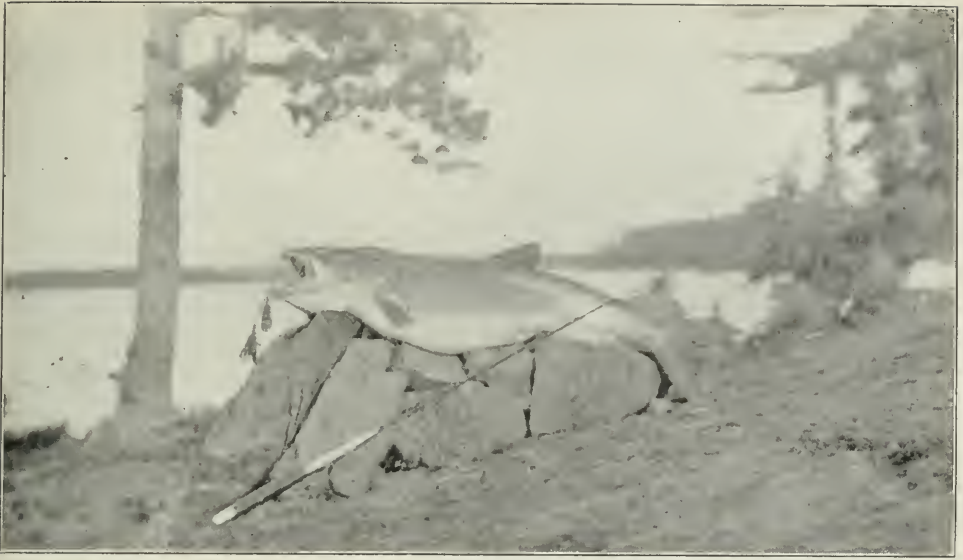
"A clean soul, Dickie? A clean life?"

"You don't see," he said, slowly. Then, with increasing impetuosity, "eh, but the thing's done. I'm free of it all, the past and its failures and its clinging hands. I put my very self on that dead boy's body—the self I've fought with and fled from all my life. God or the Devil, what do I care which I find, if I've lost myself? Fame! Success! Do you think such paltry toys can lure me back from the freedom of the grave? Leave me alone. You swore to my death. Never forswear yourself, man. Leave me alone."

Oh, the old, old human cry, the cry of youth! The hopeless escape, through a passage that rounds again to the same dungeon of inescapable personality! And yet—and yet—that clean, young, splendid face!—perhaps—perhaps—

My grip fell loose upon his shoulder, and he leapt back with a sudden gesture strange and free, the movement of a wild thing shaking off an ensnaring net; and, crashing through the bushes beside the path, he disappeared among the burgeoning trees.





FORTY INCHES FROM TIP TO TAIL, WITH A TWENTY-INCH WAIST MEASURE

LANDING A BIG ONE

BY O. B. CRAIG

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"THERE are Big Ones here too— Jim Friday says so!"

This was The Kid, cheerfully absorbing his fifth plate of flap-

jacks, and rolling a scornful eye on his elders, after the manner of youth.

"Ah?" said somebody lazily from the hammock. "So there are young moose—if you can tell'em from Durham bossy calves. Suppose you show us one, Kid, just to make certain."

Now this was an unfair reference to a natu-

ral little mistake of The Kid's when he was several years younger, and The Kid flushed a thin clear scarlet to the roots of his hair.



CHEERFULLY ABSORBING A FIFTH PLATE OF FLAPJACKS

"Forget it!" said he. "If my history was as ancient as yours, I'd be talking in cuneiform inscriptions. I'll bet you my new box of Silver Doctors there's a whacking Big One in that deep channel just back of camp—I saw something turn over there the other day that looked as big and white as mother's Christmas tablecloth—Look



THE CANOES LAY UP ON THE BANK MOST OF THE TIME—BASS-FISHING WAS TOO EASY TO BE INTERESTING

here! I'll paddle anybody that wants to take a crack at him after dinner. What say, Dad?"

Now we had been in camp for several weeks amid the pines of Lake Temagami, and had loafed, fished and paddled to our hearts' content. There was not an island, bay or inlet for five miles' range that we had not explored; and as for fishing, it was so easy and fish so plentiful that we were fairly getting tired of it. Black bass, pickerel and pike could be taken anywhere for the trouble of casting a line, and as it was against the laws of the camp to kill more than we could eat, or to fish in any other way than by trolling with rod, reel or spoon, our Izaak Waltoning was limited to an hour or two a day.

Still—nobody had succeeded in even hooking a genuine Big One. Bass and pickerel were too tame to be fun, and even lake trout of six or eight pounds weren't especially interesting. But tales had been told of monster trout inhabiting sheltered crannies, and there were records of some huge fish—if fishermen are to be believed under oath. I had experimented in some likely looking holes without avail, and had almost come to regard those Big Ones as mythical creatures to be classed with the griffin. But the Kid's

description tickled my fancy. Besides, "Jim Friday said so," and what the Fridays don't know about Temagami isn't worth lying awake nights to find out. I would have one more try.

So presently The Kid slid our light "Peterborough" into the water, dropped a hundred and fifty yards of hard copper wire line, a light five-foot steel rod, a couple of large trolling spoons and a handful of heavy sinkers on the bottom, adjusted the back rests, and we dipped lightly around the end of the island to the deep channel where his "white tablecloth" had turned over and vanished.

I dropped the spoon overboard, reeled out some fifty yards of line, lighted my pipe, and settled back for a lazy afternoon. Rhythmically, sleepily The Kid's paddle dipped, recovered with a soft hiss of falling drops, and gurgled again. Softly the water talked under the bow as we slipped along, warm the sun shone. I was almost asleep when—

"Whizz-z! whirr-rr-rr! whirr-r-r-rr!" went the reel in sharp crescendo, making a racket which in that stillness sounded like a runaway motor-cycle. I jumped a foot, and elicited a sharp exclamation from The Kid.

"Holy sailor, Dad! what you doing? 'J hook bottom?"

"Bottom nothing!" I yelled. "This is a shark—a whale—the biggest fish in Temagami, and he's pulling like an airship! For Heaven's sake back water, Kid, or he'll have us out of the boat!"

The Kid's eyes nearly popped out of his head, and he backed water furiously—none too soon, for the reserve line on the reel was getting down to the last few strands, and the rod was almost bent double from the strain.

"He's headed straight for the North Pole. Paddle, Kid—get a move on—for Heaven's sake stop him."

With muscles taut, nerves a-tingle, and rod almost breaking, the fight begins. That first dash seems endless, but the effort is too great, and the Big One is forced to slow down. Slowly he sinks to the bottom to recover his wind, contenting himself with angry sways and jerks at this evil thing that clutches him. I lean back and gasp two or three times.

"What a whacker!" mur-



WE SLID OUR LIGHT CANOE INTO THE WATER



THERE WAS NOT AN ISLAND, BAY OR INLET FOR FIVE MILES' RANGE
THAT WE HAD NOT EXPLORED

murs The Kid, peering after the twitching line. "We got the grandfather that time, I guess."

"Let's time him," I suggest. "It's going to be a long fight, judging by the first round."

"Four-thirty," announces The Kid, laying his Ingersoll down on the bottom of the canoe, and balancing his paddle waiting the next move. My reel is almost empty, and I industriously take in all the slack I can get while Leviathan weaves irregularly at the other end of the line. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the dripping thread comes slowly down through the guides and as slowly distributes itself on the spool. Two feet, four feet, ten feet are recovered, with a breaking-point strain on the tough steel rod, and the line singing like piano-wire. Every inch is sullenly disputed by Leviathan, and we can almost fancy we see him in the hundred foot, cool, green-brown depths, head down, tail up, boring and boring with angry twists and jerks for the bottom that he will never see again, if he only knew it.

Suddenly he loses patience, and with one powerful stroke he is off in another mad rush for freedom. It is give him line or break something now, and we let her flicker. The reel handle becomes

a blurred, hazy circle, the click is a high-pitched, nerve-racking screech as yard after yard of our lines goes hissing away to unknown depths. My thumb is blistered with the friction—and it might have been burned to the bone for all I knew, so intense is the excitement of the moment. The strain is terrible. Evidently it is too much for Leviathan. He slows down again, after almost exhausting our reserve line, and resorts again to his boring tactics, while we bend our energies to recovering the line he has so ruthlessly torn away. By this time, through some occult agency, our messmates in camp become aware that a battle royal is going on, and distributing themselves at vantage points in the grandstand of the rocky shore, commence to root, criticize, and advise in a manner that would cause the irresponsible base ball fan to turn green with envy.

"Pull him in!" "Jump overboard and catch him with your teeth!" "Put a bit in his mouth and drive him ashore!" comes wailing out to us over the dancing waters from the distant shore. "Don't let him go!" "Hang on to him!" As if we weren't hanging on to him with all the strength at our command,—or possibly he was hanging on to us. We've never been able to



"DON'T LET HIM GO! HANG ON TO HIM!"



WE DIPPED LIGHTLY AROUND THE END OF THE ISLAND TO THE DEEP CHANNEL WHERE THE BIG ONE HAD TURNED OVER AND VANISHED

figure which one was hanging the hardest.

All the time we were striving to recover line preparatory to the next rush. With the butt of the rod boring a hole into the pit of our stomach and our left thumb on the spool, we grasp the rod above the reel with the right hand and pull with all the force the tackle will stand. The fish yields slowly to the strain and gradually the tip of the rod rises a few feet above the surface of the water. Quickly changing our grip, we reel in until the tip is down near the surface again. Three feet of line to the good. We repeat the operation again and again, each time gaining some three or four feet of line to the accompaniment of incessant tugs and angry jerks.

Our muscles are commencing to stiffen, our back and legs become cramped, and our fingers sore from the cutting of the hard unyielding line. The butt of the rod seems to have reached our back bone and is trying to force its exit through the vertebræ when with a whizz and a whirr, off he goes again. It is a relief to be compelled, for a time, to let him have his way, for we are tiring almost to exhaustion.

His runs, however, are becoming

shorter and less vigorous and between each of them we recover more line than he takes away. He is surely tiring out, and calling upon our reserve strength, we force the fight. Turn after turn, slowly but surely the line comes down to the reel, in an endless grind. Already it seems we have reeled in about four times as much line as we put out and the end is not yet.

Suddenly, about fifty yards from the boat, we see a mighty swirl and catch a glimpse of a broad, black tail at least a foot across. But he is not done yet, for on sighting our craft he tries another wild, desperate plunge. It is only a short one and his dying effort.

Again we apply the reel, this time with only the sheer weight and drag of the heavy body as our resistance, and in a few turns are rewarded by a sight of our prize on the surface some twenty-five yards from our canoe, with his snow white belly glistening in the sunlight.

"There he is, Kid. How's that for your table-cloth?"

"Gee whizz, Dad, you've got a whale!" exclaims the Kid, as turning in his seat in the stern of the boat he gets his first glimpse of the monster—"How are you going to land him?"

"We'll tow him ashore. We don't

want to upset and lose him now. Paddle for camp, quick."

He is undoubtedly all in, now, and we reel him alongside. Dropping the rod, we get him by the gills, and holding his head out of water, with his cavernous mouth almost in our face, we start for camp.

"What time is it?" said I, feeling as if it had been centuries since I hooked that finned bundle of fight.

"Five - thirty," responded The Kid, skipping a stroke. "Why—it's sixty minutes since you hooked him!"

And so it was. One solid hour of the hardest fighting I had ever met. But we had him, and that was enough.

At camp, everybody turned out to receive us. Phil, the guide, plunged waist deep in the water and grabbed the prize, while the other fellows made a dash for us and lugged us up to the tent with waving arms and legs. All we needed was a brass band and a triumphal arch with "Welcome" on it.

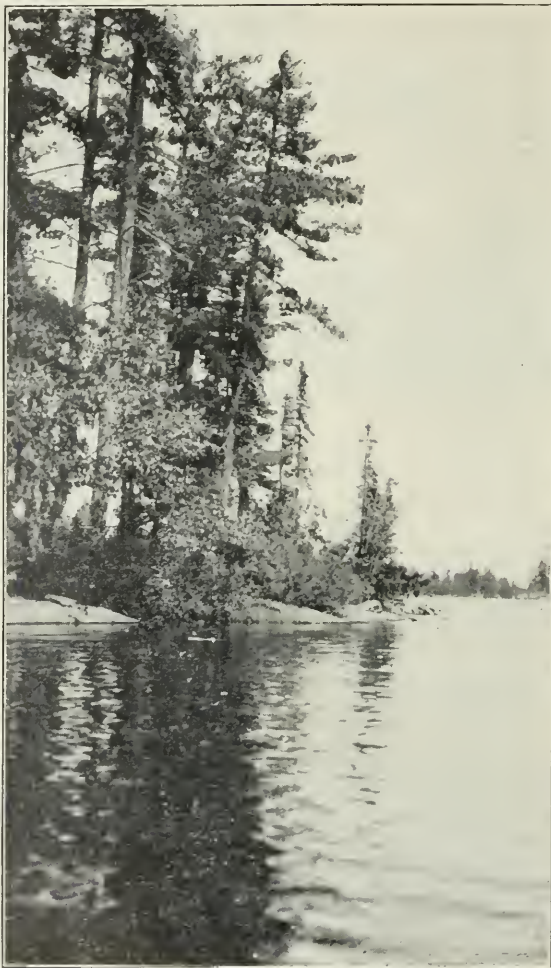
Forty inches from tip to tail, with a twenty inch waist measure was our Big One, thirty pounds in weight, and a

catch to be proud of, as he lay gasping on the moss. We looked at him with all sorts of quivering feelings rising proudly inside us. We had got him. He had put up a splendid fight, and it

was almost a pity that such a valiant warrior had come to his death—but we had got him. It was our turn to chortle. As for The Kid, we had to snub him to a stump with a hawser to keep him on earth at all.

We have fished the waters on both sides of the Atlantic; we have matched our skill against the jew fish and the tuna of the Pacific; we have landed the mighty muscallonge of the Great Lakes, and the gamey salmon of Nova Scotia rivers; we have run the whole gamut of fishing from the brook trout

of the mountains to the silvery tarpon of Florida waters, but with all our experience in the fishing line, we take off our hats to the lordly lake trout of Lake Temagami. There is none like him in all the world, and handled with light tackle, such as was used with this one, he is a foeman worthy of any sportsman's steel.



THE SHIMMERING SHADOWS OF TEMAGAMI PINES



THE OLD LOG SCHOOL HOUSE AT COYNE'S CORNERS, BUILT IN 1820

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

BY MARIA H. COYNE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

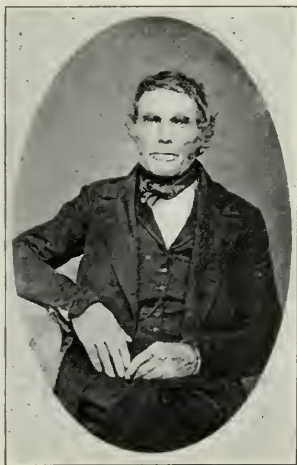
"I'M GOING, I tell you," stamped Tom, aged nine, as he and his younger brother, Will, stood by the great well sweep of a comfortable farm house on one of the new clearings at the western extremity of Colonel Talbot's settlement, "Little Ireland," on Lake Erie, County Elgin, Upper Canada.

It was in 1822 and the two children were discussing the vexed question of to go or not to go—to school. Tom continued, "Father would like me to go, I know, but John always pretends he's too busy to spare me. I despise hoeing taters. Sure, they will grow without all that fuss. You wait for me by the big stump."

Fifteen minutes later the two children, with bated breath, scurried out of sight and then more

leisurely made their way through the mile or two of forest that led them to the edge of the small clearing with its log schoolhouse. Here a group of children were gathered, listening intently to the sound of screams, oaths and crashing furniture within, announcing that the schoolmaster had been indulging in a drinking bout and that he and his wife were engaged in a hand to hand argument on the question of his delinquency.

In those early days men who were competent to teach the three R's were rare and the settlers were inclined to believe the man who best regarded the Scriptural injunction to "spare the rod and spoil the child," was most fitted to teach the young idea. This morning, however, the tumult and the shouting died



THOMAS MCCOLL

Teacher of many well-known Canadians



NICHOLAS WILSON
Familiarly known as "Old Nick" to hundreds
of "Old Boys"

in a few minutes and the children entered the one room which combined the uses of reception hall, parlor, dining room, saloon, kitchen, and schoolroom, to which was added rather unnecessarily, one would suppose, that of ash receptacle. The master's bedroom was in a little compartment under the peak of the high, sloping roof and was reached by a ladder.

In the big room downstairs, one corner, near the large fireplace, was occupied by a mass of ashes, then a highly prized commodity, as from them by leaching and boiling down the lye, potash was obtained and this commanded a high price in the States. The schoolmaster's wife, however, ordered her life on the principle of "never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow," and the result of this policy was that the ashes kissed the ceiling, then gradually spread over most of the space allotted to the children who regarded this and other discomforts with the nonchalant indifference of a time when children were trained to expect no attention to be paid to their "whimsies."

Winter and summer, three backless benches stood in front of the fireplace.

The seats were made by the simple contrivance of driving four small stakes into a thick slab, "whipped" from a good-sized tree trunk. The stakes were never of equal length and the seats were naturally wobbly, a source of great amusement to the bad boy of the school who would, by a motion of his foot as he left the bench, envelop the rest in a dense grey cloud or better still, upset a small boy and send him over into the ashes. The little boy might get bruised knees but the master was sure to stop any audible protest by giving him "something to cry for."

In warm weather the older children were kept at home to help with the crops and the younger ones sat on a bench in front of a long slab fastened to the side of the room, where the unfortunate infants, with feet curled under them, did their best to learn to write. The books were as various as the small scholars. One fortunate boy was the proud possessor of his mother's old hymn book from which she had learned to read in Scotland. Tom and Will carried Wesley's sermons; others were provided with New Testaments



THE MODERN TYPE OF SCHOOLMASTER
Dr. R. A. Pyne, Minister of Education for the
Province of Ontario

and many had portions of old newspapers.

The two brothers were the only "Irishers" in a school filled with Highland Scotch. They were anxious to learn and if their desire seemed to slacken, their mother spurred them on, telling them they were to study hard for the "honor of the old sod." They didn't quite know what she meant but she inspired them with a desire to be like Father in every way and so of course they must learn as much as possible.

They were sitting close together trying to digest the long words of the Wesleyan sermons when a boy at the end of their seat tried to kiss the girl next him. She resented the familiarity by boxing his ears and a noisy scuffle ensued. The teacher had a habit of throwing his taws in the direction of any noise, the inflexible rule being that he or she whom it hit, whether guilty or innocent, must carry it back to him and receive a most unmerciful trouncing. Unfortunately this time it hit little Will who sat too frightened to move. Tom snatched it hurriedly and carried it forward but his self sacrifice availed nothing for the result was that both children were compelled to endure the torture.

But luckily this master was removed and the next teacher, a very different type, boarded with Tom's father. He good-naturedly helped the boys to study at home and the two children read eagerly everything that fell into their hands. Thus their somewhat desultory education continued until Tom married and about 1846 he sent off his own two children, a boy and a girl, to school.

Conditions were not greatly improved and the girl is still bitter over the remembrance of a day when visitors came to school. As the teacher passed she said to the child, "If you look off your book one little peep, I'll half kill you." Needless to say, this was too much for feminine curiosity and the shy eyes, stealing a glance, looked straight into the threatening glare of the schoolmistress. No sooner had the visitors gone than she fulfilled her shameful threat almost to the letter.

That night at home the parents, true to the Spartan methods of training prevalent in those days, had expressed no sympathy but when she was supposedly asleep they stole to the child's bedside and applied a soothing lotion to the tender back, covered with welts and bruises.

Another day the baby sister ran away to school and as she peeped in the open door her brother smilingly beckoned her to him. She snuggled at his side and when the teacher's attention was absorbed elsewhere, the brother drew from his pocket a stick of candy lovingly glued to a long slate pencil and some broken pieces of stick cinnamon. "Poke them through the crack to Danny Williams," he whispered. She obeyed and as she felt the dainties pulled from her baby fingers, she peeped through the crack to meet the gaze of two haggard eyes set in a face so white and dismal that she would have fled in terror had it not been for her brother.

The room had been partly lathed for plaster and in the narrow space between the unfinished work and the high board the child had been thrust on a broiling hot summer day. Scarcely able to move, suffocating in this airless space, the child had been almost fainting and this was the only method of nourishment the sympathizing scholars had been able to adopt.

Soon two more of Tom's family, a boy and a girl, she who now attempts to give you these reminiscences, were added to the school and they passed under the rule of Robert Backus, son of Stephen Backus, one of those upright sterling pioneers whom, in 1809 and 1810, Colonel Talbot had welcomed to Little Ireland. As a teacher he was far in advance of his time. But unfortunately he was succeeded by a man whose brutality to the children was unsurpassed. He would whip a child until the blood came.

On one occasion he was whipping some small children when he observed the pitying glance of John Seaberry Pearse, afterwards park commissioner of London, Ontario. Mr. Pearse became one of the authorities on landscape gardening in Canada and to his

efforts much of the beauty of the Forest City is due. Angrily turning to Pearse, the teacher said, "Oh, you're sorry for them, are you? Come here and I'll make you sorry for yourself." Stoically the boy endured the severe punishment and when the old man ceased to rain blows on his back and arms, Pearse quietly said, "I would gladly take that any time to have you spare the little ones."

In 1854 we moved to London. With all our master's cruelties, he must have been a good teacher for we were considered advanced pupils. I well remember a classmate pointing out a small boy as one who was "in the third reader and only six years old," and the unconscious egotism of my reply, "Of course. He's my little brother and we were all put 'way up."

London then had but one public school, erected in 1849, but its builder had recognized the need of the sound body and the playground covered an entire city block. The "old Union," as its ex-pupils call it, was then in charge of Hamilton Hunter who was shortly afterwards superseded by his brother-in-law, J. B. Boyle, known to the pupils as "Barney" Boyle. His ability won for London schools an enviable prestige they still enjoy. Character building ranked high in his estimation and he had a genuine love for his work which led him to freely spend his Saturdays drilling boys to prepare themselves for professions, his sole compensation being the success of his pupils.

Mr. Boyle was a brilliant impromptu speaker and an able writer and had he been looking for financial remuneration he would doubtless have done a great deal better in some other profession. In 1859 he was appointed inspector of the many schools that had sprung up in London under his wise supervision.

This position he held until his death in 1896, an event which occurred exactly as he would have it, sitting in his office at the end of his day's work.

Mr. Boyle was succeeded by W. J. Carson, who since 1872, had been one of the best known public school principals in London. Mr. Carson died in 1904 and was succeeded by C. B. Edwards, one of the most brilliant high school teachers in Canada. Mr. Edwards is still in office and has been most successful in his administration of school affairs.

Associated with Mr. Boyle for many years was Nicholas Wilson, the granddad of them all. A wonderful man was "old Nick" as generation after generation irreverently, but lovingly, called him. It was in honor of Nicholas Wilson that the famous Old Boys' movement was originated, to celebrate the fiftieth year of his incumbency as a teacher. Mr. Wilson died in 1909.

Miss Bethel was one of Mr. Boyle's most valued assistants. She was a splendid woman and as Mrs. D. F. Ware, after her retirement from public teaching, she conducted one of the best private schools in London. Two sisters, Miss McElroy and Miss Maria McElroy, afterwards Mrs. Robert Reid and Mrs. J. B. Elliott, respectively, were remarkably successful, and Mrs. Hopkins was another of the teachers who, from 1851 to 1876, devoted herself to faithful service to her pupils.

The roll is long and full of honorable names and one might go on indefinitely prolonging the list of those who have done so much for Ontario's educational advancement. It is enough to say that the "little red schoolhouse" of early days has left its ineffaceable impression on the life and works of its scholars.





José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsman, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.



HILE this scene was being enacted in the broad square the governor of the city was galloping furiously towards it on his snow-

white charger. He had been in the tower of his mansion looking out towards the purpling hills, when his eye fell upon a crowd gathering about the great gates of the city. As he gazed the crowd grew larger and larger, and streamed on towards the centre of the city as if following some leader. He heard no shouts, and the very silence filled him with misgivings. Could it be possible, he thought, that the mountain tribes, who had lately fled for refuge to his city, and had been fed and clothed and housed at the good king's command had risen in arms and

were attempting to organize an insurrection? He was no coward. He would see for himself, and rushing down from his tower he ordered his servants to saddle his horse and bring him his sword in its golden scabbard, that scabbard that only a governor could wear. In a few minutes he was on his richly caparisoned steed spurring with fiery haste on his errand. Nor did he slacken his pace until he reached the king's square, where, to his amazement, he saw the ground black with prostrate figures.

The thought flashed through his mind: Could the king have come to the city without his knowledge, and was that he who was standing like a golden glory on the sacred stone? But as he strained his eyes he saw a ragged musician playing a harp. From where he sat on his horse he could not hear the music, and with a furious cry at the sacrilegious deed he drew his sword from the scabbard, and putting spurs to his steed rushed at a wild gallop over the kneeling crowd. Like a flash he was within ten feet of José. He had raised

his sword aloft for a deadly blow, when suddenly his horse stood still, his sword dropped to his side, and man and beast were bound in the same spell that held the vast crowd.

José seemed not to have noticed the mad rush of the charger, or the danger that had threatened him; but on he played, with eager hand and swelling heart, as the sun sank behind the hills. Slowly, slowly it sank, and as it drew nearer the horizon the music grew gentler and sweeter; and when at last only a faint circle of light shone above the grey of the hills, the music died out in an exquisite note that seemed to bid the sun good-night.

Scarcely had the last chord died away when the governor snatched from his girdle his golden sheath, and threw it as a gift at the musician's feet. The crowd followed his example; ladies took from their ears, their necks, their wrists, their ankles, rich jewels and cast them recklessly on the white stone: men threw their gold, their silver; and children and beggars, who had begged or piped all day for a few coppers, cast the store that was to have bought them their supper and bed into the pile that rose up to José's very knees.

The crowd, beside themselves, cried, "Play! Play!"

But José had drawn his mantle over his instrument, and said in a firm voice, "Not to-night; to-morrow I will play to you again."

But the crowd would not heed. "Play! Play!" they cried; but as he firmly refused, some of the evil-minded exclaimed, "Let us take his harp and play it ourselves."

Others eyeing the treasure on the ground shouted: "Tear him to pieces! Has he not defiled the sacred stone with his naked feet?"

But the governor firmly interposed in his commanding voice: "Let no man interfere with the boy! If he has been guilty of sacrilege we are all guilty with him, as we all did him reverence while he stood on the stone. The king alone can judge him, and the king shall know of his deed in the morning."

But the jealous musicians in the crowd cried out, "Tear him to pieces!

The king will pardon us for taking the law in our own hands."

It seemed as though José's life was in great peril, when the tramp of armed men sounded across the square, and a line of soldiers in complete armour, with Lara and Haro at their head advanced towards the stone. It was the guard from the walls who had been relieved at sundown. When the governor saw them he cried: "Soldiers, halt! Protect this lad till he is safe in my castle."

"Protect him!" cried Lara. "Protect us from him rather; he is able to take care of himself. I interfered with him at the gates, and got a cracked pate for my trouble."

The crowd fell back in fear at the soldier's words, while the governor said: "Collect this money and these jewels. Do not leave out my sheath! all are the boy's! He has been guilty of a fearful crime: he has stood where never man, save a king has stood before, and his life is in the king's hands. This night, however, he shall sleep free and protected under my roof. You will see to this, Lara?"

"See to this! I have just sworn to give my salary as an offering to this musician, and now I further vow that my sword, with the king's permission, will be used in no other service."

The crowd parted, and José, with his harp across his young shoulders, followed the governor to his palace surrounded by trusty soldiers, who reeled under the weight of money and jewels that his playing had won from the crowd.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM the royal square the crowd surged, led by the governor on his gorgeously caparisoned white steed. José followed closely behind in strange uncertainty. He had, as it were, come out of a dream, and the noble-looking soldier, that magnificent charger, the dense crowd were seemingly but the memory of it. While the sun was above the horizon he had not noticed the people about him, but now the multitude of crowding, wondering faces made him shrink back into himself. He had known but few people brought

up in a wandering gipsy tribe, his knowledge of humanity was limited to a score or two of half-starved vagabonds; but this sea of human beings pressing about him made him marvel at the vastness of the world.

It was surely all a dream! Could he still be asleep on the mountain side among his straying flock? He looked himself down and up. Yes, surely he was José! These were his rags; there on his bare, brown, dusty feet was a scar he had received several days before while climbing up a difficult tree with boyish curiosity to see if the eggs in a scarlet winged bird's nest were the color of the bird. And this line of fully armed soldiers to his right and to his left keeping back the crowd! What could such an imperial guard mean? He looked again at his rags and his scar; and again at the splendidly-mounted figure before him, the silent wondering crowd pressing close to him, and the stalwart soldiers towering high above the ordinary citizens, moving with slow, and steady tramp by his side. Yes, he was José! But all this was surely a dream.

Then he remembered the strange, weird, kindly little dwarf in the woods; the sunset music he had heard, Fedora and her sheep. He was still clad as her shepherd, but now, in his rags, instead of guarding a few troublesome sheep, he was honored by a man like unto a king, a whole city had been at his feet, and what seemed to him a whole army such as might guard a king protected him and his harp. He looked at his instrument. It was still on his arm, but now that the sun had set it had lost its glory. The sheen had departed from the silken covering, and it seemed naught but a crude street instrument concealed by a ruder piece of cloth—and he could but wonder and wonder.

Over the crowd, too, was sweeping a change of feeling. Many of them had cast at the feet of the musician precious trinkets; misers had parted with some of their greedy gains, and even the beggars had let fall the price of their suppers. Their wonder was vanishing and in its place hatred was rising.

"What is he after all," they murmured, "but a ragged beggar, more un-

kempt than any of the musicians of our streets!"

"He is in league with the devil," hissed others, "and has deceived us by the aid of the Prince of Evil."

"Let us fall upon him and tear him to pieces," was whispered on all sides.

But the soldiers with their drawn swords kept them back and the stern grim smile of Lara frightened them into subjection. There were some among the soldiers, however, who had not heard the magic of the music and sympathy with the crowd grew in their hearts.

"What folly we take part in!" thought they. "The King's Guard to perform such a foolish task, such a degrading task, as to escort a beggar through the streets as though he were a prince."

They, too, were not accustomed to being employed as beasts of burden, and several of them groaned under the weight of the treasure that had been heaped upon this beggar. One of the boldest of them jostled rudely against the lad, but scarcely had he touched the harp before he was sent sprawling into the midst of the crowd.

Lara had seen the act and had drawn his sword to strike the rude guardsman with the flat of it, but instead he laughed loudly when he saw him rolling in the dust.

"Dost like thy bed, Charles?" he shouted. "Dost like thy bed? Up man, and sleep not by the way."

"'Tis the devil! 'tis the devil!" The crowd began to shout, and there was a surging and a pressing that boded ill for José. Even the stern governor's voice was unable to command order. But although those on the outskirts of the crowd turbulently pressed forward, those nearest José, who now trembled timidly at the uproar he had created, had no wish to approach nearer the mysterious lad and his more mysterious instrument, and as a consequence the central portion of the crowd was sadly squeezed and crushed and even trampled on. At length a coward stumbled over a loose paving stone, and seizing it, hurled it at José.

It struck with a dull thud, but not against either José or his harp. It

reached the harp it is true, but scarcely had it touched the instrument before it went whizzing back straight as an arrow from the bow and laid the thrower prostrate and unconscious.

This was too much for the mob. Hastily they fell back, and a wide space was made between the soldiers and the crowd who were hushed into silence by their superstitious dread of the strange beggar who had power such as no man ever before wielded. There was now no murmur from the soldiers; they scarcely dared turn their glance towards the harp lest it should blast their sight. Slowly they advanced through the city, uncertain whether to be glad of the honor that was done them in being the escort to such a miraculous being or to lament that they, the first soldiers in the kingdom, should be the menials of a ragged gipsy minstrel. Two alone were sure of themselves; the governor in whose heart the music was still working, and Lara who had vowed to serve this minstrel before even his king, and who never broke his word.

But all rejoiced when the splendid palace of the governor loomed up in the distance; the Governor and Lara because they had nothing further to fear from the crowd; the soldiers, because to some of the prouder their present task was humiliating, while others felt that if they were not escorting the devil himself in disguise they had with them one of his lesser imps; and José, who, despite the music he had made, the wealth that had fallen at his feet, the power the harp gave him, was still a very human boy and very hungry.

They were soon before the magnificent residence where the governor lived in state, and at the thundering voice of Lara the escort drew up in two long lines, while the governor dismounted and giving his horse to a groom passed through the midst of the soldiers with drawn swords. José followed, trembling at the sight of the fierce big men with the fierce long weapons; but had he only known it under their armour their knees were knocking together from very fear of him. Up the marble steps they passed, and between the two black marble lions

that guarded the golden doors, and into the palace of the man second only to the king in wisdom, in wealth, and, best of all, in kindness of heart. The servants in their gorgeous livery bowed low when the governor and José entered the hall. They no doubt wondered at the strange little gipsy that followed their master, but they were too well trained to show their wonder even by a look. What their master did was right; it was for them to obey. Two of them as was their custom followed reverently behind the governor; while two others went without and stood one on either side of the golden doors by the black lions, to see that no man entered; for even in those days a ruler's life was ever in danger. But they had nothing to fear. The governor's treasurer had taken charge of José's wealth, and Lara was already marching his soldiers back to their quarters. The crowd, too, had dispersed grumblingly, threatening death and destruction to the governor and his palace. Nor did they rest satisfied with their threats alone; the king was expected in the city on the following day, and several shrewd ones who were jealous of the governor rushed off to tell him of the pollution of the sacred stone before the governor could send him an explanation of the strange occurrence.

Once within the palace José was led along a hall fairer than he had, even in his wildest dreams, imagined the king to possess. The floor was of colored mosaic; the walls were adorned with paintings of wondrous hues, and so skillfully were they done that at first he thought that the pictured men and women were living figures; the roof, too, was richly painted, and José wondered by what miracle the artist could ever have remained suspended in midair while he covered the dome with those fair angel faces that peeped out from clouds and peered from among the glittering stars. Here and there were marble statues so lifelike in appearance that José quite expected them to step from their pedestals and follow the owner of all this wealth and beauty.

Just as they reached the centre of the hall, a door burst open and two fairy-like little children bounded out with



THE GOVERNOR FIRMLY INTERPOSED, "LET NO MAN INTERFERE WITH THE BOY!
IF HE HAS BEEN GUILTY OF SACRILEGE, WE ARE ALL GUILTY WITH HIM"

cries of joy, and rushing to their father, seized him by the hand, welcoming him home. At first they did not seem to notice José, but their little round eyes opened with wonder when at last they beheld this ragged, barefoot lad. They had been carefully kept from scenes of poverty, sin and distress; and such a boy as José they had never before beheld. He was a great curiosity for them, and after their first wonder was spent they rushed eagerly upon him. Their father, remembering the miracles of the harp, would fain have stopped them, but he was too late and to his

horror he saw them seize José and his harp, but no ill results followed. He was wise, and with quick mind divined the cause; only those with evil intent suffered; the harp would do no harm to the good, the innocent, the pure.

When their mother saw them lightly trip into her presence with the barefooted, ragged unkempt street-player who carried lightly on his shoulder a rude instrument, she was horrified at the sight. Her husband, who, now that he was in the midst of his own family, had lost some of his austere dignity of manner, saw her surprised look and

laughingly told how he had found the lad.

"But why do you not have him properly clothed," said the mother, who had not come under the spell of his music nor saw the miracles wrought by his harp. "My little ones are covered with dust from his tattered rags."

"All in good time; we have but left the street; but you can have the servants attend to him now."

Quickly she ordered that José should receive a bath,—at which José shuddered, for being an inland lad he was not familiar with water, but when she ordered that new apparel should be given him, and that his rags should straightway be burned, he cried out against it.

"Nay, nay! he who gave me the harp bade me seek the king and he would clothe me."

No persuasion could change him; he maintained that from the king alone he would accept new raiment. But his benefactor had said nothing about baths or doubtless he would have insisted that he would wait till it was the king's good pleasure to give him one, so he consented to undergo that ordeal. But his harp went with him; he would not leave it out of his sight for a moment. However, when he reached the great room where the sparkling water played in showers of liquid coolness and the baths lay deep and cool and tempting he could not be persuaded to discard his rags; he dreaded a plot to steal them from him, and so at last the patient servant allowed him to wash in his own way: and a rude way it was. Under the water he ducked his dusty head, rubbed his little black hand over his shining face, shook himself and stood up washed. It fared better with his feet, however. They were sore and hot and tired with his long tramp and the delicious coolness of the water made it pleasant to the touch, and he paddled and paddled till he was clean and refreshed. Back to the governor he was led, still bearing his harp, and his hungry eyes sparkled with pleasure when he saw the rich meal that had been made ready.

In the meantime the governor and

his wife had had a difference of opinion as to how he should be treated. The mother felt that such an urchin could never sit at their table. Apart from the effect he would have on their little ones, the servants would be loath to wait on him; but the governor, usually ready to give way to his wife in such affairs, was firm.

"He came to us," he said, "with power such as no man ever possessed. The crowd fell before him as though he were a prince, and as a prince he shall be treated till the king decides. 'Methinks,' he added with a laugh, 'it would be well to make him governor of this city. When the king demanded revenue all he would have to do would be to harp and it would fall at his feet. I know not what may befall me or him to-morrow; but a strange miracle was worked through him to-day, and such powers cannot be for naught. In the sunset he seemed more than human; he seemed like an angel of light, and as a princely visitor we shall treat him, and at our table he shall sit till the king decrees otherwise.'"

So José found himself in a richly-carved and ornamented seat at a great shining table laden with rich dishes, and what he appreciated more, tempting food. Scarcely had they begun their meal when a tall youth with pale, finely-cut face and luminous eyes entered.

"Why so late, Henry?" said the governor looking up at his son.

"I stayed in the city inquiring about the lad who moved us all so mysteriously."

"Heard you him?"

"Yes!"

"Did'st ever hear such music?"

"No!"

"Where," exclaimed his mother, "is your clasp? 'Twas at your girdle when you went out."

The lad blushed crimson, then with a quickness of wit that pleased the governor mightily, he replied: "Ask father where is his sword."

"Well said, son! Thy mother's gift went with the king's gift. I blame thee not. Methinks I would have thrown the keys of the city had it come

into my head so to do. The lad here made us all open our hearts. But did'st hear any news?"

"Yes, and bad news too! Your enemies have rushed to the king with the tidings of the sacrilege practised to-day on the white stone."

"Tisbad!" answered the governor. "I had meant to send him word at once, but if they have forestalled me there is nought to do but await his commands."

José had been listening with strange wonder to this dialogue. He had not realized that the golden jewels that fell about him were his, and though he had seen them carried into the palace he did not connect them with himself. But his mind was made up. The king should have his treasure, and the governor and his son should take back as gifts the golden scabbard and the jewelled clasp.

When the meal was finished the governor at the wish of his children had José's hoard spread out before them; and what an assortment! As the governor had said, there was more in the collection than he could have forced from the citizens in a month, and the strange mixture proved that no one

had been left unaffected. There was the governor's sword, there was a necklace of jewels from the neck of the fairest lady of the city, there was a bag of gold with a miser's name upon it, and there were knives and tops, the offerings of children. The music of

the harp had made the whole world unselfish.

The sight of all this wealth made everyone eager to hear José's history, and so with childlike simplicity he told how he had tried to watch Fedora's sheep, and how he had slept again and again, and how at last he had run away into the deep, black forest—and the little ones shuddered at the thought of it,—and how he had been charmed to the feet of the magic musician, and how he had slept in the wondrous cave, and how he had been bidden to

take the harp and seek the king, and how he had come upon a fierce wolf crouching in his path—and the little ones cried out with horror—but he had trusted the harp, and it had hurled the snarling wolf from him; and how he had found Fedora moaning and groaning in her hut; how his music had made her young and strong again—and the



"FEAR ME NOT," HE SAID, "I HAVE COME TO GUARD YOU"

little ones laughed with glee,—and how she had chased him down the hillside—and they laughed still louder at his escape,—and how he had come to the gate, and how Lara had attempted to send an arrow through his instrument, and how his bow had been snapped and he himself cast down and stunned and bruised,—here the little ones uttered an incredulous Oh! It was impossible! Lara the biggest man in the world; Lara the most famous soldier of the King's Guard vanquished by such a mite as this gipsy lad! Impossible! But there was the gold, and the sword of their father, and Henry's clasp; and their little eyes opened wide at the wonder of it all.

The governor here took up the tale and told of the marvel of the scene in the square, and the miracles wrought on the crowd by the way, and when the tale was done it was time for all to seek their beds.

With this strange story still in her ears the wife of the governor raised no objecting word when it was commanded that José should sleep in the Prince's room! He must indeed be under the protection of Heaven, or even a heavenly being in human form: and the little ones as they passed him looked him over critically to see if he had wings, but he was still a very ragged boy and not much cleaner than when he had left his mountain home.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN José was left alone he began to fear that during his sleep something might happen to his harp, and, to reassure himself that he was in a friendly place, he opened the door of his room to take one last peep along the brilliantly lighted corridor. As he did so he almost fell down from fright; for there, before his very door, filling the whole space with his huge bulk, stood a warrior clad in complete armour. José recognized Lara, the soldier who had only a few hours before attempted to send an arrow through his magic strings, and who had had such a shaking up for his pains. He thought that the giant had come to take vengeance on him, and in his terror was about to

fall at his feet and beg mercy, when the blunt soldier's kindly voice roared out the cheering words:

"Fear me not," he said; "I have come to guard you. It is the custom when a prince visits the palace of the Governor—and he has treated you as one—to guard his door while he sleeps. I have besought the Governor to let me stand here till morning breaks. He has granted my request, and no man shall pass this door excepting over my body. No, not the Governor himself!"

José, despite the kindly words, was still trembling with fear, and Lara seeing that he was a greater source of terror to the lad than any foes not yet in sight, said with a laugh:

"You need fear nothing from me. I would as soon think of touching you as I would an arrow just speeding from the bow. I'm much afraid if I did I would find myself hurled through the roof. Now to bed, and rest in peace; no one shall disturb your slumbers."

José felt that Lara was a friend, indeed, and he was soon snugly resting between the silken bed clothes that wooed his young eyes to slumber a very few minutes after he had laid his head upon the perfumed pillows.

While José was sleeping thus sweetly after his day of wonders, and while his young brain was filled with dreams of the king and the honors he was to receive from his hand on the morrow—fearing no ill, and thinking that no danger could befall him or his harp, dark plots were shaping in a young mind that had been free from evil till this day. The Governor's son who had impulsively thrown his clasp at José's feet had long been seeking some new pleasure for his king. Ever since the royal edict had gone forth he had struggled night and day to find something new, and now his ambition could not brook defeat. He had invented new games; arranged new dances; hunted the wood far and wide for new song birds and new flowers; he had cultivated new fruits; and even written new poems,—but from his efforts his king found no delight. All were old to him, and he pushed them aside with his kingly hand.

To be continued

THE LOVER

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

I.

*Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonnie
birken tree,
They're all growing green in the North
Countrie.*

OF course there was a woman at the bottom of it.

Poor, pretty Rose Marian Evans, sitting alone in her wedding-present furnished flat, crying her blue eyes out, was the woman. And Robert Evans, striding savagely along the boulevard with the jar of a recently-banged door quivering along his nerves, was the indignant, red-faced, won't stand-it-any-longer man.

Not a very good beginning for the rose-and-gold paradise that matrimony had been warranted to be.

There was a line of dust on the lower edge of a picture-frame, and Rose Marian moved mechanically to wipe it off. But she stopped in the middle of a motion.

What was the use? Robert was never coming back—never, never, never, and the dust might lie inches and inches deep for all the good it would ever do to brush it away.

And as for Robert Evans, plunging redly through the tulip-studded park, where spring, unusually early, had set the snows of March aflame with bud

and blossom, he vowed, being a foolish, hot-headed, sensitive young gentleman, that he would never, never, never stand the corroding misery of being married for so much as five minutes any more.

"Women are fools," he said grimly to a gray squirrel, and he plumped himself down on a bench, glaring at the little bunch of fur.

The tiny beast fixed inquiring, beadlike eyes upon him, expecting peanuts.

"Never again, Bunny, never again. We'll get out of this, and go somewhere. We'll fish a little, and shoot a little, and trap a little, and do something interesting, and forget our troubles. Wonder if you ever have troubles, Bun? Come here, and let's condole together."

He whistled to the squirrel, and crooked a persuasive finger. Cautiously it came nearer, reconnoitered once or twice and then with a sudden access of desperate courage, leaped to his knee with an excited chirr.

"You know all about it, don't you, little man?" he said. "When your wife has caprices, you bite her, don't you? Well, I can't bite Rose Marian, and so I'm going to migrate to the next tree. You might wish me luck, Bunny, for there's nobody else to do it."



WHAT WAS THE USE? ROBERT WAS
NEVER COMING BACK

The squirrel, disappointed about peanuts, ran down, and expressed his voluble opinion about Robert from a safe distance. Robert arose, stretched himself, looked along the green grass and the lacy trees of the park, and brought one brown fist down in the palm of the other.

"I'm going to the Northwest. By George, I am."

And as a matter of fact, he did, at nine o'clock next morning, from the Park Row station, leaving half of his bank-account in Rose Marian's name, and writing her a never-never-never letter with the information about the bank-account in the postscript.

Over which she cried afresh, kissed it, raged over it, tore it in pieces, and finally gathered all the scraps out of the waste-basket so that she might wear them in a perfumed silk bag next her heart. Which is quite enough for you to know about poor, pretty, little Rose Marian Evans.

* * * * *

On the Soo-Spokane-Portland Limited, Robert Evans was gaily clicketting along towards the sunset. Loafing on the observation platform, and watching the track spin out its steel ribbons behind him, he sang to himself, and revelled in his new-gained freedom.

"Never, oh-never, oh-never, oh-never!" said the double trucks under the car, "never, oh-never!"

"Never it is," said Robert cheerfully. "I'm going to have some of the most glorious fishing in the country the next three months. Rose will be happier without me than with me. . . . Wonder what she's doing now?"

From which it will be seen that Robert Evans was still very human.

But there was no doubt about the fishing.

He had spent a long, lazy day rambing about Minneapolis, beside the amber reaches of the Mississippi, where the river, tortured among dams and flumes, boils downward in sheets of taffy-coloured foam; and loafing on a log across the current of the quick, little, black Minnehaha River, among the hepaticas and the mossy stones.

There was a tall gangling lad stalking trout with a fish-spear, and after awhile

Robert made friends with him. Thereafter, he had stalked trout himself, and craftily slain two beauties where they lay head against the current, fanning their shining fins. He was assuredly going fishing.

So there was a choice assortment of rods and flies tucked away in the baggage-car of the luxurious limited train, and Robert took great breaths of the cool morning air in anticipation of the woods that awaited him.

"Never, oh-never, oh-never," said the trucks of the dining car, as Robert dawdled over his delicately-broiled steak and crisp salad, watching the wide Dakota plains sweep by. Tender and green the fields lay, dotted with thrifty farms, patched with glorious emerald where the winter wheat was springing through the soil, and wide, wide, wide as the sea.

Northwest they ran, and ever northwest, into the great new empire. Northwest to Portal, and after awhile south again to Spokane where the railroads meet among the fir-clad mountains. Here Robert dropped off, and spent a glorious month fishing and mountain-climbing where from the snowline a man looks far, far, far down to thrifty orchards and fertile valleys and the wonderful peacock blue of the mountain lakes.

It was a new country to him, and he explored it with delight. The Flat-head, the Pend d'Oreille, the Coeur d'Alene Lakes all knew his rod; the unbroken sunshine of the Kootenay tanned his cheeks, the dry diamond-air of the mountains filled out his lungs and set him singing in the saddle along the trail.

Back to Spokane again he came to the broad orchards, to the famous Hood River Valley where the biggest apples in the world grow. Down the turquoise Columbia River, where the Soo Line runs through the blossoming valley along the river's edge, through almost tropical vegetation, where sky-reaching firs, cedars, pines, hemlocks, tower beside the right-of-way, and the mammoth ferns slip through the boundary fences to flourish on the rich soil of the orchards. West to Portland and the sea.



And the days slipped by uncounted, until April had turned to apple-blossom May, leafed into riotous June, and full summer had bloomed and faded and shadowed imperceptibly into fall. Harvest was over. The air was cooler, and October lay in hazy, golden glory on the land.

"I've seen your country pretty thoroughly," he said one sunny afternoon to a chance-met acquaintance, "and she's great. What else have you got to show to a fellow on this coast?"

"Been to Vancouver?" said the other man. "That's a good trip, up the Sound from Seattle you know; or you can go by rail.

"That looks good," said Robert, and presently he departed in search of George Vancouver's city beside the sapphire sea.

II.

*In Baltimore a-walking a lady I did meet,
With her babe on her arm as she came down the street.*

ALONE on the express that evening, the desire for Chicago suddenly struck Robert Evans—for its smoke and grime and cobblestones, for its stark, sheer, naked ugliness, for the unsalted sea lapping hungrily at its stone-guarded soil, and for the white-winged yachts in the harbor. And, though he would not acknowledge it yet, for Rose Marian, alone in the wedding-present furnished flat in Chicago.

"Never, oh-never, oh-never!" said the trucks under him, but he did not repeat their refrain this time. He retired to the smoking compartment in search of a hand at whist, and found only the grizzled Scotch conductor sitting alone.

"Good-evening," said Robert, "How are we running?"

The conductor consulted his watch.

"On time. To the minute, A'm thinking." Then glancing at the restless young face, "Eager for hame, lad?" he said.

"No—that is—yes, sort o'," confessed Robert. "But I'm going away from it."

"A've a faimily masel' that A've

no seen for the maitter o' two months, having been transferred to this deevession temporarily," he commented, fingering the long line of service stripes on his sleeve. "A wes juist sittin' here thinkin' o' them. It's harrd on a faimily, this travelin' life. Here we're sent, and there we're sent, and A'm no sayin' it can be helpit. But it's sair on the wife an' bairns—aye sairest on them. One day I'll be takin' oop thirrtty or forrtty acres o' fruit-lands, and workin' it wi' ma eldest boy. He's a tall lad, an' a gude, but he needs a faither the noo. An' I'll be glad to be at hame, efter a' these years o' servin' the road. Though it's been a fine service—just that. . . Ye'll be gangin' hame again sune?"

"Perhaps," said Robert, "I don't know how long I'll be away."

"Mak' it sune, lad," said the old conductor, and picking up his lantern he went up ahead, leaving Robert to reflection and a solitary cigar.

"Confound that conductor," said Robert, and threw the cigar away.

Morning brought the express to Vancouver.

Morning brought flagrant golden sunshine to the fair high streets of the town, and the sapphire blue of Burrard Inlet, and the ships from Hong-kong and Australia and far Fiji that sail up from beyond the wide world's end to lie at her wharves.

The cool breath of the long-ridged Pacific lay salt on his lips, mingled with the scent of gardens. Above his head the giant firs of Stanley Park patterned the vast high arch of the sky. From the vantage of the deep-grassed knoll where he lay, the sweep of the city spread before him, backed by the snow-capped barrier of the splendid mountains, reaching their impassable summits far into the transparent heaven, and girdled by the wonderful blue of the Inlet, where the white-winged yachts courteseyed in the shimmering shallows. Behind them lay the Lions of Vancouver, sullen nose on sullen paws, whose fir-covered slopes brood over the city, guarding it forever from the sea.

Robert watched the dimpling water,

a vague, uncomfortable, unanalyzable ache tugging at him, and a scrap of an old song running through his head.

"O, Falmouth is a fine town, with ships in the bay,
And I wish from my heart it was there I was to-day."

"Faith, I've got the ships in the bay here," he said to himself, laughing. "If that water were gray, now, with a line of sky-scrappers out yonder, and a veil of smoke over it all, those dancing little sloops would look like the Chicago basin."

Then, unbidden, came a memory of Rose Marian, holding the sheet of a fourteen footer, and laughing at the spray that dashed over the side. Impatiently he turned from the shimmering water to the shady little lane below him.

People passed through from time to time: a park guard-ian, picking up a bit of paper, breaking off a low-hanging twig; a girl with a rose in her hair and a lilt of song on her lips; an Indian clam-digger, shuffling swiftly by, sack on shoulder, looking neither to right nor left; a lover and his lass, finding unutterable things in each other's eyes.

And then, swiftly and surely, in a spot of golden sunshine at the far end of the lane, came a tall woman with a baby astride her hip, walking smoothly, goddess-like, with a free swinging stride. The sun sparkled on her smooth yellow hair, and dappled with shadow and light the blue gown that clung to her straight matronly figure. And as she passed, the baby reached out a fat, chubby arm to Robert among the bracken, and crowed a shrill joyous crow.

"And I thought how I sailed and the cradle standing ready

For the pretty little babe who has never seen its daddie."

he hummed softly. "Hello there, little man!"

The song ran through his brain again, and suddenly as a blow came a new idea to him. "That has never seen its daddie?"

He had been away the best part of a year. Then—if—
—if—Rose!"

He sprang to his feet.

"Oh, good Lord! What a brute I've been!"

III.

*O, there's a wind a-
blowing, a-blowing
from the west,
And that of all the
winds is the one I
like the best,
For it blows at our
backs, and it shakes
our pennon free,
And it soon will blow
us home to the old
countrie.*

OH, home! home!
home! The miles
could not fly fast

enough. Ashcroft, Kamloops, Revelstoke, Glacier, Field, Banff, Calgary. Then a sheer swift swoop southward to Medicine Hat. Eastward on the main Soo Line to Swift Current. To Moose Jaw. Portal at last. Only five hundred and fifty miles to Minneapolis now, thank God. The American names met him like friends, as they passed the little stations and red elevators; the prairie town seemed like home . . . Minot, Drake, Valley City . . . Would it never end?

St. Paul at last. The last lap home.

Down through the Wisconsin farmlands; down through the golden birchwoods and the dark trout-rivers; down in a wide, gull-winged curve to the toe of the Lake Michigan stocking; down to Chicago and home.

"Rose Marian! Rose Marian! Rose Marian!" he said under his breath.



"CONFOUND THAT CONDUCTOR," SAID ROBERT

"Oh, little girl—my little, little girl!"

Underneath the car the trucks still said, "Never, oh-never, oh-never!" and chuckled to themselves at the jest. But Robert Evans neither heeded nor heard.

"Rose Marian! Rose Marian!" he said under his breath, and consulted his time table for the four hundredth time. "Little girl, will you ever forgive me?"

IV.

*And it's home, dearie, home—it's home
I want to be.*

THE door opened to his latchkey and he stepped into the familiar living room with a tightening of his heart.

Just the same—but where was Rose?

Not quite the same, either, at a second glance. There was dust on the immaculate furniture. A square of deserted embroidery and a scatter of rainbow silks sparkled under the lamp, side by side with an invalid's tray, and a roll of white flannel. A stranger hat and coat were flung on the Morris chair. The neglected room cried aloud for the mistress of the house.

Where was Rose?

And then through the hall floated a sharp, querulous wail, succeeded by

indignant howls that sent Robert plunging through the doorway.

At sight of his face the dignified nurse smiled. She had seen that look before in other husbands' eyes.

"Everything's all right, Mr. Evans. Very successful. The boy is well, and Mrs. Evans is asleep."

"When—when?"

"Last night, about eleven o'clock."

"May I see her?"

"Certainly."

The nurse indicated the door, and Robert went humbly in to his wife, lying very frail and white among pillows, with her golden hair tumbled about her delicate childish face.

"Rose—my darling!" he whispered, kneeling beside her.

She opened her blue eyes, and smiled a sure, serene smile—the smile of those who have looked into the face of death and are very wise. It clutched at Robert's heart, and he bent his head with a groan.

"Oh, Rose! Has it been as bad as that?"

Across her face flickered the old mischievous twinkle. Cautiously she moved an inch on the pillow, pressed her lips to Robert's ear, and murmured: "Hello, daddy."

AFTER-SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

THEY say that Love is kind.
Perhaps—it may be so.

I have but seen his pain,
And do not know.

I have but bared my heart,
And felt his sting;
I have but wept with Love,
And cannot sing.

The gentleness of love
I cannot find;
Love's only kindness is
That he is blind.



SUNSET ON BEAUTIFUL LA HAVE

WITH CAPTAIN KIDD IN ARCADY

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

“GO TO Halifax!”

That was the way boys swore when I wore knickers.

We did not care whether Halifax, Yorkshire, or Halifax, Nova Scotia, was meant. Since then I have become familiar with the Halifax beautiful, and the Province of which it is the capital, and when I think of the ideal summer times, I think of the Canadian Province by the sea.

Nova Scotia has long been known to some who have a rare instinct for the delightful. Since a new railroad has opened up seven hundred miles of the loveliest coast imaginable, all parts of the peninsula are now easily accessible. Hearing the experienced few talk about it, you suppose they are foolish enthusiasts. Go yourself to Halifax, or Chester, or Liverpool, or Shelburne—or anywhere on the ocean shore—and you will become an enthusiast, too.

In fact this leisurely Arcady has been the delight of discriminating travellers ever since Harko's red-bearded Vikings beat across the North Atlantic nine hundred years ago, and, with the whole broadside of America to choose from, beached their long-beaked sea-dragons on the Nova Scotia sands, as their ancient monuments show. In the days of the American Revolution, the dread

Captain Kidd showed more taste than is usually credited to the followers of the s'death-and-wounds profession of pirate, and made our silver-rivered Elysium one of his favorite haunts. Pirates in Arcady seem something of an anachronism—yet why not? Is not Robin Hood the very romance of Sherwood Forest, and what was gallant Robin but a land-pirate, a king-kidnapper and bishop-lifter of sorts? May it not give a pleasant thrill to the twilight saunterer on the beaches to think that some moonless night he may meet the shade of the Captain, patrolling the site of his ill-won Spanish treasure? He is only an added charm!

It is wonderfully picturesque. It is the most remarkable country for in-shore salt water fishing; for beaches as safe and spacious as they are numerous; for boating in tidal waters that are like upland lakes; for sport with rod and line in two-score generous streams; for pursuit of bear and moose in the primeval woods; for the observing of social forms that are neither of the Old World nor of the New. For, indeed, Nova Scotia is opulent in repose, in beauty, in history, in tragedy, and in magnificence of hope—hope sometimes deferred, always justified.

Much of the fascination of Nova Scotia is in its hope deferred. The

country has been the playground of history as no other section of North America has. The French first colonized it in parts. On the eastern nose of Cape Breton they fortified Louisburg, which was destroyed by New Englanders, who, later, turned their half-fleshed swords upon an obstinate monarch. The French brought culture to the Annapolis Valley (near such places as Middleton, more delightful than it was in olden times), and their excess of patriotism, and a reckless alliance with Indians, led to a merciless scattering of their families. They built forts on the southeastern coasts, and gave to half-a-dozen settlements some of the best blood of a splendid nobility.

Politically, France has ceased to exist in North America. But her seductive language is heard, and the mould of her acute intellect is seen in two million forms along the St. Lawrence, among whom the Crown uses the French tongue, of necessity, and of convenience also. In Nova Scotia, at Tusket, and Pubnico, and here and there along the shore you can see the kirtle and hear the accents that rightly belong to the seventeenth century; and

grasp hands that are kin to the hands of dead statesmen and immortalized warriors; and know that ancient glory has become a remembrance—a quaint setting for a summer excursion.

The English came. Before Wolfe assailed the Plains of Abraham they founded Halifax. By a side wind of devotion to their German sovereign they advertised for immigrants in Hanover, and got them. Lunenburg, the best fishing port along the shore, is the result, in name, and speech and ecclesiastical distinction. There is not a German settlement in the wide world quite like it. Though the Lutherans have a yearly reunion at Wentzell's Lake, their ancestral tongue has no more official recognition than that of the Acadians. Their mark is over all the land, in the gear that all the oxen wear.

The ox is the beast of burden up and down the peninsula. He knows nothing of the arched yoke and boles, and the comfort of collar and hames would send him to sleep. He carries his unbended yoke just behind his ears, and has it strapped to the base of his horns and around his forehead. He walks in

perfect, compulsory unison with his brother. In town he wears iron shoes, like a horse. When you reflect that he and his progenitors have, within a night's journey of Boston, been moving around in this rigid style for a hundred and fifty years, you suppose that history has decreed that they shall continue to do so, as a memorial of her freakish idea of growing a new Germany on a strange western soil.

The whole Atlantic Coast, from Massachusetts north to Nova Scotia, is honeycombed with legends of treasure buried by pirates in the slashing days of the Spanish Main, and Mahone Bay, almost with-



STAR AND BRIGHT STILL RESPOND TO GEE! AND HSSH IN THE COUNTRY LANES



THE WHITE-WINGED YACHTS OF CHESTER



MORE MONEY HAS BEEN SUNK IN THE OAK ISLAND MONEY PIT THAN CAPTAIN KIDD EVER BURIED THERE

in hailing distance of the Hackmatack Inn at Chester, has one of the most imposing of these legends in the Oak Island Money Pit. Although the staid citizens of Nova Scotia never, in the dark of the moon, trotted around a hole in the ground saying charms and wearing their clothes inside out, as the fathers of Rhode

Island and Massachusetts did around the Darby Ring, joint stock companies have spent about a million dollars in trying to keep the Pit clear enough of water to permit them to unload in its depths. But they could neither pump out nor dam out the waters of the Atlantic and there the treasure lies, as safely guarded as that in the High Rock at



"NOVY" FISHERMEN TAKING THE BROWN NETS DOWN TO THE SEA

Lynn or the cache somewhere along the Long Island coast, for the old Captain is supposed to guard his Nova Scotian hoard in person o' nights, carrying his head under his arm for coolness. As far as Nova Scotia knows Captain Kidd is as rich as he was in the days when his ballad was new:

My name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
My name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed.

I had ninety bars of gold,
And dollars manifold,
And riches uncontrolled,
As I sailed

At Shelburne there is a ridiculous engine, into whose interior buckets of water were poured and then hand-pumped towards some burning pile. It was sent by George the Third to signify a royal gratitude to subjects, who, rather than become victorious with Washington, fled to the matchless harbour—once occupied and abandoned by the French—wherein the navies of all nations may carelessly ride. They founded there a city of fifteen thousand people without visible means of subsistence. That was in 1783. Twenty years afterwards the population of Shelburne was down to three hundred—just enough to prove that hope, though miserably deferred, is never utterly extinguished. To-day fifteen hundred people, including a few white and colored descendants of the

original self-denying patriots, inhabit a town of wide streets, noble trees and quaint houses. Within a mile of the railway station strolls the moose, as wary and as welcome as he used to be when George the Third was king.

Nearly every place has some antique flavor of its own. Liverpool can tell several fine privateering stories. Sylvanus Cobb's house is there, for anybody to see. Bridgewater touches a world of romance through the name

of its beautiful La Have River. Cape Sable Island has a singular record of tragedies of the seas. At Yarmouth there are the mysterious monuments of the meeting, nine hundred years ago, when the Norsemen first came to America, at which, as the interpreted record saith, "Harko's son addressed the men."

The whole country, then, is littered with memorials of days before men knew that the strong tides of population and commerce would flow further south. But History knew what she was about. She experimented here to prove the enduring quality of her sons. Then she loosed the currents into their predestined channels; and reserved the early testing places to be the playground of a more genial epoch; furnished with examples of her own half-informed, magnificent, invincible powers.

Some prefer to boat, and fish, and hunt, where such things were scarcely done before. There is abundance of unspoiled country for them, back of every section of the Halifax and South Western Railway. Lake Rossignol is a synonym for rich, exhaustless sport. Indeed, except appalling mountain scenery and its concomitant abysmic terrors, there is no valuable element of a vacation that is not freely to be had on the ocean side, or the stream, lake and forest side of this Road by the Sea.

There is abundance of picturesque

ness, too, among the fishermen of the coast, who go abroad on the shifting, smoking Banks to lay hold of the cod in his sea. Le Have, Western, Banquereau, St. Pierre, Green and Grand Banks are the waste and wallowing chessboard whereon the little schooners play, moving from berth to berth as the fish bite well or ill, and dodging the reckless liners whose thirty-foot steel stems storm through the shifting mists at twenty miles an hour, and fishing-boats may keep out of the way. Gnarled and rough-handed their crews, gay at times, after the fashion of seafarers, and quietly courageous as men must be where danger and death are a part of ordinary existence. From Nova Scotia whole fleets of whalers and sealers used to put out. Kipling made a Nova Scotia man the captain of the *Stralsund* in "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers," and, dying, he calls on his own land:

"The tides they'll go through Fundy Race
but I'll go nevermore
And see the hogs from ebbtide mark turn
scampering back to shore.
No more I'll see the trawlers drift below the
Bass Rock ground,
Or watch the tall Fall steamer lights tear
blazing up the sound."

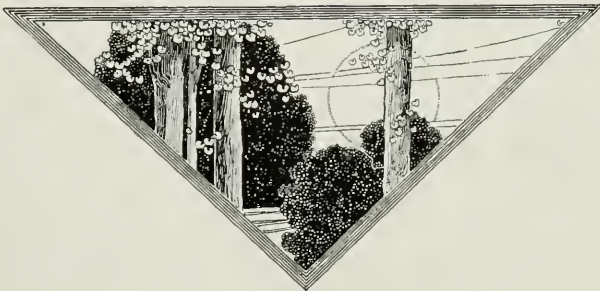
Once a Nova Scotian, always a Nova Scotian, they say. They may travel far from their long beaches, but at last they always come home.

Such, for instance, is the station agent of Caledonia, a little place in the very heart of Nova Scotia, on the edge

of a lake and forest region, wherein the moose and bear and porcupine are the only numerous dwellers, who have returned from the intellectual excitements of Boston and Cambridge to a life of ease and dignity on thirty-five a month, three acres of land, a couple of contented cows, and a young family that breathes the unadulterated air of heaven.

And when you have had time to think, you do not wonder very much that here and there a man in whom the merciless gospel of city hustle has not hopelessly damaged his instinctive love of place and of home, has returned from the activity and extravagance which once fascinated him, to dwell in some place where his family has a name and an abiding habitation.

Arcady in good sooth is Nova Scotia, pirate legends and all. Though her people dine off fresh "cods' tongues and sounds"—did you ever taste that ambrosia?—and buttermilk, instead of lampreys and Falernian; though French chevalier and German burgess no longer walk with sword and cambric ruffles through her streets, yet the cool and dreamy fields are those of Arcady beyond a doubt. And should you meet the cutlassed ghost of Captain Kidd in your rambles, and hear the faint whistling of a boat's crew off the shore, and see a rakish black craft flickering mistily in the offing—why, cross yourself and pass on, for it is only part of the delicious dream.



SPIKING MISTER CORDELL

BY BRUCE FARSON

Author of "Afraid," "Excess Baggage," etc.

IT WAS a little after one o'clock when Stack and Irish blew into the Alpha Sig house and roused the midnight lunch brigade from their cracker munching reverie around the grate fire. They were both cold and they crowded their way between the morris chairs and squatted on the hearth.

"Well, did you spike him?" chorused the midnight lunch brigade.

"Somebody roll me a cigarette and maybe my throat will thaw out enough to tell you all. Lordee; but it's a turrible night without!" Stack answered.

"Without what?" asked Liz Wakeley. "Here's a tailor made 'pill,'" he hastened to add.

"I'll overlook the stale pun in consideration of your kindness about the cigarette," and Stack lit up and puffed luxuriously. "Now, about 'spiking' Mister Cordell: you tell 'em, Irish. I couldn't do it justice!"

"Well, it was the same old line o' talk," explained Irish. "He told us all about how well he liked every one of the fellows and the rest of that gazoosh; said he wanted us to know how much he appreciated our kindness in taking him to the football game at Mishington and to all the shows and the wrestling match and everything; and tried to salve us into believing that he thought we were being nice to him just because we were such paragons of courtesy that we couldn't act otherwise, and not because we wanted to drag him into Alpha Sig and tack his hide to the wall for the other frats to get sourgraped about. He finally ended up with that big stall about his father not wanting him to go into any frat till he had been in school a year and looked them all over.

"Stack got haughty at that and told

him that it was not a question of a frat looking good to him; but rather of him looking good to a frat. Stack gave him a regular little forensic about the honor of being 'bid' by us and assured him that we didn't hold our 'bids' open till the man was ready to decide. Put it up to him that he'd better grab it while the grabbin' was good; but he only dished us out a superior sort of smile as much as to say 'that's what they all say.'

"Darn these big city high schools anyway! They turn out their fellows so smooth and wise that rushing them is about like going after some new man that you've picked up on the campus and don't know anything about, who pulls your leg for several good times and then breaks the news to you that if you are 'rushing' him for a fraternity there is nothing doing as he was initiated into Eta Beta Pie at Squeedunk College two years ago!"

Suddenly Stack broke in. "Tell 'em it all, kid, from start to finish!" he chortled. Then he rolled on the hearth, gasping to himself, "Oh, it was rich! Some class, some class!"

Irish grinned. "All right, it was this way. You know we 'phoned for seats at the 'Yankee Prince' and the beamish boy in the box office said he would hold us three in the fifth row. We beat it down there and I got in line at the ticket window. I was almost at the window, when I heard someone right behind me say:

"'Be sure to tell him the lower left hand box, Rothie. It is reserved in the name of Kappa Rho.'

"You bet you my life that brought me straight up. Of course I knew 'Rothie' was Rotherwood and I got a flash out of the corner of my eye at the fellow who was talking and, I'll be darned if it wasn't little 'Pretty' Mc-

Manus, that mut that always answers 'present, Professor,' in English Three, just like a prep.

"You fellows know how doggoned hard Kappa Rho have been rushing this man Cordell, and I had a picture of him sitting down in the fifth row with us and piping them off in the lower left hand box. Oh horrors, Madge! I figured I'd better die a hero than live a traitor, so I skinned my bank roll and found that I could stand the box sketch without doing anything worse than warping it—the roll, I mean. Just then I got to the ticket window. I gave His Nobs in the cage a frozen look and said: 'Three seats in the lower right hand box.' I had a kind of idea that when you made a crack, off-hand, you know, like I did, for box seats, that the ticket man would salaam to you or at least do a few jig steps; but this bloke shot 'em at me as if they were three in the gallery and barked: 'nine dollars'. Honest, I hated to give up that nine; but I thought of that Kappa Rho bunch and came across with it. I kind of lagged back as I left the window to see what Rotherwood would say. I had made my crack about the lower right hand box loud enough so that I knew he'd heard it. I figured that the only way he could get anything on us was to buy chair space on the stage. Then someone behind me said:

"'Five seats in the balcony, please. Yes, together.'

"I felt as if someone had handed me a flunk notice the week after they were out! Before I thought, I turned spang around and there was Rothie and 'Pretty' just turning away and grinning at me like a couple of waitresses looking for a Saturday night date.

"Now say, can you beat that? That's what I call a shine trick! They just made that box play to get me to blow us to one! 'Course they had me sized up all the time. Oh, you guys can laugh; but I'll tell you right now,

you'll all have to whack up with Stack and me on the bill. The gov'nor won't let me toss off the patrimony on box seats.

"Well, anyway, we blew in and sat there all the evening. Never got out once, because Mister Cordell didn't



"SO HE ENJOYS THE SOCIETY OF CONGENIAL GIRLS,"
MARSHALL RUMINANT

smoke cigarettes and there wasn't time between the acts for anything else. It may have been a good show; I don't know. Sometime I'm going to it again and sit in the balcony where I can see it. I never got more than a flash at it to-night because two beautiful cloak-models with merry dish pan hats on, sat in front of me and kept mopping my face with their plumes. I'd of thought they were fanning me to keep off the flies, only it was winter!

"Then for another thing, I was afraid Stack would start a riot, he glared at me so and kept making up such faces. You fool, Stack, you were in the box and had no chance to get your money back! What good did it do you to swell up like a poisoned pup?"

"I didn't think you would buy box seats if you were in your right mind, and I was afraid you'd get violent and disgrace us," Stack defended himself. "Why fellows, every time the women in front of him swabbed his face with their plumes, he bit at them!"

"I never bit at 'em once! I had myself under perfect control all the time. I kept thinking of the only good time I ever had in a box. That was when I went with some Harvard fellows in Boston, after a Yale game, and we hung a chunk of ice from a high-ball glass on a string and lowered it on the dome of a baldheaded man. Gee, he was mad! Thinking of that was all that saved me from passing away.

"Cheer up, though, the worst is yet to come! After the show, we steered our little guest over to the King Edward. Stack asked him what he'd have to drink and he said he never indulged in anything but wine. Oi yoi! oi yoi! It certainly did my heart good to see old Stack loosen up and cut into the grape at four per cut!"

"That's another thing you fellows will have to whack up on, and also three cigars for a dollar that Irish recklessly ordered and then left me to pay for!" broke in Stack.

"Then what did you do?" asked Billy Marshall from the depths of his red bathrobe.

"Do, what could we do? We were both insolvent, so we brought him home. You fellows ought to thank the Lord he didn't order a taxi-cab. He did say something about it; but I ran like a horse for the street-car."

"Didn't give you anything definite in the way of an answer then?" pursued Marshall.

"Not a word! The only thing he said that I remember was that he enjoyed the society of congenial girls and he hadn't met any here at the Varsity yet."

Stack shot the butt of his cigarette into the dying coals. "Well, the fire's going out, and I'm tired and broke, so I guess I'll go to bed. Come on, Irish, we're not appreciated by these high-brows."

The midnight lunch brigade rose and followed Stack's lead. Marshall brought up the rear.

"So he enjoys the society of congenial girls; but hasn't met any here. Hm-m-m! That ought to work out someway," he ruminated. He was still thinking it over as he turned out the light in the room he occupied alone, by virtue of being a Senior, and hopped into bed.

"Hasn't met any here, eh?" he muttered, as he turned his face to the wall. Then he went to sleep.

At precisely eight-twenty the next morning, the eight-thirty class crowd were diverted for a moment from the serious occupation of swallowing thirty mouthfuls of oatmeal per minute by the apparition of a tall man swathed

in a red bathrobe, who stalked into the dining-room and growled words at them to the effect that there would be a special fraternity meeting after lunch.

"Isn't it attractive!" howled Liz Wakeley. "Looks so bright and wide-awake! Must be some new sort of mascot. Who whistled for it, anyway?"

Marshall treated Liz to a brilliant, if short, explosion of language and retired to dally a little longer with his pillow before he had to get ready for his nine-thirty class.

Everybody passed Marshall's announcement along during the morning,



"WHO WHISTLED FOR IT, ANYWAY?" HOWLED LIZ WAKELEY

so that an unusual number of active members sat down to the noonday meal at the fraternity house. With much scraping of chairs, the last of the diners rose and charged upon the whist fiends, who were trying to get in a rubber of bridge before the meeting was called. After the ensuing riot was quelled, the fellows draped themselves over chairs and davenport and waited. Marshall rapped for order with his gavel.

"If Clem will quit writing on his cuff, we'll get down to business. Thank you, Brother Clem, and I would respectfully suggest that you write your ideas on your brain hereafter. If you ever should be so fortunate as to become a Sophomore, you will find that your brain doesn't go to the laundry."

Right here Liz Wakeley, who had been called down that morning by Clem for striking matches on the woodwork, burst out with,

"Great! Great! Down with the Freshmen!"

Marshall hammered furiously. "Shut up, you, Liz!" he roared. "Now listen! Stack and Irish tried to 'spike' this man Cordell last night. Some of you listened to their tale of woe when they got back, and for those who didn't I will say that they did not land him. They did get a line on him in one way, though, that seems to me to be a possible means of getting him. He told them that he hadn't met any girls that he found congenial here at the Varsity and that he liked girls very much."

"Goodness gracious, Agnes!" came in a chorus from the davenport.

"Now what do you think we can do?" finished Marshall.

"Marjorie" Daw uncoiled himself from the piano stool and rose.

"I'll tell you what, fellows," he said. "You can sic him on to Grace. I think he'll find her congenial. I do anyway."

Loud cries of: "Sit down! Sit down! No chance, Jerry. She can't talk about anything but you and we're trying to make him think you just work here!"

Daw resumed the piano stool with an injured air. Several other suggestions



"YOU KNOW WHAT A GOOD ALPHA SIG GIRL JEAN? !
MCGREGOR HAS ALWAYS BEEN"

met a similar fate. At last Marshall took the floor again

"Listen, fellows," he began. "I think I have an idea—"

"I object! I object!" yelled Liz. "Past performances admit of no such premise!" He was dragged back struggling to the davenport. With a look of scorn, Marshall continued.

"You all know what a good Alpha Sig girl Jean MacGregor has been, is, and always will be. Even if you weren't calling at her hall every night the Dean of Women's College lets you, Paul, she would be an Alpha Sig girl, and now the bond is doubly strong. Isn't that so?"

"Sure. Jean's a good Alpha Sig girl, all right," answered Paul Henley, who had been a marked favorite in the pursuit of Miss McGregor for two terms.

"Well then, let's get up a theatre party for Saturday night for Paul and Jean and this Cordell fellow and, say little Miss Martin, the Delta. She belongs to a good sorority for us to cultivate. Paul can be attentive to her for once and leave Jean free to work on Cordell. If he doesn't find her congenial, we don't want him anyway.

Every man in this bunch has found her congenial to a finish so I guess she must be. What do you think of the scheme?"

Marshall's plan was greeted with acclaim by all save Liz Wakeley, who never acclaimed anything, and Paul Henley. The latter said:

"I think I ought to tell you fellows that Jean and I are a whole lot more than friends although, of course, we aren't engaged or anything like that." —Paul only had three years of law work ahead of him and was working his way through to boot.—"So she may not prove as entertaining to Cordell as you all expect."

"That's all right, old horse!" "Congratulations!" "Isn't he conceited!" "Trust Jean to be entertaining!" came the joshing chorus.

"Well then, fellows, if you think the idea's O. K., we'll put 'er through. You frame it up with Jean and the Martin kid, Paul, and draw on the treasury for the expenses. This is where we ought to land an awful wallop on the Kappa Rhos! Meeting's adjourned."

"And say," shouted Liz Wakeley, "as captain of the bowling team, I wish some of you would come over and gloat this afternoon while we beat the Alpha Kaps. All we have to do to beat 'em, is to show up with a couple of rooters. The sight of an Alpha Sig team with any support would shock all the fight out of 'em!"

Paul made his commission a pretext for cutting his afternoon classes and going for a long walk with Jean. He explained the whole plan to her and was assured of her help. They stepped into a telephone booth and Jean called up Miss Martin, who was one of her friends, and arranged matters with her. The only thing left to do, then, to make the arrangements complete was to get Cordell's acceptance. Paul found him at the Gym. At dinner he was able to report that everything was settled.

Sunday morning everyone slept late, and it was not until just before dinner that Paul came over from ushering in church for tuition, to report on the theatre party. Before he had time to hang up his hat, he was hailed with

shouts from the loungers in the living room. His face, as he came into the room, was a blending of ruefulness and pleasure. In response to the inquiries as to whether he had made good or not, he said:

"Well, I did and I didn't. Jean certainly made an awful hit with Cordell. He hung over her all the evening like a moon-faced calf. I never got a chance to say 'how do you do' or 'fare ye well'!"

Roars of laughter greeted this speech. "Marjorie" Daw whirled on the piano stool and began to pound out "I Never Saw Such Jealousy In All My Life."

The sole topic of conversation during dinner was when Cordell would put on the pledge pin. The fact that it was Jean McGregor, not Alpha Sig, that he warmed to caused no qualms, for, as Stack put it,

"If he gets 'mushed' on Jean McGregor, she'll make him jump through and roll over till he'll join Alpha Sig just to get a laugh out of her."

Then, as a 'pledge', how quick would be his awakening! Paul would just step back into the limelight of Jean's regard and Cordell would go to the discard. He would have been hooked by that time, however, and would have to go out and hunt for congenial girls of his own. Even when the Jap waiter let slip a plate and gracefully shot a piece of roast beef between Clem's brand new fancy vest and his clean shirt, his frenzied tearing open of buttons in an effort to get it out only caused a momentary diversion. Many meditative pipes were smoked over the matter during the afternoon and evening and the general conclusion was that Cordell was done for. Marshall was praised for his acumen till he began to cite other instances of his wonderful brain power, and even Henley began to feel less sore at Cordell's monopoly of Jean as he thought of how he would step into the breach as soon as that pledge pin was clamped on.

For the next few days, the Alpha Sigs basked in the sunshine of Kappa Rho frowns. Delegations of Kappa Rhos stood at vantage points on the campus and tried to catch Cordell's eye; but he was always hurrying from



JEAN AND MISTER CORDELL RODE BY THE HOUSE IN AN AUTO

class to meet Jean McGregor, dashing to class from meeting Jean McGregor, or walking obviously by with Jean McGregor on his arm. An army could not have chaperoned him as effectively. The same Kappa Rhos who would have fought their way through a score of Alpha Sigs for a word with him, did not dare butt in on him when he was walking with a girl. The Alpha Sigs were content with this. They didn't butt in either. Why should they? Wasn't Jean the best Alpha Sig girl in the Varsity? Let her do the work; they stood ready at any time with the pledge pin. In fact, most of them carried one in their pockets, so that, if Jean should stop them on the campus with her slave in tow, and say that he wished instant action, they would not be found lacking.

Paul went over Wednesday night to get Jean's report; but came back before long looking rather crestfallen. He explained that Jean said that she had approached Cordell about fraternities in general and Alpha Sig in particular; but that he had been non-committal. She had not thought it wise to push the subject. Everyone agreed that she was right. Henley went on to say that

Cordell had asked for a date that evening and Jean had thought he would be willing to sacrifice himself for the good of the fraternity. Again everyone agreed that she was right and urged him to think of his revenge as soon as Cordell had donned a pledge pin.

Thursday night Jean 'phoned Paul that Mr. Cordell wanted her to go to the theatre Friday night and she knew he wouldn't mind foregoing his call. She said she had nothing to report as to Cordell's readiness to accept Alpha Sig; but she hoped to be more definite next week. Paul looked glum.

"Good old Jean!" vouchsafed Marshall. "She sure is a good Alpha Sig girl."

Paul went upstairs muttering something under his breath. The others began to look at Marshall a little dubiously.

Saturday and Sunday were devoid of interest, except that Jean and Cordell rode by the house in an auto, Sunday afternoon. Jean waved cordially, Cordell indolently. Fortunately Paul was not a spectator. He had developed a large enough grouch, so that no one saw fit to tell him.

The attitude of the Alpha Sigs to the

Kappa Rhos was not so patronizing during the early part of the next week and the Kaps did not seem so gloomy, although they wore a mystified expression as if they were wondering why the bolt of an Alpha Sig pledge pin in Cordell's button hole deferred its falling and were merely consoling themselves with the adage that while there is life, there's hope.

Wednesday night, Paul, with the well wishes of all the fraternity, repaired to Women's Hall to find out what had transpired. Twenty minutes later, he returned. He threw himself into a morris chair with such force that its venerable joints shrieked.

"Get an axe and you can break it quicker," suggested Stack.

"Shut up!" growled Paul.

"How peevish you are, Reginald!" Stack retorted.

"Well, I ought to be! Here I go over to see Jean and the maid tells me she's engaged!"

"Engaged! You don't mean to say she's engaged to Cordell!" gasped Billy Burkett.

"Not *to*, you fine piece of sage cheese, *with!*" raged Paul. "By Jiminy, I love my fraternity; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to martyrize myself to make you guys a holiday!"

"We are certainly enjoying your Hamlet; keep it up! If I had made a crack that some girl and I were a whole lot more than friends like you did the other night, I wouldn't beef around about her being engaged with someone else. You seem to be doing the 'supper turn'. Buck up!" giped Liz.

"Oh, but you think you're a 'scream', don't you!" grunted Paul and subsided into his grouch.

"But say, Paul, you don't think—" began Marshall. The tinkle of the telephone cut him short.

"If anyone asks for Maurice, call me!" Clem shouted after Burkett who ambled to answer the ring. "I was kidding some girl that called up the other day, and I told her my name was Maurice," he floundered, blushing painfully in the face of the broad grins that were being flashed on him.

"Somebody wants Henley," called Burkett. "Oh, you Paul, come here!"

The air was heavy with the feeling that this call had to do with Cordell. Everyone listened and waited in the state of no ideas and no words that the muffled voice of someone talking over the 'phone inspires.

It seemed a long time before they heard the door of the 'phone booth slam and Paul's returning footsteps. They all looked at him as he came back into the room. One glance was enough.

"Was it her?" asked Marshall. Paul nodded. Nobody spoke. At last Stack said: "Well, spring it."

"She just called up to say that she was sorry, but that Cordell was so prejudiced in favor of Kappa Rho that she couldn't win him over. Then she cancelled her date with me to come to our dance the fifteenth, because she was going to a hop at the Kappa Rho house that same night with Cordell. Said she thought I would understand. He's gone over to let 'em put a pledge pin on him now. She said if we hadn't been so cocksure and had rushed him a little harder the last week, we might have come nearer landing him." Henley gave them all a forbidding glance, then turned and clumped upstairs.

"Can you beat that?" rumbled Stack under his breath.

"That's what we get for putting our trust in a woman. I thought we'd do better without her, all the time!" thundered Marshall. It was his one last and gallant stand to save his brainy reputation; but he reckoned without his host.

For a moment he was the focus of seven amazed pairs of eyes. Then Liz Wakeley leaped up with a pillow in each hand.

"Good Lord, fellows!" he cried and let them both drive at Marshall. In a moment the others had followed Liz into action and the wise man of Alpha Sig was rolling under them all on the floor.

Upstairs, Paul Henley leaned back in his chair, cocked his feet on the table, puffed slowly at his pipe, and thought.

"I wonder if that little Martin girl meant what she said about giving me her picture if I came to call," he soliloquized at length. "Guess I'll go over to-morrow night and see. She sure has swell eyes."



DOPE

"I CONFESS," says Herman Lieb, whose success in "*Dope*" has been one of the year's dramatic features, "that when '*Dope*' was booked for Winnipeg, I did not feel at all sanguine as to its success. The sketch is purely American in its construction, with Chicago as a background for local color. The theme deals with the cocaine traffic on the West Side, the scene being a drug-store run by Doc. Koltoff, who sells cocaine without a doctor's order. As the curtain rises, a dope-fiend shambles in, buys his ten-cent package of 'flake,' sniffs at it, and walks out content. Jerry, a policeman, saunters in to tip off Koltoff that the settlement workers are on the watch to detect him in the act of selling cocaine to children, and for this bit of information Jerry borrows two dollars 'till pay-day.' At the end of a bit of dialogue that leads up to the plot of the play, Jerry heavily-footedly departs, the richer by two dollars and a handful of cigars. Evidently Jerry is 'in the know,' and Koltoff must 'fork up' to purchase his silence.

"The next visitor is a woman, who enters hurriedly, muffled up in a black shawl, and silently consults a directory. She is followed by a prepossessing young man, who asks for a brand of imported cigars. Koltoff doesn't keep imported cigars, but suggests his own favorite brand, 'Cremo,' which the young man purchases. As he stands at the counter a young messenger boy

runs in, taps on the counter for 'flake, and the moment he gets it, hands it to the man. Simultaneously the young woman rises, throws off her shawl, and discloses the person of Miss Courtney, a settlement worker and fiancée of Arthur Robson, the prepossessing young man. Robson, after denouncing Koltoff in no gentle terms, goes to the telephone to call up the police station. Discovering that it is a slot machine, he is in a quandary until Koltoff hands him the necessary slug. Then the station informs him that they have no officer in reserve, and they must wait. After listening a moment to this conversation, Koltoff says he'll talk to the station, and in a moment turns from the telephone, saying, 'They'll send up now all right.'

"While waiting the police, a heated discussion takes place, wherein Koltoff discovers that young Robson is the son of John Robson, of Robson & Robson, who deal in drugs, and supply him with all the cocaine he wants; and that Miss Courtenay's mother owns the building in which the drug-store is situated. He completely turns the tables, and shows the young people that their parents are as guilty as he is, for they, too, get their living from the sale of the drug. Miss Courtenay and Robson are non-plussed at the discovery, and the girl begs Robson to fix matters up, as she can't bear having their names connected with such a scandal. When the police finally arrive, Robson explains that they have decided not to press the

charge, as they have no witnesses, and presumably the traffic continues in its usual way.

"My surprise was truly great to discover that the Winnipeg audiences took up points in the play that those of New York and Chicago failed to appreciate. While in Winnipeg we had the pleasure of reading in a local paper of the discovery of a 'dope-joint' conducted by a woman, whose custom was to sell to messenger boys. When the arrest was made, several of these boys were taken into custody and one subsequently died from the effects of the cocaine habit, while others were set on the road to reform. So while my profession is acting, I feel that I am helping to carry on the crusade against an evil which I am informed numbers five per cent. of our population among its victims."

ARISTOCRACY

"AN earl's a very convenient thing for a girl to have around. I told the other girls to-day that I thought I'd keep this one," says Sarah Marion as "Tenny" Lawrence, "of the oldest families in America, my dear," the Earl of Caryston-Leigh meanwhile obediently tying her frivolous little slipper.

This cheerful doctrine is the theme of Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," which was first produced in 1892 with a cast among whom were numbered Wilton Lackaye, Will Faversham, Blanche Walsh and Viola Allen, and is now being revived in spite of its age, although it presents much the appearance of a forty-year-old coquette in her rouge and giggles.

Jefferson Stockton (played convincingly by J. H. Gillmore), a seventy-times-a-millionaire of San Francisco, has a handsome wife and daughter, and an itch to be presented at the court of St. James. This is done through the medium of the insolvent Marquis of Normandale, who calmly arranges to rent his London house, his servants, his ancestors and his own noble self as Introducer-in-Chief of the Stocktons to the very royalest royalties obtainable. Mr. Gillmore plays the Marquis with a quiet sense of humor that is re-

freshingly rare in an American delineation of an Englishman, and really makes him seem to be a likable chap, in spite of his frank fortune hunting.

However it isn't part of Jefferson Stockton's game to marry Virginia to any bankrupt title, and when she forestalls him by marrying Prince Emil the news comes to her father as a shock, Prince Emil's morals being rather the worse for wear. The fact of the case is that the Prince isn't in the least interested in Virginia herself, but rather in the Stockton money, and in handsome Mrs. Stockton (Maidel Turner) whom he expects to win through the same charms that have proved so seductive to the danseuses of the cafés chantants of Paris. Meantime Octave, Duc de Vigny-Volante thinks he will draw Princess Virginia, for whose charms he has a truly Gallic admiration, and everything promises to work out in a wicked Continental way.

But America to the rescue! Virginia remains magnificently true to her Prince, and inspires in Octave's breast sentiments of nobility the title of Duc hasn't seemed to endow him with; and he, returning to Paris, refuses to



"WANT ME TO?" SAID MISS GERALDINE, TURNING WITH A SMILE



HERMAN LIEB, WHOSE SUCCESS IN *Dope* HAS BEEN ONE OF THE YEAR'S DRAMATIC FEATURES

give Prince Emil's love to a certain fascinating Suzanne, and avows his intention of settling down to a virtuous existence. Prince Emil resents his former companion's impromptu lecture, and they arrange to fight a duel in Paris as soon as Emil returns.

Stately Diana Stockton doesn't acquit herself quite so well. Despising Emil she still cannot quite let him alone, and in an unguarded moment he snatches her in his arms. Neatly in the nick of time Jefferson Stockton returns, his wife flees to him for protection, and he very nearly chokes the Prince to death in his hasty American way instead of waiting to exchange harmless shots across a field of honor. In fact he hurts the Prince consider-

ably, and shocks his wife into the un-failing feminine resource of tears.

Everything ends happily ever after, however. Prince Emil is killed by mistake in his duel with Octave, Mr. and Mrs. Stockton are clasped in each other's arms, and Princess Virginia is left free to resume her romance with her American lover, whose reported marriage turns out to be all a mistake. Innocence is triumphant, the mercenary nobility of Europe are crushed, and the eagle utters a loud and reverberating squawk of approval.

A WORKING LADY

WHEN Geraldine Farrar was singing in grand opera in one of the big American cities last winter, there



MAIDEL TURNER, WHO PLAYED MRS. STOCKTON CLEVERLY IN THE RECENT REVIVAL OF ARISTOCRACY

was a six-ring circus in full blast, and just for a lark, Miss Geraldine skipped school one afternoon and went.

It got behind the rings that she was there, and the girls of the circus sent out in front begging her to come behind the scenes and let them see her. Instantly she and her companion were on their feet, and headed for the circus equivalent to dressing-rooms. There she met a joyous reception.

"Geraldine, why don't you sing something?" her companion said, after the first greetings had spent themselves. "I know the girls are just dying to hear you."

"Want me to?" said Miss Geraldine, turning with a smile.

Did they? Well, did they just!

And throwing back her pretty little head, Geraldine Farrar sang — sang bits from *La Boheme*, from *Traviata*, from *Madame Butterfly*, from one and another of her roles, sang like a truant bird on a strange branch, and the dancers and acrobats and daring riders in their spangled skirts applauded generously.

There was one little girl who didn't applaud, but just sat back and shut her eyes in a quiet corner.

"Don't you like it, Genevieve?" said somebody, noticing her stillness.

She opened a pair of eyes like stars, and sighed a deep full sigh.

"Oh, it's just like listening at the key hole of heaven to hear Geraldine Farrar sing!" she said softly.

It was probably Carlyle after a typical English supper of cold pork, muffins, cheese and beer who remarked grimly that genius is only an infinite capacity for taking pains.

You really couldn't expect anything more encouraging from such a dyspeptic philosopher as Tammias, but it's considerably more of a shock to have Geraldine Farrar open her red lips and utter the same uncomfortable heresy:

"I have no patience with the 'prodigy' idea," she says. "Talent may be precocious, but prodigies have to work; the more talent they have, the more they have to work, it is all one continuous grind! Mr. Whistler says that artists 'happen'. I don't agree with him! One may understand color and line, have a correct ear for music,



MARGUERITE CLARK LOOKS DEMURE UNDER HER BIG HAT, BUT SHE GETS A LAUGH EVERY TIME IN BABY MINE

or possess a voice, but only *work* makes an *artist*."

With the emphasis on the *work* and the *artist*, too, mind you, Miss Maybelle, who believe you could do as well, if you only had the luck. And worse, than all, she practices what she preaches. There is no harder worker in grand opera than Miss Farrar. People often say, "Geraldine Farrar has had such luck. It's not everybody who has a woman friend willing to spend a small fortune on one's musical education." Yet other prima donnas

have had fortune, talents and beauty, and done nothing with them but grow a forty-four inch waist. Geraldine Farrar is just a wholesome everyday American girl of twenty-six, the daughter of "Sid" Farrar, the baseball player.

A working lady is Geraldine Farrar without a doubt. Not a member of the Scrubbladies' Union, nor a walking delegate for any trade—nothing but a prima donna, a great singer, and an actress of the first rank. Oh, Maybelle! Isn't it discouraging?

BABY MINE.

IT ALL started with just one lie when the truth would have been so much easier, and the *casus belli* of no consequence, anyway. But Joie Hardy (played by Marguerite Clark) is the sort of woman who lies even about the time of day—a half-hour one way or the other, just to keep in practice—and when her husband, Alfred Hardy, asks her with whom she lunched on a certain day, she denies the allegation and defies the alligator as naturally as she breathes.

Now the truth is that, quite innocently and accidentally, she met downtown Jimmie Jinks, the husband of her best friend, and a friend of her husband's. The hour being noon, Jimmie asks her to luncheon, and she accepts, later explaining naively, when asked by a friend why she did it, "Why—because I was hungry." Alfred discovers accidentally through the waiter that she has lunched with a gentleman, and naturally knows she is lying when she flatly denies having done so. Joie and Alfred are childless, and constantly vibrate from the temperate to the torrid or the frigid zone of married infelicity, and with this last scene, Alfred decides to chuck the whole thing and go away.

Before his departure, Alfred meets Jimmie and tells him the whole story, explaining all the things he intends to do to "that man" when he meets him. Jimmie doesn't like the prescription, and when Alfred departs and stays departed, and Joie's inventive brain is set to work devising means to bring him back, Jimmie is bound to aid her, if only to save himself. Otis Harlan plays Jimmie delightfully.

All the schemes to secure Alfred's return fail, however, until Aggie, Jimmie's wife, tells Joie about a woman who, according to the Sunday paper, adopted a baby in her husband's absence, and pretended to him that it was her own. This scheme seems plausible, and Jimmie is commissioned to get the baby, telegraph Alfred, and be general errand-boy.

Everything is in readiness, except the baby, when Alfred returns ahead of time, and simultaneously Jimmie telephones that the mother has decided at

the last moment not to give up the child. "You've got to get that baby, if you have to steal it," commands Joie, desperate, and that is precisely what Jimmie does, returning with it to the flat and finding Alfred fairly mad with joy over the new arrival.

Everything seems settled when it is discovered that the mother has traced Jimmie and is that moment downstairs, demanding the return of her baby. At this crisis, when the jig seems up, the washerwoman's daughter appears with the overdue washing and the explanation that they've got twins at their house.

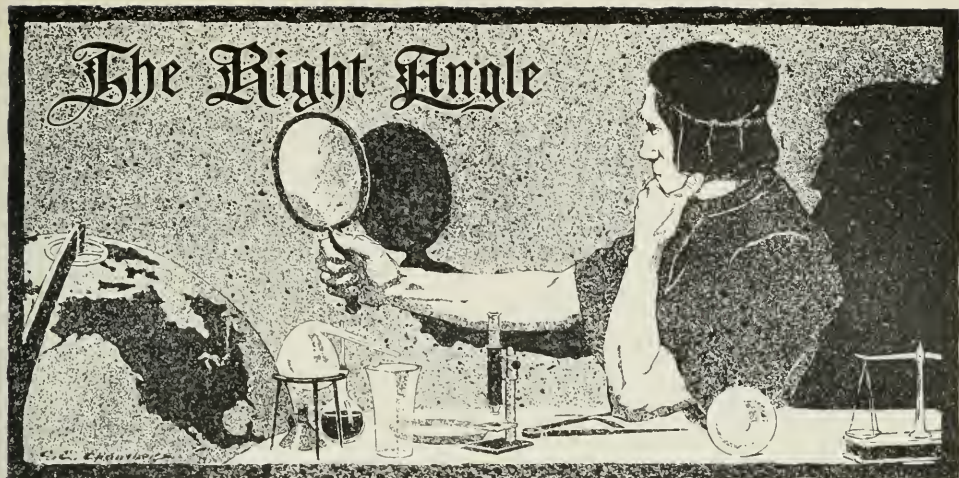
"Just the thing!" cries Joie. "We'll get one of those babies—she can't possibly want two—and if we can't have it for keeps, we'll rent it until Jimmie can get another."

Poor Jimmie! Once more he starts on the baby-hunt, and returns successful. He is just about to exchange them and return Baby Number One to its frantic mother when Alfred inopportunely appears and catches him escaping with the protesting youngster under his coat. Glib-tongued Joie explains that he is the father of twins, and commissions Jimmie to get the other twin from the washerwoman. "Give it to us?" says Joie. "Of course she'll give it to us. What does anyone want of one twin, anyhow?"

Jimmie protests, but Joie storms, and Jimmie, wilting perceptibly, submits. The irate mother is still raging on the front stairs, and Jimmie returns with Number Three via the fire-escape. Alfred has stepped out and may return any instant, so the front stairs are again barred to Jimmie, and descending the fire-escape with Number One, in order to return it to the mother, Jimmie is arrested as a kidnapper by the night-watchman.

Then the mother of Number One appears with an officer. The father of the twins appears, also with an officer. The night watchman tows Jimmie into the flat. And as everyone is too worn-out with the rush of events to resist, the babies are borne away, while Alfred, surfeited with the multitude of red-faced young howlers, drops back into a morris chair, and heaves a sigh of relief.

The Right Angle



KEEPING THE LAW

Montreal, July 11.—The usual high infantile mortality incident to the hot weather in Montreal has started with a rush, and as a result last week there were 240 deaths in the city, as compared with 198 births. Of the 240 deaths, 154 were of children under five years, most of whom were killed by sickness incidental to impure milk and hot weather. The vast majority of these deaths occurred in the poorer quarters of city, where the intense heat caused great suffering. —*News paper Item.*

ON this pitiful text it is unnecessary to preach a sermon, for it is firstly, and secondly and lastly, my brethren, all by itself. One hundred and fifty-four dead babies in one city in one week; one hundred and fifty-four little white funerals; one hundred and fifty-four mothers with no little bundle in their arms at night: one hundred and fifty-four young Canadians dead in one city in seven days.

It will be worse in August —August, the month of dog-days and sick children—poor, hot, crying, little mites, jiggled up and down in the

arms of nerve-racked mothers, or lying, white-faced and passive, too weak to wail. This month all precautions regarding milk should be redoubled, and every receptacle connected with the baby's food cleansed and scalded, and when not in use kept full of boiled water and securely corked to prevent the collection of impurities. This month, above all, you should see that your milkman is handling your milk-supply properly, and if he is not, keep on his trail until he fulfils every letter of the law.

In the milk depot there is no point so small that you can afford to over-

look it, remember. One unwashed pair of hands may start an epidemic; one tuberculous cow may be responsible for more white tombstones than a mad dog loose in the streets. You cannot afford to shrug your shoulders and suppose that the health officer takes care of all that sort of thing. The health officer is a busy man, this weather, and it



KEEP YOUR BABY HEALTHY IN AUGUST AND YOU WILL
KEEP HIM HEALTHY ALL THE REST OF THE YEAR

is up to you as a father or mother, or the friend of fathers and mothers, to know positively for yourself that the law is being carried out. You don't know the law? Ah, but you should! Ask your milkman any and all of these questions, and you cannot go far wrong, for there is a law covering each one of them—a law that he is bound to obey.

"Has the health officer inspected your premises, and approved of them, Mr. Milkman? Have you reported the farms from which you obtain milk? Is your milk-wagon dust and fly-proof? Is your dairy building ever used for other purposes than handling milk? Has it proper sewer and water connections? Is it cement floored and walled? Is it provided with proper apparatus for the sterilization of cans, bottles and other utensils used in the dairy? Do you sterilize them? Are your rooms crowded, or is there space for the necessary operations to be properly performed? Is the milk delivered before it is eighteen hours old? Is the pasteurization properly managed? And finally, and most important of all, is everything about the dairy, the men employed, and the utensils kept strictly and inviolately clean?"

There are laws governing all of these points, and others, laws with which every milkman is bound to comply. If you do not know the exact reading of the law, look it up, visit your dealer, and appoint yourself a deputy health officer to keep him to his duty. Not one of these points is unimportant, not one is negligible. And it is for *you* to see that they are scrupulously adhered to.

Many cities in Canada are waking up to the need of pure milk legislation, and certified milk depots are being opened in Toronto and elsewhere, from which pure milk suited to the age and condition of all babies can be obtained. Instructions in proper feeding and care of babies is being given in many milk depots and baby tents maintained by charitable organizations in the congested quarters of various large cities. The visiting nurse is also a factor in the dissemination of knowledge among the pitifully ignorant young mothers and the even more ignorant big sister who must look after the baby while its mother is at work.

Let us hope the day will soon come



A TONGUE LIKE A MOP AND AN APPETITE LIKE QUICKSAND

when such stations will be maintained by every Canadian city, and pure milk be within the easy reach of all. In the meantime, scald the baby's bottle, and watch your milkman like a hawk. If not—who knows how dearly you may have to pay?

DID YOU FORGET?

YOU know you were going to box up all your spare books and magazines this summer and send them to Mr. A. Fitzpatrick, The Reading Camp Association, 16A Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, Ontario. We hope that you did it as soon as you read our account of the reading camp work in our May number; but if you let it slip your memory, we are reminding you that the camps are now in session on the prairies and in the bush, and that contributions of good reading matter will be more than welcome. Send them along now--the classes end in October.



"TINKER BELL," OFFICIALLY MISS FLORENCE PRETZ

BILLS—NON-NEGOTIABLE

WHETHER the little god Billiken has any thing to do with it or not, Miss Pretz declines to state, but in the Pretz household where Billiken was first evolved from a lump of clay, there has always been a family of Bills.

There is the

Bill-horse and the Bill-dog and the Bill-cat and once upon a time there was a family of Bill-canary-birds whose orchestral effects on sunny mornings were Miss Pretz's special pride. Sometimes she has christened pets by other names on their first arrival, but they won't stick.

"Somehow when anything's been in our family a little while nothing seems to fit its character but Bill," she says, with a humorous wrinkle. And Bill it forthwith is. Whether they inherit their dispositions from their immortal namesake or not, the four-legged folk of the household have much of the whimsical expression of the God of things as They Ought To Be—witness Miss Pretz's sketches reproduced herewith. The very essence of ridiculous clumsy pupdom is expressed in the howling of the Bill-dog ravishing by the strong paw a plate of "nutriment"—food is never referred to by any less dignified term than "nutriment" in the Bill-family—from the outraged Bill-cat. And as for the spirit of scientific investigation, observe the other Bill-dog's air as he puts a cautious paw under the tail-tip of the Bill-cat in a

period of comparative peace. It bodes ill for the future of that nervous pussy, who lives in a state of daily adventure beside which the life of Captain Kidd is tame, and which has given her an unholy facility in climbing trees.

In fact, the only safe harbour the Bill-cat knows is when Miss Pretz curls up at her Daily Bread-Board to "do some art." Unobtrusively he wriggles up behind his mistress, who moves forward obligingly to give him room. Presently he feels lonesome, and crawls around under the Bread-Board, where he gets tickled under the chin. The end of the manouever is the Bill-cat sprawled across the thumb-tacked drawing, chasing Miss Pretz's pencil-point across the bristol-board. After that—the cellar and outer darkness filled with indignant wailings.



A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT IN PATIENCE

SHOP TALK.

"YOU know, I think you're a miracle!" said the Home Department Editor, balancing his tea-cup on his knee and smiling at the Garden Lady. "How do you manage that

window-garden of yours in a furnace heated house? For ten years I've been telling my subscribers that you simply couldn't grow houseplants in furnace-heated air, and here you go and tell me I'm a liar, just as plain as if you'd said it."

"Not a bit," said the Garden Lady, pluming herself a little at the sincere praise. "It's quite true. You can't. But let me tell you



AFTER-DINNER SOLITAIRE

about my queer birthday present."

She paused to refill the Home Department Editor's cup, and settled back among the cushions with a laugh.

"You know I'm a crank on my garden. Last year when Jim asked me what I wanted most for my birthday I told him that if he would promise not to laugh I wanted three loads of fertilizer—and I got it, though the family, not being under any promise, guyyed me for weeks. The year before that I'd had the peony roots for the Long Walk; and this year I decided I'd retrieve myself and ask for an amethyst lavalier when Jim sounded me. But he didn't sound me, and the day before my birthday he got me out of the house on a perfectly transparent pretext. I saw shavings when I got home, but I didn't say a word, and next morning when he took me down cellar I was prepared for anything on earth, though I hadn't the least idea what it was."

The Garden Lady sipped her tea reflectively, and indulged in a tempting, throaty little chuckle. The Home Department Editor waved his tea-cake impatiently.

"Hurry up, Lady! Out with it!"

"It was—a furnace."

"Did you kill him?" inquired the Home Department Editor, cheerfully.

"Indeed, I didn't! It took a little demonstration before I was really enthusiastic, though. It was a special kind of furnace, with a water-pan that went all the way around inside the casing, and kept the air of the house so moist that I could have my long dreamed-of winter-garden in the bay window. For years I've lamented over the impossibility of keeping plants alive in a furnace-heated house on account of the dryness of the air; I've cried over some of my most precious plants ruined in the attempt; and I've simply been on tiptoe for months for spring to come. So blessed old Jim went and bought me that precious furnace. And I don't care if it is a funny present, I've had more fun out of my winter-garden than out of three new dresses, and nobody's had a cold in this house this season."

"Peony-roots, fertilizer, and a furnace!" murmured the Home Department Editor, softly. "Dear Garden

Lady, you *are* a miracle! May I have another cup of tea?"

GREATER SASKATCHEWAN.

THE future of Saskatchewan has been prophesied by many voices, the only question being who should make it the brightest, and a competition is now being inaugurated for the best essay on the subject of "Greater Saskatchewan," four prizes being offered by Mr. J. H. Haslam, of Regina, and the contest being open to residents of the British Isles. Mr. Haslam believes that Saskatchewan, with her natural resources, offers a splendid future to the capitalists and laboring classes of Great Britain, and that the stream of English capital and labor that has been enriching alien countries and peoples should be turned towards the prairie province.

It is a subject well worth the pen of essayist and economist, and we shall be interested in chronicling the results of the competition.

A PROGRESSIVE POET.

ONCE in awhile a belated poet sticks up a frost-bitten head and plaintively inquires how in Pegasus you expect him to carol with things the way they are nowadays?

"Where's Maud Muller?" he asks—purely rhetorically, you understand. "She's a smoky steam-thresher. Where's the rosy dairymaid who sings as she—er—as she churns the—er—milk? Where's the sunbrowned lassie with the cider pitcher, and the sturdy shirt-sleeved mowers and the gleaming women making merry as they gather up the golden grain? Where's the mossy mill and the daisied field and the plowing oxen? They use a tin separator now, and drink water from the windmill, and cut the hay by machinery, and they've ripped the old mill to pieces and put in a turbine electrical power plant, and killed out the daisies and anybody'd as soon think of plowing with a cleft stick as a yoke of oxen. I don't say it isn't all very well for the fellow who does the work—but where do I come in?"

There isn't any answer to this: it is undeniable that the verdant-mead



A GENUINE CANADIAN-MADE AUTOMOBILE ON ITS TRIAL SPIN

school of poets must pick their flowers of speech second-hand. The poet for whom McAndrews prayed, "Lord, send a man like Bobbie Burns to sing the song of Steam!" is the only one who can find material in Western Canada. But there are signs of his arrival in the prairie country. At least one man, Mr. E. F. Miller, has burst into song over the Canadian wheat-fields in his "Canadian Land," which appreciates both the beauty and the intrinsic value of Canada. Mr. Miller, who is a well-known American evangelist, has looked on the revolving separator and the powerful steam tractor turning over huge chocolate slices of Canadian loam, and found them good. More than that, he is singing them in half the cities of the United States. After all, it is not a question of ox or gasoline that makes Romance.

And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.
His hand was on the lever laid,
His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
In dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless laboured still.

It needs only the eyes to see him, as

he bends his back to throw the bar of the windmill, or tighten a nut on his snorting steam-plow.

AN AUTO IN NEGLIGEE.

IT IS interesting to note the steady increase of Canadian manufacturers, and the solid and workmanlike character of the products turned out this side of "the Line." Hardly a month passes without some new industry being taken up in Canada and one more item being produced on our own ground instead of being imported.

A genuine, Canadian-made automobile, Dominion-built from muffler to headlight, is shown above, undergoing the testing-out process, with its designer, Mr. E. W. Winans, at the wheel, and Mr. A. J. Kinnucan acting as passenger. Lean enough the big machine looks without its "body," but none the less effective when it comes to putting dirt under its wheels.

There is no reason why everything that a Canadian uses in the ordinary service of existence should not bear the label, "Made in Canada," and the faster this day comes, the better it will be for the country.



EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS

AN earnest elder of a church in Alberta, participating in a service at which prayers for rain were offered, sent up this petition:

"O, Lord: You know we need rain and need it bad. We haven't had even a smell of rain for two months. What we need is a real rain—none of your little drizzle-drazzles, but a regular gully-washer and road-wrecker!"

HOPELESS TASK

FOR hours and hours the man, with his brows bent in stubborn determination, pores over the object before him.

Anon he half rises with a word of satisfaction and equally as anon he settles down again to his task awith sigh of disappointment.

"What is he working at?" we ask of one of the onlookers.

"He's trying to identify himself in a flashlight photograph of the crowd at a banquet," explains the individual of whom we seek the information.

With a sympathetic smile, we pass along.

HELPING PAPA

"AH," sighs the enamored swain, as the taxicab rolls smoothly and swiftly on its way, "if we might ride on thus forever together! Would it not seem heavenly to you?"

"It might be very nice," calmly responds the beautiful creature. "Papa owns half a interest in this taxicab company."

EMPTY NESTS

BY ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

BEHOLD that nest; by summer's hand 'twas swung,
Beneath a canopy of scalloped green,
Which Autumn has removed; therein was seen

Four tiny, feeble forms of feathery young;

'Tis empty now: they sing far fields among,

Where cruel winds ne'er blow from frozen seas;

Nor deep-eyed Hunger sits 'neath leafless trees—

But where sweet scents to the warm winds are flung.

How like this one beneath the old roof-tree,

Where little voices piped as day was born,

And love helped them their early powers to essay;

They felt the world's strange lure and went away;

So in gray days now you can sometimes see

A lonely pair sit 'mid these haunts,—forlorn!

HER PREFERENCE

"I ENDEAVOR not to make any distinctions as to my servants," says the new mistress. "My rule is to treat each of them as one of the family."

"Yes, mum," replies the new girl, "but if it's all the same to you I'd rather be treated with respect."

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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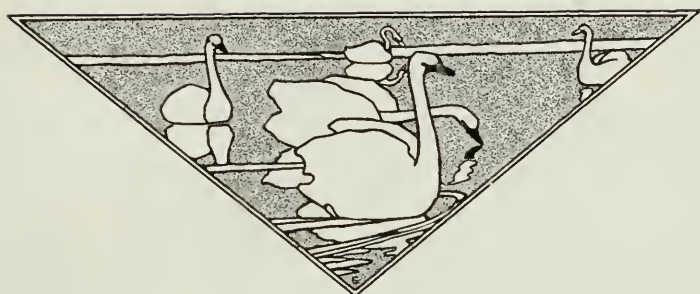
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"I THOUGHT I'D JUST SHOW YOU HOW I WAS FEELING BETTER, DANNY," SHE SMILED

CANADA MONTHLY

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THE ARCTIC CIRCLE PLOUGHMAN'S METHODS MAY NOT BE QUITE ORTHODOX—BUT HE GETS RESULTS JUST THE SAME

TO THE POLE BY RAIL

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "The Trouble Train," "The Proxy Wife," etc.

IF you wish for something new in the way of a vacation trip, why not take a run up to the Arctic Circle?

Oh, yes, you can do it without trouble, making an advance schedule that you could follow about as closely as you could a similar schedule for any other trip of the same length. And you might take your wife along. Oh, yes, indeed. It's not such a hard trip as you think—to Edmonton by rail, and then a little over nineteen hundred miles to Fort McPherson, well within the Arctic Circle and not far from the Arctic Ocean. No, you can't make it all by rail—not yet—but the railway does not lag far behind other means of

transportation when the conditions are right, and there are plans—. But we'll get the the plans later.

Your trip from Edmonton north would be mostly by steamers. You might have to cover a portage behind an ox team, and you would have one rather long stage-ride, but you would find the means of transportation ready and the cost of it, considering the time and distance, quite reasonable—about two hundred and sixty dollars for the round trip of approximately three thousand nine hundred miles from Edmonton to Edmonton. Your preparations would not have to be elaborate, either. You would take the trip

in the summer, of course. The route, with some slight variations, is covered regularly by dog trains in the winter, but you probably would prefer the summer, and they have the long day up there then.

As for your wife—why, you needn't take her along unless you wish, but lots of women make shorter trips of a similar nature from Edmonton every summer. And there would be much that would interest and surprise—especially surprise—you both.

For instance, you and she would find cabbages and onions and other garden vegetables growing at Fort Good Hope, within fourteen miles of the Arctic Circle—right where you supposed there was never anything but ice and snow. At Fort Providence, about five hundred and fifty miles north of Edmonton, you would find strawberries, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and saskatoons, in addition to vegetables and wheat. And with this huge unprospected area to operate in who shall not say that there are not new Yukons and new Cobalts awaiting the magic word? You would also visit many other forts and see much that would hold your attention and make you wonder that you could possibly have had such an erroneous idea of the country to the far north, but the wheat at Fort Providence brings me to the point of my article.

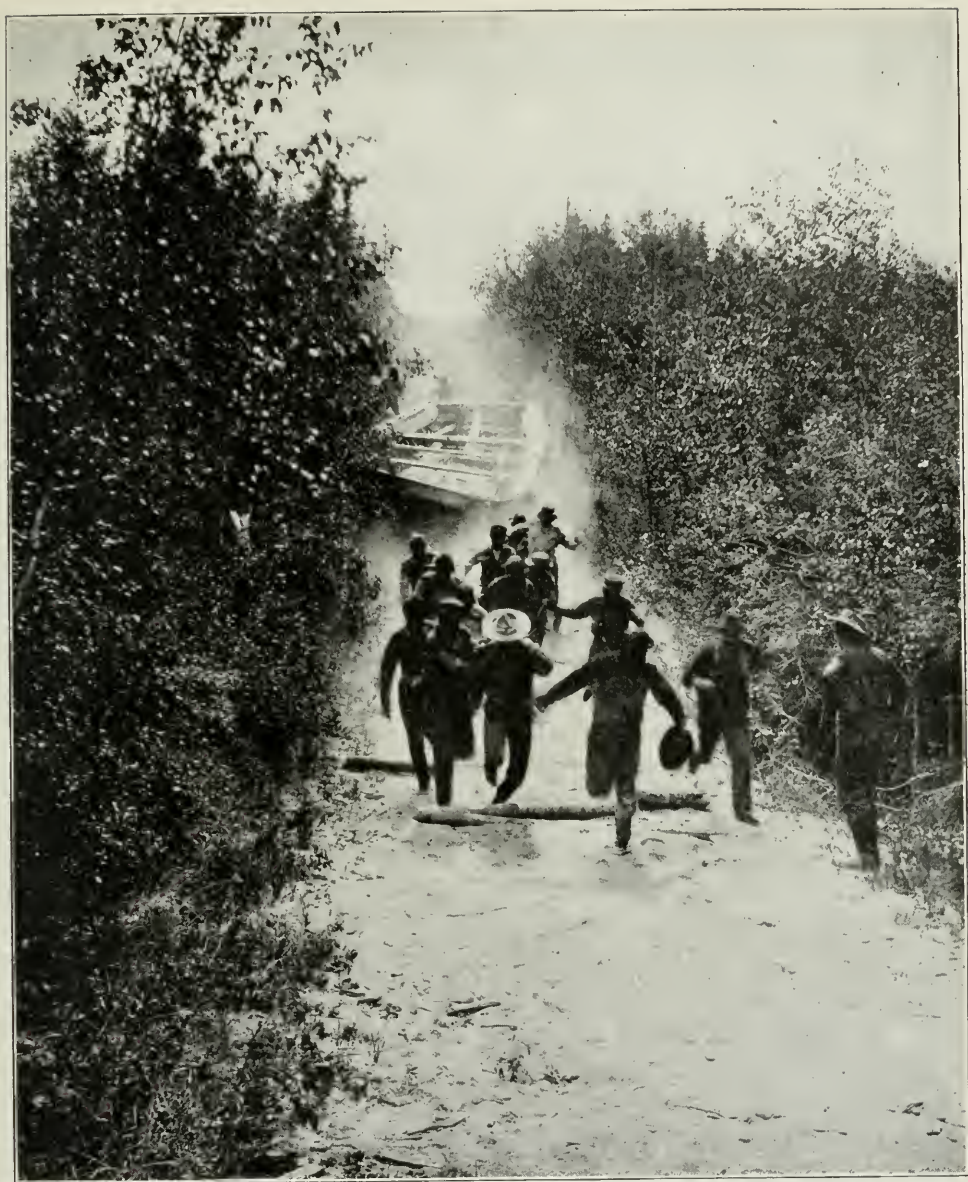
The railway follows the plow, as a general rule. Occasionally, to reach business that lies beyond, the railway will cross undeveloped country ahead of the plow, as was the case with the early transcontinental railroads in the United States. Then, too, the discovery of mineral deposits may take the railway where there is no business for the plow. If some scientist could and should prove that, instead of an open Polar sea, there are great copper or iron or coal deposits near the Pole, the Arctic explorers who have made such desperate efforts to get there would soon be able to make the trip in a sleeping car. A little matter of crossing the Arctic Ocean by trestle and bridge would not deter the railway engineers if sufficient business lay on the farther side. But lacking these exceptional incentives to extension,

the railway follows the plow, and the plow is moving steadily northward.

Railway building in Canada, especially western Canada, has been almost exclusively east and west, but of late north and south branches have been receiving attention. The three great east and west roads, even while building only westward, have been pushing development to the north. For instance, the main line of the Canadian Pacific, the first to be built, is the most southerly of the three. The Canadian Northern, the second in point of time, and the first railway built north of the Saskatchewan River, lies much to the north in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and eastern Alberta, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, when completed, will be slightly north of present roads in Quebec, Ontario, western Alberta and British Columbia. The Canadian Northern is also building northward from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing.

A better idea of the situation may be secured by reducing this northward tendency to miles. Let us take Medicine Hat as a base. It is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific and is about the same latitude as Winnipeg, which is approximately three hundred and fifty miles north of St. Paul. The main line of the Canadian Northern runs through Saskatchewan and Alberta one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles north of Medicine Hat, a branch making a circuit north to reach Prince Albert, and from this branch another branch runs to The Pas *on the direct route to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay*. I shall have more to say of this Hudson Bay project later; just now I am considering the northward movement of the east and west lines.

The Grand Trunk Pacific, in this territory, lies between the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, but the Canadian Pacific has another line north of its original main line. The first locomotive to reach Edmonton was an engine of the Edmonton, Western & Yukon Railway, now part of the Canadian Northern; since which time all three roads have figured prominently on Edmonton in all their plans; and all three touch Saskatoon, but the Canadian Northern, between



RATTLING A FIFTY-FOOT SCOW OVER THE MANTAISE PORTAGE. GOODS AND BOATS ARE PORTAGED FOUR TIMES IN TWENTY-FIVE MILES ON ACCOUNT OF THE RAPIDS ON SLAVE RIVER

Winnipeg and Edmonton, has the most northern route. Edmonton is about two hundred and fifty miles north of the latitude of Medicine Hat. The Grand Trunk Pacific, when completed, will go that about one hundred miles better, reaching a point in British Columbia on the way to Prince Rupert, about three hundred and fifty miles north of the latitude of Medicine Hat,

although Prince Rupert itself is only about three hundred miles north.

The northward tendency of the east and west roads, it will be seen, has been steady, although slow. Now there are plans that contemplate a more direct invasion of the north. During 1909 the Canadian Northern has swung north its main line from Edmonton towards the Yellowhead, construction now pro-

ceeding from Saint Albert on the Morinville branch to Lake Ste. Anne, and intending to reach into the Peace River country as soon as rails can be laid. Another of these roads will run to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, and still another will ultimately reach Dawson. The former will open a new and shorter route to Europe for the exports and imports of western Canada (although the water end of this route will be open not more than five months in the year,) and the other will give a new and more direct line of communication with the Yukon country.

Before taking up these railway plans in detail, let us see how far into that northern country, which we associate with snow and ice and desolation, the plow has gone; and what promise the country gives the plow. We will consider this without regard to any particular route or routes, merely seeking to learn what the country generally can offer as an inducement to railway building.

As already mentioned, vegetables

are grown at Fort Good Hope, a point about eight hundred and fifty miles north of Edmonton, and some one thousand one hundred miles north of Medicine Hat; but vegetables alone will never carry a railway into the north. The most northerly points at which grain is reported are Forts Simpson and Providence, both in about the same latitude and approximately eight hundred miles north of Medicine Hat. According to Fort Simpson reports, barley is a sure crop, wheat four times out of five, and melons, if started under glass, ripen well. The Fort Providence report I have already given, although I may add that oats and barley are raised in addition to wheat.

Other agricultural reports (most of them the result of government investigations), from points north of the present railway lines may be summarized as follows, the figures representing the distance in miles north of the latitude of Medicine Hat:

Fort Liard, 700.—All kinds of grain and garden stuff always come to maturity, ac-



A DUNVEGAN HARVEST—PUMPKINS, SQUASH, CITRONS, MELONS, CUCUMBERS, RIPE TOMATOES, CABBAGES, CAULIFLOWERS, CORN, ONIONS, BEETS, TURNIPS AND CELERY



A LADEN APPLE TREE AT MEDICINE HAT

cording to one report, while another says that wheat is a reliable crop at least four times out of five.

Fort Vermilion, 600.—Twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat a year, and the amount growing steadily. One man testified before a committee of the Canadian Parliament that in twenty years of farming he had not had a failure of his wheat crop, although the crop had been very small one year.

Fort Chippewyan, 600.—Oats, wheat and barley. Wheat and barley raised here received a medal at the Centennial at Philadelphia.

Fort McMurray, 500.—Wheat, barley, and vegetables.

Lesser Slave Lake, 450.—Good crops of oats, wheat, barley and vegetables.

Dunvegan, 450.—Wheat was raised as long ago as 1828.

Nelson House, 450.—Wheat not a sure crop, but oats and barley do well.

Hudson's Hope, 450.—Barley, wheat and vegetables.

Ille la Crosse, 400.—All kinds of grain ripen successfully.

Stanley Mission, 400.—Archdeacon McKay raised good wheat seven years in succession without its being frosted.

Lest it be thought that these are mere isolated cases of "nursery" farming, it may be well to give some extracts from the report of the Select

Committee of the Senate of Canada that investigated the whole subject.

This committee was given the task of inquiring into the resources of northern Canada, and there appeared before it men of such authoritative knowledge as J. Burr Tyrrell, who surveyed much of the country for the Canadian government; Archdeacon McKay, for forty-odd years in charge of northern missions; A. B. Low, Director of the Geological Survey; Elihu Stewart, formerly Superintendent of Forestry; Henry Anthony Conroy, whose duties as an Inspector in the Department of Indian affairs required him to make annual trips through much of the northern country; and innumerable residents of the northern districts. A summary of the information thus secured, including a brief report of the committee itself, was issued in 1908, with an introduction by Captain Ernest J. Chambers. The following paragraphs are from this report:

"According to the evidence given before your committee, there is north of Lake Winnipeg an area of from 5,000 to 10,000

square miles of country adapted to agriculture. The inland fisheries of Keewatin are exceedingly valuable, while the mineral deposits are very promising."

Incidentally, it is through this Keewatin region, north of Lake Winnipeg, that the proposed line to Hudson Bay will run.

"As to the vast region north of the Saskatchewan Valley and west of Keewatin, which may be broadly described as the great Mackenzie basin, thoroughly authentic and well substantiated evidence shows that the country is very much more valuable than was at one time supposed, and is capable of sustaining a large and prosperous population. The settlements in this distant region, while, in comparison with its vast area, insignificant in number and extent, are important as demonstrating practically and unquestionably the great possibilities of this territory as an agricultural and industrial country, and also as emphasizing the importance of exploring and surveying such areas as are likely to first attract the stream of settlement which is bound to set in before long.

"According to one witness, who has had exceptional opportunities for familiarizing himself with the country and its resources, there is in the Peace River section of this country as much good agricultural land fit for settlement, and yet unsettled, as there is settled in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to-day.

"Mr. W. F. Bredin, at this date member of the Alberta Legislative Assembly, who resides at Lesser Slave Lake, and who was examined before your committee, after a careful computation, estimates the area of agricultural lands available in the unorganized territory of Mackenzie, and in northern Alberta, say north of the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, at not less than one hundred million acres."

Mr. R. E. Young, D.L.S., Chief Geographer of the Department of the Interior, also says:

"I would not go so far as some estimates that have been made as to areas available, but it may be taken as certain that there is in the north country at present at least three or four times the total area now under cultivation in the prairies which will yet be occupied by successful agriculturists. And in the belt of country farther north and extending westerly from Hudson Bay, as yet entirely unprospected, leading mineralogists do not hesitate to predict that there are very great possibilities of new and valuable mining fields being discovered."

The present stage and steamer route to Fort McPherson runs through this territory, and one of the proposed railroad routes to Dawson (by way of Athabasca Landing and Peace River

Landing), will pass through the heart of this rich agricultural country.

Something of the possibilities of the country may be gleaned from the fact that, lacking the encouragement of railway transportation, there are nevertheless three flour mills and three saw mills at Vermilion, one flour mill and three sawmills at Lesser Slave Lake Settlement, and two flour mills and one sawmill at Peace River Crossing.

With regard to other natural resources, J. Burr Tyrrell reported that:

"The tree line starts practically at Churchill and runs northwesterly. South of that line there is a belt of from one hundred to two hundred miles in width that is sparsely wooded. South of that again is a belt of forest. It is a forest country, a spruce covered country, and lies southwest of Hudson Bay, west of the Nelson River, north of the Saskatchewan River and extends to the Mackenzie and Athabasca Rivers."

Timber promises to be more and more an inducement to railway building, and this belt apparently extends from the proposed Hudson Bay road to the proposed Edmonton-Peace-River Landing-Dawson road. On this subject, and with regard to other natural resources, the report of the committee says:

"The various sections of the Mackenzie basin possess great forest wealth, the spruce areas in the north extending to the Arctic Sea.

"The rivers and lakes of this region teem with fish of various kinds, and doubtless inauguration of an important fishing industry depends upon the provision of a market by the opening up of communication or the influx of population.

"There is an abundance of game, including an uncertain number of herds of equally uncertain numerical strength of wood buffalo.

"The mineral wealth of this region is undoubtedly considerable, including deposits of coal, oil, copper, silver, gold, native salt, sulphur, ochre, sand suitable for glass making, tar sands, etc. The large area of oil sands, oil gum, or 'asphaltum,' as it is sometimes called, along the Athabasca, promises to be of great commercial value, and prospectors are now engaged, with costly equipment, in exploring that neighborhood for oil. It would appear that, in view of the uncertainty as to the exact character of these deposits, they demand the attention of the officers of the government for the purpose of devising regulations for the security and proper exploitation of what appears to be a valuable national asset."

The last sentence is significant, for the Canadian government has done,



A FIFTY-FOOT SCOW SHOOTING WHITE WATER ON SLAVE RIVER



PORTAGING A GIANT H. B. C. CANOE

and is doing, a tremendous amount of work to bring the resources of the country within easy reach. These resources, especially the agricultural, and the possibility of developing and exploiting them, may be better understood if we turn our attention for a moment to the climate. In summer they have the long day, increasing in length as one goes north, and the many hours of sunlight bring vegetation of all kinds to maturity much quicker than is the case farther south.

The report of the Committee has the following on this general subject:

"Although in the north the thermometer in the winter season registers a low temperature, the cold is much more bearable than are far higher temperatures in countries where there is humidity in the atmosphere. There is said to be little or no difference between the climate at Lesser Slave Lake and that at Edmonton, 250 miles to the south. The chinook winds blow as far north as Fort Providence, and for twenty-one days during last January it was not necessary to wear overcoats there. West of Peace River Crossing, stockmen require to feed their cattle about seven weeks in the winter. East of that the snow is deeper and the cattle have to be fed a little longer. At Fort St. John on the Peace River, they often sow wheat in March and invariably in April. Last year at the same place they began cutting the wheat on the last day of July."

Twenty-one days in January when overcoats were unnecessary at Fort Providence! What has St. Paul, over one thousand one hundred miles south, to say to that? Or Chicago, or New York, for that matter?

As nothing is convincing, especially in the line of railway plans, unless the reason is made clear, I have endeavored to give reasons for building north before passing on to a discussion of the plans. Railways do not go where there is no business, and they do go where there is business or where business can be developed, especially if they have government backing in the enterprise. So let us see what the railways are planning and doing and what help they are likely to have.

The two principal objective points, at the present time, are Fort Churchill and Dawson. A line following in a general way (although less circuitously) the stage and steamboat route to McPherson, would tap more of the great

Mackenzie basin than an Edmonton-Dawson line, but the fact that there is nothing beyond McPherson makes any such project extremely remote. At best, such a line would proceed slowly, following rather than leading development. But a Dawson line would give a new outlet from the Klondike, with all Alaska lying behind it, and a Churchill line would open a new route to Europe.

Two Dawson lines are proposed. As they would start nearly six hundred miles apart, and pass through entirely different districts, it is possible that both may be constructed ultimately. One of them is the Grand Trunk Pacific's line, starting from a point not very far from Prince Rupert, on the Pacific side of the Canadian Rockies and running a little west of due north to Dawson. A subsidiary company called the Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Lines Company, with capital stock of \$50,000,000, includes in its charter, among other things, the right "to lay out, construct and operate" a railway line "from a point on the western division of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway between the one hundred and twenty-seventh and one hundred and twenty-ninth degrees of longitude to Dawson."

The other proposed Dawson line is a Canadian Northern project, starting from Edmonton and running generally northwest, and here, also, the preliminary legislative steps have been taken, the road having charters for the Edmonton and Slave Lake Railway and the Edmonton, Western and Yukon. In fact, in the case of the Canadian Northern project the work of construction actually has been begun, the line now being in operation to Morinville, to the north of Edmonton, where there are large coal deposits, and contractors are now at work with instructions to push it on to Athabasca Landing at once. This is but little out of the direct route to Dawson, especially if the road here turns toward Lesser Slave Lake, but the plan, according to the maps, seems to be to make the Dawson line an entirely separate one from Edmonton northwest.

The Canadian government has been investigating the availability of a



SIXTEEN-FOOTERS ON THE ARCTIC OCEAN

In these seal-skin kayaks the Eskimos ride out any weather the northern seas can raise

Hudson Bay route to Europe for some time. One year it sent an expedition up there on a government steamer to pass back and forth through Hudson Straits as long as might be practicable, with a view to determining during just what period the route was safely navigable. All this came out in the hearing before the Select Committee. One of the witnesses had been through the straits nine times, and another four. They disagreed a little as to the period of safe navigation, but agreed that the snowstorms rather than the ice set the limit. So far as the ice alone was concerned, a strong vessel could be fairly sure of getting through at any time of the year, but the snowstorms made navigation hazardous. The route, apparently, can be safely used at least three months in the year, and not more than five.

Following close on the heels of these reports came the pledge of the government to begin actual construction work on the Hudson Bay line at an early date.

Now let us see what the railways themselves have to say with regard to northern extensions. The Canadian

Pacific, although it has lines running north from its main line to Edmonton, which put it on even terms with the other roads at that point, is really the most southerly of the three and one might think, therefore, that it would be less interested in what lies north of the present railway territory. A representative of the Canadian Pacific, who spent the summer of 1908 in the far north, declares, however, that railway construction by his company may go as far as Great Slave Lake, above the sixtieth parallel, and possibly to Dawson. He says of that country:

"The traffic, outside of what is on the Yukon, would have to be developed. There is nothing at present to warrant building a line to any other point than Dawson; and probably not enough to warrant extensive building there; but, should the country be settled, there is no doubt there would be considerable in the way of agricultural traffic. Then the fish interests of the country could be developed to a considerable extent, and there are also minerals, such as salt, possibly petroleum, asphaltum, and very likely copper and other ores."

The Grand Trunk Pacific, although occupied with its main east and west line, incorporated the Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Lines Company (above

noted), one of the purposes being the building of the lines already mentioned.

The Canadian Northern, which has already built its line to the Pas and which made its own general survey northwest of that point before the Government sent its surveyors in, furnishes through one of its representatives, this explanation and summary of its plans, which it may be well to precede with the information that the summer isotherm (55 degrees mean temperature) makes a deep loop south of Hudson Bay, and then runs northwest, making a wide loop north of Dawson:

"Things don't grow in winter anyway. Farming depends upon mean summer temperature and duration of sunlight. Vegetables grow (outdoors) at Dawson City that are ready for use before the home-grown spring vegetables 'come in' at Buffalo.

"West of the summer isotherm (55 degrees), it is hard to say what the northern railway limit will be, because nobody can say, yet, just how far the plow will be able to haul the locomotive or to what extent the mineral deposits known to exist in the Pacific-Mackenzie watershed will support a population that will support a railway.

"The Canadian Northern has a charter for the Edmonton and Slave Lake Railway, which, as a branch of the main line, is already constructed to Morinville on the way to Athabasca Landing, and the annual report announces that additional securities of this subsidiary line have been taken up by the parent company as a preparation for advancing the line to Athabasca Landing.

"The Canadian Northern also has a charter for the Edmonton, Western & Yukon Railway, which name speaks for itself. Beyond the Peace River much gold has been taken out of the Cassiar Mountain region on the Mackenzie side. As the whole of that region is mineral-bearing, it is easy to predict that the railroad to the Yukon will be built. So far, it may be said to be within definite plans—but not the profile plans of the construction engineer.

"This northwestern road is for the purpose of reaching a territory that can itself furnish traffic; the northeastern road (to Fort Churchill) is for the purpose of reaching a market over seas regardless of the country passed through on the way to the sea.

"On this northeastern line the Canadian Northern track is already at The Pas, on the Saskatchewan River, 98 miles northeast from Hudson Bay Junction on the Dauphin-Prince Albert line. There it halts until the government decides what to do. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had pledged himself to build the Hudson Bay line at once, and his surveyors are in the field, but the exact method to be adopted awaits decision. It is probable

that the government will own the line and terminals, and control, through the Railway Commission, rates and the availability of the line for all railways operating in the west."

A question as to "dreams" of railroad extension north, as distinct from schemes considered now practical, brought the reply:

"A Yankee dreamer predicts that the short route from Paris to the Orient will be via Chesterfield Inlet Harbor (north end of Hudson Bay), connected by railway with a harbor on the Pacific Coast in about the latitude of Fort Simpson, but Chesterfield Inlet is only open about two months in the year, the barren lands that such a railway would have to cross would furnish no traffic, the Eskimos are not well supplied with currency, and the caribou, although numerous, are scarcely of sufficient exportable account to warrant any particular investment.

"There may be something more tangible in 'dreams' of a road to the Coppermine River (north of the Arctic Circle), when the electric age has brought us to a point where copper is as necessary as bread to mankind. It might be better to haul the copper, by rail, over the barrens than to take it out through Behring Straits. But that is decidedly remote.

"For a real 'dream' of a railway to the Pole, or at least to the Arctic Circle, what about utilizing the great deposits in the Arctic islands? There is any quantity of good bituminous coal on Baffin Island and other frigid islands. Solve the problem of getting it away from its native heath, bring it across the bay and you will have a 'possibility' of a railway that will run pretty well up toward the Pole."

According to present indications, we may yet have to go after that coal, and not only after coal, but after wheat and copper and petroleum. There are miles of coal along the Mackenzie River, one bed of which has been known to have been burning for nearly a hundred years, there is a flow of natural gas two hundred miles north of Edmonton strong enough to light a city. There is a Dominion Government Experiment Farm at Fort Vermilion, the farthest north experiment farm in the world, where vegetables, root-crops and grain have all shown splendid yields. There are miles of prairie waiting for the plow,—the plow that pulls the iron horse. And with all these forces at work to draw it, there is only the question of time to lay your bets on, for the fact of its coming is an absolute certainty.



The Last Drive

by Will D. Ingersoll



Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

THE log shanty, queer and gray and old, stood on a knoll that sloped down to a ravine where yellow blossoms dotted the grass like dropped gold coins. In the light of the quiet summer evening, the logs of the cabin, spongy and pored with age, were tinted delicately as faded coral.

There had been a time, in that settlement, when copies of this little dwelling could be seen, peeping lowly from many green bluffs: each with its small square of broken land before, laboriously blocked out of the virgin quarter-section with oxen and wood-beamed breaking-plow. But now it was a fenced and populous countryside, set with spacious farmhouses of frame and brick; wired to the distant city with telephone lines; traversed by two railroads. Only in the talk of the "old timers" by the winter fireside survived the log cabin, the "muskeg," the corduroy road, the "stopping-place," the ford.

Therefore, the little structure on the knoll, standing weather-worn and old in the setting light and watching its shadow, as in the dead, wild days, creep over the round slope, looked strangely picturesque—and the old couple, sitting side by side on the rail bench outside the door, seemed quaintly consistent with the spirit of its picturesqueness.

The hands of the old woman lay folded in her lap. Her thumbs were crossed over one another with an odd little pensive habit of her girlhood days, her sweet point of chin was uplifted,

her eyes were serene. Her face was averted in quiet thoughtfulness from the fond regard of the babbling old man with the boyish expression looking out through his wrinkles, who sat with both hands on his knees and his neck craned forward, pouring into her ear a little brooklet of trivialities.

Through all the long, smoothly-drifting years of their married life, she had gently queened it, he her loving servitor. His life had been one long story of plans impulsively conceived and irresolutely abandoned; hers, one long effort to impart to his variable character some of the serene stability of her own. It had been a pleasant labor, a labor of love—and though it had been unproductive, the tender light in her eyes as she now turned her head and looked into his weak, eager face, showed that her fondness and faith in him yet remained unshaken.

"Danny," she said, laying her hand across his, "Danny-boy!" She looked straightway into his eyes; and he, meeting her glance with his old look of child-like reliance, waited for her to finish. She said no more; but in her expression was an earnestness, a gravity, that made him feel, he knew not why, afraid.

He searched her face with his dog-like brown eyes; then, sliding nearer on the bench, he laid a shaking hand about her shoulders, spreading out his rough fingers over the sleeve of her wrapper with a lingering, caressing touch. She was soft and small; and she yielded lovingly as his arm came around her, laying her gray head back

on his shoulder and smiling up into his anxious eyes. A shuddering breath of relief shook his big, shrunken chest.

"Ye scairt me, Delia, kind of," he said, the corners of his mouth drawn down concernedly, "what did ye look at me like that, for?—I mean, like ye did when ye first turned around? Eh? Y'ain't no worse to-night, are ye? Ye said ye felt better, this mornin'. Ye mind sayin' that, don't ye, Delia? Eh, Delia?"

"Yes, Danny." She looked up at him wanly; and, seeing how faintly the faded red and white met beneath the webwork of lines on her cheek, he bent his head low over hers, and whispered fearfully: "Ye ain't goin' to—to—?"

With an effort, she straightened and sat upright. "Now, don't you worry, Danny-boy," she said; her hand, small and red, in his hard palm. "I was just thinkin' how—how nice it would be if we could go for just a little drive together, before it gets dark."

"Drive!" echoed the old man, joyously, "ye mus' be better, then, Delia, 'r ye wouldn't feel chipper enough to go drivin'. You just set here now, quiet; an' I'll have ol' Doll hooked to the buckboard 'fore ye c'n say 'Jack Robi'son'".

He drew his arm from about her gently, arose, and shambled, with his coat-tails bobbing in and out between his legs, down toward the little shed where Doll, the mare, and Daisy, the red cow, in adjacent stalls with a rail boundary between them, munched their evening meal of fresh-cut hay.

The evening was now at its stillest, reddest hour—the hour that precedes that long, slowly-fading twilight in which one may, undisturbed by any sound, concentrate the fancy on the dreaming of some special, sweet dream. On the ponds the light lay, without scintillation, quietly and gloriously. On the prairie were long shadows under

crimson overlay of sunset air. In the depths of the groves were rustlings, and leaf-filtered radiance, and cobweb strands silkily afloat from pendent willow-branches.

The shed, with the cracks between its crooked logs giving it an almost human appearance of wrinkled age, stood at the end of a little lane of tall, young poplars. The old man's scythe, smooth and gray with wear and weather, and his three-pronged pitchfork leaned against one end; and at the other was a little pile of hay, giving forth a great fragrance of mint.

A little distance off stood an old, warp-wheeled vehicle, its body bleached ash-color with the beating of many rains and one hind-wheel wanting a spoke. This the old man seized by the shafts and backed into position before the shed-door. Then, throwing a handful of "screenings" from a box outside the door to the hen and her chickens that trooped noisily from an adjacent straw-heap to meet him, he hurried inside to harness the broadly built, mild-eyed old mare, who half turned her white-starred head and whinnied softly, expecting oats, as he swung open the slab door of her shelter. He patted her big flank as

he squeezed up alongside her in the narrow stall; and, taking her harness from its peg, he threw it on, buckled it with the deftness of long practice, bridled the beast, and led her out.

He had harnessed her to the buckboard and was sliding her lines through the terret-ring, when down the path between the poplars, walking slowly and feebly, came the old woman, shawled and bonneted.

"I thought I'd just show you how I was feeling better, Danny," she exclaimed, forcing a brave, bright smile as, rather breathless, she reached his side and leaned on his arm to rest. He looked down at her in a glow, sliding



two awkwardly-tender arms beneath her elbows.

"Guess, maybe, I can lift ye in, Delia, can't I?" he said, a little bashfully.

"You're not strong enough, Danny-boy," she said, archly; and the remnant of a dimple, down among the puckering of her withered little chin, challenged him demurely.

"Ain't strong enough, Delia,—ain't strong enough, eh?" he responded, boisterously, as he wound his sinewy old arms around her and gruntingly swung her up on the rain-bleached cushion. "There, now! Ain't I strong enough?"

She lowered her eyes and looked at him brightly, her cheeks warm, as he gripped the iron brace of the seat and climbed in alongside. Then she folded her hands, crossing the little, thin thumbs again quaintly, and looked out over the red prairie.

The old man twitched the lines and chirped at the mare; and, staggering queerly on its rickety wheels, the ancient vehicle rattled off down the trail, throwing a lank, long, moving shadow of nodding heads and spinning spokes across the daisy-dotted grass.

"Which way would ye like to go, Delia, now?" said the old man, his hand about his beard and his eyes on her tenderly.

"Just ahead, Danny-boy; that's all," she murmured, with far-away eyes.

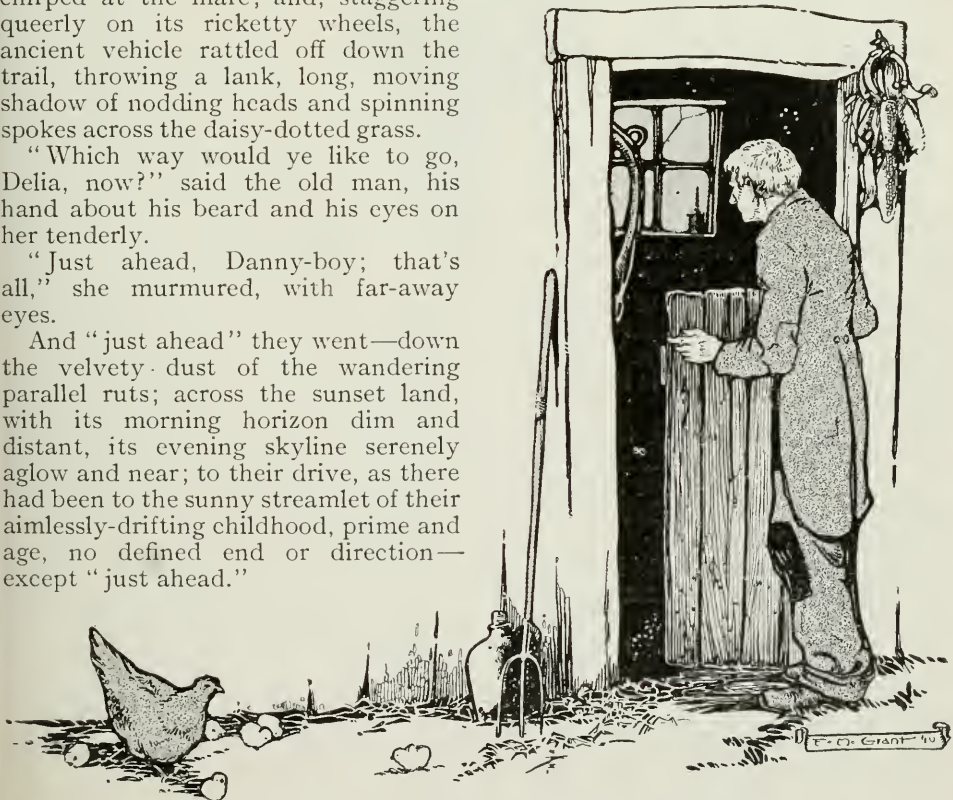
And "just ahead" they went—down the velvety dust of the wandering parallel ruts; across the sunset land, with its morning horizon dim and distant, its evening skyline serenely aglow and near; to their drive, as there had been to the sunny streamlet of their aimlessly-drifting childhood, prime and age, no defined end or direction—except "just ahead."

Just, in fact, like this course over that prairie road, with its long level intervals, its occasional swell and fall, its random gliding into the momentary shadow of a copse, had been their wandering through life. To no altitudes of happiness had they risen, to no depths of sorrow sunk; and, if ever dark moments had come, they had touched and glided away as lightly and quickly as the fitful dusk of the copse.

"Danny-boy," said the little, old woman, presently, in a low voice, "can you remember how you got along without me, when you was a boy, before I came to play with you?—can you remember, my Danny-boy?" Her eyes, alight with a great seriousness, swept his face from eyes to chin. The old man looked at her with a half-awe.

"N-not very good, I can't remember that, Delia," he said, speaking slowly, "why, Delia?"

"Because," her voice was so low and thrilling that the reins fell from his



THE MILD-EYED OLD MARE WHINNIED SOFTLY AS HE SWUNG OPEN THE SLAB-DOOR

hand, trailing loosely over the dash-board, "because you may have to try and get along without——" her voice died away irresolutely as she gazed at him, "—without—oh, well, never mind, Danny-boy. I just thought I'd ask you about old times, and see if you remembered."

She smiled faintly as she finished speaking; and the old man, drawing a quick breath, answered the smile with a little, doubtful trembling of his mouth-corners.

"Danny-boy," there was a little forced dilution of gaiety in her tone now, as a hand, coming forth from under her red shawl, pinched his coat-sleeve playfully, "do you know how many years it is since—since that day when you were so backward and red, with your hair all rumpled and your tie away up 'round your ears—that Sunday afternoon, Danny, when you—when you was trying to tell me something and I knew what you was trying to tell me, but didn't let on I knew, Danny-boy, till you was 'most ready to give up trying to say it?"

The old man averted a warm face, raised his palm from his knee, and looked into it bashfully. Then he slowly inserted a finger into the wrinkled corner of his nearer eye, probing for fancied dust-specks.

"I mind the day, Delia," he said, redly, "how many years is it, was you goin' to say?"

"How many would you think, now, Danny?" The old woman's playful tone seemed strangely out of keeping with the wanness of her cheeks and the heaviness of her eyes.

"Quite a few, Delia, ain't it?"

"Forty-eight years, Danny. Forty-eight years, a week from tomorrow. Why, it doesn't seem that long. You haven't changed much, Danny-boy." The thin old hand slid down his sleeve till it reached the rough back of his wrist. There, the small veined fingers, resting, beat a fond, light tattoo.

"You ain't changed at all, Delia,"

the old man said, clearing his throat and looking down at the tapping fingers with a comical diffidence, "that is, you ain't changed much until tonight. You ain't quite the same tonight, Delia, somehow. You've scairt me, the way you looked an' talked, a couple o' times. I ain't never heard you talk so queer. An' I know you ain't so mean as to be actin' that way a-purpose to scare me. But you're talkin' all right now; so you're feelin' all right, too, now, ain't you, Delia? You ain't very sick now, are you, Delia? Eh, Delia?"

"Don't you worry 'bout me, Danny-boy," she answered—but, even as she spoke, her voice sank suddenly and feebly. The clattering of the rig, however, kept the old man from noting the change of tone; and, reassured by her reply, he flicked the lines briskly over the mare's back and, as the buckboard rattled forward, said:

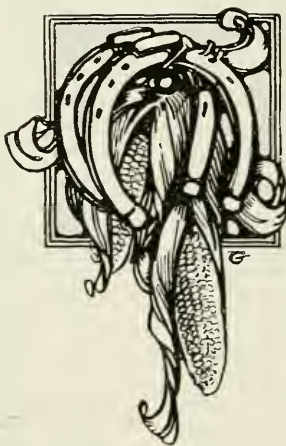
"Forty-eight years! My, that's a long while, ain't it, Delia? An' we've b'n good comp'ny for each other all that while. It don't seem like forty-eight years to me. Does it to you? Eh, Delia? Does it?"

A shadowy pressure of the old woman's caressing fingers answered.

"It don't seem much different to be old to what it is to be young," the old man chattered on, "see how I lifted you int' the rig, that time, Delia. I'm strong yit, you bet, Delia. G'arntee I can do as big a day's work as ever I done in my life. Why, another thirty years, an' we'll be pritty near a hundred, won't we? Two Methooselams, Delia? Eh? Gosh! then we can say we're old."

The eyes of the old woman were closed; and, partly from the eagerness of his conversation and partly owing to the thickening dusk, the old man did not see how her face had changed.

"You're a little sick now, Delia," he proceeded, animatedly, "but I'm goin' to git you well inside of another week. I'm goin' to take you out drivin' in the fresh air every evenin',



same as we're doin' tonight, Delia. I ain't going to let you do a tap o' work—not even make the toast and tea f'r breakfast, or water the geraniums or feed the Dicky-bird. Well, p'raps you can do them last two things, if you like, 'cause I know you like doin' them, Delia, just them two, but—why, Delia, your hands is gittin' fearful cold; ter'ble cold! Maybe we've b'n out too long. P'raps we'd better be gittin' back home; an' I'll put on a fire an' get you warmed up nice an' warm. I culled a heap o' red willow out o' that bunch o' scrub back o' the stable, to-day; that'll make us a dandy fire. I thought, maybe, we might be needin' it, these nights when you get feelin' so chilly, like you have a while back. An' then, after you get nice an' warm an' cosy, we'll have supper, an' after that, talk a spell 'fore it's time to go to bed. I feel like talkin', somehow, tonight, Delia. How you feelin' now, yourself? Better? Eh, Delia?"

There was no answer. He bent forward and peered into her face.

"Gone off to sleep, eh?" he muttered, straightening up again and stroking her gray hair with his rough palm, "well, I'll have to see an' keep the little womanie warm till we get back to the house."

He pondered a moment; then, stopping the horse and standing up in the rig, he slipped off his coat and laid it about her shoulders. Then, turning the horse about, he drove homeward, holding the lines in one hand and keeping the other held over the little, cold, inert fingers in the old woman's lap.

"It's lonely, with Delia asleep and me awake all by myself," he murmured forlornly, as the vehicle rattled back through the growing darkness, "we 'most gen'ally go to sleep together, nights. I make the kindlin's and wind the 'larm-clock an' then put out the lamp, an' then we gets into bed and both goes to sleep 'most always the

same, identical minute. My, I feel queer an' lonely, tonight."

The night gathered blackly around,—more densely, as the clouds had massed overhead, choking out the starlight. One by one, the groves at the roadside, weird thick blots in the darkness, were passed by the trotting horse; and finally, as the buckboard drew up on the slope before the cottage, with its cheerless, dark window, the herald drops of a night shower came pattering down on the rail bench. The old man, all his muscles aching, laid down the lines and climbed stiffly to the ground.

"'Fraid I must wake her," he muttered, regretfully, "for I'm that stiff, I might let her drop, if I tried to lift her out now. Delia!"

There was no response. He stepped close, laid his hand on her shoulder, and gently shook her.

"Delia!" he said again, more loudly.

Something moved about her. It was only the coat, however, sliding off her inert shoulders.

"My!" complained the old man, fretfully, "she sleeps sound."

The loneliness and the dusk were making him nervously impatient for her waking.

"Delia! Delia! Delia!" he called, loudly and hoarsely.

His voice came back to him in hollow echoes from the grove beyond the stable. Then, and for the first time, it was as if a great, icy palm had been thrust suddenly against his heart. Shaking from head to foot, he drew a match, struck it, and held it up to her face.

The lashes lay softly upon the wan cheeks; the sweet old point of chin rested upon the small heart-brooch of gold at her neck; the lips were set placidly together. She seemed to sleep—but the old man's rough hand, descending tremulously upon the faded breast of her wrapper, found the kind wife-heart at rest.

WINNING BREAD - AND WAITING FOR BUTTER



BY A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO B. BLAKE

They say that the struggle of man is first for bread, then for butter on the bread, then jam on the butter. The butter stage is the pet affair of the "uplift" reformer, the jam phase is the joy of the trust-busting muck-raker, but in the positive degree of bread there lies a tragedy which is none the less poignant for being as common as blackberries. This story is the ordinary story of the struggle for bread by an ordinary, plain, little woman with two ordinary boys, who did what is chronicled herein with no sense of its being uncommonly heroic or worthy of note, but simply the obvious solution of their need. She would be much embarrassed if you called her a heroine, and she would try to change the subject if you ascribed the success of the family to her unflinching courage and unfailing faith. Poverty, hunger, loneliness and self-denial were hers for month after month, but she never swerved from her purpose—and at the last, she won. Ordinary? Yes. But, "Earth's crammed with heaven, and every wayside bush afire with God." There are hundreds like her on the prairie, in those little shacks you see as your limited express sweeps by—quite ordinary, nothing unusual about her at all. No one will ever praise her particularly, or make a fuss over her, or recommend her for the Victoria Cross, or anything like that. Just an ordinary mother, that's all.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

THERE were several reasons why I chose farming, in preference to the more usual occupations for women, when at forty years of age I was left a widow, without any means of support.

The chief reason was that my two sons wished to go on the land. Arthur was then nineteen and Nelson was almost two years younger. I did not know whether this desire was merely a boyish longing for something new, or the real call of the land, for they had been raised in a city, and although they had spent several holidays working on a farm, they did not know much about the life, or the hardships in a new country, especially for those without capital.

It was however necessary for us to do something and do it at once, as our

bank account was very low. My sons had been attending the University, and although they had a fair general education, when it came to making a living for themselves, they found that they were greatly handicapped by not having had training for any special branch of work. As I could not then afford to give them the money to get the necessary training for business, I determined to go west with them, and when there, to decide what to do. I had been raised on a farm, and I was not afraid to face the life, although I knew well that it would mean several years of hardship, and possibly many discouragements.

A few days after we had decided in favor of the land, the son of an old friend who had taken up a homestead



I SIGHTED OFF THE END OF ARTHUR'S FINGER UNTIL I SAW A TINY DARK SPECK AGAINST A RANGE OF HILLS.
"THAT," HE SAID, "IS YOUR HOME"

called on us. That call determined our location. His homestead was in Northern Saskatchewan, the central prairie province of Western Canada, in the

Snipe Lake district, about ninety miles north of the railway. That certainly seemed a long distance from a railroad, but he said a branch line was expected

through soon and great numbers of settlers were going in. We did not know anything about any other district, so we determined to trust his judgment and take up land near his homestead, as he said there were still many farms open for homesteaders.

I immediately sold out all my household effects, except what was absolutely necessary for housekeeping, and inside of two weeks we were on our way to Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, none of us fully decided what we would do.

We reached Regina on the morning of March twenty-third, 1906. That was a busy day for us. We first made arrangements for storing our furniture, which however did not arrive for six weeks. I had never learned a trade or profession except housekeeping, so there was nothing for me to do but look for a position as a servant. I soon found that I was much in demand in that capacity, and I secured a position as cook in a large boarding house at thirty dollars a month. My younger son secured a position with a farmer at Sinaluta, a small town a short distance from Regina, and Arthur went to the Moose Jaw land office and filed on a homestead near that of the young man who had called on us.

He then went to Swift Current, the nearest point to his land on the railroad. There he bought a yoke of half-broken oxen, harness, a wagon, a second hand plow, some lumber to build a shanty, a stove, and some provisions. This outfit cost him two hundred and fifty dollars. Then in company with a number of other settlers, he set out for his homestead.

In June he returned to Regina with a sorry story. His trip from Swift Current to his homestead had taken twelve days, only to find on locating his land, that one hundred of his one hundred and sixty acres were in a slough. As there was plenty of good land near, he at once decided to abandon his homestead and file on another. This meant delay, for his abandonment papers had to be sent to Ottawa and returned before he could take up more land.

He could not afford to be idle, so he

took a temporary position on a farm, while waiting for his abandonment papers. When he received them, he sent for Nelson and me to meet him in Moose Jaw, so that we might all file on land together. We did so and that was a gala day for us. We were treated very kindly at the land office; we secured homesteads together, and although Nelson was not of age to take up land, we had a homestead on the same section as ours reserved for him until his birthday, which was in October. Then he returned and filed on it. That one day we had each other, and were free from carking care, and we enjoyed every second of it. In the evening I returned to my work in Regina, Nelson went back to the farm at Sinaluta, and Arthur returned to Swift Current to begin again his ninety mile trip back to the farm. As I said good-bye to my boy that night, we shook hands and kissed, and did it over again, but could not speak. He was not yet twenty, but was going bravely out to the new life, and unknown dangers.

The next thing to decide was whether I should go out on the land that fall or wait until the following spring. It will be remembered that that year was the year of the depression, and it seemed possible that I might not be able to make quite so well during the winter, so I finally decided to go on the land as soon as possible. I wrote three letters to Arthur, whose address was Swift Current, telling him I would be there on the nineteenth or twentieth of September, and beseeching him not to fail me. He received the letters and answered, that God helping him, he would meet me. How I did besiege the Lord with prayers that summer! It was first one thing and then another, until I was almost ashamed to ask for more, and then so much was given that I asked again and again.

I soon completed all arrangements for again leaving for pastures new, and found that after paying freight on my household effects and paying for my ticket I had one hundred and forty dollars left. I think I know how explorers must feel, and while hope was high, there were times when a great

loneliness came over me, and I shrank from the unknown trials that I knew awaited me; but the hope of again having a home with my boys spurred me on, and I did not show the weakness I felt.

It is scarcely fair to my story not to say that during my stay in Regina I received a proposal of marriage; but I had always determined not to marry unless prompted by genuine affection, and while the man was kind and good, and could have given me a comfortable home, I refused him because the one great necessary bond was lacking. I have since received several proposals of marriage, and one just recently by letter from a man who wanted his answer "just so quick as possible," but I am still unmarried, so it appears that I am destined to remain a widow. As the present law in Saskatchewan does not give a wife any dower rights, it is perhaps better to be wedded to a sure thing like a homestead, than to an erring mortal.

Arthur met me in Swift Current, and after arranging with the man who kept the livery barn to store our household effects until we could return for them, and purchasing some provisions, we started for the homestead. This was my first introduction to our faithful oxen, Duncan and Hughes, and fine sensible fellows they were. I soon learned to love them, for so much depended on them; and every night I prayed for them as I did for the other members of the family.

On the trip out we spent four nights in a tent Arthur had borrowed from a neighbor. On the way we frequently met mounted policemen who saluted us pleasantly, and an occasional homesteader, but only once on that long journey did we meet a woman. This made me feel rather lonely, but I knew there was a widow living on a homestead only a mile and a half from mine. She had spent the last of a small patrimony to pay the passage of herself and stepchildren to western Canada, but her husband died before he reached the homestead, and she and her stepchildren were making just such a fight for a home as my boys and I were beginning.

On the last day of our journey, we

came to a rise in the prairie and Arthur told me to look toward a range of hills, and try to see a tiny dark speck toward which he was pointing. I did so, and sighted off the end of his finger, until I saw it. "That," he said, "is your home."

I asked the size of the house. "Ten by twelve," he answered promptly. I had not enquired before, for I well knew that whatever was done would be done as well and as lovingly as possible, so although my heart sank, I said no word that could dampen his pleasure in having at last a home of our own, no matter how small.

Next we came in sight of Mrs. Mason's homestead, the widow I mentioned before. The frame for a small house was up, but she came out of an underground stable, and waved us a welcome, first with one hand and then with the other, for she held a small baby in her arms. She was living in the stable until her house was finished, and it was there she gave me my first friendly cup of tea. I remember that we did not talk much, although each felt that to have the other was a great boon. We were busy with our own thoughts of the past, and perhaps vague fears for the future.

After tea we went on to our shanty which was merely a small frame building without either a cellar or a floor, and as I looked around me that night I could not but wonder whether I would spend the evening of my life there, and what life had yet in store for me.

Next day Arthur went to Snipe Lake for water, a distance of five miles. That was our nearest water supply, and as we had only two barrels, hauling water took up much of our time, especially as oxen were never intended by nature to make a speed record.

Then he went with some neighbors to make hay, as none of them had had the necessary machinery to cut the hay when it should have been cut. After haying he went to Swift Current for the remainder of our furniture, and some more provisions. Next he made a trip to the Three-Bar-Three Ranch, some twenty-five or thirty miles, for wood, and by that time the oxen were so tired that they were trying to lie down

in the trail. But our teaming was not finished, for we needed more provisions, some coal and a set of sleighs. Arthur borrowed a team from a neighbor, for whom he had done some work, and made another trip to Swift Current where he secured all the absolutely necessary winter supplies. He then went for another load of wood, and during his absence, I saw my first prairie fire.

For days the air had been smoky, and at night we could see fires apparently on every side of us. But I noticed that one fire was coming nearer, and suddenly it appeared to get in a hurry and came tearing along at a furious rate. As I had had no experience with that kind of a visitor, I was simply terrified. I knew that I could not fight it as I had but very little water, and it was coming urged by a strong wind, taking a swath so wide that I could not see to the farther side. I took all our valuable papers, my watch and purse and a few other things, and put them in a stone crock. I put a plate over the top and put a stone on it, and all the time I prayed that the fire would pass us by, for that was all I could do.

It came straight for our place until it was within a quarter of a mile, and then the wind veered a little. It was about an hour from the time it came in plain view until it had passed, leaving a wide, black swath of burned prairie behind it, but it did not touch my place. I think now that the wide fireguards Arthur had plowed around the house would have been sufficient to stop it, even had the wind not veered a little, but I was greatly relieved when it was gone.

Arthur now went to work to finish the stable, which was made of poles and sods, and I sodded our shanty to make it warm enough for the winter. I carried sods from the fireguard and piled them around the sides and ends about three feet wide at the bottom, and narrowing slightly toward the roof.

About this time we had a visit from the Homestead Inspector, and I remember with gratitude his thoughtfulness for our comfort. He had been sent to see if the settlers had suitable

houses for the winter, and whether they had plenty of provisions and fuel. I am thankful to say we did not require the help he was there to give but it was good to know that there was someone who really cared.

Late in the fall Nelson came out to the homestead, walking most of the ninety miles with a sack of clothes and some provisions on his back. He and Arthur went to work at once to dig a well, as we suffered considerably from lack of water. They bored and bored; fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred feet, and still no water, but they would not give up. On down they went twenty-five feet more, and did not stop until they reached one hundred and thirty-six feet, and still no water, so they were compelled to give up. But after a couple of discouraged days they went to help Mrs. Mason's son dig a well on their farm. They worked there for twenty-one days, when fortunately they struck an abundant supply of good water. This well was only a mile and a half distant so that we were much better off than we had been.

Christmas had come and gone, and as there were only three families in that township that winter, we managed to spend part of Christmas day at each place. Mrs. Mason's children marvelled much that Santa Claus did not come, and finally decided that he must have lost the trail.

In March a man from the township to the south of us came through on horseback to say that a mounted policeman had left his place a few days before to come up through our township. A blizzard came up shortly after he left, and his horse had returned, having evidently been unhitched from the cutter. His dog, too, had been seen. Four young men from our township went out in pairs to look for him. Each pair took a team, food, and stimulants. The first day's search was in vain, but the second day Arthur and one of the Mason boys caught sight of a track leading to a hay stack. They followed it right up to the stack where there was a strange looking heap of snow. Arthur went to examine it. Stooping down he looked under the snow and found himself face to face with the

missing man, his face almost touching the dead face before him. The dead man still held his discharged revolver in his frozen hand. He had shot himself in the mouth.

In the spring Hughey, one of our faithful oxen, for no particular reason so far as we could see, lay down and died. This meant that we must buy another ox, which we did, but it left us very short of funds. Arthur had decided to go out and work for the summer and leave Nelson to do the necessary breaking, which was thirty acres for the three homesteads. We felt we could not let Arthur go without at least ten dollars in his pocket, as he had no idea where he could get work. This left us but fifteen dollars to purchase garden seeds and provisions, to do until he could earn some money and send it to us. It was fully six weeks before we even heard from him, and then I received three letters and anxious letters they were, for he knew our funds were very low. However an old school friend sent me twenty-five dollars, and Arthur soon sent some, so we got along quite well.

Nelson did the necessary breaking, made enough hay to feed the oxen for the winter, and made several trips to Swift Current for supplies, and for lumber for a hay rack and a floor. Unfortunately we had practically no rain that year and consequently we did not have any harvest. We did not dig as many potatoes as we planted and we lost five bushels of oats we bought on credit for seed. It was a great disappointment, but we knew the year was a very exceptional one.

In October, Nelson went to Swift Current for our winter supplies and was caught in the memorable blizzard of the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first. I was almost crazed with terror and said in my haste, "I have always been praying to God about everything, and trying to serve Him, and if ever He is going to help us He should do it now and quickly." The words had scarcely crossed my lips until I stood shamed at such thoughts, and I asked forgiveness and strength to bear, as others doubtless were bearing, the terrors of the same storm. All the time

my boy was sheltered, and warm, and fed, and even had warm dry clothes given to him. I did not shed a tear while he was away, although I did not expect to see him again, but when I saw him coming across the prairie I wept and laughed and thanked God all at once.

Winter was coming again, but was not so much dreaded, for a post office had been opened within a few miles of us, and I was paying my subscription to our home paper by correspondence. Only isolated homesteaders or travelers have any idea of the celebration we had over that first mail.

Arthur decided to work for the winter, and not come home until spring. He had received thirty dollars a month for seven months, but ten dollars a month was all he could get for the winter although his work was very hard. But he never complained. He spent all his wages to pay for another ox, some machinery, and supplies and seed for the spring.

We had found on Nelson's last trip that fall that it would be impossible to get boots for us both, so I decided to wear a pair of his old fine shoes, which were not quite worn out, and he was to get a new pair for himself. The blizzard, however, put even his boots out of the question, as he had to pay for accommodation for the oxen, which took the money we had planned to spend for his boots. We wrote to Arthur to send, if possible, a little money to Swift Current, in care of some people we knew were going down, so that they might buy the boots. He did so, and they got the boots, but they were not mates, and as Nelson could not wear them both on the same foot, he was no better off than before and the money was gone.

We were fairly well supplied with clothes when we went on the homestead, but now like the prodigal we began to be in want. I made over and patched until we may have resembled Joseph, but we were fairly comfortable.

Arthur arrived home the first part of April, having walked about sixty miles through slush and mud. He had only seventeen dollars of his wages left, and we had only ten dollars on hand, the

amount we had been keeping for Nelson, when he should start out to look for work. It seemed that we were in for another exceedingly hard time, but in the spring settlers began to come in by way of Zealandia, and soon there were several bachelors around for whom I baked bread, getting a dollar and a half for every hundred weight of flour I baked. I had bought some hens and I raised chickens. I made a big garden and I continued to sew for Mrs. Mason as I had done from the time I went on the farm, and thus paid for our milk. All these things helped a little. A number of new families moved in, and that summer we had actually four women in our township.

Nelson secured work at Sintaluta with the farmer for whom he had worked during his first summer in the country, and Arthur changed work with the neighbors and got along very well. He built a new stable and did the necessary breaking. Our crop was good and I had both vegetables and poultry for sale.

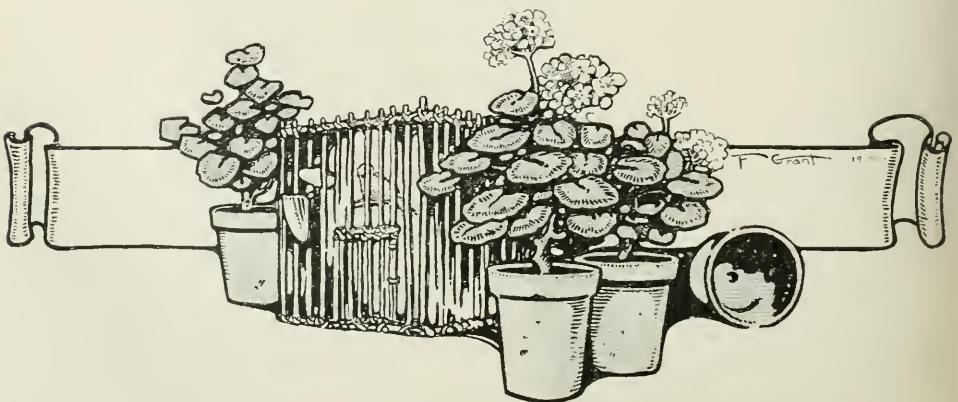
A branch of the railroad now comes to within twenty-one miles of our farms and there will likely be another branch from the south. A Presbyterian student came out last summer and held services from house to house on Sunday; and although we are of many minds, we all join and lustily sing the psalms and hymns. A school house is to be built in the adjoining township soon, and it is likely we will

be formed into a municipality this winter.

I have worked hard to make my homestead a real home, and I have been told by travellers that mine is a model prairie home. I have a shelter belt of young trees started. I had a good vegetable garden, and my lawn and flower garden last year were my pride. I have already had an offer for my land, but I refused to sell, for I love my home, and the healthy, pure life in the country. My boys are strong, self-reliant and well. They are good men, able through hard experience to fight the world; and even on the low plane of financial standing, they are I am sure much better off than they would have been had we remained in the city. At the present time wild land is selling in this district for from twelve and a half dollars an acre up, so it seems likely that we could sell our three farms for about seven thousand dollars.

We have seen hard times, but I think the worst is over. Some may ask, "Was it worth the struggle?" My boys and I would say emphatically "Yes".

I am glad I left the city. I am glad I took up land. I am glad my boys are farmers. I realize fully that we have paid a high price, by living so far from our fellowmen, and being shut off from sources of culture and learning; but Nature is a kind teacher, and as we have lived so close to her, we have learned much. We do not consider the price too high.



A BATTLE OF BRAINS

BY W. LACEY AMY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. A. MACLELLAN

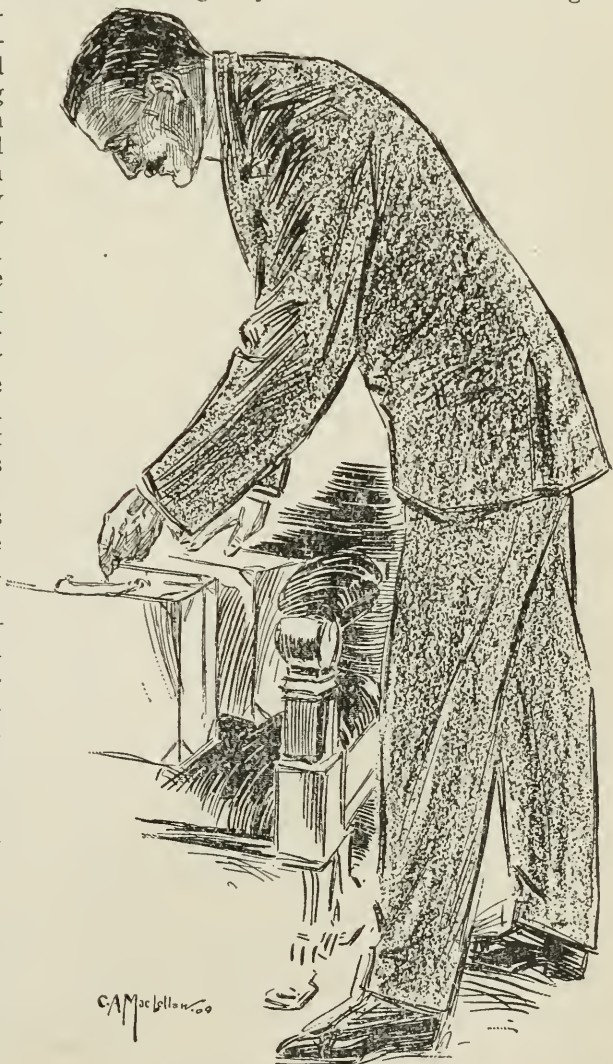
This is the second of a series of six stories dealing with the business adventures of a feminine commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house and in direct competition with her husband, the salesman for a rival firm.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

FLANK & MIERS had other selling schemes besides Mary D. Miers, a German Jew, was reported to have left Germany suddenly with money enough to purchase a ticket that carried him as far as New York via Austria, India and San Francisco, and to have an indefinite but substantial competence left after bribing a government official when he started his extended and erratic trip. His connection with Flank started in New York and was accidental only on Flank's part, although feignedly so on Miers'. The little German Jew unfolded plans that stirred the sluggish blood of the steady New York pawnbroker, and one of the plans was the Canadian wholesale house with Flank as financier and Miers as manager and developer. Flank bought Miers' brains for a partnership and the second portion of the firm name.

Mary D. was Miers' idea—and it worked well as did all Miers' ideas. As a direct selling agency the skirted commercial man had eclipsed even Miers' fondest hopes; for the long striding, velvet-waisted, short-haired feature of the new jewelry firm had brought brains as well as novelty into service.

The extravagant jewelry worn by Mary D. was an incident in the development of the original plan and was adopted by Mary D. with only the same purpose as designed by Miers.

Another proof of the value of the second member in the firm had but recently been exhibited. Miers had a neat little black leather case made to order, fitted with trays, brooch pads, ring trays and all the details designed



MARY RAPIDLY UNLOCKED HER CASE.

for carrying jewelry. Of sufficiently small size to carry in hand, it was carefully stocked with the choicest designs in every line, designed as a concise index of the trunk full of complete samples. When Mary D. stepped from a train she was ready to enter any jewelry store without waiting to unpack her trunk and take her chances with any other jewelry traveller. With a good hour's lead she had the best one or two stores covered before rival travellers, who happened to arrive on the same train, were prepared to invite inspection.

Marly Norton's quarantine experience had given him time for thought and the intense rivalry that had developed between himself and his wife had been examined for the first time with all attendant conditions. That he knew more about jewelry than Mary D. he did not doubt, and the determination had been roused in him to pay more attention to the generalship necessary to make his superior knowledge count. The more he thought of it the more he liked his wife's evident desire to circumvent him. Although suggesting opposition it nevertheless implied a closer connection between the two rivals than existed in ordinary business competition. Not for worlds would he have it otherwise. While Mary D. had outgeneralled him on many occasions he quickly discovered that it was his over-anxiety, his over-serious handling of the situation that gave her the advantage. With this in mind the condition existing assumed much the same aspect in his mind as it did in his wife's. It was a good-natured fight between two well-informed jewelry salesmen, with the advantage in favor of the cooler one. Marly was not naturally cool, but the position which he must hold in his wife's estimation to make her much more eager to outsell him than her other competitors restored a great deal of his confidence and its attendant coolness.

Marly had not been slow to recognize the advantage of Mary D.'s hand sample case. In fact his first experience with it had meant the reduction in his sales in one town of fully a thousand dollars. And this, his first

experience with her after the quarantine incident, had further impressed upon him the necessity of studying her methods.

A few weeks afterwards Mary D., boarding the early morning train at a station near London, sat down beside Marly and deposited her sample case on the opposite seat beside its exact duplicate. A faint smile played over Marly's face as he greeted her, and both looked at the two cases.

"Well, that means the evolution of a new idea on Miers' part," laughed Mary D., nodding at the cases. "Tonight I wire him—to-morrow morning Miers locks himself in his office—to-morrow night I get his cipher message. And in about a week Marlborough Norton, of the old, crinolined firm of Main & Co., will receive a letter from his old woman boss: 'We note in your orders from B—that you appear to have been unable to sell Smith, Jones & Co. Let us know what is the trouble and why you have recently lost some of our best accounts!'"

Marly smiled at the recognizable likeness between the quotations and some of his letters from the head of the firm.

"Perhaps, Mary. But the crinolines on Main & Co., are rapidly giving place to the latest styles, and old man Main is suffering under the convulsions of internal seismic up-heavals that are remodelling his thinker. Do you notice that the loss of some of our best accounts is becoming less frequent? A German Jew, even though he appears in public as a clever woman (bowing), is still a German Jew."

"But a German Jew with next year's ideas this year will continue to be just twelve months ahead," argued Mary D.

"But next year's ideas are only ahead this year, and Main & Co. are missing a year to catch up. But today Mary, Flank & Miers have it on Main & Co., through the carelessness of the latter's representative." Marly was talking carelessly but thinking rapidly. The presence of his wife was having a stimulating effect upon him, and he was planning payment for the two weeks' loss of time in Torqual.

"I am in the position," he continued,

"of being able to meet you on even terms were it not that I can't open my case."

"That's the worst of trying to work along new lines," mocked his companion. "Lost your key, I suppose."

"No, not so bad as that. But it is in my suit case in the baggage car, and makes the nice black sample case only a bluff."

Mary D. looked at the two sample cases a minute with a smile that gradually disappeared. Then diving her hand into her pencil pocket she extracted a little brass key.

"Guess your case was made by the same people as mine. Perhaps they have the same lock. Here," handing him the key, "try it."

A quick flash of triumph passed over Marly's face unnoticed by Mary D. Then he flushed and hesitated.

"Oh, well," she said, "if you are still above taking assistance I guess we won't quarrel over it."

"All right. Let me try it." Marly hastily rose from his seat, took the key and leaning over the two cases so they were concealed from his wife, he rapidly unlocked her case with his left hand while fumbling with his own with his right.

"No, thank you, it's no go," he said after a minute's trial. And he sat down nervously, and for the rest of the trip to London seemed uncomfortable and afraid to look at Mary D., who laid it to his old time nervousness with her when they met on the road.

At London both were alighting. Marly seized both cases and they walked to the Tecumseh House together. Mary D., thinking she had lots of time, took the case handed to her by Marly and went to her room to freshen herself before starting on her calls. As soon as she disappeared up the stairs with the bell boy in the van, Marly darted out to the street with the case he held and in a few moments was in the store of W. J. Frame, the largest in the city. Mr. Frame had just come down and was talking to a clerk on his way to his office.

"Morning, Marly. Round rather early this season, aren't you?" was the greeting Frame gave. "Got the same

old lines this time, or have you decided to go one better than Flank & Miers this year?"

"Well," answered Marly. "I've got a case here that will make Flank & Miers look like a piece of glass alongside the Cullinan."

"Of course," smilingly commented Frame, "Mary D. would say the same if she were here, with the names reversed."

"Mary D. is here," frankly volunteered Marly, "that's why I want to get first chance."

"Well, come into the office," laughed the jeweler, knowing the rivalry between the two travellers.

Marly wasted no time in opening Flank & Miers' case which he had retained, and which fortune had enabled him to unlock. The moment was full of excitement to him, and he was afraid he could not carry it through without exposing himself. Inside, the case was just as new to him, as to the jeweller. Fortunately he had deciphered Mary D's. private marks, not an unusual thing for rival travellers, and he knew that he would be safe in quoting the same prices as Flank & Miers, as his firm could buy even more cheaply than their competitors. The designs he was not disturbed about. One of his most conspicuous talents was his ability at designing, and he trusted to being able to sketch the designs purchased in some free moment before he had to return the case. The end of the adventure, and what Mary D. would do had never entered into his calculations.

Under the excitement of the moment he was forgetting the twinge of conscience which had almost prevented his taking advantage of Mary D.'s generosity in enabling him to open her sample case. Still as he set the case on the table and commenced to undo the snaps, the game he had to play for the next few minutes, and his helplessness if discovered, almost unnerved him.

As he wavered, the office door opened and a clerk entered to ask for the trays of more valuable jewelry which were kept in the vault at the back of the office. Every night and morning these trays were checked over by the proprietor or his head clerk; and so Mr.

Frame stepped into the back room to get the trays ready, at the same time telling the clerk not to wait, and not to allow anyone in the office as he would be busy for some time.

When the door opened to allow the clerk to retire, Marly's pulse gave a sudden jump, for plainly he heard the voice of Mary D. from the front of the store. Then he straightened up and with a long breath waited for what would follow. An observer who knew him would never have recognized the new Marly, the grim look of determination and the bright twinkling eye that bespoke a rapidly moving mind. He realized the delicacy of his position—that he was so placed that he had to wait for Mary D.'s moves and foil them as quickly as they were made, without any preparation or idea of what they would be.

A minute later a knock was heard at the office door.

"Come," shouted Mr. Frame from the vault, and Marly took another brace. "A note for you, sir," said a clerk entering.

"Leave it on the desk there. I'll be through with these trays in a few minutes. I'll ring for you when I want you." And the clerk placed the note on the desk and withdrew.

Marly glanced into the vault room and saw the proprietor checking off a tray, entirely absorbed in his work. Quietly moving to the desk, he opened the note which he knew to be from Mary D., and read:

DEAR MR. FRAME:—

It is most important that I see you before you buy from the traveller now with you. He has my sample case and is showing you the samples of Flank & Miers as his own because ours are more up to date. Please give me a chance to prove this.

MARY D. NORTON,
with Flank & Miers.

Marly thrust the note into his pocket, and hastily drawing his note pad wrote on it in as feminine a hand as he could assume:

DEAR MR. FRAME:—

I would like to show you the samples of Flank & Miers before you see those of Main & Co. I am sure you will think mine much superior. Please give me a chance to prove this.

MARY D. NORTON,
with Flank & Miers.

Then he sat down quaking. It did not seem to him possible that his hastily devised scheme would work. His writing in no way resembled that of a woman, he felt. And anyway, it was but a temporary postponement of certain discovery. The risk he was running was just beginning to be impressed upon him. He was almost in the act of slipping out of the door and throwing himself upon Mary D.'s mercy, when the proprietor entered the room with the trays.

Picking up the note he read it, smiled, looked at the almost panic-stricken Marly and handed him the note without a word. Marly thought it was all over but hid his face over the note. Mr. Frame broke the silence and Marly's panic in a moment by saying, "Well, isn't that like Mary, text and sermon?" Marly was delighted to admit it was.

"Guess I'll have to answer anyway," and Marly read over his shoulder:

MARY D. NORTON:—

There is no need of proving what you say. But in the meantime I have an engagement with the representative of Main & Co., and will have to see you later.

W. J. FRAME.

A button was pressed and a clerk took away trays and note.

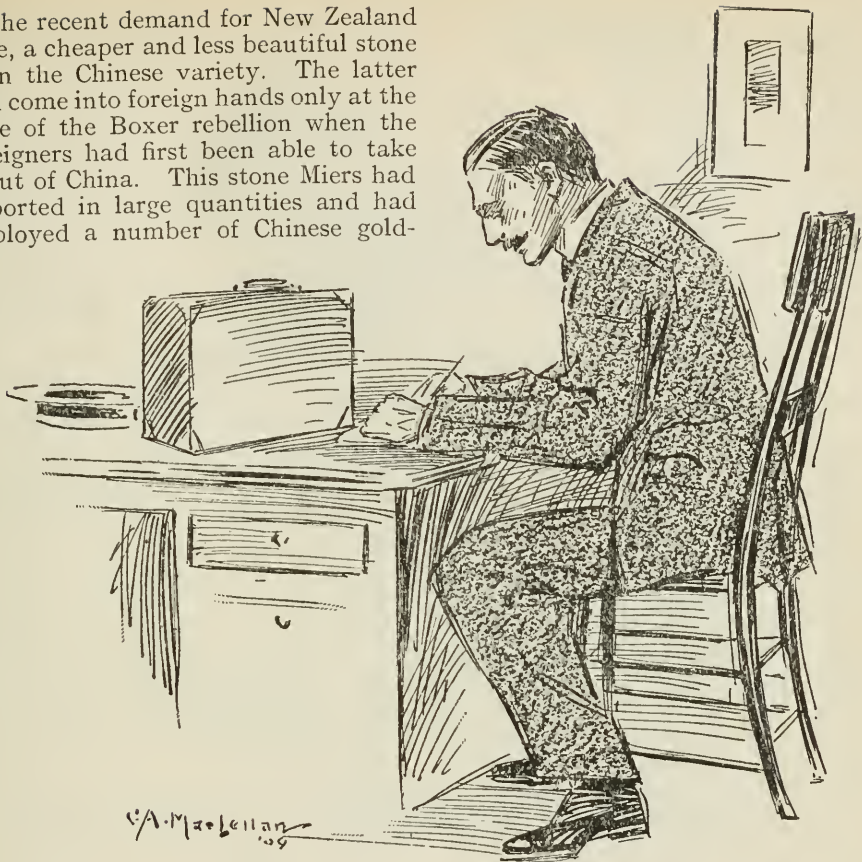
Then Marly opened the case, a hasty glance at the top trays of which had been obtained during the checking up of the store trays.

The first tray contained amethyst and turquoise brooches, and the work of selection was simple. The second was pearl brooches and pins, and again there was no difficulty. In the third tray were stone rings and here only Marly's knowledge of gems and their values saved him. Mary D. had made the tray up hastily and had only had time to number the tags, trusting to a note book for prices. With a note book in his hand as if finding prices, Marly hastily computed weights and values, jotted them down with the numbers, and pulled through.

The fourth and fifth trays of bracelets and locket were passed through without danger. And then the sixth tray was lifted.

Miers had seen possibilities in the handling of Chinese jade on account

of the recent demand for New Zealand jade, a cheaper and less beautiful stone than the Chinese variety. The latter had come into foreign hands only at the time of the Boxer rebellion when the foreigners had first been able to take it out of China. This stone Miers had imported in large quantities and had employed a number of Chinese gold-



HE WROTE IN AS FEMININE A HAND AS HE COULD ASSUME

smiths to produce the curious, intricate weird designs that are characteristic of their work. In this stone and these designs Flank & Miers had as yet a monopoly. The designs had just been sent out and were the special feature of that year's sales for the manufacturers.

"Ah, that's lovely," burst from the jeweller, when the tray was uncovered. And he picked up piece after piece in admiration.

Marly knew the stone, but he had little idea of the values and it was fortunate that each piece was marked, and that the prices were high enough to preclude any large purchasing. To Marly the difficulty was most embarrassing as he knew his firm could not fill the order. Then he bethought himself of a jeweler friend who could order the goods for him from Flank & Miers, depriving him of all profit on the jade,

but leaving him the balance of the order to fill from the factory of Main & Co.

With the orders in his pocket, Marly had to plan where and how he could sketch his designs. Laughingly remarking that he would slide out the back door and complete his rounds without fear of further interruption from Mary D., he was let out without going through the store, and keeping to the back streets he got to his room by the back stairs without meeting his wife.

In a half hour he had his designs, weights and sizes entered, and was worrying his brains for some method of replacing the case and securing his own, when a chamber-maid knocked at his bedroom door to leave clean towels.

"What room is occupied by that woman-traveller?" he asked.

"No. 36, sir, just around the corner of the hall," the maid answered.

"Is she in now, do you know?" he asked.

"She wasn't ten minutes ago," responded the girl.

"Well, I have a case here, I want to leave in her room. It belongs to her, and I want her to get it before I go out. Could you let me put it in her room?"

"I guess so, sir. It's this way," and the girl led down the hall.

Unlocking the door she stood aside, and Marly entered with the case. Would his case be there? He was inclined to think it would, as there would be no object in her carrying around a locked case that belonged to him.

He looked around the room hastily, and saw no case. Then at the foot of the bed, out of sight of the door, he found it. Dropping hers and taking up his own he walked to the door.

"No, I guess, perhaps, I'd better not. This case contains valuable jewelry and I guess perhaps I'd better not risk it, until I can give it into her hands. I'll see her when she comes in." And he slipped a quarter into the unsuspecting maid's hands.

In the meantime Mary D. had been walking up and down in front of the jewelry store of W. J. Frame & Co. That Marly was on a fair way to get ahead of her made her furious, and especially when it seemed such unfair competition to her. That Frame had almost laughed at her exposure of Marly added to her wrath. And yet through it all she found herself smiling at Marly's reversal of the usual outcome of their frequent battles of wit. Her respect for Marly increased, and this, for some reason, made her the more uncomfortable. Almost for the first time since their business rivalry she felt her relationship to Marly, and when she noticed that this feeling drove out her business instincts and her intense resentment at her defeat she forced herself more sternly to a determination to beat Marly at his own game. That she would succeed in this she never for a moment doubted. But as time wore on and Marly did not appear, her confidence became shaken. Surely no jeweler would purchase from

Marly after her exposure! And yet if Mr. Frame was not buying why was Marly staying so long? Could it be that Mr. Frame was willing to help Marly out in his trick, simply to assist a joke, or to help Marly get even with her? This seemed the most plausible explanation, and it carried no comfort with it. Were this the case she was helpless, and would be forced to endure Marly's quiet smile of triumph until another opportunity of overcoming him was offered.

She had glanced into the store several times when passing, and now noticed the office door open and Mr. Frame stepping into the store. Turning to enter, the proprietor turned at the same time and re-entered his office. It was borne in on her that she had been seen, and that it was the sight of her that had induced him to return to his office. The thought was not comforting, and she took a long walk up the street to regain her courage. Upon her return Mr. Frame was attending to a customer, and she waited his convenience. In a few minutes he was free.

"You read my note, Mr. Frame?" she asked, and wondered at the unwonted lack of confidence she felt.

"Yes, Mary D.," he answered, smiling, she thought, indulgently.

"Surely you did not do business with Main & Co.'s representative after that?"

"I'm afraid I have to confess I did," still smiling.

"Well—but—Mr. Frame! He can't give you what you want, then; and he had no other samples with him I know," said Mary D., gaining confidence as her indignation grew stronger.

"He didn't need any, Mary D." answered the jeweler, looking around as if desirous of wasting no more time from his work.

"But Mr. Frame, those samples show you what Flank & Miers can give you. We have always had better, more up-to-date designs than Main & Co., and I think you have appreciated that fact in your former purchases."

"If Main & Co. can give me what I want I can't see why I should go elsewhere, providing prices are all right as



MARY SEIZED TRAY AFTER TRAY.

well. I haven't time to examine all the lines, and I have always found Main & Co. a good firm to deal with. It is unfortunate for you, perhaps," and the jeweler regained his smiling indulgence. "But I'm afraid just at this time that I can be of no service to you. Call around next time you are in town."

Mary D.'s dismissal was unmistakable, and she left the store with her thoughts in a whirl, and a manly desire to cuff Marly's and Mr. Frame's ears. She still looked forward to having it out with Marly, and determined to relieve her indignation on him without restraint.

When she reached the hotel Marly was sitting in the writing room alone. She walked straight up to him, and with anger flaming from her eyes, faced him.

"Mr. Norton, where's the sample

case you stole? Yes, stole," she repeated, as she saw him wince.

"I'm afraid, Mary D., that I don't understand you," Marly answered coolly, rising from his chair instinctively as she stood beside him.

"Where's my sample case?" she flamed. "You deserve to be arrested for a common thief."

"You're too angry, Mary, to be responsible for all you are saying, I think," he replied, calmly and indulgently, and Mary D. became more angry if possible. Why were those two men treating her like a child? And Marly, her late husband (as she considered him), above all men?"

"Your sample case," he continued, "I suppose would be in your room under lock and key, seeing it is not in your hand. I couldn't imagine your risking it elsewhere."

"In my room!" and she whirled towards the door. "Come upstairs and I'll show you what is in my room. Then if you'll be as open with me, you can show me what I suppose is in your room."

Marly followed her without hesitation. Mary D. hastened up the stairs losing anger at every step as her skirts seemed to impede her angry haste, and Marly's quiet steps could be heard close behind her. Down the hall to No. 36 she stamped, endeavoring to maintain her anger in an undignified situation. Again her confidence was leaving her. Marly proposed that he get his case first, and rather than argue in her present mood the procession was reformed, Marly taking the lead. In assumed indignation, and obviously imitating her angry stamp, he tramped down the hall and around the corner.

In a second he was out in the hall again with the case, and the third formation of the procession was almost too much for the calmness of both. Marly's stifled snuffle behind her proclaimed his efforts to restrain a laugh. She would gladly have dropped the whole affair now.

But it had to be carried through. At her door the key dropped in her nervousness. She swooped fiercely upon it, only to bump into Marly's head

as he picked it up and handed it to her with a twinkle in his eyes. Her anger had entirely vanished now, and she had to turn her back on him as she inserted the key.

Tramping to where her case was, she lifted it upon the bed and waited for his to be placed beside it. Then seizing his she jerked at the catch without result.

"Excuse me," he said, smoothly, and inserting his key the case opened. The top tray was unfamiliar to her. Turning to the other case, she opened it, and seized tray after tray until satisfied her own case was in her hands.

Marly was quietly chuckling with his back turned to her, his eyes fixed on a brass knob on the head of the bed as if it were the most interesting spot in the room.

"I guess, Marly," she laughed, "we'd better talk this over in the writing room. There's the maid wondering what you're doing in my room. I think, perhaps, I could find a place for you with Flank & Miers."

"Thank you, no, Mary D.," he answered with mock seriousness. "I find Main & Co. a mighty good firm to sell for—their designs are so up-to-date, you know. 'Please give me a chance to prove this'."

YOUNG LOVE, AND OLD

BY WALLACE RICE

HOW dear a love I loved when I was young!
 How dear, how sweet, how doubly sweet and dear!
 How hath its dearness honeyed all I've sung,
 How hath its note left mine still true and clear!
 So dear was she, she was love's very soul;
 So sweet was she, she is pure womanhood;
 To win and keep her heart my only goal,
 Still to be worthy her my highest good.
 And hath she gone—gone with my vanished youth?
 Nay, honoreth she yet each silvering year;
 For, should the memory pass, forsworn is truth
 And quite foregone the world's best hope and cheer:
 How dear was love in youth, my lips repeat;
 How sweeter love in age, how dearly sweet!



José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsman, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays. José goes to the Governor's house, under his protection, and his music arouses the envy of the Governor's eldest son, who determines to steal the Harp while José sleeps and play it before the King.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

NOW, having heard this music, he felt that it would be useless to try again, that at length a new thing had come that would satisfy the king's heart and make the giver the greatest man in the kingdom.

As he had sat at the table listening to José's tale of his life, and how he got the harp, his heart grew heavy and his mind burned with evil desires. What was to hinder him from possessing this harp, and before morning broke fleeing with it to the king! What good, reasoned he with himself, will the harp do this lad? Has he not broken the most sacred law of the land? Even if the king does acknowledge him the greatest musician of the world will he not be forced to have him executed or forever stand before mankind as a monarch unable to keep his own laws? He himself would yet play this harp and the king would fall at his feet as all the world had done at José's. Oh! he thought, what sweet revenge it would be to see him lying in the dust after the

way he has spurned my music, laughed to scorn my dances and games, and derided my verses. Yes, this harp will be mine, and before dawn I will stand with it at the king's palace.

After all the household had gone to bed and the guards were posted at the various entrances of the palace he walked up and down his richly ornamented room harboring these evil thoughts. He had given way to ambition, and now that ambition was about to lead him into crime, and yet he could not turn back. He had been carefully trained, had been taught to be honorable in all things, and when his parents saw how earnest he was in his desire to give the king some new pleasure they warned him to be careful in his attempts, to keep his honor unsullied. While the field was open for him with other competitors, he smiled at the thought of doing anything unworthy of the noble name he bore; but now that José had come with his magic music his hope had been dethroned, but his ambition still goaded him on to an-

other effort. He had done all he could by fair means, and he would win now even if he had to resort to foul ones. Trembling and pale, his head burning and his heart beating furiously with passion, he paced his room brooding over his evil resolves; and when the moon, shining in at his window, told him that the midnight hour had arrived, he cried, "I will do it." Stealthily opening his door he stepped on tiptoe into the dark shadows of the statues that lined the corridor. Slowly and cautiously he advanced towards the room where José slept; but suddenly he paused, for he saw before the door, with its back towards him, a rigid statue taller than the tallest about him. It moved, and he knew that it was no statue but Lara, the trustiest guard in his father's service.

"So!" he said to himself, "they are treating this beggar like a prince, giving him a guard, forsooth; a guard to keep my father's servants from stealing his rags. It's well for me that Lara had his back turned; the sound of his voice challenging me would have roused the whole house. I must get out of this without being seen."

This was not such an easy task, and a full hour elapsed before he had an opportunity of stealing back to his own room. When once within it he gave way to his rage.

"That little beggar to get the better of me in this way!" (He was blaming José for his own failure). As he spoke he walked hurriedly to and fro with blazing eyes and clinched hands.

"Ah!" he cried at length, "there is still a way. He is in the prince's room. A concealed door opens into it; I will get his harp, lower it to the garden, then away I will speed to the king."

As quick as thought he was out in the corridor again. This time he walked with no stealthy step. It was his custom to go into the garden on a summer's night, and dream and sing in the moonlight; the guards at the door knew his habit, and as he passed out with his mantle carefully muffled about him, they smiled at the young dreamer, and nodded jokingly to each other, thinking what a fool he was to prowl about like the cats in the damp night

air when he might be resting quietly in his bed, enjoying, to their minds, the next best thing to a good meal, sound sleep.

He was soon in the garden passing among orange trees, fig trees, almonds, pomegranates; passing by walls clothed with a rich profusion of grapes which would have tempted another lad; but to him they were nothing. Although at other times the richness of the coloring, the sweet odors of the fruit, pleased his senses, now he heeded them not, as his mind and heart were bent on only one thing. For acres the garden spread about him, and beyond the walls rose the city, now still as death. No sound came from it, and he knew that the beggars who prowled about while an eye was open to see them or an ear awake to hear their appeals had all crept under the wall or into the arches of the bridges and were sleeping till morning. Nothing was to be feared so he boldly prepared to carry out his plans.

To reach the street door it was necessary to do some difficult climbing. There was no regular ladder, and the iron spikes protruding from the wall were rough and jagged, meet only for the rude hands of the soldiers. For many years they had not been used and were now thickly coated with rust. But he was making the effort of his life, and he heeded not the difficulties. Firmly he gripped the first rough bar in his soft young hand, and pulled himself up to the second. Soon his hands were scratched and bleeding, but he did not desist. Up he went resolutely, and as he advanced from bar to bar his arms began to weaken and grow numb and his heart to falter. Only once he looked down, and then the trees and shrubs in the garden swam round in such confusion that he dared not repeat the glance. His hands almost lost their power to sustain his weight, and he began to think that he would have to let go and tumble into the trees that grew close against the wall, when the last spike was reached and he saw before his eyes the spring that at a touch would open a way into the treasure he had with such determination struggled to win. With haste he



"YOU DIE!" CRIED LARA, WHIRLING HIS BLADE ALOFT.

pressed it; but it was stiff from lack of use and would not answer his touch. Angrily he smote it with his bleeding hand, and the blow, shaking away the dust of time from the spring, caused the wall to open as noiselessly as if a moon-beam were forcing its way through the night. The sight of the opening gave him new courage and new strength, and he drew himself up till his hands gripped the inside of the thick wall, and he had to make but one more effort to pull himself out of danger. But here he rested awe-struck and wavering.

The moon was directly in front of the

opening and as its light streamed into the room it fell across José sleeping sweetly on his silken couch, his pale young face and his dark hair illuminated by the silver light. A smile of contentment, of happiness played about his young mouth. But this was no time to pause. There, beyond him in the corner of the room stood the magic harp. This was no time for poetizing on the sleep of childhood, a sterner task was before the governor's son, and boldly he drew himself up till he rested safely on the ledge, and then with cat-like tread entered the room. As he

passed José's couch the lad heaved a heavy sigh, and disengaging one little arm from the bedclothes threw it heavily on the rustling coverlid. Trembling lest he had awakened him, the governor's son stood still scarcely daring to breathe. This was not his only cause for fear. Lara, too, heard the sigh, and as he bent to listen his sword clanked at his side and his helmet chain smote against his steel-clad shoulders. But the next moment the governor's son heard the gruff words, "The lad but dreams!" and felt that Lara had resumed that rigid port that made him the envy of all soldiers.

There was no time to waste. Silently, stealthily, fearfully, he crept towards the harp that stood, as it were, challenging him to touch it. It was with difficulty that he could reach out his hand to grasp the ominous mantle that hid it from his gaze. But at length he steeled his will, and with trembling hand hastily clutched at the treasure to gain which he had lost honor, love, truth, everything worth having. With an indescribable cry of pain he fell on the floor, writhing as though tortured by a thousand fiends.

In an instant the door was burst open and Lara strode into the room with drawn sword, ready to cut down the evil one himself if he were present. His eyes first fell upon José sitting up in bed rubbing the sleep from his young eyes, and then he saw the writhing moaning figure on the floor and the open wall by which the thief had entered.

"You die!" he cried, and whirling his blade aloft leaped upon the prostrate lad.

But José was before him with a cry of "No, No! Spare him!" and he stood over the governor's son right under the blade of the fierce soldier.

"It was the harp, it can protect itself; see! it is the governor's son."

Just then hurried feet were heard rushing along the corridor, and the next moment the governor and his immediate body guard stood in the room.

"What have we here!" he cried; and as he saw Lara standing with raised

sword: "Hold, villain!" and leaping on him seized him by the throat.

But Lara heeded not his grip; the governor was a powerful man but his trusty guard stood firm and unbending as an oak. He spoke only three words: "Behold your son!"

At the words the governor's hand dropped like lead to his side, and looking at the prostrate figure saw that it was indeed his boy, his idol, lying on the floor pale as death with an agonized expression on his face.

"What does this mean?"

"I know not," said Lara. "Behold the open wall, there stands the harp."

"Ah! you think he has attempted theft."

"I know not," answered the taciturn soldier.

"It is true. It is true!" groaned the penitent lad.

"Death to the thief, decrees our laws, public death. We will save you that disgrace; Lara, do your duty, strike him down."

But Lara as though fearing lest he would obey, hurriedly sheathed his sword and folding his arms exclaimed; "I have sworn allegiance to the harp, and when its master bids me refrain from bloodshed I cannot do otherwise."

"What, would you disobey me?" cried the angry father.

"I cannot do otherwise; he bade me spare your son."

"Then I will do it myself," and with hurried action he drew a dagger from his girdle and kneeling was about to plunge it into his son's breast, but José threw himself across the prostrate lad.

"Spare him, or slay me first!" he cried.

Struck with the lad's dauntless courage and noble self-sacrifice the father dashed his dagger to the floor.

"He is spared, but he is yours. I give him to you and let him serve you faithfully or he shall die by my own hand."

To his servants he cried, "Bear him hence, and if you say aught of what has happened here to-night you shall die."

The servants with trembling wonder bent over the lad to raise him from the

floor, but the one who took hold of his left arm leaped back with a cry of horror. The boy had fainted and his limbs were limp and lifeless, but this arm had lost its roundness, its youth, and was shrivelled and withered like a piece of parchment. It was the arm with which he had attempted to seize the harp.

"He has been judged," cried the father. "Take him hence and when the world asks, in what gallant encounter didst thou lose thy fair young arm, lower thine eyes and blush from burning shame."

But José interrupted: "Do not take him from me; you have given him to me, let him stay here till morning!"

José remembered how, when he had played at Fedora's wish her youth had been renewed, and the thought flashed upon him that the harp which had shrivelled up the strong arm might be able to restore it to all its strength. At any rate he would try its magic influence.

The governor could do naught but comply, and after his son was borne to a silken couch and the wall closed by the spring of which he and his boy alone held the secret, all withdrew, leaving Lara standing at the door with the rigid dignity of a marble statue.

José lay down once more, and did not open his eyes till the grey morning light began to steal into the room through the little round flower-like windows that studded the wall. He was soon out of bed and into his rags.

His first thought was of the lad who still lay there with that deathlike pallor on his face, and a frightened look in his black eyes.

Soon José knew by the way the beams of light swept across the room that the sun was above the horizon. Quickly he uncovered his instrument, and taking it from its resting place began to run his fingers across its strings in a song of refreshing, of healing. Softly the glow of health came back to the eyes of the suffering lad, surely the pallor left his face, and ere the end of the song was reached he stood before José in his full vigor; and as the last note died away he fell on his

knees and kissed the bare feet of the harper.

The whole castle was now astir. Angel voices seemed to have visited every sleeping ear, and as the soothing strains stole from room to room all hastened to hear its full rich sweetness. Soon the corridors were crowded; servants, attendants, guards, the noble children, and their noble parents forgetting rank, everything, held spell-bound by the music.

Among them José passed playing, followed by the lad he had restored to health; and so wonderful were his strains that ere the morning meal was ready those who had seen the tragedy of the night remembered it but as a dream. The stern father's heart, too, was softened, and forgiveness was in his look.

CHAPTER IX.

SCARCELY had they finished their morning meal when a startling knock resounded through the palace. Three times the rapid clang rang out, and thrice were the three knocks repeated.

"The King's messenger!" was all the Governor said, but the shadow that passed across his face as he rose to meet the man admitted by his guards told that he feared for the future. He lost none of his dignity, however; and the messenger kneeling before him handed him a document sealed with a golden seal.

"Hast ridden hard?" he said, as he bade the young man rise. "Thou art hot and dusty."

"The King commanded speed, most noble Lord, though I fain would have been slow-footed on this errand."

"Dost know the reason of thy visit?"

"Yea! Most Noble Lord; thine enemies are with the King and have noised abroad the strange happenings of yesterday, so that the humblest servant at court knows as much about them as the King."

"Whether it be well or ill I know not," mused the Governor, "but the King's commands must be obeyed."

As he spoke he unrolled the sealed scroll and read as follows:

"Most trusted Lord: Last night as



THE CAVALCADE SLOWLY WENDED ITS WAY TOWARDS THE FORTRESS OF THE KING

darkness was approaching, a clamor was heard without our gates, and when they were thrown open several of the most respected citizens of your city stood before us with angry denunciations of an alleged sacrilege that occurred at sunset in your city, which things we can scarcely credit; and at an alleged breach of duty on your part in condoning the sacrilege,—which we cannot believe. It appears from their reports, and in all there is remarkable accuracy in the details, that a ragged gipsy lad had stood on the sacred stone, where never stood foot save the foot of prince or king, and that you instead of striking him down cast your sword of office at his feet; and that many other citizens, my subjects—indeed, according to the report, all save a few faithful ones that came with the tidings to me—acted in like manner. To thee they impute ambition (I am open with thee), and declare that thou art working by means of subtle magic to win the city from me, and in the end my kingdom. If this be true thou wilt probably try to escape (and I believe it not), but my arm will compass land and sea to strike down the traitor who has been trusted as never before was man trusted. Whether it be true or not I bid thee come at once, and bring with thee the lad who has thus set the world by the ears. I have seized thy traducers and their fate is in thy hands.

CARLOS."

As the Governor read he turned on the messenger a saddened face and said,

"Save for the words about my ambition this is too true."

"Thou art undone!" groaned the messenger.

"Nay, Nay! Thou knowest not! My heart tells me all will yet be well. But let us to horse and away. Be it life or death the King's command brooks no tardy response. Be of good faith," he said to his trembling wife and little ones. "The instrument that opened the heart of the greedy populace yesterday; that restored life to the withered arm of my erring lad, will surely soften the heart of our good king. But it is beyond my wisdom to see how he can at once keep his laws and spare our lives. But be of good faith! Naught of evil will come to us! I know not how we shall escape, but escape the wrath or even the displeasure of the great King, we shall."

"Where abides the King?" he said, turning to the messenger.

"At the hill fortress!"

"Come, José," he said, "we must to our fate."

But José had no fear; his heart burned within him to see the King, of whom even in the seclusion of the hills marvellous tales had reached his ears; but he was nevertheless glad when in the cavalcade that assembled at the door he saw the towering form of his burly friend Lara.

Now José had never mounted a horse before, not even a mule, and when he saw that he must ride he began to fear for his harp lest he should fall and

crush it. At first it is difficult to have faith in untried circumstances, and only after a thing has proved itself many times do we rely on it in all cases. Especially did he tremble when he saw the well groomed, beautifully-caparisoned, shining steeds curvetting, and prancing, and pawing while they impatiently waited for their riders to mount. Lara, the faithful, saw his fright, and lightly lifting him, harp and all to the pommel of his saddle, for José would not let his instrument out of his hands, sprang up behind him. When all were mounted the cavalcade slowly wended its way towards the fortress of the King.

There was a strange silence among the travellers. The uncertainty of the future seemed to weigh upon them all, and no man spoke.

Even the horses seemed to have caught something of their riders' gloom, and they moved forward as though reluctant to bear their burdens to their destination. At last the high hill on which the fortress stood loomed up before them. How different it was to José's young eyes from the beautiful, sunny castle he had just left. There it stood like a pile of huge rocks, and behind it the dark forest cast long shadows. The sun had been shining brightly while they journeyed on the way, but now a dark cloud overhung forest and fortress, a black cloud that seemed to threaten destruction to the approaching horsemen.



AS THE GOVERNOR READ, HE TURNED ON THE MESSENGER A SADDENED FACE

A strange castle it was, perched on that rugged hilltop with but one narrow pathway, with barely room for a single chariot leading to its hidden entrance between hills that rose in sharp pinnacles on all sides. Here no army could advance, and only treachery could have won a way into this, the strongest fortress in the land. But if nature had done much to make it impregnable art had done more. The walls, which in the distance had seemed small against the rugged hills, now in their massive grandeur looked like hills upon hills.

Towers strong and thick bristled with engines of war, and all along the embattled parapets stood steel-clad

soldiers with mighty cross-bows, ready at the nod of their commanders to check with steady aim the approaching company.

Soon the riders reached the broad moat and paused at the brink till the ponderous draw-bridge, with clanking chains and creaking iron hinges, was lowered to let them pass. Once within the heavy gates, thick as walls and made impenetrable with their oak beams and steel facings, they dismounted, and about them closed the company of soldiers with battle-axes

raised to their shoulders gleaming with cruel glint.

Yesterday these men would have bowed low before the great Governor, but on this day he came before them as one accused of treason; and though they could not credit the rumor that had found their way from the King's chamber to the guardroom, still they dare not show even respect to one deemed a traitor, and in stolid silence they marched beside him and his friends till they were halted in the presence chamber of the King.

To be continued.

THE PROVINCIAL MOUNTED POLICEMAN

BY CECIL E. SELWYN

HE'S an easy-going fellow,
With slouch hat and briar pipe,
Brass buttons on his coat, sir,
On his pants a yellow stripe!
We're an orderly community
And he hasn't much to do,
Yet still he may get busy
If your honesty's askew!
Should your horses turn up "missing,"
Why you'd better let him know,
For he'll find them when they're stolen
Ere many miles they go.
He rides a frisky pony,
Which at least he's got to groom!
I'd like to see him working—
But in thieves—there seems no "boom".

IN THE BAREFOOT PRINTS OF SIR WILFRID

BY M. O. HAMMOND

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

CANADA talks much of new railways, of increases in wheat acreage, and of immigration by the hundred thousand. There are some counties which even in these progressive days are affected by none of those things. Some of them are in Quebec, and one is L'Assomption. Even if the County of L'Assomption had nothing but this year's hay and tobacco crops to think of, the inhabitants would—peace to them—still be happy, so well have they learned their philosophy of life. But they have in addition the distinction of being the scene of the birth and youth of the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Back in the second quarter of last century, L'Assomption County was pretty much on the fringe of settlement as it extended north of the St. Lawrence. So much of the early work of settlement was still going on that Carolus Laurier lived here and practiced as a land surveyor and his services were sought far and near. Carolus Laurier lived with his wife at St. Lin, and there Wilfrid Laurier was born in the same year as the late King Edward, 1841. The elder Laurier is still remembered by the people of the district as a fine old man. He was fond of company, convivial, indifferent to money and never had anything ahead. In fact, he took a good deal of pleasure out of life. His father before him was a farmer, but also a mathematician. Carolus Laurier's wife was a refined woman, fond of conversation, and with her husband stood exceedingly well in the village community. She died, however, in 1848, leaving her son little more than six years old.

St. Lin is an unaggressive sleepy village that, but for the accident of Laurier's birth, would scarcely have been heard of outside the County of



AN INTERESTING SNAP-SHOT OF SIR WILFRID



THE HOUSE ONCE OCCUPIED BY NANCY KIRK IS AGED AND WEATHER-STAINED, BUT IN THE EARLY FIFTIES OF LAST CENTURY IT WAS THE BOARDING-HOUSE OF WILFRID LAURIER

L'Assomption. Yet it lies within forty miles of Montreal, and in summer has a daily train service. It is the terminal of one of the Canadian Pacific tap roots reaching out towards the Laurentians, and when the conductor puts on his Christy hat and steps from his train at night, he goes up town for a gossip in the village stores. St. Lin itself has a population of about two thousand, and when you traverse its long street and gaze into its medley of store windows, you will feel the contrast between the rude boots of the river driver and the flimsy chapeau for the town girl built on the lines just laid down in Paris. The men of L'Assomption may go around in the drab negations of worn-out and weather-stained clothing, but the women are as attractively dressed as in any of the large Canadian cities.

Of course there are a few Tories in St. Lin, for the great Light has seen little of it for fifty years, though his father remained here until his death in 1886. There are a few Tories, but everywhere there is pride in Laurier. One is not long in St. Lin before he

hears of Jules Ethier, for Jules enjoys the distinction of being the sole resident who played and went to school with Wilfrid Laurier. Jules Ethier is an active old man, a few months older than his distinguished friend. He dresses with a sort of subdued loudness, walks with a limp and a cane, and lives a happy life between his own home, the postoffice and the top of the nail keg in Monahan's general store.

"He was a smart man, Wilfrid Laurier. He learn very queeck," says Jules Ethier. "We knew he would be big man when he grew up.

"Laurier was a quiet, respectable, good boy, well liked," he added, half musingly.

Amid his other duties in life Jules Ethier—less fortunately endowed by nature and with fewer opportunities—has not attained a command of English to boast of, but he admires that quality in Wilfrid Laurier.

"He learn English very fast. He went to school one year at New Glasgow and learned it very well. I was learning English at the same time, but when



HERE YOUNG WILFRID MEASURED SUGAR AND CALICO FOR THE SAKE OF LEARNING ENGLISH AT FIRST-HAND.

he came back I wanted to write a letter in English and had to get him to do it for me."

"English is the thing to know nowadays," spoke up Morin, the keeper of the village hotel, who had joined the group. "I go to send my son to Belleville, Ontario, College next week. He has got to learn English no matter how much it cost."

Thus a lesson in toleration, enforced if you will, but nevertheless toleration and respect for the other race. The stranger in St. Lin who does not speak French has some difficulty in getting around, so rare is the native who understands English even now. There is but one store in town kept by a man other than French, and between it and the universal bartender, who in a Quebec village is, as far as language goes, a travelled and cultivated gentleman, the stranger will get along somehow. But even St. Lin will break away from its isolation some day.

Wilfrid Laurier went to parish school in four different buildings in St. Lin, two of which still stand. One is op-

posite the site of the Premier's birthplace, the house in which he was born having been removed some forty years ago. It is a well preserved brick building, now used as a store and residence by a saddler. The other is across the river. It is of wood and in good condition and is still used as a dwelling. The parish church is of recent date, with a large and commanding spire such as graces all the larger villages of Quebec. The cemetery alongside contains the Laurier plot, and there are buried Sir Wilfrid's father and mother.

Laurier was a pale thin boy, always neatly dressed, and as he passed along the street to school, he was admired by the French housewives, who used to say:

"Tiens! Voilà le petit monsieur qui passe." ("There goes the little gentleman.")

John Monahan is a ponderous Irishman, with business abilities in proportion, who owns the largest store in St. Lin. He has been there many years and is a personal friend of Laurier. Sir Wilfrid never appealed for votes for

himself in L'Assomption, but if he had John Monahan would have seen that he was elected. Sir Wilfrid always called on him when he came to St. Lin to see his father, and he cemented the friendship a couple of years ago by sending down to St. Lin for Monahan to come up to Ottawa to spend Sunday with him. Monahan went.

Smiling gardens run down sloping banks to the edge of the Laschagan River as it winds through the village. A factory here and there lends some slight tumult to the quiet of St. Lin, but the convent with its bright young girls, the infrequent railroad service and the unhurried leisure of the inhabitants and the visitors from the country reflect an air not consistent with modern North America.

The road that leads from St. Lin to New Glasgow is one to which a curious interest attaches, for over it travelled the boy Laurier to the adjoining Scotch village where he learned English, the mastery of which made possible the Premiership and an ascendancy that it seems will be challenged by no one during his lifetime. The road traverses a prosperous farming community that would do credit to a garden spot in Ontario and is far from the ordinary western conception of rural Quebec. Tasteful houses, large barns, well-tilled fields everywhere proclaim intelligence and thrift. Corn and tobacco are large crops in this level valley, and the skeleton forms of the tobacco barns disclose hundreds of pounds of the leaf of the *tabac Canayen*, that is at once

the joy and the despair of smokers.

Over near New Glasgow stands the house once occupied by Nancy Kirk. The building is now used by the McCubbins, who regarded the innocent photographer with so much suspicion that they closed their shutters and bolted doors at the sight of the impudent stranger. The house is aged and weather-stained, but in the early fifties of last century it was the boarding-house of Wilfrid Laurier during the eventful winter of association with the

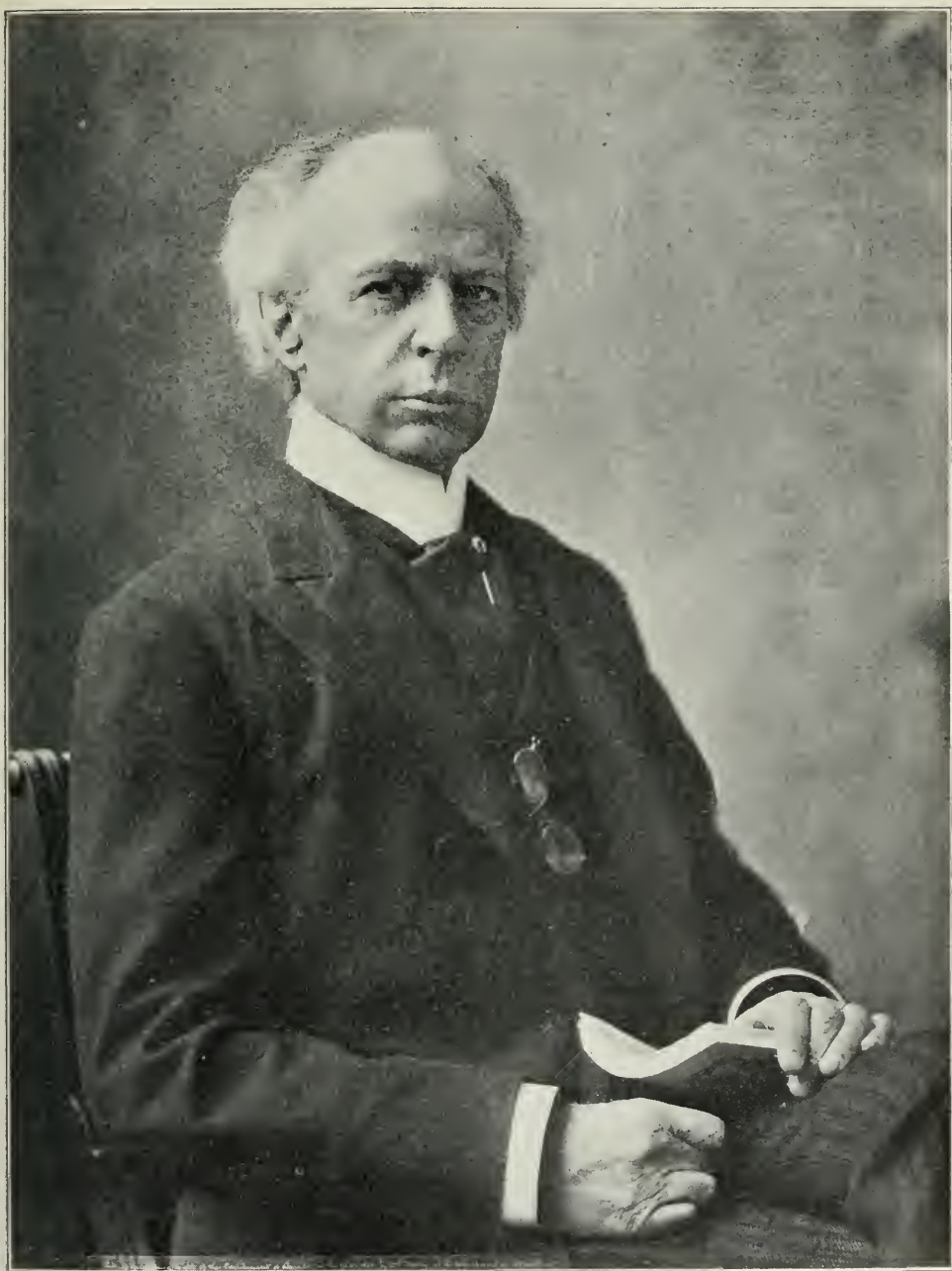
Scotch people of New Glasgow. Alexander Maclean, long since dead, was the dominie of the school that harbored the pale, young boy whose father had the foresight to send him afield to learn the language of the dominant race. Wilfrid had his troubles in the little race jealousies of the day, but the associations were, after all, most pleasant.

"I remember," the Premier has said on more than one occasion since he became a national figure, "I remember how I fought with the Scotch boys and made school-boy love to the Scotch girls, with more success in the latter than in the former."



JULES ETHIER, SCHOOL-FELLOW AND PLAYMATE OF LAURIER, FIFTY YEARS AGO

The school stood on the hill commanding a view of the village, but the building was long since replaced by a smaller one, for the French are crowding in, and the little Presbyterian Church has now only about fifteen supporting families. In his spare hours young Laurier spent much time in the store of the late John Murray and worked behind the counter frequently in his eager quest for a familiarity with



IDEALIST AND LAWYER, STATESMAN AND BON CAMERADE, THE VERSATILITY AND CHARM OF THE PREMIER
ARE CHARACTERISTICALLY SUGGESTED IN THIS FAMILIAR PORTRAIT

English. This building remains, though in a somewhat altered form.

The habitants of L'Assomption have not all followed the relations of Wilfrid Laurier with the English-speaking races with approval. They are devoted to

the French language. They read the French papers when they do read, and some of them are susceptible to the wiles of the Bourassa school. Hence, some complain that Laurier is too English for them. Inasmuch as On-

tario Tories say he is too French, the inference is that the Premier has adjusted the balance with a nice hand.

L'Assomption County here reaches up almost to the Laurentians. The landscape becomes rugged as one travels northward. Always changeful and picturesque, the Laurentians have seasons of real majesty and grandeur, and it is no exaggeration to say one feels the influence of these beautiful and rugged surroundings upon the character and imagination of Canada's leading orator and statesman.

When one passes with Laurier from St. Lin and New Glasgow to L'Assomption College, one seems to have passed from the boy to the man, and the seven years at L'Assomption or any other college would at that period of life weave great changes in the character of any one. L'Assomption is a beautiful old town, inconspicuous from any direction save for the twin towers of the parish church, whose doors stand open hour by hour to welcome the sorrowful or distressed. L'Assomption has only recently had railway connection, and the sight of a stranger on its shady streets pausing to examine its picturesque old white-washed houses, is enough to bring heads to the windows in real rural curiosity. L'Assomption College has for long been a famous educational institution in Quebec. Its little reception room is adorned with the portraits of Laurier, the late J. I. Tarte, Sir Louis Jette and other celebrities, whose names they are proud to point out on their honor roll.

As I wandered over its shady grounds the sound of music from the chapel carried me further than ever from the present. The students were at Mass, and the weird chords of the Gregorian chant intoned for half an hour seemed the last protest against the lighter music of the present day. Unfortunately, man needs variety, and the race cannot live by Gregorian music alone.

It was while attending at L'Assomption that the boy Laurier indicated his taste for a future career. Naturally gifted with fluency, he had an intense admiration for public speaking in others and his particular form of truancy was to slip out from college and attend

sittings at the court house, listening for hours to the arguments of the lawyers. Then when politicians came to town he made certain to attend their meetings, and followed their discussions of public questions with keen attention.

The political atmosphere of L'Assomption College in those days was Conservative, but Arthur Dansereau has told us that "Wilfrid Laurier at sixteen exercised a veritable domination within the walls of this institution, which, however, did not share his political ideas." He was "the most popular pupil, the pupil with the greatest following and the most influence." This was purely the ascendancy of character and intellect, for young Laurier seems to have taken little or no part in the college games.

So well had Wilfrid Laurier mastered English from his winter in New Glasgow school and store, and from his constant study of English literature that when he went to McGill in 1861 he took the law course in both French and English, graduating in three years. After a little in Montreal, we find him in the Eastern Townships, a struggling country lawyer in St. Christopher, now called Arthabaska. This period of the late sixties might be called the crisis of Laurier's life. His association with Lanctot, a fiery Quebec politician, was a rupture with his own ideals, and his departure for Arthabaska in 1866 was a wise move in more ways than one.

"I think I can see Laurier at this period," wrote Senator L. O. David, one of his life-long friends, "in poor health, sad, with a grave air, indifferent to all the noise about him, who passed among us as though he were a shadow and seemed to say, 'Brother, we must die.'"

The young advocate's lungs were at this time thought to be seriously affected, and in this connection a pretty story is told of the romance of the Premier's life. While attending law school in Montreal, Laurier became deeply attached to a young lady in the house in which he boarded, who had some years before come up from a farm near Arthabaska. The attachment grew to love and promise of marriage. Unfortunately, at this stage Laurier's health gave way, and the Montreal



QUIET AND SECLUDED SIR WILFRID'S OLD HOME REMAINS THROUGH THE YEAR EXCEPT FOR A FEW WEEKS WHEN ITS OWNER COMES TO REST AND RENEW OLD FRIENDS IN ARTHABASKA



THE LAURIER PLOT IN THE OLD CHURCH-YARD OF ST. LIN
Here Sir Wilfrid's father and mother sleep in the last long peace

doctors thought he could not live long. Under these circumstances the engagement was broken and Laurier went to Arthabaska in wretched health, and, as most people thought, with but a short time to live. Soon after his arrival he consulted a local doctor who told him he was not seriously ill and that with care he might live a long time.

"Will you give me a certificate to that effect?" asked young Laurier, eagerly.

"Certainly," the doctor replied.

The certificate was given to Laurier, who headed for Montreal to show it to his former lady love. In the meantime the lady had made other friendships which might have proved lasting, but the return of Wilfrid with the assurance of probable good health and long life brought the lovers together again. That woman is now Lady Laurier.

Arthabaska nestles serenely in the valley of the Nicolet, two-thirds of the way from Montreal to Quebec. Its setting, several miles in from the railway, is as picturesque as could be imagined. Its families are old and exclusive, and its street signs swarm with the names of *avocats*, for it is the judicial centre of the county. The large red brick court house was the arena of the young Laurier, the village Lincoln, as it were. He soon dominated the legal practitioners of the district. His little white clapboarded law office still stands and still bears his name, although he has not handled a brief in many years. Laurier's legal practice in Arthabaska increased year by year, and his prosperity was reflected in his increased personal comfort. His last residence was erected

about thirty years ago, and is a large two-storey brick building, to which the Premier still repairs each summer for a few weeks' rest.

Hither came the Liberal party in 1887 badly in need of a leader. They had seen Laurier in the House of Commons and they knew their man. Of course there were doubters as there were even when Lincoln was nominated for President. Here was a man who had made his way in the profession which he loved. He had not been spoken of as a man wholly for public service, and why disturb him? But the need of party and country were supreme, and the man who had been known as a graceful speaker and idealist, and a happy comrade among men was taken from his narrow sphere and became in time the dominant Canadian statesman, the political seer, the master craftsman and the autocrat of Canadian politics.

To-day as the habitants move slowly down the street from Sunday Mass in the church on the hill, they pass the red brick home in the maple grove, unoccupied save by an old woman who cares for it. They look over at the white painted law office with the name Laurier at the end of the stone path opposite; they step into the law office of perhaps a new Laurier in evolution, and talk over neighborhood troubles, but their affection still clings to Sir Wilfrid, and as long as Louis Lavergne is preserved by the *tabac Canayen* which he unceasingly smokes, they will send him to Ottawa to support the one-time country lawyer whom they regard as affectionately as Illinois reveres the memory of Lincoln.

FROM THE JAPANESE

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

A PUFF of dust blew past;
My heart is shaken within me.
Ah, sweet, I would feel you pass
Though dead for ten thousand years!

THE HOUSE-BREAKERS

By May Dorothea Ogg.

Illustrated by Geo. C. Bielenberg.

NAN squeezed herself into the darkness made by a little projection in the wall and listened to rapidly approaching footsteps. Her heart thumped in a way that annoyed her extremely. She watched the strip of white pavement with the swinging electric above it, and the footsteps grew louder and louder till she quakingly decided that it could not be a mere human making all that noise. It must be some steel shod monster, she thought, walking on its hind legs through the stillness of the night.

A man hove in sight. He took long unhampered steps and carried a suitcase.

Nan eyed him anxiously. She knew, for several old and wise people had impressed upon her, that the people who walked abroad at night were quite different from the day-time variety; different and dangerous. She stared hard and curiously at the man in the brilliant circle of light. His face had a dog tired look. Nan had seen just that expression of world weariness on many faces; it did not look different. She hastily appraised other details of this unknown being. They were all familiar to suburban Nan. She had seen hundreds of men just like this. She watched them race for their trains in the morning. She observed their high ambition for comfortable slippers and a hot dinner at night. In crowded cars they gave up their seats to her, and she surprised them very much by saying thank you. Certainly so ordinary a creature as this could not be harmful. Perhaps he might even help her.

She started forward. The man was fast receding into darkness. She wanted to call, but what? "Hi!" or "Ahoy!"

or "You there!" seemed appropriate, but Nan had never, at least in her brief grown-up life, called those things at a person, and now at midnight to a total stranger, they struck her as informal. While she hesitated, the man was out of ear shot.

Nan drew her white cloak about her and transferred her attention to the door knob once more. She turned it slowly and gently pushed, then she turned it quickly and put her whole hundred and ten pounds against the door. It was unresponsive—she rattled the knob resentfully and abandoned it as useless.

Clutching her trailing skirts she hopped across the intervening space between porch and verandah and tried the drawing room windows. All were secured with praiseworthy care.

The far end of the verandah overlooked the back regions. Nan wondered if she dared go there. It was very dark. Something moved, she made out dimly a cat crouching silent across the yard. Nan scurried back to the friendly light.

She suddenly noticed that one of her father's windows was open, the one nearest the porch. Hope sprang again. She ventured on a gentle call, then one less gentle, then so loud a one as to make her glance round apprehensively. She listened. The whole world seemed dead. Nan was seized with a panicky feeling that she must make someone hear within ten seconds or go crazy.

With small heed for her dainty gown she clambered up to a ledge in one of the posts, leaned toward the open window and called softly, "Daddy"; pause, "Daddy"; pause again, then "Daddy" louder, but yet not very loud, for Daddy was not a man to enjoy being

routed out of his comfortable downy in the middle of the night. She tried once or twice more, and then laughter unexpected and irrepressible came upon her at the plaintive babe-in-the-wood sound of her wail.

She clung to the post laughing hysterically, till an idea cut her short. The idea was stones. It quickly elaborated itself to sticks, pebbles, anything hard, to throw. She climbed cautiously from her perch and started on a quest for throwable articles. Her field of search was limited to the circle of light, outside that the darkness was too horrible—it made her shiver.

The lawn was discouragingly close mown and well groomed. It would be an enterprising pebble indeed, that dared mar its velvety surface. Nan looked around and understood that the road was her only chance, wherefore with many stops to reconnoitre from the black shadows of maple trunks, she reluctantly went out of the gate.

Nan had always imagined that pebbles abounded in roads, it seemed somehow their native heath. Yet, before her lay a road, and not only were there no pebbles but not so much as one small twig was there. She held her first train well above her slim white silk ankles and impatiently kicked a dead leaf (it might have been muddy for all she knew) with an immaculate satin toe.

There was a sharp ting-ting, and something shot close by her, so suddenly that she jumped. A man was dismounting from a bicycle a short distance from her. Nan was not entirely unused to men, and she regarded this one calmly. He put his foot on the pedal and whirled it low to prop the wheel against the curb, then with his cap off he came towards her.

"I'll help you find it," he volunteered brusquely.

"Wh-what?" she asked, taken back.

"Whatever you've lost," he answered, in a slightly surprised tone. "What is it?"

"Nothing," she said.

He looked at her squarely. "When I came along just now, weren't you hunting for something?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she assented, eagerly, "I

was trying to find—but I have not lost anything."

"What were you trying to find?" he pursued, patiently.

She did not speak for a moment, then "Will you help me?" she asked, gravely.

"Was it mushrooms?" he persisted, his patience almost gone.

"Do be sensible," she cried, vexedly.

"When I'm in such a beastly hole, it is mean of you to talk about mushrooms and—and things. I can't get in," she added, with an explanatory wave of her hand in the direction of the house.

"Now we're getting down to business," he said, heartily. "Lead on, Macduff." She smiled upon him for the first time, and he wondered vaguely what made her teeth so transparently blue-white. The shine of the electric, he concluded, was responsible.

Together they crossed the boulevard and started up the path. It was a crooked path and wound in a foolish meaningless way across the narrow lawn. The man eyed it critically. "It looks as if it were saying proudly, 'Look at me wandering through the family estate,'" he remarked, "and people look and ask, 'But where is the estate?' 'That's of no consequence,' it says, and throws on another curve, 'I am what you are to admire'."

He glanced at Nan whimsically, and she was laughing.

"It has always aggravated me," she said. "You have managed to express its mental attitude exactly. Do paths have mental attitudes, I wonder?"

He seemed to speculate on the proposition.

"Why did you stop?" Nan asked, abruptly. "You whizzed by me as though there were not a moment to be lost."

"I did not see you," he began, slowly, "till my front tire almost brushed your gown; I swerved just in time and stopped from sheer surprise at not having run over you."

"Yes?" observed the interested Nan.

"The reason I stayed," he paused and looked at Nan with an evident pleasure in that occupation, "was that I wanted to help you."

"Do you think you can?" she asked, anxiously.

"I know it," he returned, with serene confidence, "It will not be the first house I have broken into." He smiled, engagingly, but Nan did not smile, his words had filled her with a shiversome thought. She took one swift glance at the shadowy bicycle, by the curb. A black bag strapped to the handlebars confirmed her intuition.

At no period of her life had Nan been considered reticent. She faced her companion and pleasure was mingled with a kind of awe in her blue eyes. "You are a burglar?" she hazarded, and it was as though she said: "Here is a strange new thing, perhaps harmful but fascinating."

"A professional burglar!" she murmured, gazing at him.

"N-not quite a professional," he stammered, "I—"

"That does not matter," she interrupted. "Only think of the luck, though, just when a burglar can help me better than anyone else—a burglar appears. Isn't it—O, do let me see your what-do-you-call-it, the thing you tie to your wrist and hit people over the head with."

"I have not got it with me," he murmured confusedly, but with perfect truth.

It struck Nan that perhaps she had been too precipitate, so she tried another tack.

"Is business good just now?" she inquired, politely.

"Not what I could wish," he rejoined, with a gloomy shake of the head.

"Ah!" she observed, in a sympathetic tone. Just then they reached the porch, and the burglar tried the door. Nan thought he would produce a skeleton key, (she was curious to see



NAN THREW HER WHOLE HUNDRED AND TEN POUNDS
AGAINST THE DOOR

what skeleton keys were like) but he didn't.

"Something is sure to be left open," he said, hopefully, "there always is."

"Not here," corrected his interested spectator with decision. "At least not in front, I didn't try the back because"—she hesitated and blushed, looking at him sidelong.

"Of course not," he helped her out, "I was afraid of the dark when I was a child, too."

"How dare you call me a child," she cried, furiously. "Look at that," she let go her train and spun round on one heel so that it spread out to a broad plain of shimmering white around her. Then catching it to her, "As for the dark," she said, "you'll see." She

sprang from the porch to the verandah, lightly ran its length and dropped to the soft grass at the very edge of the shifting light.

Her indignation carried her halfway to the trellis that divided the lawn from the servant's stamping ground. Then everything seemed very still and—no, she did not mind the darkness, she had just said so. She looked back, no one was there.

"Burglar," she called, rather shakily. After a moment of suspense the tall figure of the burglar appeared.

"Come on," Nan said. "Wherever have you been?"

"Thought I'd better make sure of those front windows," he answered, and Nan was too pleased at having a companion again to even mention her belief that he might have taken her word that the front windows were locked.

Together they made the tour of the silent house. Nan stuck close to the burglar, but he did not seem to notice that, only tried windows and doors in a business-like fashion that was reassur-

ing, but led nowhere for everything seemed to be tightly screwed down.

Once he had to climb into a low shed roof to get at the kitchen window. It was the very darkest place in their eerie journey, and Nan felt that she could not have endured to be left on the ground, which she was sure was covered with butterflies and June-bugs (her pet aversions), but for an important fact which she discovered. It was that when she stood on tip toe, her fingers just reached the sole of the burglar's boot as he knelt feeling for the sash. She clung to this comforting proof of a protector with the tenacity generally imputed to a drowning man, who meets a casual straw. Since the burglar wore good stout boots he never knew how admirably he had played the somewhat unusual part of the straw.

Nan dusted her hand furtively as he crawled down. "No go," he cheerfully announced, and they continued their round in silence.

When they had completed the circuit and stood once more in the pleasant light, Nan addressed her confederate briskly. "Now, your tools," she said. "You'd better fetch them here and begin." She concealed a delicate yawn and sat down on the steps. The burglar looked startled.

"We must try every way before that," he declared, strenuously.

"We have," Nan objected.

"There are still the upper windows," he told her.

"And no ladder," she interjected.

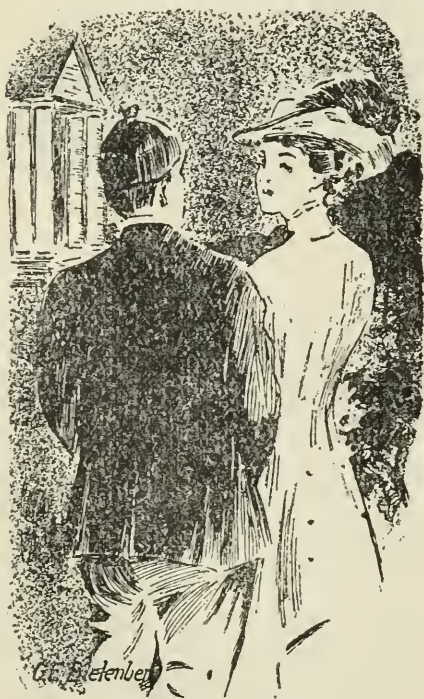
"I could climb the porch," he suggested.

"What good would that do," she asked, impatiently, "you seem to have forgotten that I am the one who has to get in."

"I'll come down through the house and let you in." He looked at her hopefully, but his hopes were dashed.

"It's ridiculous," she cried. "You don't know your way. The floor of the upper landing squeaks wildly. You'd bump into things and every one would wake up and capture you. Why have you such a rooted objection to getting your tools anyway?"

He had no answer ready, and started slowly for the gate. Nan watched him



"COME ON," SHE SAID. "WHEREVER HAVE YOU BEEN?"



"IT'S DADDY!" SHE WHISPERED IN AN AWED VOICE

with expectant satisfaction. She had never seen any one burgle, and her mind was of the inquiring sort to which new experiences appeal.

But half way the burglar hesitated, then turned and came resolutely back. He stood before the puzzled Nan, and his expression puzzled her yet more. The man looked positively ashamed of himself.

"Well?" she threw a note of impatient questioning into the word.

"I haven't any," he confessed.

"Any what?" inquired Nan, mystified.

"Tools." He seemed to bite the word vindictively.

"Did you forget them?" she asked, innocently, still unenlightened.

He saw the loophole for escape, but

scorned to use it. "I don't own any," he informed her.

"What's happened to them?" she blinked her long eyelashes up at him in wonder.

"Nothing," he cried, desperately, "I never owned a tool in my life. If someone presented me with one, I'd have not the least idea what to do with it. The only house-breaking experiences I have run up against are the times I used to come home from college unexpectedly, and have to force an entrance. In short, I'm awfully sorry, I know you'll hate me for it, but I'm not a burglar, only an ordinary man."

She had stood up and was regarding him in bewilderment.

"Then you—but—why you told me a lie," she finished and looked him in the face unwinkingly.

The burglar felt himself on slightly firmer ground; at least she did not refuse to speak to him. "I did not," he said, eagerly. The blue eyes looked unbelieving. "I did not tell you a thing, truly except that I was not quite a professional. If you think a minute, you'll remember."

"It's the same thing," she flashed at him, scornfully. "You are too annoying. From the way you spoke and behaved, and everything, I thought of course you were a competent house-breaker." Nan's aggrieved tone seemed to imply that his services had been ordered and paid for.

But the miserable burglar did not resent her tone. "Won't you," he began. Nan held up her hand and he stopped abruptly.

She took a step backwards on to the porch, and stood there very straight, which brought her eyes level with his. She intended to deliver a lecture to this erring young man that would simply crumple him up, but for once a woman could find no words. What had he done amiss? She could hardly censure him for deciding against a career of crime. Already he had refuted the charge of falsity of statement. Nan made two lines in her white forehead, and vigorously searched her consciousness for the name of his offence. This was vexatious. She knew he deserved a reprimand, but for what was not clear.

The *ci-devant* burglar wore a becomingly contrite expression and the look in his gray eyes was disarming.

Nan's heart was not of stone, and something about the affair struck her quite suddenly as funny. She tried to preserve her judicial air but without avail. She sank in helpless laughter on the steps. A burst of relieved half-suppressed laughter joined hers, and the night echoed softly to their causeless and sincere mirth.

As soon as Nan had breath enough to speak. "You are forgiven," she gasped, "don't ask me what for, but accept my apology—I mean I accept yours without reservations." She waved her hand airily.

"You are a brick," he cried, and catching the hand wrung it thankfully.

She looked at him with candid eyes. "Does that mean that you are saying good-bye or that we are being introduced?" she asked.

"Introductions must come before partings," he replied, "it's a common law of science." Fumbling in his pocket he produced a card and handed it to her. She glanced at it in silence and returned it to him.

"That's half over," he encouraged her.

"Are you so anxious to get to the parting?" she inquired irrelevantly.

"Not that," he assured her, "but I hate to leave things unfinished."

"Yes?" she murmured, abstractedly, and stood back a little way, contemplating the house with deep thought.

"Aren't you going to do your part?" he demanded, indignantly.

"Well," she brought her gaze reluctantly to bear on him, "I have no card, you see."

"It's a poor enough excuse," he growled.

"But," she remonstrated, "you must see that I can't say my own name out loud, in cold blood. Suppose you did not catch it the first time." She shivered delicately at the grisly notion.

"Surely there's some way," he racked his brains. "Couldn't you tell me your father's name?" he suggested, brilliantly.

"R. P. Creighton," she cried, like a doll when the right spring is touched.

"You are a clever man," she said, admiringly, "Now it's over without the least discomfort, as the dentist's advertisements pretend."

"Now that I've managed to get into your good graces, even if it is only for a minute," he said, "do tell me something that I've wondered ever since I met you."

"What?" she asked, looking pleased and interested.

"Only, what were you hunting for down there by the boulevard when I came along and did not run over you?" He watched her expectantly.

"O that," she said in a bored voice. "It was just—and it reminds me, Mr. Paget that I simply must get in. You promised to help me, and you have not," she added, pointedly.

He groaned.

"I'm afraid I'm inconveniencing you," she observed, politely. "Please don't stay for me. I dare say I can climb the porch alone."

"You climb," he burst out, astonished, "why, even with me to help you, it would be a——"

She quelled him with a look. "It's the only way," she said, curtly. "Unless you've a rope ladder concealed about you."

"If I had, it would not materially alter the case," he observed, with settled gloom, "I'd have to climb up and make it fast for you."

He glanced ruefully at his unimpeachable gray homespun, and with a sigh approached the porch. Without much effort he gained the peaked roof, and by dint of great exertion on both their parts managed to drag the breathless Nan up too. She lay on the steep slant and clutched the ridge-pole with both hands. Their position seemed to her perilous beyond belief.

John Paget's one idea was to get her safely bestowed inside the window which was their goal. Its sill was only a foot above the roof, and he saw with gratitude that it was open. He began edging gingerly along when a quick whisper stopped him.

"Some one's stealing your bicycle," it said. He turned his head and saw standing by his forgotten wheel, a man.

The innocent but suspiciously-situ-

ated pair on the roof watched the man with anxious interest. The bicycle seemed to afford him some food for thought. After a long and puzzled survey he turned abruptly and came up the walk towards them.

He threw searching glances to right and left as he came. Where the owner of the derelict bicycle could be was plainly his problem.

The owner sincerely congratulated himself on the fact that his side of the roof was in Stygian darkness. A hand clutched his sleeve, and he started uncomfortably, then seeing it was Nan's, guided it with care back to its hold on the ridge-pole. He leaned towards her for an explanation. "It's Daddy," she whispered, in an awed voice. "Don't speak," she added quickly, divining his innocent assumption that now all was well.

"Why not?" he asked, surprised but cautious. "He's probably got a latch key."

"Probably," she assented, dryly. "He undoubtedly has a temper and rather decided notions of how his daughters should behave."

Mr. Paget, discreetly silent, eyed the approaching man with a new interest. The thought flitted across his mind that Mr. Creighton seemed unusually tall and muscular.

Nan's father came on and disappeared beneath them. They heard him try the door, then heavy footsteps crossed to the verandah and the drawing room windows rattled one by one. By the sounds below the would-be housebreakers knew that Mr. Creighton was repeating their own manœuvres of half an hour ago. They listened breathless.

"He's round the corner now," whispered Mr. Paget, as the heavy tread of a man on a wooden floor changed to the soft thud of footsteps on turf.

"In the dark," shuddered Nan.

"We'd better hustle," he went on, "catch hold of my arm."

"O Burglar, do you think anything will happen to him?" Nan's voice was agonized.

Mr. Paget smiled in the darkness. "Catch hold of my arm," he repeated, authoritatively, and she obeyed.

They worked their way cautiously along the shingles. "Do you?" implored Nan; then, with a little catch in her voice and a tightening of the fingers on his arm, "what's that?"

Mr. Paget paused at the sound. "The trellis gate shutting," he recognized. "Don't be so nervous, little girl, you're not half trusting me. I'll see you through this scrape all right." His steady voice braced her.

"Thanks," she breathed, and smiled at him, wanly.

"Bully," he commended, and flinging his arm over the sill drew himself onto the ridgepole. "Now," he directed, "hang on tight and help me all you can."

She did her best, but skirts are not conducive to comfortable climbing.

The trellis gate clicked audibly—he let go the sill and slipped down beside her again." He's coming back, confound h—the luck," he substituted politely, remembering that the offender was her father.

They waited without speaking till he emerged from the shadows. He took a long survey of the premises, seeming almost to fall into a brown study, while gazing at the unexplained bicycle. Then he turned sharply towards the porch.

"He's going in," whispered Nan, excitedly. "Get ready and when the door slams, there's something wrong with the catch and it won't shut without a slam, pull me up quick. He won't be able to hear us because—"

"Hush," said he, comprehending. He quietly reached up and got a good hold on the sill. The distinct sound of a key being fitted into a lock came from below. Nan's fingers were tense in his: "Now," she whispered. A bang, a swish, a desperate scramble with a long sound of tearing silk through it all and she was inside, scared, a little dazed, but laughing softly.

As they regarded each other's faces across the sill there came to their ears a slam twice repeated. "It often does not catch the first time," she answered to his look of inquiry.

"I'm off," he said. "Good-bye, and don't forget your burglar."

She grew pink from the point of her saucy chin to her eyes: "I'm sorry," she said, "I'm afraid I called you that after—after you weren't."

"I like it," he said, simply.

"Well," said she, "you can't go yet; Daddy is still prowling about." She considered a minute. "You'll have to wait till he is on the stairs, then even if you do make a noise getting down he won't be able to reach a window quickly. I'll reconnoitre." With finger on lips and sparkling eyes she faded into the blackness. He sat on the sharp peak of the roof and waited, staring into darkness.

A little rustle sounded and he looked up. He had not before realized how uncommonly pretty this little debutante could look.

"He's in the dining room," she whispered, "having a drink. I wish I could provide you with one. You deserve it." Her tone was sincerely sorrowful.

"I'm all right," said he, curtly. "But I say, would you think it awful cheek if I were to ask you for that rose you're wearing?"

She laughed. "Of course not," and unpinning the crushed blossom gave it to him. He dropped it carelessly into an outside pocket, but his hand trembled ever so slightly.

"There's Daddy," she said, "when I tell you go, go quickly." She slipped away, and in a moment he heard her voice. "Go," it said, and he went.

Nan stood at the window seeing the last of her burglar and listening to Mr. Creighton's steps in the next room. A thought struck her. "I never thanked him," she murmured, and smiled.



THE FERTILITY OF THE EDMONTON COUNTRY STANDS RIGHT UP AND LOOKS AT YOU

THE CITY THAT LOOKS NORTH

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

THE appeal of Edmonton to your abiding regard does not lie in the lineal measurement of the streets, or even in the hundred other proofs, such as you see in every capital, that here is a city where yesterday only an outpost stood. It is in something as elusive as it is unmistakable. It is a quality that belongs to the second half of spring—when you are sure that summer is really at hand, and that, presently, the green things that have been hugging the ground for so long, will leap into astonishing luxuriance; and the trees must clap their hands, because they are about to be fully clothed.

The Edmonton atmosphere is a compound of ingredients that you can only partially analyze. Think about your friends, and you will call to mind some who have the ordinary qualities of good humanity, plus something that makes them more lovable than the others. They are like Edmonton and the Ed-

monton country,—they have a charm that is more than beauty, more than kindness, more than wealth.

There came to my office last spring a man from Ireland, who was on the way to a section of land between Edmonton and Morinville. He had about as much imagination as a phonograph. I tried to joke with him, and discovered the first man from Ireland to whom laughter was a labour, if, indeed, it were not an impossibility.

"I have an important post in the Inland Revenue Department at Dublin," he said; "and I have got six months' leave of absence, to look at the land I bought eleven years ago when I first saw the country."

Then he told how he nearly lost his position because, on the first trip he overstayed his leave. And now he was going back again.

"Sometimes I wish they had sacked me," he said, "for I've never been able to get that country out of my head."

I've wanted to go back and stay in it, and I'm afraid this trip will end the Inland Revenue for me."

Last summer, three hardened westerners were speeding into Edmonton in an automobile that had taken them a trip north to the Sturgeon River. I had never supposed them to be in the least sentimental. They lived for business all the time. The black road brought us to where we could see the Saskatchewan Valley in part of its glory. Leafed bluffs; flower splashed meadows, fields of bending grain,—the slope towards the river, flowing at the foot of steep banks that hid it from view except at one point to the eastward; the slope up again to Clover Bar, and out to the Beaver Hills.

My two friends had been discussing the heaviest kind of financial business. There came a lull in the talk, and the younger lifted his eyes, and looked over the country for two minutes. Then he stretched out his arm to the woods of the horizon, and I heard, from my seat behind, "Charley, doesn't this remind you of something?"

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

"By gad," answered Charley of the steering wheel, "it does"; and he took up the strain.

"Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from that shore."

Now, the notion of two churchless sinners renewing their youth by quoting Dr. Watts in an automobile may strike you as grotesque. At first it seemed half sacrilegious to me. But I looked, as the first unsuspected hymn-ist had looked, and, upon my word, I couldn't help asking him to repeat his verse of Spiritual Song.

"Stand dressed in living green," Exactly. The fertility of the Edmonton country stands right up and looks at you, and, so to say, shakes its fist in your face, from sheer impulse to make something move. It fills the air with the very breath of commercial life. It engenders a patriotism that nothing can quench. Herein is a rare

and splendid asset. People of every kindred, and tribe, and tongue, have come to this country. With them it is literally, completely, leaving the things which are behind. They take root quickly, even as the wheat that puts its radicles deep into the impulsive soil.

Last summer I drove with a couple of bankers ten miles out of Edmonton, to see the farmers' picnic at Clover Bar, where were abundance of admirable food; plentitude of rich, harmless liquor; variety and strength in speeches delivered in a stately poplar grove, and cosmopolitanism, energy, ambition in the people. We could not take a census of the crowd whose horses lined the fences and rested beneath the trees. But we lingered longer than we expected, and had to telephone to town to delay dinner. On the way home, we stopped to photograph cattle, belly deep in the grass; to inspect the apples in the first orchard in the Valley; to admire the spacious farmsteads, and to see timothy hay that had been cut and bound in five-foot sheaves; and we met two farmers, who preferred to haul coal from the mine at a dollar and a half a ton, to the best picnic on earth.

I wished I could read, there and then, Franchère's description and expectations of this region, as he saw it when leaving the West for civilization in 1814—long before the ploughman had superseded the fur-trader; and before the factories that lie beside the river began to make smoke different from that which ascended to heaven from Indian tepees and from the palisaded fort. I wish I were in the happy case of the novelist whom I met here in 1905. Then I almost pitied him for buying land on Jasper Avenue at three hundred dollars a foot. Now, I envy him, for this three hundred has multiplied into a thousand; and he knows, of a surety, that real estates increment is no fiction.

Do you see how the spell in the air is part of the percentage in the soil? Edmonton is only just coming into its own, and I do not think that by the time Edmonton has a hundred thousand people within her limits, she will have lost anything of the fine free spirit of her youth.



FIVE-FOOT SHEAVES AT EDMONTON

A dozen different kinds of grains and grasses, some of them taller than a man, and all of them rich in nutritive value



THE EDMONTON COUNTRY AT HARVEST TIME HAS CANAAN'S MILK AND HONEY DISTANCED IN THE STRAIGHT

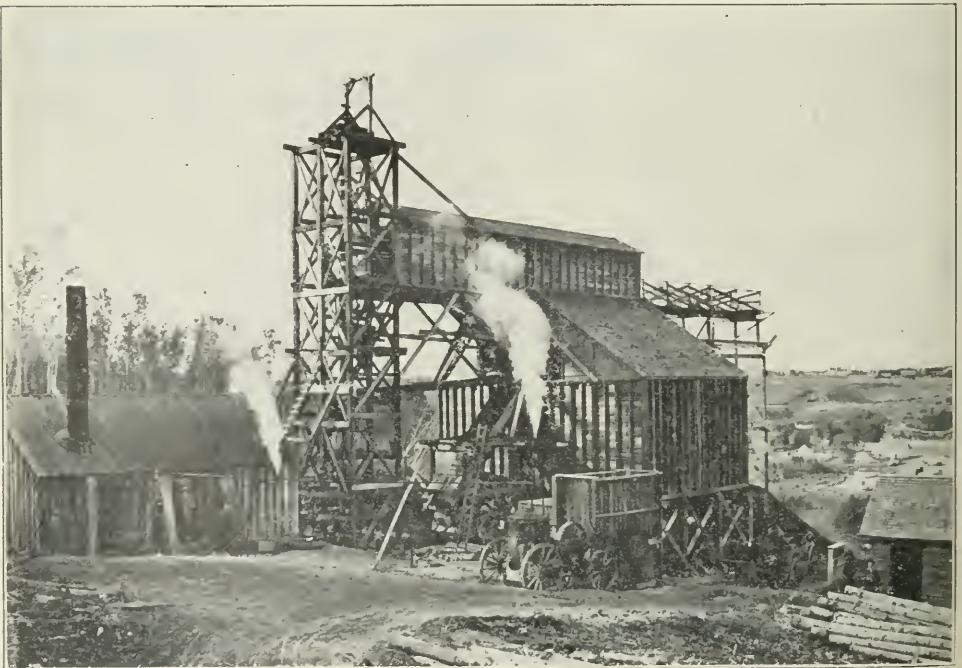
Perhaps I am enviable in my point of view, which belongs largely to the manner in which I was happy enough to approach this city of the Northern Garden.

I was travelling through Western Canada for the first time since 1891, and was writing of some of the things I saw, in the Morning Post of London. Fortune blessed my desire to see the Saskatchewan Valley, for I came from Winnipeg to Edmonton over the Canadian Northern with President Mackenzie; Mr. Byron E. Walker, the general manager, now President, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; Mr. C. C. Chipman, Commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company; Mr. H. H. MacLeod, then chief engineer and now general manager of the railway; and my friend, Howard Kennedy, of the London Times.

The new towns of the Saskatchewan Valley, which, on the Canadian Northern main line, begin west of Humbolt, were in the hammering infancy. North Battleford had seven buildings. Lloydminster, the British, was two years old,—the most striking product of all-

English colonization that the twentieth century has yet produced. The first night out from Winnipeg we "tied up" at Humbolt. The second darkness found us at the end of steel, about thirty miles west of Lloydminster. Daylight saw us started on the drive to Edmonton,—a hundred and sixty miles by the way we intended to go.

Vermilion was a piece of flat prairie without a living thing in sight. We lunched at Del Norte, now Innisfree, in a log and sod stopping-place, kept by an Oklahoman. We supped at Vegreville, then a few houses, four miles to the south of the flourishing Vegreville of to-day. We camped somewhere near the Raith of to-day's time-tables. Lunch time next day found us by the river outside Star, on the telegraph line that was built from Winnipeg to Edmonton via Battleford, in the seventies, and we had an early supper at Fort Saskatchewan, where we were met by Edmonton friends and new horses. Before dusk we crossed the river on the old-time ferry, and darkness found me wondering how my Jehu, whom I think I may dare to call my friend



WHERE COAL-SMOKE HAS SUPERSEDED THE TEPEE FIRES OF THE OLD DAYS



THERE IS ENOUGH UNFENCED COUNTRY LEFT TO LET OUT YOUR PONY WITHOUT FEAR OF COLLISIONS

Turnbull, could handle safely, at such speed, a team of lickity range horses.

Well, a hundred and sixty miles in two days, behind teams, over the most fertile land in Canada, with no railway to the southward nearer than two hundred miles, and nothing north of us faster than a horse or a canoe; but with a railroad dump, now on one side of the trail and now on another; and an occasional homesteader trailing to his place with his lares and penates overfilling his precious wagon,—the trip in company with the genius of the railway enterprise that was giving the vast plains of the Saskatchewan their first modern transportation machinery, with a great banker who was providing capital for use in half a continent, with the man who had located every inch of the road, and with the chief of the old Company that had dominated the country from the time of the second Charles,—this was a fitting introduction to Edmonton.

So we clattered to Jasper Avenue, in a blaze of electric light, to see crowds and decorations, and to hear music that

anticipated the next day's inauguration of provincial government, with the Governor General and the Prime Minister of all the Canadas to give the event a regal splendour. Until that day no such congregation had assembled between Winnipeg and the Pacific. It was a seal upon a heroic past, a promise of a mightier future, a baptism of empire that was worth a hundred such journeys.

The eminence of Edmonton was assured from the beginning. But it was slow in coming. The first survey of the Canadian Pacific Railway was through the magnificent Saskatchewan Valley—mainly the Canadian Northern route of these latter days. It would have made the city of Edmonton about seventeen miles south of the present site, on the plains, instead of at the one really peerless site for a capital city in the prairie country.

But the Canadian Pacific was built two hundred miles southward, and the pioneers who came up from Fort Garry in ox carts were sorely disappointed. A branch line came in from the south;



THE PIONEERS WHO CAME UP FROM OLD FORT GARRY IN OX-CARTS

but Edmonton was not "made" until it saw its own railway coming from the east. Then the place got into its stride. The approach of the Canadian Northern transformed real estate business of all kinds; and when Edmonton obtained its first railway station in November, 1906, it had become what the old-timers of '80 and '81 then thought it was surely going to be.

In 1906 the rails came, and in 1907 two extensions were laid down, one due west as far as Stony Plains, and one north-west to Morinville. There are no stones on Stony Plains; which are so named after an Indian tribe. At Morinville there is coal,—a good domestic lignite—just below the surface. The Stony Plains extension was headed for the Yellowhead Pass.

This summer finally established Edmonton as a railway centre of the first quality. The Canadian Northern is extending its Stony Plains branch to the Brazeau River, on which its great coal deposits lie; and which is on the road to Vancouver by way of the Yellowhead and the North Thompson River. The Morinville branch is being

pushed to Athabasca Landing with an eastward line to follow the north bank of the Saskatchewan down to North Battleford. Through Strathcona a line will be run south-east to Camrose, to join with one from Vegreville, and to proceed to Calgary.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is reaching the city from Winnipeg, and will lay track on the eastward grade en route to Prince Rupert, over a thousand miles away. No such programme of railway building has been made for any western city in one year. The programme is as reasonable as the proposition that two and two make four.

The plough is preceding the locomotive all the time. I have had access to figures which show that the increase in passengers carried over the two "horns" from Edmonton were four times as many during 1908 as during 1907. The inference is obvious. The trail of the future is clearly blazed; and when more tracks are laid we shall become acquainted with the Real North West, of which Edmonton is now the tollgate, and will presently be the metropolis.



THE SPACIOUS LIBRARY OF MACDONALD COLLEGE

THE MEN WHO LEAD THE FARMERS

BY A. FRANK MANTLE

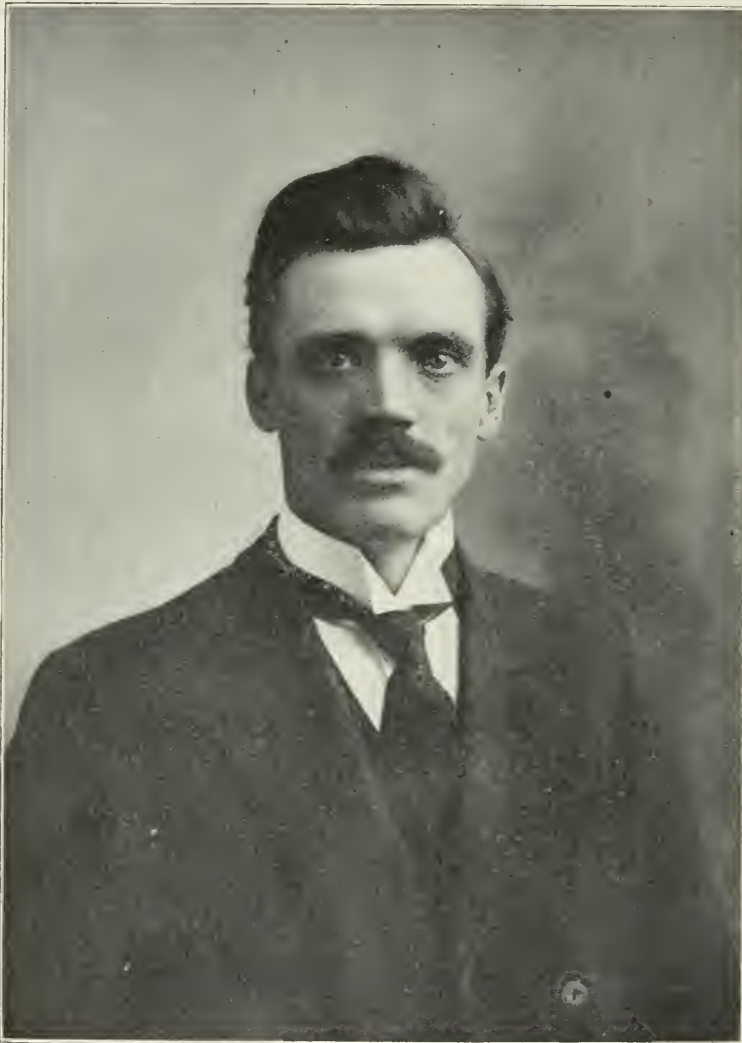
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE subjects of former articles in this series have been men who are setting their mark upon Western agriculture in particular, though few of them are of western origin or training. Dr. James W. Robertson, Principal of the Macdonald Agricultural College at St. Anne Bellevue, Quebec, the subject of the present article, is a man whose work has been national in its scope during many years and who labored for the advancement of agriculture in the Western provinces years before they came into being as such and when S. A. Bedford and Angus Mackay were almost the sole leaders of the work in the West.

Few educators in the field of agriculture have paid much attention to the marketing end of that industry. Nearly all have confined their efforts to increasing the quantity or the quality of farm products or to reducing the

cost of production. That there is a third factor determining the profits and success of the producer has often been overlooked or ignored. The farmer on the farm has received much aid in many ways, but the farmer off his farm—struggling to meet world-wide competition in distant markets of which he knows little and can know little, and over the means of access to which he has no control—this farmer in the past received but little governmental or educational assistance.

The "science of the why, and the art of the how," as one writer has aptly phrased it, receive constant attention, but the commercial aspects of farming have been somewhat neglected. Yet the one aspect is quite equal in importance to the others. It is as easy for a man through lack of knowledge of, or facilities for, marketing to lose money as it is for him through improper or



PROFESSOR W. J. BLACK, PRINCIPAL OF THE MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

careless methods of farming to fail to make it.

More and more, as our products enter into international competition instead of being sold and consumed near the point of production, does it become necessary that our farmers be men of business as well as tillers of the soil and feeders of stock.

The record of Dr. James W. Robertson's career reveals the gradual realization of this truth, and the first steps that were taken by Canadian governments and agricultural educators to inform farmers as to the requirements

of the markets they were aiming to supply and to meet them more than half way in their efforts by affording such transportation facilities, etc., as would enable them to place their products in such markets with the least possible delay and loss, were initiated and directed by Dr. Robertson. He is more than an expert dairyman, agriculturist, teacher and lecturer; he is an organizer and man of business ability. With talents along these lines that would have insured him wealth were they devoted to commerce, he was satisfied to devote them to the up-building of the dairy

industry and diversified farming in Canada, accepting as his only financial reward a government salary.

He first worked for the *art* of agriculture, teaching Ontario cheese-makers to make better cheese and Ontario farmers to take better care of milk—the most perishable and easily contaminated of farm products and human foods; he next, as Dairy Commissioner, and later as Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying, worked for the *industry* of Agriculture—emphasizing the necessity, not for higher grade products alone, but for knowledge of

markets and better transportation facilities for the perishable products of dairy and orchard.

Out of these efforts grew the Dominion Government Dairy and Cold Storage Service as it exists to-day—a separate branch of the Department of Agriculture having a Commissioner of its own and five divisions. Under the fostering care of this branch, organized and for many years led by Dr. Robertson and later by his efficient lieutenant, J. A. Ruddick, Canada's butter exports rose from less than 2,000,000 pounds in 1890, to 34,000,000 pounds in 1906, and her cheese exports in the same period from 94,000,000 to 216,000,000 pounds. And this despite a growing population and ever-increasing home consumption. Surely Dr. Robertson's labors for the commercial side of Agriculture were well justified, and ample excuse for this example of paternalism in governments was afforded!

The chief contribution of this leader of farmers and exponent of broad-gauge agriculture to the cause west of the Great Lakes was the system of Government creameries which he organized in the old North-West Territories. This was a notable work and of great importance to the west, so much so, that, when the great twin provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were carved out of the old North-West Territories, each of the new Provincial Departments of Agriculture lost no time in creating a Dairy Branch, appointing a superintendent, and taking



DR. ROBERTSON, TO WHOSE ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM MUCH OF CANADA'S AGRICULTURAL GROWTH MAY BE LAID

over this enterprise from the Dominion Government. To-day the Government creameries in both provinces are in a flourishing, profitable, and healthy condition, and it is a tribute to Dr. Robertson's skill and judgment in picking his assistants that the Superintendent of Dairying of each province, W. A. Wilson of Saskatchewan and C. Marker of Alberta, came out west on his appointment to take charge of Dominion Government creameries.

These enterprises were never government-owned—they were merely government-controlled and operated. The government loaned money for their erection and equipment, placed competent men in charge, undertook the sale of the product, and divided the returns among the creamery patrons



ONE OF THE BUILDINGS OF MACDONALD COLLEGE—PROBABLY THE BEST EQUIPPED AND MOST MODERN OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

pro rata, after deducting interest and sinking fund charges. Such is the policy of the Provincial governments to this day, in general outline. All that the patrons and co-operative owners can best do and be held responsible for—such as securing supplies of cream, fuel and ice—is left to them, while the governments undertake and ably carry out what can best be done by a central and expert authority, i. e., the designing, erecting, and equipping of the plant, the securing of a competent manager and butter-maker, and the marketing of the product. During the season of 1909 the creameries of these two provinces manufactured over 3,000,000 pounds of butter. Yet the west is popularly regarded as only fit for wheat growing!

This whole creamery enterprise, then was initiated by Dr. James W. Robertson during his term of office as Dominion Commissioner of Dairying and Agriculture, and the west owes him a debt of gratitude for such encouragement in the early days of that greater diversity in farming which must generally pre-

vail, sooner or later, if the west is to be developed permanently and not merely exploited.

Dr. Robertson is another example of those men whom a busy practical life has left little time for attendance upon lectures in college halls, yet who have a great reverence and desire for learning and have spent their lives mainly in teaching. He was able to snatch but one winter from outside claims for work in College, but that winter's work he considers to have been profoundly important in moulding his future career.

Before and after attending college young Robertson was a practical cheese-maker and manager of cheese factories—a whole string of them. At the age of twenty-eight, just when the way seemed opening up in the direction of the university, came the call of the Ontario Agricultural College that this young man who made such good cheese, who could induce others to improve their methods, and who spent his winters in the study of good literature and scientific subjects, should become

its Professor of Dairying. Even then the dream of a university training was not abandoned, but it was destined never to materialize. It was from Professor of Dairying at Guelph that Robertson went to be Commissioner of Dairying for the Dominion and also at the same time, Agriculturist at the Central Experiment Farm, Ottawa.

Thus a secondary, but far from second-rate, education, obtained in Scottish schools before he left the home land for Canada at the age of eighteen, in 1875, was decreed to be the basis young Robertson should build his career upon, and right faithfully did he build upon that native granite foundation well and truly laid.

Men of great wealth are always looking for organizers to put in shape and give effect to the ideas and schemes their experience of life has led them to believe will tend to the uplift of the race or their own aggrandisement, as the case may be. Of such was Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, the tobacco multi-millionaire, and he sized up the Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying in 1899 as the right man to entrust with the Macdonald manual training idea and the funds necessary to give it concrete form. This was right in Robertson's line. His present work was so well organized that it no longer needed him. He had trained others to fill his place and they are filling it to-day. He was himself an example of the value of manual training for was not that the route by which he had arrived? He went enthusiastically into the new work at his old home, Guelph, and soon all Canada was talking manual training, and classes were instituted in twenty-one leading cities.

Out of this grew the seed-selection work among the Canadian school children and thus were the parents taught agricultural wisdom through the school plots of their babes and sucklings. The work quickly spread to the elders and soon the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, embracing and encouraging all the isolated workers in the cause of seed selection and improvement from one end to the other of the Dominion, was to emerge, with Dr. Robertson as its president, from his

efforts along the lines. Within two years this Association bettered the quality and yield of Canadian cereal crops to the extent of \$500,000.00.

Then the consolidation of rural schools attracted his attention and, after a tour of the States to familiarize himself with the whole situation, the first Canadian consolidated school was organized at Guelph in a building supplied and equipped through the munificence of Sir William Macdonald. Thus was this tireless, cool enthusiast the father in Canada of a movement which has spread from province to province and is bound in the logic of events to embrace most of the rural schools of the Dominion, to their eternal good and improved efficiency.

It was from this coupling up of manual training, agriculture in rural schools, and consolidation in the interests of increased teaching efficiency, that the Macdonald College emerged. This institution may fitly be described as the consolidation of all Dr. Robertson's varied activities and interests. Conceived on the broadest lines to do a three-fold work, equipped at a cost of \$2,000,000 and endowed with an amount in excess of \$2,000,000 by its founder, Sir William Macdonald, the college stands to-day "probably the best equipped and most modern institution of its kind in the world"—to use the words of the report of the Scottish Agricultural Commission which toured Canada last year.

But to merely enumerate the varied activities of this leader of farmers, now fifty-two years of age, and at the zenith of his career, without endeavoring to tell something of the great heart qualities which have endeared him to all whom his head qualities have won respect from, and to many not able to appreciate his great abilities, would be to leave the most human element in the man unnoted. A stickler for quality and thoroughness in work, Dr. Robertson is yet the most patient and forbearing of men in his attitude to the mistakes and shortcomings of the assistant whom he believes to be doing his best. A factory dairyman sent out by him to operate one of the government creameries in the far-away North-

West tells of the letters he was wont to receive from Dr. Robertson in connection with the creamery work. Though not personally acquainted with his chief, the operator says that the tone of sympathy, understanding and encouragement that breathed through the letters often brought the tears to his eyes. It is not often that the correspondence of the head of a department in the Government service has this effect upon the recipients! In truth, Dr. Robertson's genius for organization is not less marked than his genius for giving inspiration. He is a born teacher.

It is not to be wondered at, that, within the year, a fresh honor and a fresh work have been given to this versatile leader, in his appointment to a seat upon the newly organized Conservation Commission which is to formulate plans for the conservation of Canada's vast natural resources of forest, mine and stream. Men of his proved altruistic attitude and temper, wide and deep knowledge of Canada from ocean to ocean, genius for planning and fertility of resource, are so scarce in this or any other land, that they always can count upon being kept busy by the nation that they delight to serve.

Of that group of younger men on whose shoulders now has fallen, to a large extent, the leadership of Western farmers in all that pertains to production, Professor W. J. Black, B.S.A., Principal of Manitoba Agricultural College, the junior institution of its kind in the Dominion, is one of the foremost members. The west is the land of opportunity and Professor Black proved to be the man who could grasp an opportunity and make good. Three years to the very month after graduating from the Ontario Agricultural College, he undertook the duties of Principal of the new Western institution. Under his guidance and leadership the Manitoba Agricultural College has never receded, never marked time, but always advanced.

Growth would be expected in an institution teaching the science, and something of the art, of agriculture in an essentially agricultural Province.

It has been achieved. There has been expansion in every direction but one. The annual attendance of students has increased in a steady, satisfactory and unfaltering ratio. Eighty attended throughout the first winter; last winter two hundred were in residence. The faculty has kept pace both in numbers and in teaching power with the requirements of the student body. Buildings and equipment have been added as occasion required and the work demanded. The one thing lacking is more land and that is likely soon to be obtained.

Curriculum and teaching facilities have grown in variety and scope, while public interest and pride in this lusty infant among the educational institutions of the Province has kept pace with its development. There is no institution in the "Postage Stamp Province" to-day regarded with greater confidence or approval than the four-year-old Agricultural College.

Doing the bulk of the planning, bearing the heft of the burden, and getting away with two men's work, to Professor Black more than to any other one man is the credit for this satisfactory showing due. Stepping into this responsibility at the age of thirty-two, the physical strain nearly proved too much for a not robust frame, and his friends at one time feared for the future of the Principal. A long southern trip, relief from the fret and care inseparable from the organization of a complex mechanism, and timely attendance to those important details of diet and care of the physical man, the neglect of which curtails the life work of so many men of promise, proved efficacious, however, and Professor Black now enjoys excellent health, and that satisfaction and peace which result from the knowledge that a difficult task has been well done and the correlated parts of a complex organization are working together in well-oiled, frictionless harmony.

Dr. Robertson had a theory (perhaps has it yet) that a man should not attend university classes until past his thirtieth year. There is much to be said in support of such a theory, and Guelph affords many instances of men

who have graduated later in life than is usual and have since made their mark in the world of agriculture. Of these Professor Black is one, for he did not graduate until thirty years of age—some years above the average for the B. S. A. degree.

He is Ontario bred, born, reared and educated—Canada has seldom needed to import her leaders in rural activities; on the contrary, she has supplied her southern neighbor with many of its ablest educators in this field. In Dufferin County, then, Professor Black grew up, and of the Agricultural Society of that County he was vice-president before entering College at the age of twenty-six. His hobby or specialty on the home farm was breeding and showing light horses. With show ring experience and a liking for the work, it is not surprising that he specialized in animal and field husbandry at College.

The Guelph institution has a splendid record in live stock work and has turned out some of the best judges in America to-day. At the great inter-collegiate stock judging contests held each winter in connection with the Chicago International Live Stock Exhibition, the Guelph team has won highest honors several times and has always acquitted itself well. In 1900, W. J. Black, then a third-year student, took first place among the Canadian contestants, and won more in prizes than any of his competitors. From that time on Professor Black has been in frequent demand as a live stock judge and has officiated at many of the leading shows on this continent.

The three years intervening between graduation from Guelph and his appointment as Principal of Manitoba Agricultural College-to-be were active-

ly spent in two less important positions of agricultural leadership in Manitoba. Professor Black came west on the invitation of the William Weld Company to assume editorial charge of their long established and well known farm journal, "The Farmers' Advocate." Under his energetic direction the paper was turned from a semi-monthly to a weekly publication and Dr. Hopkins, until lately chief veterinarian for Saskatchewan in the service of the Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, became associate editor. A year later, when Mr. Black accepted the appointment of Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Manitoba, Dr. Hopkins, in turn, assumed editorial direction of the "Advocate." The Deputy Ministership proved but the stepping-stone to the position that was to afford Professor Black what he rightly regards as his life work, and he occupied it but fifteen months before undertaking the onerous task of organizing and developing the first Agricultural College in the west.

No finer example can be found of the scope afforded in the west for rapid advancement than the meteoric rise of this young Canadian farmer to a position of dignity, responsibility, and great opportunity for public service. His many friends among all classes of the community have the utmost confidence that Professor Black will continue to rise and that he will lead that institution of which he is the executive head to ever-widening fields of usefulness and service in the great work of broadening, deepening, uplifting, and sweetening that rural life which is the foundation our national life is being built upon.



AUTUMN ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES

BY BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

NOW is the after-fulfilment.
Now is the year in its prime;
When out of the West, the Spirit of Rest
Comes to the gates of Time,
And touches the springs of bolt and bar,
And leaves the portals of Peace ajar.

Now is the pageant of Autumn!
When passes in grand review,
Down the glory-path of the aftermath,
In depths of a deeper hue;
The flaming lights of the sunset's fire,
That burn in the Land of Heart's Desire.

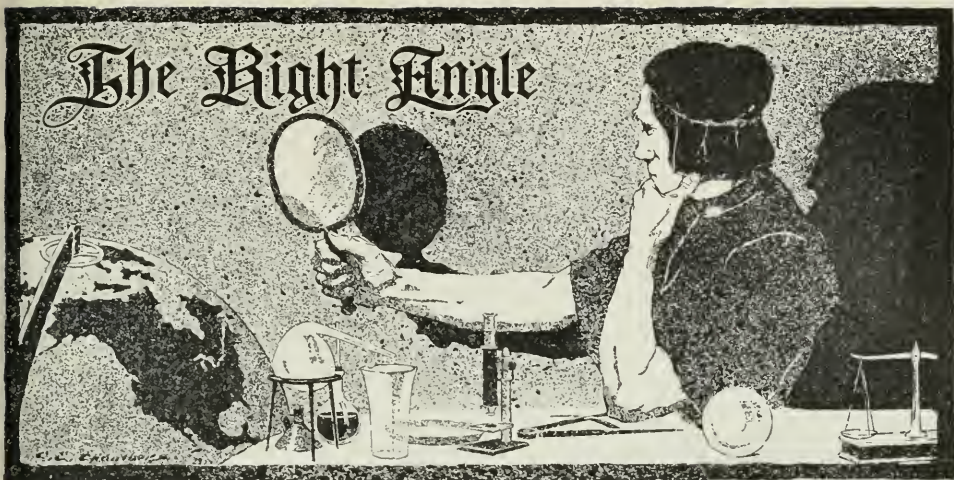
Now is the time of the harvest,
Here in this far Great West;
When the reapers go where the binders throw
The sheaves to the earth's warm breast:
And the toiler smiles at the precious yield
Of the countless stocks, on the league-long field.

Now is the after-fulfilment!
The wonder of crimson and gold,
When the flowers nod on the tired sod,
And the year is growing old;
With its garlands withering one by one,
As the glories pass in the setting sun.

Now is the year in its twilight!
And softly the shadows fall
From the realms of sleep, where the watchers keep
The dreams of life's interval.
While over the spirit of man there draws
The sudden hush of a pregnant pause.

Now is the Indian Summer,
To gladden the lonely plain;
When the sun comes back through the storm-cloud's track,
And the year grows young again:
While the dawn peeps forth through a veil of snow,
And the dusk dies out in a golden glow.

Now is the after-fulfilment!
Now is the year in its prime;
In the Greater West, the spirit of Rest
Broods with a peace sublime:
And the months go down on the homeward slope,
In the later joy of a grander hope.



WHO OWNS HUDSON BAY?

IT IS not unlikely that we may have another Newfoundland Fisheries dispute with the United States when the Hudson's Bay Railway has developed the Mediterranean of the North, when smoke of wheat-laden train and steamer stains the clear sky, and when the riches of the largely unknown country bordering on the Bay have been disclosed. Of Canada's prescriptive right to the territories surrounding that huge body of water there can be no question. In fact in recent years many expeditions have been sent at the expense of the Dominion Government to take possession of unoccupied posts and to raise the British flag so as to assert sovereignty over the entire littoral.

The question at issue with the United States would be as to whether Hudson's Bay is "mare clausum"—a closed sea—or whether it is part of the great ocean and open to the craft of all nations. This principle has been the subject of discussion more than once. One of the main questions in the Alaskan dispute was concerned with the sovereignty of the headwaters of the Lynn Canal, and this was decided in favour of the United States. A similar question is involved in the Newfoundland Fisheries dispute now being presented to the International Tribunal at The Hague. If the decision at The Hague finally overthrows the "closed sea" question, American ships and those of all other nations will be admitted to

all bays whose headlands are more than three miles apart at the entrance.

The supply of food fish and fur-bearing animals in Hudson's Bay territory is practically inexhaustible, if proper conservation methods are followed. There are also great schools of whales in these northern waters, which have often tempted American whalers to penetrate to almost unknown regions. About the shores are vast resources, both mineral and timber, of which not much is known. If the Bay is opened to travel during the four or five months when it is possible for vessels constructed for the purpose to get through the Straits, it is easily conceivable that American vessels would want to fish and hunt seals and whales there. After we have spent millions of dollars in exploiting and developing the Hudson's Bay country, and made it a less formidable undertaking to follow Henry Hudson's track, it is safe to predict that there will be a rush of irresponsible killers who will clean out everything marketable in sight.

When Canada is conserving her natural resources, guarding her forests, protecting her game, stocking her rivers with fish, restricting south-the-line use of her water-powers, and providing for future generations as her republican neighbor does not trouble to do, it will not surprise us if the neighbor in question should try to reach over and gobble her wealth without so much as a "by-your-leave."



"THE TIME IS CLOSE AT HAND WHEN MOST OF THE LIVE STOCK PRODUCED IN ALBERTA, AND MARKETED IN A MORE OR LESS UNFINISHED CONDITION, WILL BE SENT TO THE RICH ALFALFA MEADOWS EAST OF CALGARY TO BE PUT IN PRIME SHAPE BEFORE BEING EXPORTED"

GAY JANEY



MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY.

If that's the reason, then, good faith, we owe a debt to the devil, for in "Janey Canuck in the West" Mrs. Murphy has given us a gay, spontaneous, disjunct, feminine and altogether lovable record of what happened during four or five years of life in the

"H O W did I come to write 'Janey'?" said Mrs. Arthur Murphy in a recent letter to CANADA MONTHLY. "I don't know unless it was the old story of the devil and idle hands."

prairie provinces to herself, the Padre, Dinah the broncho—short for Dynamite—Pokagon, who soberly stops digging a grave to observe "W'at de odds, Missus? One grave be as comiferable as anoder!" and various other folk, not omitting that Théophile whose quaint explanation of the origin of fairies is a jewel indeed.

It is tempting, though useless, to catalogue. Says Mrs. Murphy herself. "What did I find to write about in Saskatchewan and Manitoba? Heaps of things. Lumber-camps, liars, moose, Doukhobors, big fish, a game they called poker, homesteads, servant girls, huskies, pies, runaway horses, Indians, frogs, gardens and good things to eat." After this salad chronicle she continues, "I wrote a lot more, but I couldn't look the stuff in the face, I hated it so much—you don't catch me telling this to Messrs. The Publishers—and I gave it to some half-breed fellows who wanted paper for gunpowder wads. They rolled the gunpowder in the pages and made charges wherewith to blow

rocks out of the Swan River. I used to stand on the bank and encore the explosions, for, don't you see, I was a rising author! Even stones couldn't keep me down!"

Mrs. Murphy's previous "Janey" stories, "Janey Canuck Abroad" and Janey Canuck at Home" have been very well received, and the new member of the family is fully worthy of its traditions. Concerning her pen name of "Emily Ferguson," Mrs. Murphy explains demurely, "Now the Padre is my 'steady,' and he is a preacher. This is why I didn't dare write the book under my own name. The Bishop would of a surety discipline him—or whatever bishops do—for all the heavy, cynical things he has said to me in that book, to say nothing of his reprobate conduct in turning me out of the sleigh to walk, or his scolding me when he pulled me out of the river."

When you find that rare person who has an eye for the charm of the commonplace and a sense of humor to colour the small happenings of life, you have found something unexpected and as delightful as a lavender pearl in a fresh-water clam. Above all, Mrs. Murphy has a talent for illuminating the drab of daily existence, and for this, if for no other reason, "Janey" is well worth gaining for a friend.

Janey Canuck in the West. Cassell & Co., Ltd., Toronto; \$1.50.

THE BLUE FLOWER

EVERY girl—and doubtless more boys than would confess it—have hunted the lucky four-leaved clover along the dewy summer lanes; and there have been other than poets who have listened to the ancient legend of the Blue Flower that brings happiness to its finder, with something more than a disbelieving smile. No botany gives its classification; no spectacled man of science has ever surprised it on its slender stem; and nobody can tell us that we are wrong when we assert on our word of honor as an editor and a believer in fairies that the blue-flowered fortune teller is no other than the alfalfa that stars Canadian fields with azure and waves its clover leaves in the chinook wind.

Mr. Rothwell, in his article on alfalfa in this number of CANADA MONTHLY, tells whence it came and what it is doing for Canada, and his account does it no more than justice. Alfalfa is bound to be one of our best crops, not only as a stock-fattener, but as a soil-conservator. It is a wise thing to encourage Canadian farmers to sow their fields to alfalfa; it is a wiser to provide for future generations an enriched and productive soil instead of the impoverished fields that descend to sons and daughters under the old method of farming.

As for the Blue Flower of happiness it is only necessary to look at the cheerful Canadian farmer, and his sunny wife and his brood of rosy-cheeked youngsters, to be quite sure that they have found it growing at their door.

A BORN DIPLOMAT

ONE of the most noticeable things in the Premier's tour of the west is the smooth and easy way in which he keeps everything running without friction or jar, and makes everybody happy. It goes without saying that in such a trip many things are put up to him that he cannot promise, and which must be referred to his ministers, or laid on the table until circumstances make it possible to take them up. But he never refuses curtly; he always has time to be thoughtful and courteous, to temper the "no" with a regret that it cannot be "yes". Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a born diplomat, and wherever he goes you find a string of smiling faces and a crop of good humor unfailingly springing up. He promises only what he is sure he can perform; and when he cannot promise, his refusal is so gracious, and he so gives the impression of intending to do his level best by everybody that he cannot but win hearts.

As everybody knows, Sir Wilfrid is not a smoker, and when the bill against smoking was up not so long ago, Sir Wilfrid was personally neutral, saying very little and waiting until some of the fever-heat language should subside. As he sat there, quiet and collected amid the hurtle of words, some oppon-

ent of the Government pushed and shouldered his way through the assembly, thrust his face up into Laurier's and shrieked hoarsely, "Now, Mr. Premier, it's up to *you*! It's up to *you*! What are *you* going to do about it?" And Laurier, unruffled, said without a smile, "Stop smoking, my dear sir—stop smoking!"

Sir Wilfrid not only does not smoke, but he drinks very little, confining himself habitually to a light Rhine wine well mixed with water, which, like many Frenchmen, he often has served at table. However, there was one occasion when he broke both his rule and his record. That was at Sorel, in opening the campaign of 1904. Everybody remembers Sir Wilfrid's Sorel speech, by many said to be the best speech he ever made, brilliant, trenchant, witty—a speech to make you sit up and blink. When he came upon the platform at Sorel, there stood on the table at his hand a pitcher filled with a light amber liquid, very cold, which Sir Wilfrid took to be his usual beverage. Sir Wilfrid was absorbed in his speech; the hall was very warm. He poured out a glassful and drank between paragraphs. Presently he drank again, hardly seeing the glass, intent upon his audience and the point he was driving home. The speech flowered like a Hindu juggler's mango tree; Sir Wilfrid swung the audience at his will; and when it was over the house rose at him, in footlight parlance, carried off their feet.

After the first exaltation died down, Sir Wilfrid took stock of the situation, and quietly asked the chairman of the reception committee what was in that pitcher.

"Why," said he, "I thought possibly you might like a glass of my '81 champagne before the speech, and somebody misunderstood my directions, and filled up your pitcher. I hope you feel none the worse for it, Sir Wilfrid?"

The Premier smiled. "Not at all," he said. "It is indeed excellent champagne." But there has never since been a speech quite like that Sorel speech, and in all likelihood there never will be one again. Miracles may happen—but not usually twice.

ARTHUR STRINGER, NATURE POET

IT WAS old Horace, wasn't it, who "went to dine with Lydia and with Lalage" at the Sabine Farm, and established an agricultural tradition for poets?

Well, barring Lalage, the fashion seems to have spread, until one almost expects to get a circular from the ambrosial gods, announcing daintily on antique book that Apollo has laid out Mount Parnassus in truck-gardens, and would be pleased to receive orders for early lettuce (Lucullus' extra curly, very good for salads, with a dressing of oil and Falernian) and shall he not advise Iris to place one's name on her morning call-book?

What are we talking about, anyway? Oh, just Arthur Stringer's melon-patch. It wasn't so very long ago that he wrote to us from "Shadow-Lawn," excusing his delayed answer with the remark that "me'n the hired man are now making ready our Montreal melon-beds. Last year I grew one thirty-four inches in diameter, and I'm prouder of it than anything that ever came out of an ink-well."

What do you know about that, for the man who wrote "The Woman in the Rain?" And—worse!—when we reproached him, he simply went and gloated all over two sheets of paper! Says he unblushingly: "If you think I'm not a real farmer, just peruse the attached clipping. Why, for two years I've grown the earliest sweet-corn in Kent County, 'Minneapolis Peep-o'-day' in fifty-nine days, and last year 'Burpee's Sweet Catawba' in sixty-one days. I was the first man to grow the 'Montreal melon' in this end of Ontario, and last year ten of us dined on one that was exactly thirty-four inches in circumference. But this is one thing I brag about, so don't start me!"

Shameless, you see! With a sigh, we turned to the "attached clipping." It told how he succeeded in growing artichokes, the ancestors of which he had brought back from Morocco, has coaxed Alabama sugar-cane to a height of fourteen feet, petted peanuts and okra into bloom, raised Kentucky sweet potatoes, and taken prizes at county fairs with his grapes. "He

also grows a variety of so-called Havana tobacco," pursued the clipping, "of which he is inordinately proud. He starts the seed in a hot-house, and carefully watches over his crop—but Canada is considerably north of Cuba. This tobacco he sends about to his chosen friends in precious little sample packages. None of these friends was ever known to try it twice. It has been described as 'Canadian sunburn,' and its aroma is not mild. But Stringer adheres to it doggedly, with

the calm stubbornness of the true Canuck, and the conscious pride of a patriot furthering the good name of his native land."

Considering the tradition of Horace, and Arthur Stringer's laudable ambition to prove what Ontario can do when it really picks up its feet and gets down to business, we can forgive him if we have to.

———'Wonder if his melons taste good when they are ripe?

ALFALFA, THE CROP THAT FEEDS THE SOIL

BY W. A. ROTHWELL

"**A**LFALFA! Huh! What's alfalfa?"

They were bent over their typewriters in the business-college, wrestling with the third lesson in the manual. They had achieved a perfect page of "qwertyuiops"; had managed another page of "lad," "ash," "sag," and the like, without a single incorrect letter; and now their aching fingers were thrust up against this ingenious pitfall of a word with three letters, three syllables, and Noah Webster alone knew what meaning.

"What's alfalfa? Why, it's sumpn they feeds pigs," ventured a bepuffed young lady, who had once visited a country cousin.

"Sure, it's first cousin to a sham-rock," added an Irish patriot.

"Well, I don't know what they do with it, an' I don't care," said somebody in the back row, disgustedly firing another page into the waste-basket, "but if you ask me, I should say it was the very dickens!"

It is interesting to trace the gradual struggle alfalfa has made for recognition; in fact, for life. No—not for life, either; this plant has a tenacity of existence which would shame the most adventurously nine-lived pussy that ever cadenzaed on a moonlit back fence. When winter comes, there is an apparent death, but, spring after spring, those delicate green shoots again appear. In faraway Russia it competed with wheat for the popular favor. The latter apparently triumphed, for was it not from Russia that we first secured the world-famed wheat which so quickly adapted itself to the soil and climatic conditions of Kansas? All this was long before the State even recognized alfalfa. The wheat resulting was the Kansas Turkey Red—imported from the Province of Toorkie, Russia—one of exceptional value by reason of its unequalled milling qualities. Wheat has flourished in Kansas; it has made the wheat barons of the Kansas plains, and in so doing

planted its standard of gold over scores of hundreds of thousands of acres in Kansas. For years wheat has been the magnet to draw there a cosmopolitan world, but to-day it is recognized that wheat has merely served the purpose of colonizing that state. They are now growing crops other than wheat, which, in a sense, has done the pioneer work in soil cultivation, giving the land a tilth permitting of the successful raising of sugar beets, corn, fodder crops, etc.

In fact, farmers in that district at last saw that a crop rotation was required. This demanded increased labor, which was not to their liking, but the soil's fertility had to be and has to be maintained, if possible, and at any cost.

Then a strange thing happened. Alfalfa had been working over-time for several years; in fact, just to show that it was "game" did not give up and die because wheat was in power, but continued to work long shifts, giving the farmer profits greater than secured from wheat culture and at the same time feeding the soil with that fertility sustaining tonic, nitrogen.

The reward was soon forthcoming. Even United States senators bowed down to Queen Alfalfa and foretold that King Wheat would, in Kansas, be deposed. They referred to the coming supremacy of alfalfa as the survival of the fittest, a new American democracy, but associated with plant life. Speech after speech was made by those senators, by agricultural experts and by experienced alfalfa farmers. The result was a further wearing of the green by Kansas. As an evidence of this it may be said that while in 1891 there were only 34,384 acres of alfalfa in that State, in 1909 there were under this crop 992,663 acres. The march of alfalfa is continuing in Kansas; the 992,663 acres under crop last year is merely the vanguard of almost countless acres that will later be devoted to alfalfa. The gold of "fully ripe" wheat is giving place to the green and blue of "ready-to-cut" alfalfa.

The acreage of alfalfa in Saskatchewan is steadily increasing. Last January the agricultural societies, in Convention at Regina, under the direction

of the Provincial Government, inaugurated an alfalfa contest, giving a prize of \$1,000.00 for the best ten-acre field of alfalfa sown in 1912 and judged in 1914. This contest instantly found favor with the Saskatchewan farmers. Every man jack was bound to have that thousand, and before the societies knew it, the contest had grown vastly wider in scope than they had planned. Four divisions have been made of the Province; six prizes, one each of \$500.00, \$400.00, \$300.00, \$200.00, \$100.00 and \$75.00 will be given in each division. Each contestant must be a member of the nearest agricultural society, and his field must be within twenty miles of the society. In this Saskatchewan contest no artificially irrigated crop will be eligible. Entries must be made by August 1, 1913, with the director of agricultural extension work, and no contestant must make more than one entry.

Under these conditions, F. Headley Auld, secretary of the judging committee, is being overwhelmed with entries, communications and offers of special prizes. Many of the Saskatchewan farmers are from the United States, and familiar with the raising of alfalfa, and it is undoubted that this competition will put thousands of acres of Saskatchewan land under this leguminous crop that is so good for the soil and so excellent a fattening food for cattle, sheep and swine.

And now let us turn to Alberta: Are we to show the destiny of our irrigated meadows? You say that irrigation is for fruit growing and gardening. Well, we go you one better and assert that already the major portion of the irrigated acreage in the United States is devoted to alfalfa culture. Here is the proof according to the United States census report of 1900: "Of the total irrigated acreage in the United States and its territories during 1900—3,665,654 acres or 64.2 per cent. were in hay and forage; 1,399,709 acres, or 24.5 per cent. in cereals; 251,289 acres, or 4.4 per cent. in orchard fruits; 168,432 acres or 2.9 per cent. in vegetables; and 226,881, or 4 per cent., in other crops. Other figures may lie, but the figures given by

the United States census reports are as reliable as the Bank of England.

But you say that there is other hay and other fodder besides alfalfa. Mr. C. W. Wright, the agricultural expert, in the Saturday Evening Post, says and truly that: "Three to six tons of hay during a season is an average yield for an acre of alfalfa land; hay that commands a higher price in the Kansas City market than clover or timothy and is worth twelve dollars per ton at the farm. The gross income from an acre of alfalfa swells to fifty or seventy-five dollars, with exceptional instances, when one hundred dollars is exceeded in a single season."

Try to secure the same results from timothy or clover or brome grass, and you will go back to alfalfa and wear its little blue flower in your button-hole, like a chip on your shoulder, and dare anyone to say that there is any fodder to compare with your new love.

In Western Canada they have some of the big things of the continent; the Bow River Valley of Southern Alberta as an instance. There is the biggest irrigation enterprise on the continent and the Canadians are talking of its destiny as bound up in alfalfa. It is scarcely right to refer to them all as Canadians, however, as so many have so recently come over that they scarcely have had time to endeavor to draw comparisons.

Kansans? Yes, numbers of them, and they are fathering alfalfa culture. The cosmopolitan throngs that are crowding in are all raising alfalfa, too. First, of course, it is wheat, which must be supreme for a few years until the soil is in a good tilth permitting of the successful sowing of alfalfa. The Kansas Turkey Red, rechristened Alberta Red, now holds sway over a vast territory, but even now the invasion of alfalfa is assuming proportions highly satisfactory to the bulls of the wheat pit and the bulls of the plains.

There is an acclimatized, naturalized and citizenized rancher in Southern Alberta—and, by the way, he is not the only one—who has his town house in Calgary and his ranches in the foothills and extending out on the plains until his cattle pasture on green sward

to-day that is to-morrow turned under by the steam plow. His name is Lane, and although he is long and lank, guided by his past, it is safe to say that he proves the exception to the rule, for there is no turn in him. Annually he has sold thousands of head of fat steers, and annually he is going to continue to sell thousands of additional head.

Naturally he sees that his range on the plains is being restricted. He was even told that while he may have undisputed possession of the foot-hills for a number of years, it will be necessary to cut down the size of his herds. Did this prophecy turn him? No. "Why not alfalfa?" said he, coolly. And alfalfa it was. Last year he bought ten thousand acres on the banks of the Bow River. This is not going to be a mere calf pasture, either; rather it is going to be a life-sized alfalfa field and fattening camp. In proof of this, Mr. Lane is already preparing to develop over 1,000 acres with a view to sowing to this fodder. You say he is visionary? No. He has been brought up in a school that secures its lessons from the failures of others. The outcome is, he makes no failures. He has studied the results others have secured with alfalfa in the district surrounding his land. He is content with their success and is going to make a success of his venture. Will he irrigate his alfalfa? Most certainly.

Alfalfa is a plant particularly fitted for cultivation under irrigation. Not that it requires an excessive amount of moisture to thrive, but rather because it can withstand long seasons of drought, and when moisture is supplied resumes rapid growth with apparently no backset due to the forced standstill. On the average irrigated farm, it is not usually practicable for the farmer to irrigate every part of his farm just when it should be. There are sure to be certain fields, or parts of fields that cannot be reached just when the crop requires moisture. With most crops this may prove a serious loss, but with alfalfa, it only means a loss of growth while the soil is in a very dry condition. It is during July and August, the hottest months, that this plant makes its most rapid growth, provided the

moisture is not exhausted, which does not happen where irrigation is practised. In districts where the plant thrives, it is hard to say how long a life it may have. There are fields in Colorado that have been producing hay for twenty-five years and they seem just as thrifty and produce apparently just as luxuriant a growth as neighboring fields that are many years younger. In California fields are reported to be yielding well that are over fifty years old. Under conditions in the Bow River Valley it seems quite evident that it would be better to allow the fields to remain seeded down for a number of years, say, not less than five or six at the least, for the reason that it takes two years or more for them to become well established. It has been observed that fields four or five years old yield better than those but two or three years old.

So our friend, George Lane, is preparing to sow a crop that, by means of irrigation, will yield him at least three cuttings per annum and give him a net return of from \$50.00 to \$75.00 per acre per year, and his only worry about resowing and renewing the stand of this crop is whether it will be the second or third generation that he will have to instruct as to how to recultivate and resow the land, one or two decades hence.

Then there is Pat Burns, who is one of Western Canada's best known citizens. Also he is a millionaire packer with plants at Calgary and Vancouver, and a score of branches throughout Alberta and British Columbia. Well, it seems that the visible supply of cattle did not create a big enough speck on the horizon of Mr. Burns. He wanted more cattle and hogs and sheep. He realized the value of alfalfa, but being a diplomat he did not take the bull by the horns. Instead, he said to the farmer: "Wheat farms are displacing the cattle ranches. Take heed, ere it be too late, or in three years, perhaps in two years, Alberta will be compelled to import beef for local consumption. Importing beef into Alberta will mean that householders will pay two and three cents per pound more than they do now for their meat."

Dazzled by dollar wheat, many farmers are now selling their breeding stock to make room for more wheat. Therein lies the danger of which Mr. Burns gives warning. If farmers continue to sell their breeding stock, Alberta will no longer be in a position to export cattle; it will no longer be in a position to supply the demands of home consumption. On the contrary, it will be forced to import beef for its rapidly increasing population.

The striking statement of Mr. Burns created excitement—it created the comment that he desired. In fact, the very next day there appeared an article putting to rout the opinions of Mr. Burns. At the same time the possibilities of alfalfa as a stock-feeding crop offering a large amount of fattening material in a small area were shown. Did it bother Pat Burns? No. It was the stroke he had played for. To Mr. C. W. Peterson, former Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Northwest Territories, was reserved the honor of delivering that stroke which read, in part, as follows:

"There are two classes of stockmen disposing of their breeding herds to-day. In the first place, the large land owning raucher whose holding is suitable for winter wheat production and commands a value accordingly. He has no option in the matter. He simply calculates that he can take the money realized upon the sale of his land and make a higher rate of interest on it than by leaving his investment in a cattle ranch. Secondly, the smaller stockman, who owns perhaps a quarter or a half section of land, and who has been depending on securing grazing land adjoining his holding for the accommodation of his herd and who now finds that these lands are being purchased by winter wheat producers and fenced up. His range is thus cut off and it is difficult to see how he can help himself. He must either secure more land by purchasing or reduce his herd to correspond with the carrying capacity of the land he actually owns or controls. He generally elects to go into wheat himself or sells to someone else. No argument in the world will change these conditions and the shrinkage of our herds from these causes, which are the principal ones, is a matter which we must accept as inevitable. It is merely a case of the 'survival of the fittest'.

"The time is close at hand when most of the live stock produced in Alberta, and now marketed in a more or less unfinished condition, will be sent to the rich alfalfa meadows east of Calgary, there to be put into prime shape before being exported or

slaughtered. A home market at highly remunerative prices will thus be made available for all the fodder that can be produced on irrigated lands, with the additional advantage of having the feed consumed on the irrigated farm and ultimately returned to the soil that grew it, thus maintaining its fertility.

"The certainty of the irrigated lands of this district producing alfalfa as a leading crop opens up a vista of possibilities in many directions. During the early years of settlement in this Province, the claim was made that Alberta possessed all the natural conditions to make it one of the leading live-stock countries in the world. When farmers invaded the rancher's domain later on, and numerous crops of winter wheat and other coarse grains were raised year after year, Alberta's fame as the foremost stock country faded, and the world henceforth knew it only as a great crop-producing district. The advent of alfalfa will again bring the live-stock industry to the front in Southern Alberta; history thus repeating itself.

"There is an enormous area of country lying west of Calgary that will always be devoted to the raising of live-stock, namely, the foothills. Owing to the difficulty of grain raising there, it is reasonable to suppose that the mature steers will be brought to the central market at Calgary and Lethbridge and shipped out again to the alfalfa meadows of the irrigation belts to be finished prior to export."

That was the card Mr. Burns played for, and to show the interest that was aroused, it may be said that last fall the Western States were invaded by experienced Canadian buyers, who secured large quantities of the best alfalfa seed. Were they able to sell it to their brother Canadians? Well, rather; in fact, it was necessary to restrict the amount sold to one individual in order that all might have a chance to secure at least a small quantity. Next year they will buy more; in fact, the alfalfa farmer of Kansas, Utah and Montana, who will allow at least one crop to go to seed will be well advised, as the price of alfalfa seed will soar. We have no alfalfa pit in our Winnipeg Board of Trade, or for that matter in any of our grain exchanges, but the Canadians are going to be pitted against Uncle Sam's nephews in their endeavor to secure the American's available alfalfa seed surplus. As in Kansas there will be a wearing of the green in Western Canada that will make the country look like one vast garden.

TWILIGHT LOVE SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

UNDER thy lattice I wait,
 Madonna mia!
 Hearing the evening bells,
 Ave Maria!

Softly thou sayest a prayer,
 Ave Maria!
 Would that my name were there,
 Madonna mia!

Worship the Virgin, sweet,
 Ave Maria!
 I kneel but at thy feet,
 Madonna mia!



HUMANE

"GEE!" says the first little boy. "I hate to go home. My mamma always wants to give me a bath every evening."

"So does mine," says the second little boy, "but I don't mind it. My papa is a doctor, and she always gets him to chloroform me, so I never know a thing about it until it is all over."

JUST SO

NOBODY ever gets ahead of a Grouch for he is always going in the opposite direction to the crowd.

HIS MISTAKE

"BUT," we say to the young reformer who had gone single-handed against the rapacious trust that was fastening itself cormorantlike, etc. (we quote from his earlier speeches), "but, you said you were a David defying this modern Goliath."

"I diagnosed the situation incorrectly," he confesses. "I was Jonah swimming toward the whale."

THE MATCH

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

SHE cannot make a biscuit,
He cannot make a cent,
She knows no thing of broiling,
He is not built for toiling,
Yet still they think they'll risk it
Though he can't pay the rent—
She cannot make a biscuit,
He cannot make a cent.

She rises late of mornings,

He stays out late at nights,
She plays quite well at euchre,
He has no heap of lucre,
And yet in spite of warnings

Their troth they want to plight;

She rises late of mornings,

He stays out late at nights.

She cannot fry potatoes,

He cannot drive a nail,

She never had a worry,

He never had to hurry.

She cannot slice tomatoes,

At beating rugs he'd fail;

She cannot fry potatoes,

He cannot drive a nail.

She is no good at dusting,

He cannot mend a chair

Nor can he build a fire,

Yet she is his desire

And with affection trusting

She knows they'll have no care—

She is no good at dusting,

He cannot mend a chair.

They'll blame it all on Cupid

When life is going wrong,

And each will scold the other

And she'll go home to mother

And say that he is stupid

While he'll use phrases strong.

They'll blame it all on Cupid

When life is going wrong.

CANADA MONTHLY

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No. 6

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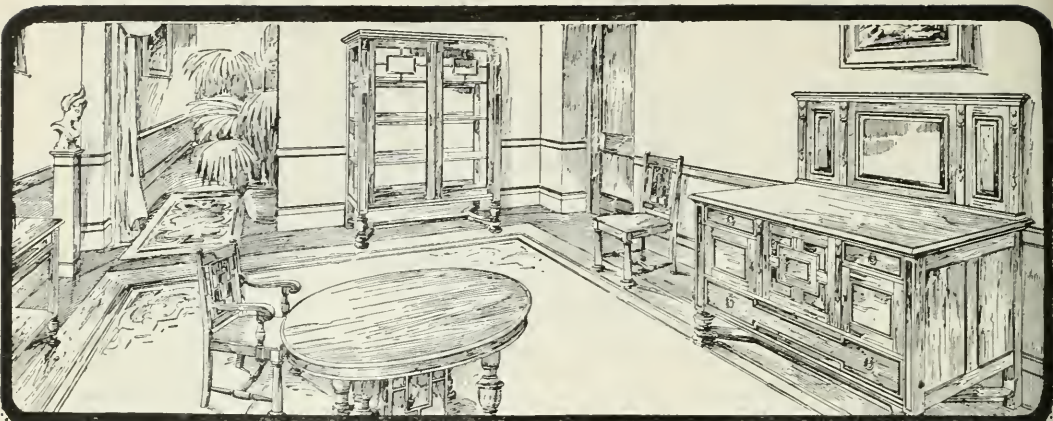
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THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

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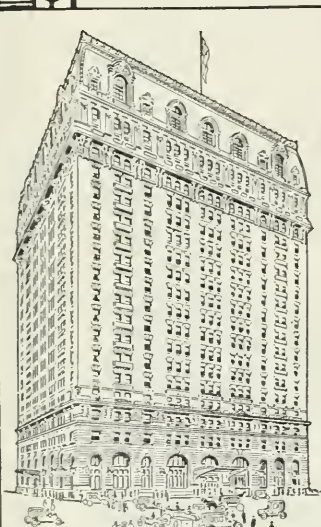
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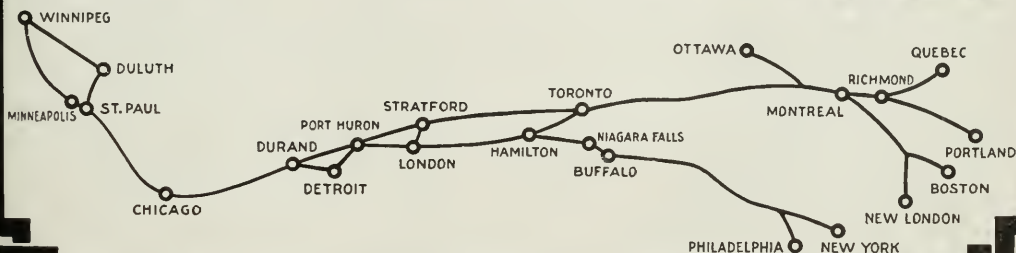
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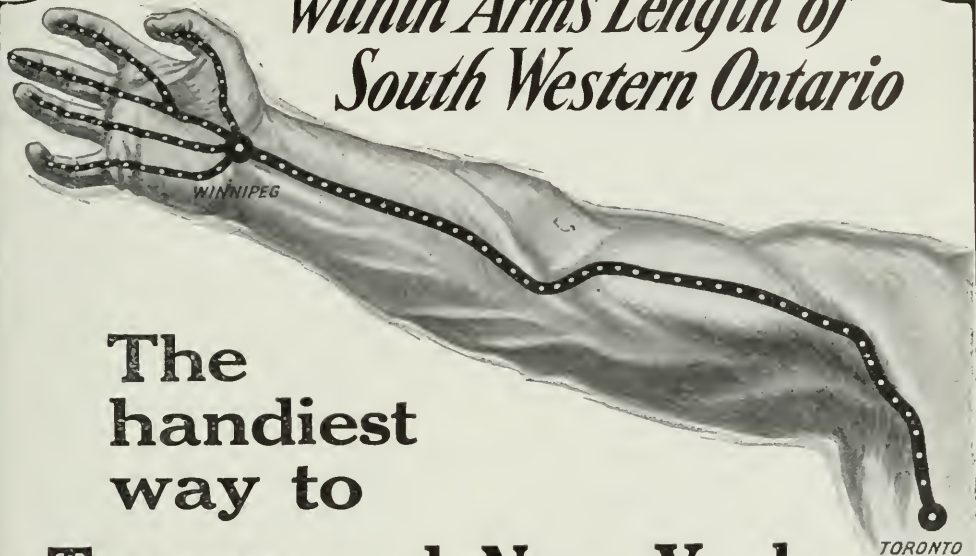
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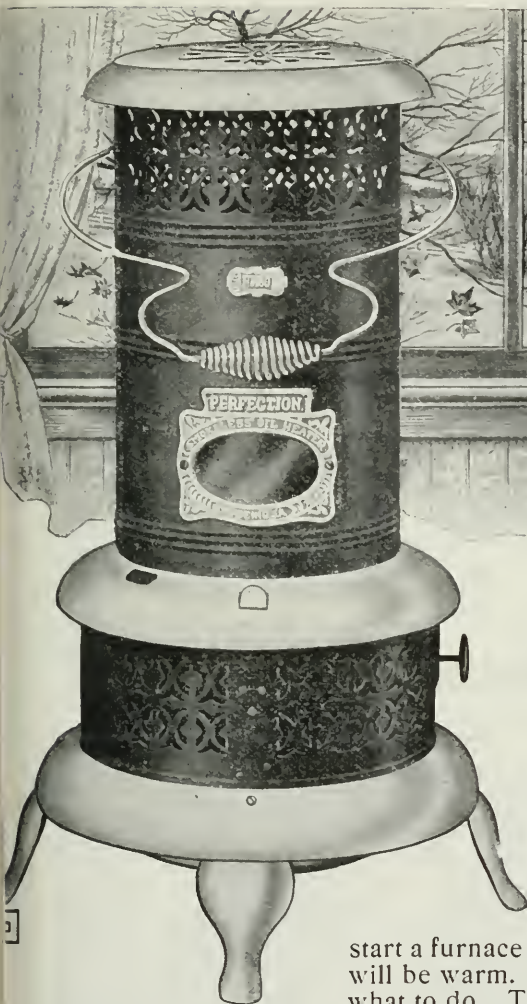
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IN A STRONG AND CAREFULLY MANAGED COMPANY.

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We have a large number of patrons in Canada who have a very high opinion of our "Tailoring," and who have expressed their great satisfaction with the Fit, Style and Workmanship of our garments.

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The ROTARY LAWN CLOTHES DRYER.

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Light enough for any woman to set up or take down and put away in two minutes. You certainly ought to have one for your yard.

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Put Your Feet in a Pair at Our Risk STEEL SHOES

WILL SURPRISE AND DELIGHT YOU
WITH THEIR LIGHTNESS, NEATNESS
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We want you to slip your feet into a pair of Steel Shoes—to feel and see and know how much lighter, neater, stronger, more comfortable they are than any other work shoes in existence. Hence we are making this special **Free Examination Offer**, merely asking a deposit of the price, while you are "sizing up" the shoes. If they fail to convince you immediately you can notify us to send for them at our expense and we will refund your money.

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We ask no favors for Steel Shoes. Compare them with the best all leather work shoes you can find.

Give them the most rigid inspection, inside and out. Let them tell their own story. It's no sale unless, of your own accord, you decide that you must have them.

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Steel Shoes are the strongest and easiest working shoes made.

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Impossible to get out of shape. They keep the feet dry. They retain their flexibility in spite of mud, slush or water. They cure corns and bunions, prevent colds and rheumatism—true doctors' pills and medicine.

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The enthusiasm of users knows no bounds. People can't say enough for their comfort, economy, lightness and astonishing durability. The introduction of Steel Shoes in a neighborhood always arouses such interest that an avalanche of orders follows.

Here is the way Steel Shoes are made. The uppers are made of a superior quality of leather, as **waterproof as leather can be tanned**. Wonderfully soft and pliable—**never gets stiff!** The soles and sides are made out of one piece of special light, thin, springy, rust-resisting Steel. Soles and heels are studded with adjustable Steel Rivets, which prevent the bottoms from wearing out. Rivets easily replaced when partly worn. Fifty extra rivets cost only 30 cents, and should keep the shoes in good repair for at least two years! No other repairs ever needed! The uppers are tightly joined to the steel by small rivets of rust-resisting metal, so that no water can get between.

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6, 9, 12 and 16 Inches High

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- Steel Shoes, 12 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$6.00 per pair.
- Steel Shoes, 16 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, \$7.00 per pair.

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- Boys' Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, \$2.50 per pair.
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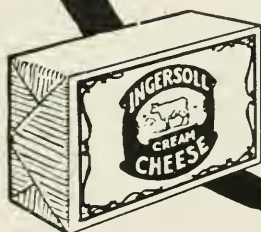
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Mattress \$15. Satisfaction Guaranteed

Eight hours of *restful* Ostermoor sleep gives sixteen *good* hours for work or play—but be sure you get the Ostermoor—the *genuine*, which must bear our name and trade-mark label.

The Ostermoor remains supremely comfortable for a *lifetime*—never needs remaking or renovating—an *occasional* sun-bath keeps it always pure and sweet.

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with full details of our offer to ship you a full size mattress, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 3 in. long, weight, 45 lbs., direct, by express, prepaid, the day your check is received. Made in two parts, 50 cents extra. Smaller sizes, smaller prices. Refuse substitutes everywhere offered—the Ostermoor trade-mark is sewn on the end of the genuine. We will tell you if the Ostermoor is sold in your town.



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"I, JOHN BARON DO TELL MY OWN
STORY . . . THAT WHICH HAS BROK-
EN MY LIFE AT ITS THIRTIETH YEAR
AND MADE ME DESOLATE AMONG
MEN AS THE PELICAN IN THE WIL-
DERNESS — THAT I SHALL SET
FORTH AS CLEARLY AND CALMLY
AS I MAY"

Accompanying "The
Return of the Were-
wolf." — See page 413

C A N A D A M O N T H L Y

VOLUME VIII.

LONDON, OCTOBER, 1910

NUMBER 6

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SILENCE

BY GEORGINA NEWHALL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

I N seeking information regarding the Trappist Monasteries of America, the writer was humorously reminded of that first scene in "The White Company," in which Brother John is accused by two of his fellow monks of having carried a woman across the ford.

"And the woman?" asked the Abbot. "Did she not break into lamentations that a brother should so demean himself?"

The complaining witness replied, "Nay, she smiled sweetly upon him and thanked him. I can vouch it and so can Brother Porphyry."

"Canst thou?" cried the Abbot, in a high, tempestuous voice. "Canst thou so? Hast forgotten that the five and-thirtieth rule of the order is that in the presence of a woman the face should be averted and the eyes cast down? Hast forgot it, I say? If your eyes were upon your sandals how came ye to see this smile of which ye prate?"

Whether because some of the good brothers adhere religiously to the five-and-thirtieth rule, or because occasionally the community is composed entirely of foreigners who do not understand the enquiries, information secured with little difficulty in some institutions was sought for in vain at others.

There are at present four important Monasteries firmly established in America,—one in Kentucky, one in Nova Scotia, one in Iowa, and another in the Province of Quebec. The heads of most of these are Abbots with the right to wear a mitre. There are various offshoots, mostly from the Monastery in Quebec; one in Rhode Island, one west of Winnipeg, and another in Oregon.

At Gethsemani, in Kentucky, the Brotherhood is made up almost equally of foreigners and Americans, about seventy-six in all. The present building, surrounding which is something like 1,600 acres of land, was erected in 1866. The Right Reverend Edward Mary Obrecht is Abbot. Gethsemani is in Nelson County on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

The founder of Petit Clairvaux in Nova Scotia was Father Vincent de Paul, who came from Lyons in France to the United States. In 1815 he bought land in Nova Scotia, and after a visit to France, returned in 1824 with Father Francis, a native of Freiburg, and three lay brothers. This was numerically the first Monastery of Petit Clairvaux. The first Abbot was Father Dominic. The present head is Father Eugenius, but his rank is only



THERE IS AN OLD-WORLD FLAVOR ABOUT THE MONASTERY—
INSTINCTIVELY VOICES ARE LOWERED AND
FOOTFALLS HUSHED BENEATH ITS
SHADOWY SPRUCES

destroyed by fire. An effort was made to rebuild on a large scale, but funds come in slowly and the building is only nearing completion. In the meantime a colony of Belgians came out, a few native Nova Scotians joined and the colony was swelled to a membership of forty. These, however, followed Father Murphy, a native of Montreal, who was for a time at the head of affairs, and emigrated to Rhode Island. These Belgians were good farmers and put the land in excellent order. The community of Frenchmen now occupying Petit Clairvaux devote themselves exclusively to gardening and vine cultivation. They hold, or rather the Bishop of the Diocese holds, three hundred acres in trust for the community. "I write" says Father Eugenius in apologizing for the small amount of information given, "English as only a Spaniard can," and concludes, "they will be content to live and die among this sympathetic people." They raise some cattle and have a grist-mill and a saw-mill. Tracadie, where the Monastery is situated, is twenty miles from Antigonish, on the Intercolonial Railroad, and the scenery surrounding the Monastery is of the most exquisitely pastoral character.

A third establishment is at New Melleray, twelve miles by wagon road from Dubuque, Iowa. This community originally intended to locate in the vicinity of Kingston, Ontario. A certain number of their leaders visited Kingston years ago on the invitation of Archbishop Phelan to inspect the available lands. Owing to the low, marshy character of the proffered domain the leader of the party went down, while there, with malarial fever. This, combined with the presence of vast

that of Prior. During the incumbency of Father Dominic the monastery was hordes of that insidious insect, the mosquito, or "bloodsuckers" (as they

are described in the records of the Community), discouraged the Brothers, who sought more alluring scenes in Iowa. The first roof under which this Community assembled was that of a shanty, the dimensions of which were ten by fourteen. To-day New Melleray is a massive structure, built in twelfth century style, of limestone quarried on its own grounds. It is modelled after Mellifont, an ancient Irish Monastery. When completed, it will be like most old ecclesiastical structures, in the form of a quadrangle, and rank as one of the most beautiful monastic properties in the world. In point of productiveness and scenery the 2,700 acres surrounding the abbey can scarcely be surpassed. This vast acreage is farmed for the benefit of the community; for the Trappists, as they announced when they first sought land in America, come here not as missionaries but as farmers. They own about three hundred head of cattle and one hundred horses, five hundred hogs and an equal number of sheep. They milk forty cows a day. Nothing is sold, however, but hogs, cattle and wool.

One learns with pleasure of the sheep shearing, for it is one of the picturesque occupations which Conan Doyle has led us to expect of the life monastic, but alas! the medieval atmosphere with which one would fain surround this modern structure is dispelled by the knowledge that twenty-five laborers are employed by the Brotherhood. Great barns bulge with the fruits of the soil, nor is the wine cellar a 'mere sham, for an expert brother manufactures even that seductive fluid which "biteth like an adder."

The Brotherhood of New Melleray is almost exclusively Irish. There are two Germans in a Community of forty. Years ago there were ninety in all, but though they live to a good old age, the Great Reaper has not passed them by,



" . . . Brief, they made a monk of me;
I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
Palace, farm, villa, shop and banking-house,
Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
Have given their hearts to . . . "

and they receive few recruits, though quite recently a young but well-known

writer on one of the Chicago papers entered their ranks. The common impression as to the harshness of their life, and that stern rule which demands that they arise at two in the morning act as deterrents.

The Abbot, Father Alberic, is a venerable Irishman of fine presence, who has spent almost his entire life in a monastery. He is a good business man, a great reader and is thoroughly conversant with all that is transpiring in the world.

"Some day," says Father Sheehan, author of "Under the Cedars and the Stars," "a tired world will demand monasticism as a luxury or necessity." When that time comes, if it be not already here, the writer can imagine few more beautiful places to which the curious or the wistful might turn their steps for a season of rest and meditation than L'Abbaye de Notre Dame du Lac situated overlooking the Lake of Two Mountains in the Province of Quebec. Years ago the writer, along with several others, drove from Vaudreuil, a village on the Grand Trunk Railway, along the winding road which follows the course of the Ottawa River, to Como, and, crossing the wide, swift current at this place, set out to picnic at the summit of one of the two mountains. Leaving the then uninviting village of Oka, which was at that time a sandy desert, these light-hearted tourists followed the grassy road which wound upward, at intervals stopping to peep into tiny wayside chapels—mere caskets—in which the treasure was a rude carving or painting of some saint. Scarlet columbine and fragrant meadowsweet sprang temptingly by the roadside, wild purple clematis trailed over rocky excrescences and at the very summit a small pond helped to make a captivating picnic ground. Below, losing itself in the haze of a midsummer day, the river, broadening here into the Lake of Two Mountains, lay like a mirror, giving no hint of that underforce which carries it swiftly to the marts of empire. An occasional splash, with a cascade of glittering drops, proclaimed the presence of some sportive fish. With this exception only the gay young voices of

the tourists broke the wooded silence. Who, on such a day, in such a scene, in such a group, whispered "memento mori"? Yet as early as 1881 a party of Trappist monks had established a house at Two Mountains—a little four-roomed house, three of the rooms being bedroom or sacristy, as necessity demanded, and the fourth kitchen, diningroom, laboratory, lecture room, etc. By 1888 three hundred acres of ground had been cleared and a dairy had been established from which the surrounding country benefitted, not only by the sale of milk, but by lessons learned from the scientific methods of the Brotherhood. In time a fine edifice displaced the four-roomed cottage, and in 1893 a school of agriculture in connection with the abbey was subsidized by the government of Quebec Province. On the twenty-third of July, 1902, this fine building was destroyed by fire. To-day a magnificent structure, beautiful but austere in style, the embodiment of all that is ideal in the traditions of the Cistercians, nestles between the hills,—a picturesque incident in a panorama which rivals the scenery of the far-famed Hudson. The Community itself has increased to more than one hundred, apart from the Juvenists who are studying here, and preparing themselves to join when they are of age. The Abbot, who was elected in 1892, is Right Reverend Dom Antoine Oger, a man of impressive personality, with the beard of a patriarch and the eyes of a mystic. Yet far-seeing and idealistic as these eyes may be, they have in no wise overlooked that immediate perspective in which are found temporal advantages. His associates speak enthusiastically of his executive ability, and are fain to believe that a special intervention of Providence brought about his election to office. A sawmill, a wine called Oka wine, a secret process cheese—Oka cheese—are commercial ventures which prove that the ordinary monk adds to his ability as a farmer an aptitude for business. But it is through its fine school of agriculture that this monastery most appeals to Canadians of whatever faith. This school is now affiliated with Laval University, Mont-



THE MONASTERY OF NEW MELLERAY LIES QUIETLY A-DREAM AMONG ITS SUNLIT FIELDS



A CORNER OF THE MONASTERY GROUNDS

"Not God—in gardens?—when the eve is cool?—
 Nay, but I have a sign;
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine!"

real, and all branches of agriculture are taught to an ever increasing number of students of varying creeds. The dairy herd of one hundred choice cattle—Ayrshires—is kept in the trimmest and most hygienic of stables. The horticultural department, at the head of which is an expert from France, Professor Reynaud, is already well known as a supply station for high grade hardy nursery stock. The monks have acclimated many fruits—especially apples, from France, Russia and other countries. There are twenty-five acres of apple trees in full bearing; ten acres of grapes, as well as other fruits, and garden truck. One Brother has a ginseng patch, the plants plucked from their wilder environment among the hills. Montreal pays fancy prices for Oka chickens, capons and eggs, the Windsor Hotel being a notable customer. Only the most modern methods prevail in the handling of poultry and the result is a thriving business which disposes of about 3,000 birds a year.

To those familiar with the farm methods and the complete stagnation of the French Canadian farmer of twenty-five years ago, with his single

ever-recurring and land exhausting crop—the value of such an institution must be immediately apparent. Even those bigoted people who regard monastic institutions as pernicious growths, useless if not absolutely harmful, must admit that in no way could the French Canadian have been so advantageously approached as by an alluring combination of science and religion. Hard-working, painstaking and weather-beaten, the monk is a perpetual reproach to the *laissez-faire* methods of the unprogressive.

The life in these monasteries is but the simple life reduced to a system. Sometimes priests of other orders are sent here to be disciplined for offenses by enduring for certain limited periods the asperities of the Trappist Communities. With but slight variation all of these establishments are governed by the same rules. The monks retire at seven-thirty in the winter and at eight in the summer. They occupy themselves in recitation and meditation in the chapel until seven forty-five. High Mass is then celebrated and manual labor follows. Half an hour of recitation of office and examen of



THE TRAPPISTS ARE PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURISTS, AND HAVE PASSED ON TO THE HABITANT FARMERS OF EASTERN CANADA MUCH OF THEIR OWN SKILL



WHAT HEARTS BEAT UNDER THOSE MEDIAEVAL HABITS, WHAT PASSIONS, LONGINGS, DREAMS
LIE HIDDEN BENEATH THOSE SILENT FACES?

conscience precedes their sole meal at two ten. This meal breaks a long fast of twenty-four hours. Perpetual silence is prescribed. The food is good, clean, substantial and in abundance. An international committee of doctors which visited the monastery at Orne, in Brittany, a few years ago obtained exact information on the monks' way of living and all the members expressed their surprise at the perfect state of health in which they found the brothers and at the average age which the monks attained. This was ascribed to the vegetarian diet, regular habits and hard work. No doubt variety of occupation, moderation in eating and drinking, and the absence of all worry as to the morrow lengthens their days. Already the potent air of America, which has acted as a disintegrant to a greater or less extent on every close community which has set foot upon these shores, has begun to soften much that was repellant in the rules of La Trappe. For instance, it is not very long since the privilege of photographing even exterior views was denied; now the

Knight of the Camera, who in this day replaces the Sir Nigels and Sir Bertrams of the Clanking Armor, is occasionally permitted to carry away views even of interiors. When asked if they still dug their own graves, the question was laughed at as being founded on what they call a Munchausen story. Hospitality has always been a virtue of the Trappists and as at El Largani, the monastery of Hichens' famous story, one of the brothers is appointed Guest Master. A comfortable Guest House exists at L'Abbaye Notre Dame du Lac where board may be obtained for small remuneration, a reasonable compliance with the less oppressive rules of the institution being all that is asked.

A golden silence is the rule of all Trappist communities. Yet even there the rule admits of exceptions. The Trappist is permitted to speak to his superiors and to the director of his conscience, but without express permission he does not speak to any other. Where two or three are working together they communicate only by signs. When these are not understood

they occasionally obtain permission to vocalize, but for the most part the overseer of employment alone voices such directions as are necessary to the work. In defence of this rule of perpetual silence De Rance has said: "Silence is communication with the Divine; it is the language of angels, the eloquence of Heaven. In a word, peace and grace are found in the seclusion of a well preserved silence."

It is to De Rance that La Trappe owes its present reputation for religious zeal. For, one hates to write it, there was a time when people spoke of the "Brigands of La Trappe". The Abbey Notre Dame de la Maison Dieu de la Trappe was founded in 1140 at Soligny La Trappe, a village of Haut-Perche, in the arondissement of Montagne, department of the Orne, France. Entrance to this village was obtained through a narrow gorge comparable to a trap door; hence the name. La Trappe was an offshoot of the Cistercian order. The rapid accumulation of wealth by monastic houses in mediæval times and the fact that the clergy were beyond the jurisdiction of the secular courts resulted in the swift fall of both these orders from their original high ideals and spiritual altitude. La Trappe, moreover, was geographically so situated as to bear the brunt of many of those wars which raged for supremacy in the French provinces. Again and again was the monastery pillaged, and the monks dispersed by that motley rabble which in those days formed an invading army. What wonder that their discipline relaxed and their traditions disappeared; or that within their sacred walls the questionable morality of those to whom they often played the part of unwilling hosts soon found a footing. Indeed so gay amid this changeful environment became the monks of La Trappe that they eventually sought the shelter of its walls for hunting parties and purposes of amusement only. Even in a time when morality was not a necessary characteristic of a right gallant and courteous gentleman, their conduct became a public scandal. Beside the whirl of warfare and the instability of kings another cause of moral laxity

was a system by which secular appointees were permitted to enjoy monastic benefices without residence and without conformity to the rules of the institutions in which they ranked as heads. The injury to these orders, therefore, was not only a spiritual one; ruined buildings and impoverished estates were the more material results of neglect and debauchery.

By this system of secular appointments it was possible for Armand Jean Bouthillier de Rance to be, at the age of eleven, Canon of Notre Dame de Paris, Abbot of La Trappe, Prior of Boulogne, and a dignitary of many other religious orders. He was a member of a noble family, the great Richelieu himself being one of his sponsors.

As a young man he fell easily into the dissipations of the times, leading a very irregular life. His ordination as a priest in 1661 brought no alterations in his habits; in 1662 he stood at the head of the list of those who passed as Bachelors of Theology, but he never pretended to discharge the duties of his various offices. It was said to be the shock resulting from the sudden death of the Duchess of Mont-Bazon, with whom his name had been connected, which changed his views of life and duty. De Rance retired from the world and after a few years of solitary study resigned his various honors and disposed of his property for the benefit of the poor. A small sum was retained for the repair of Boulogne and La Trappe. He afterwards visited La Trappe and induced those monks who were hostile to his reforms to retire on pensions. These were replaced by monks of the strict Cistercian observance. In the end he entered upon a monastic life, becoming the actual head of the Abbey of which for thirty years he had been nominally Abbot. But as the reformed rake is said to make the best husband, so in embracing religion De Rance found even the strict Cistercian ideas too lax for the adequate expression of devotion and contrition. He added to their protracted fasts the rule of total abstinence from flesh meat, fish, eggs and wine; he prescribed laborious manual occupa-



THE RIGHT REVEREND DOM ANTOINE OGER, ABBOTT OF L'ABBAYE
DE NOTRE DAME DU LAC

tions, hard beds, and the obligation of perpetual silence except at prayers, to which eleven hours are devoted. To him is due the salutation "memento mori" (remember death), with which priests of this order greet each other, and he it was who ordained that every monk should spend some time each evening digging his own grave, and should sleep on straw in his coffin for a bed.

These austerities were cheerfully accepted by the monks of La Trappe.

De Rance had gathered about him three hundred ascetics—French, Belgians, Italians, and Irishmen, among them a goodly number of soldiers, for, strange to say, La Trappe has always seemed equally alluring to officer or private of the armies of the world. There was, perhaps, something which suggested soldierliness in their discipline. It may have seemed but a change in the commanding officer and the line of march; certainly mortality at that time among the Trappists

ranked almost as high as that of the battlefields, from lack of nutrition it was said. De Rance died September twentieth, 1709, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a man of rare ability and scholarship, and to him is due the credit of restoring La Trappe to the religious plane which she had originally occupied. In fact, when the suppression of all monastic societies in France was demanded, at the time of the French Revolution, the high character which La Trappe had won seemed likely to make it exempt from the common fate. Great efforts were made in its behalf, but in 1772 all the movable goods of the monastery were seized and the monks were dispersed.

An off-shoot from La Trappe had been already planted at Buon Solazzo near Florence and various groups now wandered forth to found colonies in Spain, Germany, England and Canada, impelled by the same lash, religious persecution, as had made wanderers of the Puritans.

They grew and strengthened, and in 1802 replanted in France two new houses. Owing to a controversy in which the Pope decided against him Napoleon, revenged himself by once more expelling them from France. With the downfall of Napoleon these irrepressible men returned, and La Trappe was again the Mother House with fifteen other monasteries scattered over Europe, Great Britain, the United States and Canada. They now number about three thousand members of both sexes, but since 1870 they have no legal existence in Italy or Switzerland, and recent events in France have imperiled their tenure in that country.

Hichens, in that wonderful book, "The Garden of Allah," as well as in his short story "The Face of the Monk," pictures the miniature world of the monastery one of tumult, jealousies and mental conflict, in which the im-

prisoned soul realizes that temptation evaded is not really virtue triumphant. Charming as Mr. Hichens writes, he is, perhaps, no more accurate in his analysis of monasticism than he is in his portrayal of the wife and mother.

"But the wonder," says Ruskin, "is always to me, not how much, but how little, the monks have on the whole done, with all that leisure and all that good will." And in return Sheehan says, "He cannot understand—that is all He knows nothing of the invisible worth of prayer. He has painted, as no one else except perhaps Carlyle could, the abominations of modern life, and he has flung all the strength of his righteous anger against them. He has never asked himself why God is so patient, whilst John Ruskin rages He never saw the anger of the Most High soothed and His hand stayed by the midnight prayer and scourge of the Trappist and Carthusian. Dante could never have written the Paradiso if he had not heard Cistercians chanting at midnight!"

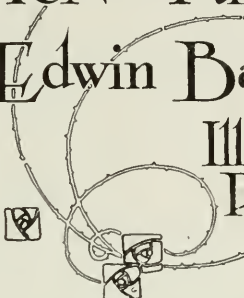
This is food for the controversial From a lighter and no doubt purely womanish standpoint the vow of perpetual silence imposed on all but the Abbot, must, one would fancy, press with particular severity upon a community of Irishmen, so keen to see a joke, so bubbling with mirth, so apt in repartee. How maddening to look soberly at one's sandals while internally convulsed! to listen to the fumbling of slow minds when one could, hammerlike, hit the nail on the head with a word! to feel that to scintillate in speech for just one moment would be worth a whole cycle of an ever-so-golden silence,—or to realize that mirth, after all, may be the miracle which changes the most insipid draught of life from water into wine.



The RETURN of the WEREWOLF

by Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



"I JOHN BARON, do tell my own story. Though it must deal with that which began in the dark centuries before my birth and which, by the grace of God, will end with my death, it is not a long tale or one which requires art in the telling. That which may seem most unreal, overdrawn or dramatic, that which in garbled newspaper accounts dumfounded the incredulous and terrified the superstitious, that which has broken my life at its thirtieth year and made me as desolate among men as the pelican in the wilderness—that I shall set forth as clearly and calmly as I may.

"The frantic fortunes which can crucify logic and reason upon the crosses of the occult and which can drag from the dreams and superstitions of the middle ages, a weird, unreal reality and make it to stalk abroad in mock of the enlightenment of the twentieth century—those fortunes, I say, are mine. I have heard some say that I am mad, and that a record of the psychic phenomena induced in my case will be new and interesting to the world of science. Others who know a part of my story and have seen some proof of its truth, shrug their shoulders and smile with the fearful incredulity of him who laughs at superstition but eats, with poor grace and worse appetite, the meal which twelve others share. There are those, of course, who believe me no better than a murderer, a wife-slayer who used my wealth and

my family influence to save my neck from the rope. These imagine, indeed, that to play upon the fears and dreads inherent in man, I contrived my strange story and prolonged my stranger existence to give it credence.

"But let me now no longer speak, like a chorus before the old plays, in sounding lines of promise, lest Death who shall whisper my epilogue cut short my lines with his scythe. I cannot pray for life. Instead I entreat only that I, as I complete the requirement of fate, salute thee with true words. Through the moonlight I gaze toward the grave where the great stone image of the werewolf snarls as it keeps its watch. For

The were-wolf stalks o'er the graves of the dead,

O'er the dead who have heard his call;
Though their bodies rot and their souls are fled

Still its ghost shall haunt them all.
So beware of the beast without a tail,
And the woman without a soul;
Or thrice shall rise the deathly wail,
Thrice shall fall the fatal flail,
Thrice the dirge shall toll.

"It was not a pretty rhyme for a child to learn, yet among my earliest recollections are those strange, rhythmical lines murmured in a sing-song undertone by old Norna, my nurse. Had my mother been in society less and in the nursery more, it is likely that she would have cut short many of the weird folk-lore verses and stories which Norna repeated from the traditional superstitions of the Scotch-English.

But as it was, I learned curses and incantations as other children learned Humpty-Dumpty; and as their ears were filled with the story of Red-Riding Hood, so mine were sated by tales of the man-wolf. When other children, therefore, were tormented by their saner dreams, what wonder was it that I, glutted with the worst imaginings and most persistent fears of the past, became a victim persecuted by the creatures of my own ill-stimulated fancy?

"It was always the wolf—the great tailless beast, the ghostly werewolf of the rhyme. Yes, it was always that. The witches, the banshees, the other ghosts and the other phantoms claimed but passing attention from the terrified wonder of my mind. It was always the wolf in the strangely created fancies of the day and in the awful dreams of the night. And then, when the fevers of my mind descended into my body, I burnt in a strange Hell until I fell into that sleep during which all but the werewolf deserted me. Yet at last the wolf called less loudly in my ears and left me a while in peace. I awoke. Norna with her weird tales and mumbled rhymes was gone. The man-wolf—it, too, was gone. It had enslaved the child too easily and stayed its return till the man should attempt to break the werewolf's bonds.

"It came again with what was then the joy of my life. Is she not so still? My heart, I have asked myself that question a thousand times. Who was she and what had she to do with the phantoms of that beast? I can not think or reason. My mind is but a mop which sweeps over the rough surface of my experience gathering up those things which I wring out upon this paper.

"Hers was the greatest beauty I had ever seen. She—but should I assume to describe her? The words which poets have created and blended together to form the fairest image of the mind, could I employ them, would become but empty and idle things. I was mad then—as I am mad to-night—with the madness of that love which makes things sane seem foolish and

trivial. Did I ask who she was or what she had been? Does the man who finds a pearl question from what disease of what foul mollusk its beauty was brought forth? We both were young. Our happiness was no recollection of the past and no hope of the future. The hours when we two were together, in their completeness, cared not what had been or might be. So, permitting no doubt of the past and no fear for the future, while youth and beauty yet were hers, she became, one day, my wife.

"That night I killed her. The wind sweeping over her grave blows cool through the open window. It chills the fevers of my thoughts which mount and would break the vessels of my brain as I dwell upon that, our wedding night.

"I killed her; but no, no—it was not she. And yet,—and yet—

"I slept but lightly, and she beside me. What were the angels and ministers of grace that they grudged us their defense that night? From a tower nearby a bell boomed the midnight twelve. My eyes were opened; I turned and saw—the wolf, my God, the wolf. Not my wife, I say, for in her place the wolf stretched and snarled. It half arose. Had it destroyed her? For all the mark that she had left, she never had been there. But in her place the wolf arose; its eyes, green with cruelty, met mine. Its dripping jaws parted but as they snapped chance armed me. The pistol, which lay beside the bed, was in my hand. I shot and saw the bullet strike. I saw, I heard it crash into that cunning brain but as it crashed a cry, a swelling human howl, a beastly wail of woman's anguish smote louder on my ears. I beat aside the smoke and as I stared, I saw my wife once more. My wife? Her corpse, instead, shot as I had shot the wolf and stained with blood where the wolf had bled.

"Thou, my hand, stay from that purgatory of my mind into which I now would plunge you. Thou knowest thyself as but the amanuensis of the brain. Would'st thou write of that of which thy master would not think?



"WHO WAS SHE, AND WHAT HAD SHE TO DO WITH THE PHANTOMS OF THAT BEAST?"

Across the water I sought oblivion and found—but come away with me.

* * * * *

"A year is past. I have returned to the lands of my fathers and seek refuge in their books. I wander alone in the wood. There is bronze upon the Scottish ground, gold upon the Scottish forest trees, and in the shining silver of the Scottish sky Nature sets her gems and summons the Night to burnish them. Darkness comes and with its dusky diadem crowns me king of the realms beyond the lands of speculation. Unto those provinces my thought

fugitive from the were-wolf, begins to fly.

"I stumble in the darkening wood. I cry aloud. I fall. I stagger forward again. I beat my eyes and call them fools and knaves and traitors; for I see the wolf—no phantom wolf, no false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain—but the wolf, the were-wolf stands before me. I screech again in desperation and rush to grapple it when lo—my arms clasp but an image which bruises my hands as they strike it; yet in my frenzy I wrestle with the granite form; I wrestle with a tomb-

stone. The image strains; it creaks; it gives a little. Rending and tearing from the centuries' cement, the slab on which the werewolf stands, slips and turns. I cast aside the wolf and as the slab is raised, I step into a tomb. A tomb? Aye, a tomb but more the study of a skeleton.

"Before the altared crucifix, beside which a sealed coffin lay, the skeleton half sat, half knelt and grinned at me. He bent over a faldstool which his brown parchments had changed from litany to writing desk. To hide his bones which the centuries had scoured clean of flesh, the tattered fragments of a rotting doublet flapped about him; but gaining support from the arms upon the desk before him, the skeleton scribe held his seat throughout the centuries. With the core of his quill still held between his bony *dactulæ*, it seemed his hollow eyes sought mine for an impression he might yet record. Strange secretary skeleton! Yet more wonderful, more fearfully wonderful than you was that upon the wall—that oracle of fate which as I read, I seemed to hear instead. Did I read or did the words come to me in the chant of a dirge sung by a choir far away?

The were-wolf stalks o'er the graves of the dead,

O'er the dead who have heard his call;
Though their bodies rot and their souls are fled,

Still its ghost shall haunt them all.
So beware of the beast without a tail,
And the woman without a soul;
Or thrice shall rise the deathly wail,
Thrice shall fall the fatal flail.

Thrice the dirge shall toll.

For the were-wolf laughs o'er her mouldering clay,

As she was the were-wolf's thrall.
Though twice she has slain, not it shall slay
And its ghost shall haunt us all.

But hold! A star shoots across the sky,
And it tells of the fate of men,
As two are dead so two shall die,
A third shall flee as now I fly,
And the curse shall come again.

For the were-wolf shall snarl o'er new graves of the dead,

Who shall seek the were-wolf's fall;
Though their bodies rot when their souls are fled,
Still its ghost shall haunt them all.

"The verses came to an end and the

echoes in the cavern shouted to me that I laughed crazily. Perhaps I read the lines over and over again; perhaps I gazed but stupidly at the walls. Did the crumbling candles which I had lit burn the faster after their long rest from the rituals of the middle ages? Did the moon at once claim the centre of the sky to shine coldly in upon my shoulders? Instead, I must have sat through the hours dazed and dull until, with the night half gone, I found my fear cured by a greater fear and I took the crackling parchments from the faldstool.

"*'Johannus Atonius sum. Ab numine fati—'* That mediæval Latin construes itself again in my mind.

"*'I am Johannus Atonius.* By the irrevocable decree of fate have I constructed this mortuary chapel to my wife and make it now my sepulchre. To the grave where she is laid away—aye to the lair of the were-wolf's ghost have I come. *Sed non in extremo supplicans* I wait; for boldly have I come to deliver myself to the wolf. I, who may fight no more, deliver myself proudly to the foe. Yet as I journeyed here a star fell for me across the sky; so for him who shall come do I write; to him do I say—but did I write it now, he would read no more.

"*'I am Johannus Atonius, a man of God though persecuted by the Devil.* By the Powers of Evil am I ensnared; into the toils of Hell have I cast myself bound in holiest bonds with the most unholy of them below. Yet all unconscious was I leagued with the spirits below and unknowing I took the Devil to myself; for the Devil takes strange and sundry forms. And, though he be a fallen Angel, yet can he create, in ape of the creatures of God, beings to serve him. But, as he is himself imperfect, so must he be imperfect in his works which are not the less but the more diabolical for their imperfection.

"*'Without tails, then—as is of commonest report—are the lower creatures of the Devil and without souls are his human beasts.* Beasts are they all, indeed, for though the Devil transforms his minions from men to wolves and vipers and back to men again, their forms alone are changed; their natures



WHILE PASSING THROUGH THE PARK THE BRIDE AND GROOM STEPPED FOR A MOMENT FROM THEIR CARRIAGE

being ever constant. And as he creates his beasts of greatest strength and cunning, so does he make his human thralls of greatest beauty and treachery.

Their lack of souls being undiscerned by eyes of the flesh, they whom the Devil creates seem most perfect and of such favor, grace and beauty that

through their fairseeming excellencies they beguile us and drag us to destruction.

"Thus did I, Johannus Atonius, take to myself Hala, my wife, not knowing that she was in truth a wicked werewolf. Enticed not only by her excellence of form and feature, but pitying her also for those her crimes which seemed misfortunes, I married her.

"Twice wedded and twice widowed was she then; for Roland the Saxon first took her in wedlock. Yet so hard upon the heels of Hymen came the fates' displeasure that as the couple walked from church through a little wood and Hala ran playfully ahead to hide behind a thicket, suddenly she cried out in anguish that she was set upon by a monstrous wolf and she called her husband's aid to her. Then Roland, running stoutly forward, turned the wolf upon himself but at such cost that when the neighbors hastened up, they found the bridegroom with his throat torn out, dead upon the ground.

"Then loving her grace and her beauty and with heart wrung by her piteous sorrow, Richard the Norman bowed before the widowed virgin. In time she wedded again but again such seeming persecution came upon her that a wolf tore out the throat which had but chanted with her the marriage prayer. And so, at last, I fell before the woman twice wedded yet a maid.

"Our vows were solemnized and we walked alone in the dusk. She dropped her kerchief and as I turned and stooped, I heard her shriek and close upon her cry a wolfish howl. I turned again but as I turned a great she-wolf, from where my wife had stood, sprang at my throat. My arm was nerved, and to the hilt I plunged my dagger beneath that shaggy fur. The beast fell away and snarling died; but as I bent to draw the poniard forth, I plucked it from the bosom of my wife.

"Who can escape the Devil's curse? What man can burst the bonds of Hell? Against the powers of Evil have I builded this altar; to the were-wolf have I placed this stone. But the stars stay in their course; they have spelled my fate

and I write it upon the wall. The flesh of the werewolf has become her flesh; and the werewolf has come again. The werewolf calls; it calls and I must go. But to-night the stars have begotten another and a comet flames in the sky. So I laugh as the were-wolf calls me; I laugh as I die in her grave. I laugh; I laugh. For hold! My star has lit the sky and it tells me the fate of men. As two are dead so two must die. A third shall flee as now I fly, for the fates shall come again. And the werewolf shall stalk o'er new graves of the dead who shall seek the werewolf's fall. Though their bodies rot when their souls are fled, still its ghost shall haunt them all. Yet it calls—it calls. Stop, stop, I say! *Lupe! Lupe! Audio! Veno, clamo tibi, veno!*" (Wolf! Wolf! I hear! I come, I cry to thee, I come!)

"O thou Johannus Atonius, I, John Baron, heard that laugh; I heard that laugh in that double tomb. I stamped upon your parchments and I struck the hollow cheeks of that grinning skull. Fool, sorcerer, villain—what trick, what fate, what devil gave you that image of my wife which you still clasped in that sinister hand? I lie, I lie. It was not she. Yet the paint upon that picture which you held was rotted and faded; the paint upon my picture new and bright; in all else they were the same. The eye of my mind is blind to-night and the tongue of my hand hesitates and stammers. Though I be mad, yet have I consulted the stars; shall I shudder at my fate? 'Thrice, thrice.' What mean the words? 'Though twice she has slain now it shall slay—as two are dead so two shall die. A third shall flee—'

"I have seen. I have seen and I understand. Roland, my Roland, comrade of the curse, was this you?

* * * * *

(NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FOUND ATTACHED TO THE PAPERS OF JOHN BARON).

'BRIDEGROOM SLAIN.

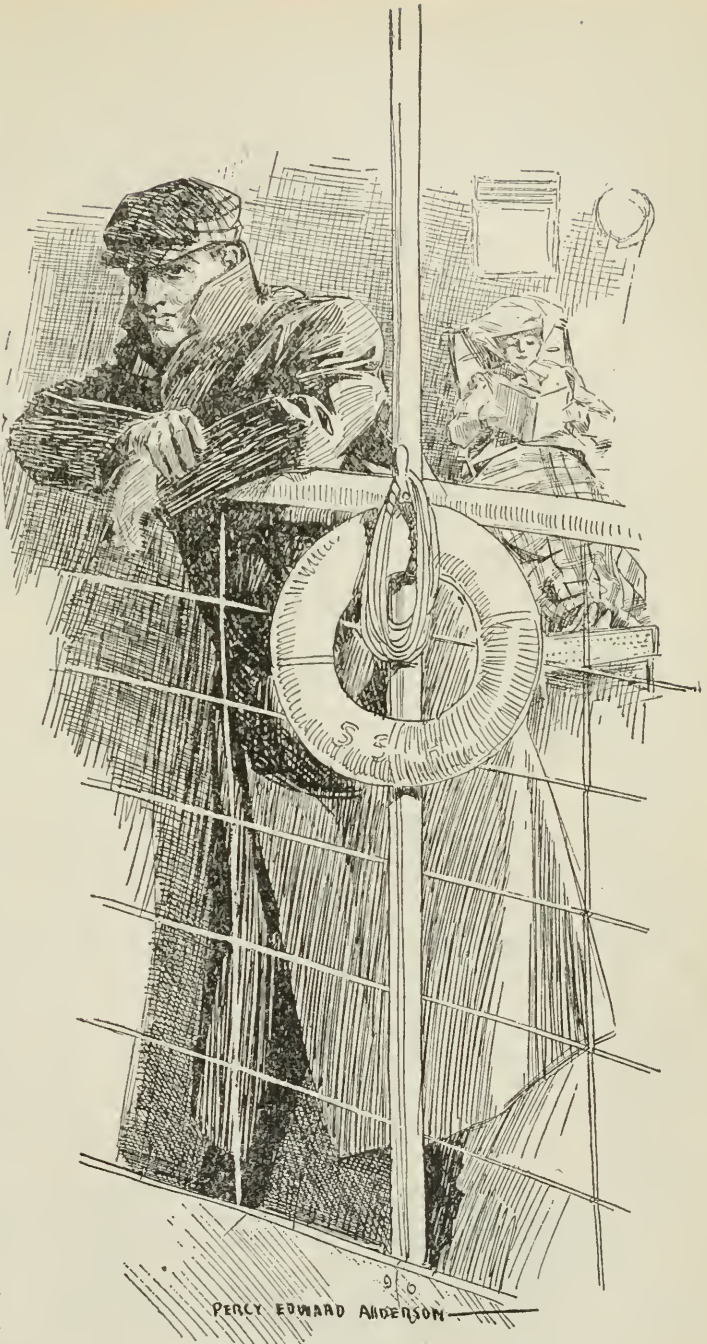
'Strange Fate Follows Wedding.

'Norfolk, Va., July—, 19—. Two hours after leading his bride from the altar, Mr. Alfred C. Brussent of 287 T— St. met death under the most singular circumstances. Only meagre

reports can be secured from the bride who, as can be easily understood, is frantic with grief. It appears, however from the statement of the young wife, who was the sole witness of young Brussent's death, that after reaching the hotel to which they had been driven the young couple started for a short stroll outside as the evening was cool and pleasant. They had proceeded some distance up St. M—St., which is well known as one of the best and quietest avenues in the city, when suddenly and without warning a great hound sprang toward them. Mr. Brussent at once threw himself upon the beast to save his bride but he struggled against such odds that before help could arrive, the animal had torn out the young man's throat and vanished.

'The neighborhood was at once aroused; but the most diligent and anxious search failed to discover any further trace of the beast. No dog which could in any way answer to the hound which the bride described has, as far as can be known, ever been reported in the locality. The case is made still more mysterious by the positive statement of a veterinary and zoologist, who was called in at the inquest, that the wounds and marks upon the body of the deceased could not have been made

by any common dog or hound. The teeth of the animal, according to the statement of the expert, left traces corresponding most nearly to the sharp and narrow jaws of a wolf. However



"I RETURNED TO THE LAND OF MY FATHERS"

absurd the assumption that a wolf attacked Mr. Brussent upon a Norfolk highway, Dr. Busse reiterates his statement.

"The deceased was the son of—

"Richard, my Richard, was this you?"

* * * * *

(SECOND CLIPPING ATTACHED TO THE PAPERS OF JOHN BARON).

'WEDDED AND KILLED.

'Bridegroom Loses Life on Wedding Day

'Chicago, Sept—, 190—. Eight P. M. married. 11 P. M. slain. This is the epitome of the tragedy which horrified this city last night. On their way to the train from their wedding reception, Mr. and Mrs. Hollens, while being driven through the park, stepped a moment from their carriage. Scarcely had they passed behind a clump of bushes and out of sight of their coachman when the bride uttered a terrible cry which was followed at once by the howl of a wolf. As Walters, the driver, sprang from his box he saw a great shaggy beast tear down the bridegroom but before the coachman could reach the luckless groom, the wolf had slain young Hollens and disappeared.

'The incident reflects grave discredit upon the park authorities who have permitted such carelessness that a dangerous beast could break from the enclosures of the zoo. The animal keepers one and all deny that any of the wolves or other beasts escaped last night or is missing this morning. In the face of the evidence of Walters, the coachman, which is confirmed by the statement of the widowed bride, the denial of the animal keepers seems, however, to be perfunctory through fear of the consequences of their criminal carelessness'.

"Two are dead; the third—

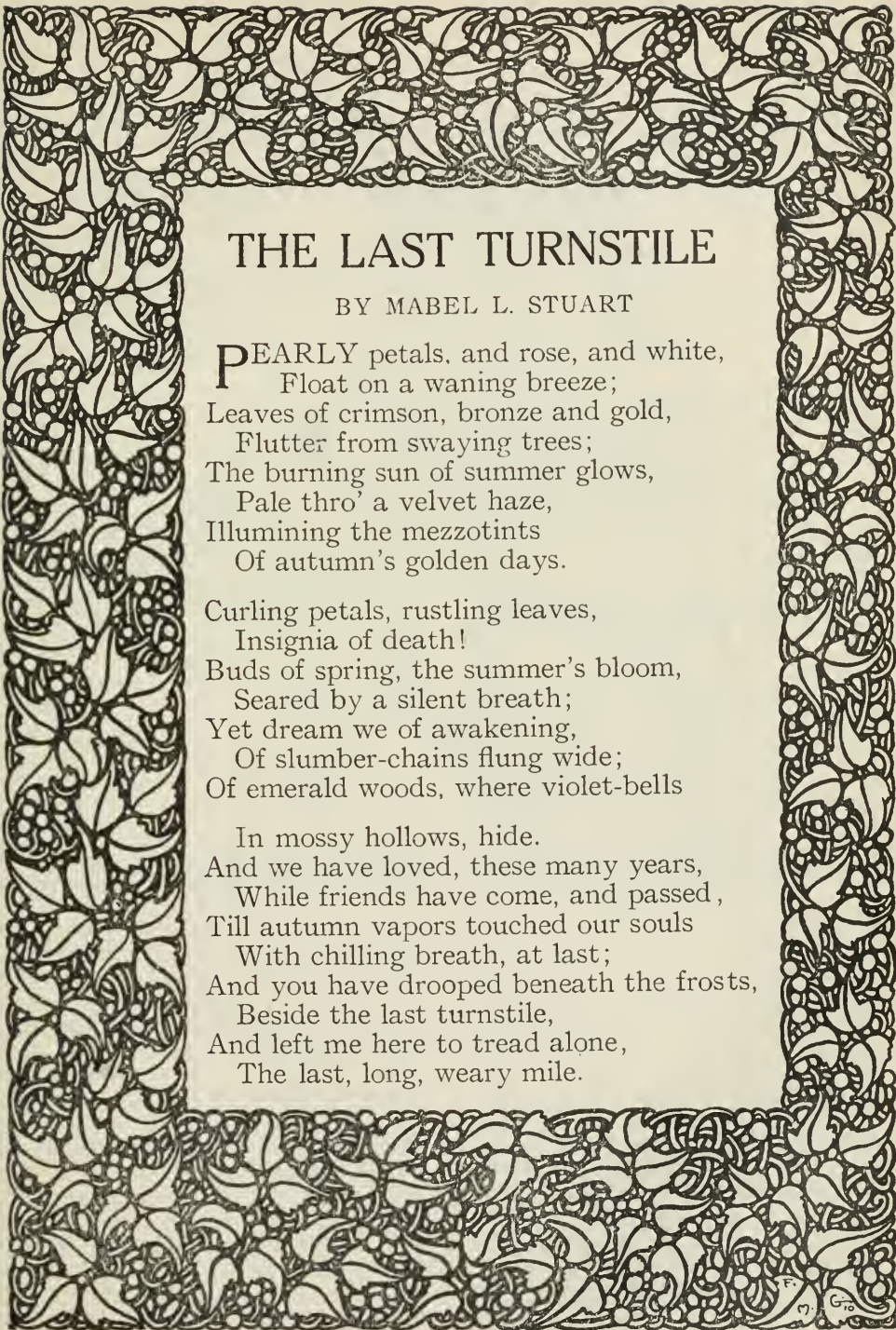
"Vindictive are the Powers of Evil, fixed is the fate of the stars. To-night I die. But what flash is that in the Eastern sky? A brighter moment, that is all, when new lamps are lighted in the revels of a metropolis. What

light is that to the north? Perchance the stable of some poor farmer burns. Darkness to the West. To the South?

"Laugh ye enlightened men. Laugh and pity me, ye conquerors of superstition. Laugh, ye sponsors of reason, who may read my story. Laugh; laugh ye all, lest they be your children who may not laugh. For the comet—the blazing rocket of the worlds—bursts forth in the Southern sky. The ever-moving fate shall come again. So laugh, if ye will, laugh. But tear from me the image that I hold. Let that portrait be like the card which marks a plague. Tell your children that another like her shall come; tell them to shun those features—

"I stop. The werewolf calls; to-night it comes to me. From where the clock may boom the fatal hour what threatening tone is that which strikes upon my ear?

"*One*—From the grave where the image stands, a film, a gauze, a veil, a shadow—*two*—a shadow, I say, only a shadow comes. It is nothing—*three*—an empty nothing, vain and harmless when unattached it comes—*four*—for five hundred years ago that which cast the shadow, that which never lived, never existed, died then—*five*—that could not hurt me being dead and its shadow is less mortal still—*six*—for it is less than nothing. The shadowed forms that children cast upon the walls, more deadly are than this—*seven*—for they are made by fingers before the candle flame while this is but the vain creation, the sick and orphaned fancy—*eight*—of a crazy brain; a brain begetting a thought to kill it: a thought like Oedipus yet a patricide—*nine*—to ancient myths and fancies, to folly, beliefs and fears my recreant mind does flee—*ten*—cowardly it flies and will not stay to help me fight this nothing. Oh traitor fool and silly mind—*eleven*—nothing, nothing, I say, nothing threatens, nothing can hurt: yet it comes, it comes. Ah! Ah! It comes and I—*tw*—*Lupe! Lupe! Audio! Veno, clamo tibi! I come!*"



THE LAST TURNSTILE

BY MABEL L. STUART

PEARLY petals, and rose, and white,
Float on a waning breeze;
Leaves of crimson, bronze and gold,
Flutter from swaying trees;
The burning sun of summer glows,
Pale thro' a velvet haze,
Illumining the mezzotints
Of autumn's golden days.

Curling petals, rustling leaves,
Insignia of death!
Buds of spring, the summer's bloom,
Seared by a silent breath;
Yet dream we of awakening,
Of slumber-chains flung wide;
Of emerald woods, where violet-bells

In mossy hollows, hide.
And we have loved, these many years,
While friends have come, and passed,
Till autumn vapors touched our souls
With chilling breath, at last;
And you have drooped beneath the frosts,
Beside the last turnstile,
And left me here to tread alone,
The last, long, weary mile.

THE REVEREND EBENEZER SPILLGATH AND MOSES

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "The Great American Pie Co.," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

REV. EBENEZER SPILLGATH of Betzville is in serious trouble with his congregation at present, and it all goes to show that one should not be too forward in the good work of smiting the wicked. It is all right to smite the wicked, for that is all the wicked are good for, but any one desiring to smite should be careful not to pick out a wicked that will smite back.

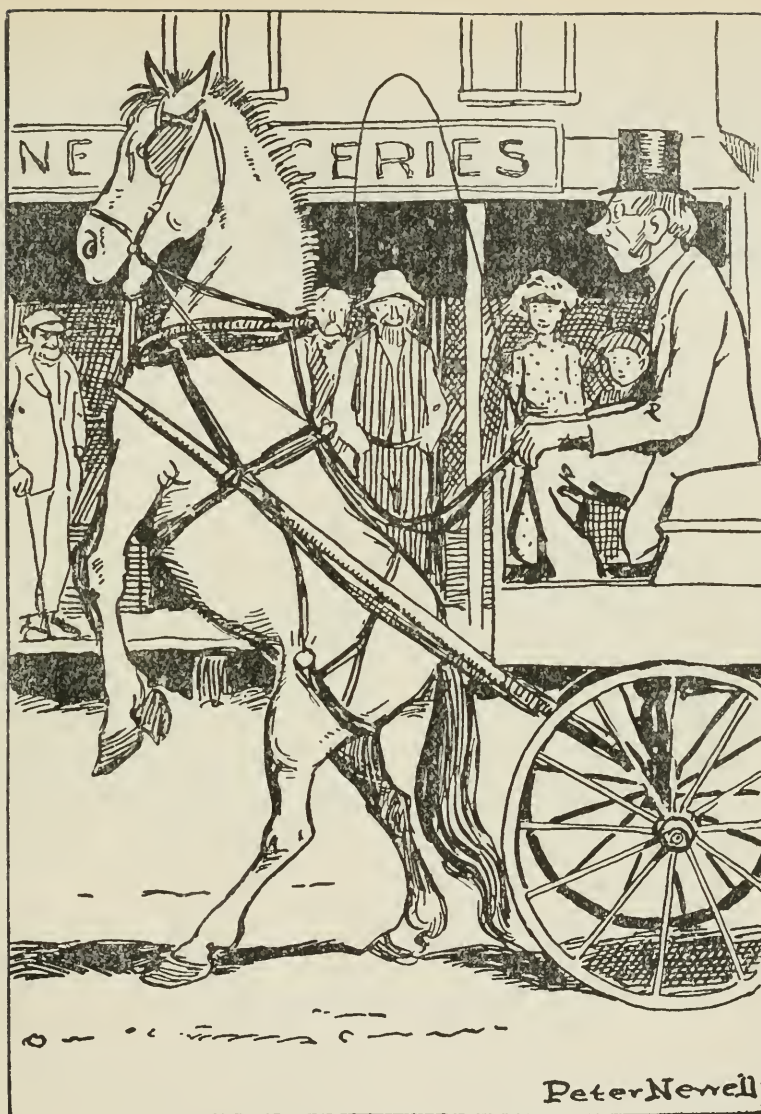
When Purdon's Three-Ring Circus and Unmentionably Great Menagerie was in town about a month ago, it happened to be here on Thursday, and Rev. Ebenezer was greatly angered to find that when he opened prayer-meeting that night he had the meeting entirely to himself, and he decided that as the Egyptians—so to speak—had spoiled his meeting, he would wreak vengeance on them and spoil the Egyptians. As the circus had moved on to Billingsville that night, Rev. Ebenezer harnessed up his mare Rebecca, and drove over, and on the way over he made up his mind how he would spoil the Egyptians. Rev. Mr. Spillgath is noted in this county as one of the most progressive and slick horse traders on earth, and he decided he would spoil the Egyptians in a horse trade. He was not aware, at that time, he says, that the Egyptians were just spoiling to be spoiled.

When Rev. Ebenezer returned to Betzville Friday evening, he no longer drove Rebecca, but a white horse, and he wore a smile that informed one and all that he felt he had successfully

spoiled the Egyptians and that he had spoiled them good and hard. Many were the congratulations he received from Uncle Ashdod Clute and other prominent citizens of Betzville, and he announced that it was his intention to call the horse, hitherto bearing the sinful name of Skeezeicks, by the more appropriate name of Moses.

The next morning Rev. Ebenezer harnessed Moses and started on one of his accustomed tours of mercy and business, since his salary compels him to peddle watermelons between his stops at the homes of the sick and soul-sad, and all went well until he reached Main street. Here he paused and entered into a controversy with Alderman Bud Winters, on the merits of free liquor as against the mulct tax, when, suddenly, Moses arose upon his hind legs, and stood gracefully balanced thus. It was a thrilling scene—Alderman Winters scooting elsewhere; Rev. Ebenezer exiting from his buggy head first, and Moses standing on his hind legs. All this, set against the background of the Bankrupt Store and the post office made one of the pictures that will go down in the history of Betzville forever.

As soon as Rev. Ebenezer regained his composure he examined Moses, and a very superficial examination proved that Moses was still standing on his rear legs. Nothing that Rev. Ebenezer could do would bring the horse to any other posture. The horse seemed to want to stand that way, and so it stood that way. If Rev.



MANY SAID IT WAS AS GOOD AS A CIRCUS.

Ebenezer ever became angry he came near it then, but a whip seemed to do not a bit of good, and when, with his patience quite exhausted, Rev. Ebenezer entered his buggy and whipped up, Moses went his way on his hind legs. Many said it was as good as a circus.

That night Moses slept in his stall on his hind legs, while Rev. Ebenezer lay awake wondering what had caused the beast to act in this strange way.

By daylight he decided that some word said in the presence of the horse must have been a signal for the act, and he proceeded to the barn and repeated to the horse, as nearly as possible, what he had said to Alderman Bud Winters. Nothing worth chronicling happened, and with a sad heart Rev. Ebenezer harnessed the upright horse and went his way.

At the corner of Main and Cross streets he met a large body of citizens,

all much interested, among whom was Alderman Bud Winters, and resuming the discussion of the day before, Alderman Winters expressed himself in his usual free and profane way. In the midst of the discussion Moses suddenly up-ended himself, with his rear legs in the air, and stood on his front hoofs. In vain did Rev. Ebenezer speak to the brute; he was compelled at last to continue his rounds with Moses walking on his fore feet. That night, and six nights thereafter, Moses slept in his stall with his rear hoofs against the rafters, and whenever Rev. Ebenezer went for a drive he was followed by a horde of interested parties. It was very annoying.

Nothing that Rev. Ebenezer could do seemed to have any effect on Moses, and the sight of the minister of the gospel driving a horse that was a permanent circus caused considerable scandal in these parts. Aunt Rhinocolura Betz, who is one of the best contributors in the congregation, gave notice that she was going to withdraw, and other leading society folks followed her example.

It was then that Rev. Ebenezer, driven to desperation, sent for Alder-

man Bud Winters. He had tried everything in his own vocabulary unavailingly, but the moment Alderman Winters opened his luxurious store of cuss words, the effect on Moses was instantaneous. For each variety of oath Moses performed a different act, and the only difficulty seemed to be that Alderman Winters did not have in stock the particular kind of swear that would make Moses act like a regular horse. The nearest he came to it was when he said, "Blankety blankety your blank hide!" At this Moses did a cake walk on four legs, and Rev. Ebenezer had to be satisfied with that. It was better than having a horse walk on its hands. But Rev. Ebenezer is a man of bulldog tenacity, and he is having Bud Williams come up to the barn every night and swear at Moses. He hopes some day Alderman Winters will swear Moses into a regulation horse.

The trouble is that the congregation knows it, and they are trying to decide whether they shall discharge Rev. Ebenezer for having profane language fired off by order in his barn, or discharge him for having a horse that does the cake walk.

A DEPARTURE

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

THE train pulls out across the dusk,
The winking tail-lights die,
Across the yards the whistles call,
"Who goes? Who stays? Good-bye!"

The sun sets red above the town,
The smoke hangs thick and gray,
And you must go across the world
Before the close of day.

And you must go, sweetheart, sweetheart!
The days go trailing by,
For you must go, and I must stay—
God keep you, dear. Good-bye!



WILD-WESTING AT BROOKS, ALBERTA, WITH FIVE THOUSAND CATTLE AS "SUPES"

HOW FILMS ARE MADE FOR THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

BY CURRIE LOVE

"**D**ID you know Jane Addams calls the nickel-show 'The House of Dreams'?" asked the moving picture actor, patting the sleeping-car pillow into place, and leaning back in the corner of the section.

"She hit it exactly right, too. The nickel-show is the House of Dreams to East Side New York and West Side Chicago, and 'most every town of three thousand all over North America. Sadie and Jim and Lena and Bill don't think much of the fried-potato reality they live in; there's too much work and too little lark and not an Indian or a duchess in the whole landscape. Like everybody else, they've got a notion of what they think things ought to be like to be fun,—their dream. They've only got about a thousand words or so in their vocabulary, and not very much imagination, and they don't know enough to spin dreams for themselves. So they go to the nickel-show and see maybe three or four different kinds of dreams for five cents. We're the fellows who have to get out and hustle the dream for Sadie and Jim—and it isn't such easy work living in a dream as you might think it would be. The commonest mistake made is to suppose the actor who poses for moving pictures has an easy time. His confreres in the dramatic world say: 'Why, he has no part to learn, no night

work, no costumes to buy, nothing to do but stand 'round and pose in front of a camera. It's a cinch!' It sounds like a cinch when you tell it that way, but as a matter of fact the moving picture actor has an exceedingly strenuous time, and he earns every cent of his fairly good salary.

"I first went into the moving picture business because I was out of a job. The show I was with was a failure and I found myself back in New York in January of a bad year with nothing new going out and everything old filled up with people who were hanging on for their lives. In common with most other dramatic people, I'd always looked down on 'picture work,' but needs must when you have a family to look after and you're the only wage earner, so I swallowed my reluctance and went to one of the big picture houses. I had a pretty good name as an actor, and I was signed as one of their 'stock company'. All the big picture firms keep a regular stock company to do principal parts and then just engage special people as you do 'supes' for a dramatic production. My salary was not quite as large as I had been receiving, but you understand it's cheaper to live in New York than on the road, and you have the certainty of continuous work with no danger of a two weeks' notice. Besides



ON THE "BIG HILL" TAKING PORTRAITS OF THE ROCKIES
—"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE"

it is worth something to have no night work and be able to spend some time with your family like other men.

"I still had my old contemptuous idea of 'nothing to do but pose in front of a camera,' but I soon found out my

mistake. Every morning at nine o'clock we were required to report at the studio, either by telephone or in person, and we were then told what our work would be for the day. Careful make-up was often necessary, for in one week a man may play widely divergent parts, a clubman, Indian, cowboy, miner or farmer. Naturally he must be a master of the art of make up, and be very careful how he puts it on, for the camera never lies and it exposes defects that the careless eye of an audience, with the footlights between, would be more than likely to miss.

"After making up and donning your costume, you go in to rehearse. A moving picture tableau is rehearsed almost as carefully as a scene in a drama. The stage director decides where each actor shall stand, and you go through your pantomime several times, perhaps, before he is satisfied. And I assure you, acting for the camera is really hard work. On the stage, you see, you have your voice, that medium which has made the fame of so many actors, and the tones, the inflections, the tricks of speech are the invaluable methods of expression. In motion pictures, you have to rely solely on facial expression and gesture, though



THE COW CATCHER OF A MOVING-PICTURE TRAIN IS GOOD FOR SOMETHING BESIDES SNATCHING BOSSY FROM CALAMITY

many of the best actors for the camera speak genuine lines, just as if they were doing a play, claiming that they are thereby aided in assuming the correct expression of countenance.

"The indoor scenes, however, are easy in comparison with the outdoor work. It makes no difference how long you've been before the public, you've no idea what a fool you feel in make up and some weird costume on the street, everyone staring and laughing and wondering which asylum you escaped from. On Broadway nobody has time to pay much attention to you, but in the small suburban towns around New York, where much of our work is done, it's awful. I remember once we did a scene on a ferry between New York and Jersey City. As usual, the boat was jammed with people, all of whom were much interested in a violent love scene I had with the leading lady. I shall never forget my mingled emotions when I heard a clear, girlish voice say, 'I must write to tell mother what an interesting trip this has been. Just think, a troop of performing monkeys, some dwarfs and moving picture actors on board!'

"In Bronx Park, where many of our outdoor scenes are played, because we can get almost any kind of scenery we want, the people are so used to us that I really believe you might murder a man in sight of the whole community and get off scot free. They'd yawn and say, 'Another moving picture'.

"Outdoor work is, of course, much more interesting than the ordinary cut and dried studio pictures, but it involves the performance of feats not only strenuous, but often dangerous. You must ride and swim, box and wrestle, and do all sorts of 'stunts' you would never be called upon to do in the 'legi-



THE LITTLE LEADING LADY DOING STUNTS FOR THE CAMERA ON THE "EMPRESS OF JAPAN"

timat'. Especially is this the case when we go out of New York on long trips through the country, for naturally, the object is to get as much characteristic scenery as possible, and in order to impart the element of 'human interest' to the story, we are often compelled to remarkable deeds.

"For instance, we did a big sea picture on a trip we made through Cuba, and one of the women in the company was forced to stay in the water an hour and a half, finally being washed up by the waves on the beach. You can imagine how wet and draggled and half dead she was when we fished her out.



A THRILLING MOMENT IN THE DRAMA

"This same little woman had a mountain climbing experience on a recent trip through Canada that she won't forget in a hurry. We had been engaged by the Canadian Pacific Railway to go through the Dominion, taking moving pictures to be shown all over the United States and Europe to advertise the country. We had a special train in charge of a railway official, who took care that we didn't miss any bets on the good points, and we surely took them all in. We rode with those champion riders of the plains, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, at Regina; we assisted in the

round up of five thousand cattle at Brooks where one of the girls in the company had donned a divided skirt and herded cattle with the men, and where, incidentally, we had been caught in an electric storm and had to drive fifteen miles in open rigs through thunder, lightning, and hail; we had a fight with the Indians at Calgary and I carried the bruise one brave gave me for a month. The old brute said suggestively, 'Ugh! Me kill, eh? Me kill?' I felt my scalp rising and you may be sure I got hold of a mounted policeman and asked him to explain it was only a 'pretend' kill. At Banff we did some wonderful swimming feats in the big pools there, we charged the buffalo in the National Park and did some riding through the mountain passes.

"But at Laggan we outdid ourselves by climbing 8,000 feet above sea level and nearly killing our leading lady. None of us knew anything about mountain climbing, so we dressed as for a pleasant afternoon stroll. The leading lady in her brown suede shoes, short brown velvet skirt and jaunty Tyrolean hat looked charming for a stage mountain climbing scene. But the Swiss guide

(genuine, variety) we had with us glanced dubiously at the suede shoes and muttered under his breath.

"Nobody noticed him, however, and we set forth gaily. After about an hour's climbing we were not quite so gay and at the second hour when the leading lady had been fished out of a crevasse, very wet and very cold, and everybody had floundered into snow up to his knees, why, nobody was what you might even call cheerful.

"When we arrived at the top of the glacier on Mount Lefroy, the leading lady made herself a little colder and wetter by rolling down the cliff to the

ledge beneath for the benefit of the camera. If she had dislodged enough snow I suppose we should all have been in more or less danger, but fortunately she is a little woman and she accomplished the roll without worrying anybody.

"Plucky little woman she is! Never turns a hair at her own danger, but nearly goes crazy when her husband, also a member of the company, has to perform. At Field we took a twenty-four mile trip on a flat car ahead of the engine, to get a panorama of the mountains. When we arrived at a little town called Hector, her husband had to do some stunts on top of a run-away freight car, and the little woman was scared out of her life. I thought she'd have a nervous collapse on the spot.

"At Vancouver, her husband was supposed to fall down the hold of the big steamship, the 'Empress of Japan'. Of course they threw down a dummy, but they hauled the real man up by means of a pulley and chain, and his wife stood there in utter terror lest the chain or something should break.

"At Victoria we did a big salmon fishing picture, which necessitated our



NO, NOT LUMBER JACKS — ONLY A MOVING PICTURE SCENE—BUT THE ACTOR'S MUSCLES ARE JUST AS SORE NEXT MORNING AS THOUGH IT WERE REAL



IF YOU THINK IT IS EASY TO PLAY YOUR PART IN THAT AVALANCHE OF SLIPPERY, SLIDING, SMELLY SALMON, WITH THE BOAT ROCKING BENEATH YOU—JUST TRY IT

getting up at five in the morning to go out with the fishing barge. When we arrived at the scene of conflict we had to pull up the net, and then get down among thousands of salmon at the bottom of the barge, and if you think it was easy to play your part in that avalanche of slippery, sliding, smelly fish with the boat pitching and tossing underneath you, making you wish you were in your snug, warm bed at home—well, you just try it. I'd be willing to wager you'd think the moving picture actor earned his salary.

§. "You know I could go on and tell you hundreds of instances like this, but I think perhaps you'll have more respect

for the motion picture actor now, and that's what I wanted. It is becoming a very important phase of dramatic art in these days when the average man can't afford two dollars for a good seat and won't sit in a cheap seat in a first class theatre. People are being forced into cheap amusements, and the picture theatre fills the bill. An increasingly better class of actors is producing an increasingly better class of pictures, and in this age when we all demand novelty and a certain amount of sensationalism in both our fiction and drama, the motion picture actor has to possess not only art, but courage."

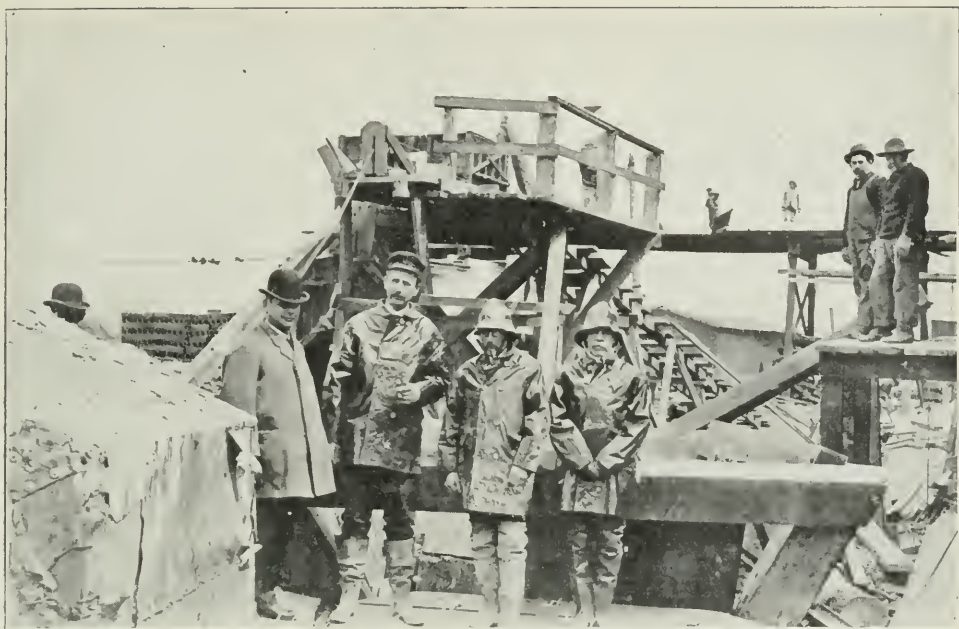
A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

A BEAUTIFUL morning! How clean and how clear
 The glow of the sun in the valley;
 How wondrous the songs of the birds that we hear
 As vibrant they rise and they rally!
 What now of the gloom of the night that is gone,
 The hush that was tense as a warning?
 There's laughter and life in the light of the dawn
 Since God sends a beautiful morning.

A song on the lips, newer faith in the soul,
 And a falling away of all sadness
 When dawn sends the gleam of its unfolding scroll
 Full-writ with the message of gladness.
 It drives all the dinginess out of the street,
 It wakens the sweetness long hidden.
 And melodies rise with a rhythmical beat
 Of music that murmurs unbidden.

A beautiful morning! Ah, when you are through
 With life—but a waking and sleeping—
 May marvellous glints fill the wonderful blue
 Where colors of glory are sweeping.
 Aye, done with the day of this world, with its fears,
 Its babbling and fretting and scorning.
 As after a night of vague dreams and of tears,
 God send you a beautiful morning.



A CHARACTERISTIC SNAPSHOT OF KINNEAR ON THE JOB

THE MAN WHO STUCK TO THE JOB

BY MAUD M. FESSANT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IF WILSON S. KINNEAR should ever lose his temper, goodness only knows what the consequences might be. Incidentally, he never does—but there is always the possibility of the *if*. Physically and mentally, he is a giant. He stands six feet four inches, wears a hat that would lose an ordinary man, has hands that are large, brown, bony and powerful, and the ink from his pen gives a signature that is broad and bold—the power of his mind and body finds expression in every letter. He strikes you as a great power under perfect control, and when he says “No,” a question of doubt is never raised.

A certain admirer said: “You will never understand Kinnear’s force unless you consider first of all his big Roman nose. That Kinnear nose—what power it expresses, what energy to battle down difficulties! The Kin-

near nose is the nose of the warrior, the leader, the pioneer. It is a combative nose. The man with that nose commands at all times. To the last ditch he is aggressive. And he has, withal, enough esteem to hold himself up. Kinnear has a large, high head. He is ambitious, firm, proud, honest—often dogmatic.

Mr. Kinnear looked upon the building of this tunnel as he would upon any other task. All of his life he has been engaged simply in two things—taking orders, giving orders. He is intensely practical. Everything in his life is like a sum of arithmetic. Things must be added correctly and checked. They must balance to a cent. It is doubtful if he ever read a book of poetry in his life. In college he cut every course that didn’t have to do with mathematics. Facts, facts, facts—there’s your Kinnear. No French for him; no

smattering of Greek; no amateur knowledge of how to identify beetles; no dabbling in chemistry. All his life he has been concentrating that big, craig-like Scotch-Irish head over books about engineering; and he has gone far afield in the actual work of grading, leveling, pulling, hauling. The mere volume of work Kinnear has done is exceptional, and at the early age of forty-five, he is already at the top of his profession.

For example, let us consider the \$8,000,000 Detroit River Tunnel, built by Kinnear, and recently opened to traffic. One day a certain man—Ledyard, his name was—happened to remark that Kinnear should build the tunnel, and Ledyard being what he was to the tunnel, and Kinnear being what he was to any difficult piece of work, that settled it. Kinnear was used to having things come suddenly, and without wasting a word or a minute, he went on the job. Building the tunnel has taken years and millions and more than one life, and all the time Kinnear has been the responsible head, the brains to plan, the will to execute, the eyes to see that the work was done.

Kinnear is a man's man. He has lived much in the open, under the sky, in camp, carrying his revolver, constantly expecting trouble, quarrelling with half-breeds, arguing with capitalists, planning, executing, meeting emergencies on sea and shore—there's your Kinnear. He is a man who gets at men's heart strings. Yet he does it without recourse to cocktails, club life, and all the things that men ordinarily hold dear. Every night of his life he is in bed at eleven o'clock. He is as steady as an eight-day clock; yet men stand by him, admire him.

Everything about Kinnear says plainly that he was born an engineer. All his life he has shown the mathematical bent. The toy wind-mill on the barn, the sled of his own building, the tiny water-wheel in the brook pointed to larger engineering triumphs in later years. Father, grandfather and great-grandfather were surveyors.

Kinnear was born in Ohio, but at the age of four was taken by his parents to the hamlet of Ottawa, Kansas. That

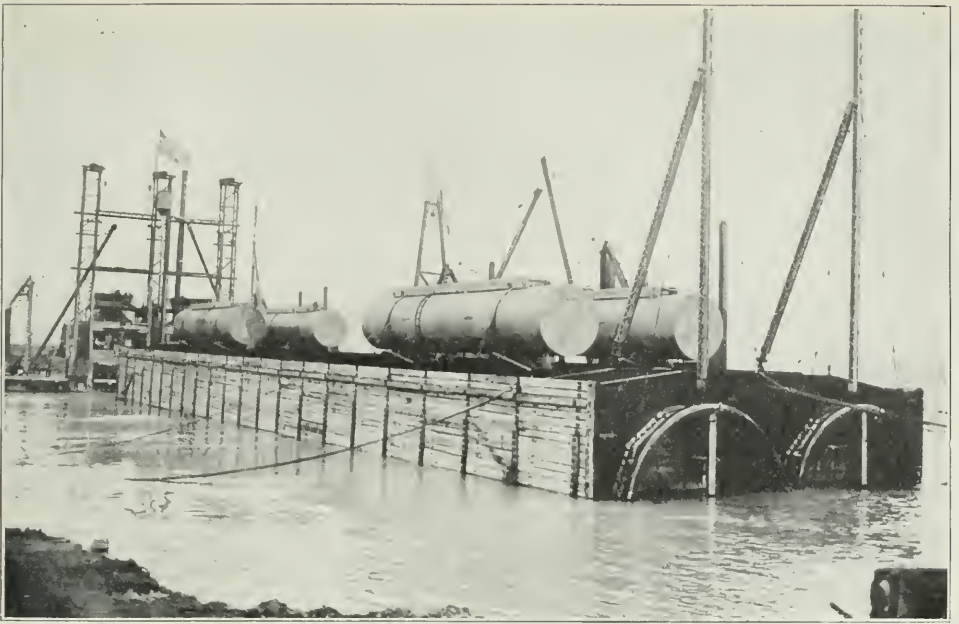
was about forty years ago, at a time when Kansas was just settling up. The pioneers were breaking land. The Kinnears, like the rest, had a hard time to get along. From the day he was large enough to help, young Kinnear was his father's companion on surveying tours. Father and son went over the prairies laying out land.

Kinnear took the four-year course of study at the State University of Kansas, in three; then quit college and went with a Santa Fé surveying party. Here he got his first experience in actual railroad building. For six years he roughed it in the West. Finally he became division engineer of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé, and he pushed the road northward through Indian Territory toward Topeka. During the day he was in the saddle; at night he slept on the ground wherever he happened to be.

Soon after, Kinnear was tossed to the other side of the globe. The North and South Improvement Company wished to build 700 miles of railroad in Chili, and sent Kinnear as associate engineer. After he had been there awhile, he was made engineer-in-charge. It was at the time of Balmaceda, and the spirit of revolution was in the air.

The former plainsman and rough rider now found it necessary to play another part, in which figured the donning of a dress suit, wearing a silk hat and carrying a cane. He did not omit the precaution of having handy in his hip pocket an American "44".

You see, there were all sorts of troubles ahead—political, social and business. There was small chance that the "N. & S." owners would ever see their money again. Rascally contractors were robbing the New York stockholders. Over all hung the Chilean war cloud. There was a conspiracy afoot to bankrupt the "N. & S." treasury. Kinnear found it out. It was loot, loot, loot; everybody wanted loot! There was something in Kinnear's six-foot-four that had a quieting influence on the passions of the gang. Many disorderly scenes took place, but the glitter of Kinnear's gray eyes and the nickel-plated American "44" had a splendid moral effect.



SINKING THE LAST TWO SECTIONS OF THE TUNNEL



A SECTION OF TUBING LEAVING THE WAYS

The conspirators next began stealing the maps and charts, and finally Kinnear hit upon the plan of having a secret sign or token, placed after his signature, or in a certain corner of each paper. If Kinnear's cabalistic mark was not in plain view, the Company's treasurer knew what to do. Matters went from bad to worse; the Balmece War coming on contributed to upset all plans.

In the quaint old city of St. James, or Santiago, Chili, Mr. Kinnear lived at the Hotel Odo. He found Santiago cosmopolitan, with a decided Spanish flavor. Kinnear was now seen each evening, slowly strolling the Alameda, Santiago's principal boulevard, the lounging place of the fashionable throng. The ladies wore French toilettes, the gentlemen were in military or other dignified dress. Kinnear mingled on even terms with senators and other Chilean gentry; it was Kinnear's first job of engineering in which cravats counted more than blueprints.

Alas, the "N. & S" Company was about to give it up. Through good fortune Kinnear closed his account, got together a few hundred dollars and decided to quit the country. He sailed in a French steamer bound for Havre, France, and after a few weeks in Paris and London, made up his mind to return to the United States.

Kinnear landed in New York with just \$100.00. It vanished like mist before the rising sun. What now?

This is your engineering life—here to-day, gone to-morrow; from one side of the world to the other; one foot on shore, one on the sea. After seven years of privations, life on the desert, in California, in Indian Territory, in Oklahoma, in Chili, fighting thieves, riding the ranges, sleeping in holes in the ground, and, last scene of all, playing the fine gentleman with the "44" in his hip pocket—Kinnear found himself "dead-broke".

Kinnear was now on the edge of a career destined to broaden more and more. He had "struck his gait". A fine opening with the Michigan Central brought him to St. Thomas, Canada. Canada was his land of golden opportunity for this position was a stepping-

stone to all his future successful career. This was in 1890. Soon, he was engaged to take charge of the construction of the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo railroad; and in 1898 he went to Detroit as the principal assistant engineer; then followed promotion as assistant superintendent of the Canadian Division; in 1902, he was appointed assistant general superintendent, operating department; and in August, 1902, Kinnear became chief engineer; he also holds the office of assistant general manager; besides was selected to build the Detroit River Tunnel.

He spends his leisure time playing golf, rain or shine; and a worthy antagonist he makes. He has a fondness for baseball and recalls early triumphs when he played first base at Lawrence University, twenty-five years ago.

It is said by those who know him best that Mr. Kinnear is a man in whom one is continually finding new qualities of greatness. He is the staunchest friend I have ever known a man to have. Disappointed and deceived, he has stuck to some men beyond an ordinary man's understanding. He has been charitable to their shortcomings. It is his nature to be big, broad and clean. He does not seem to understand that mean qualities exist. His family circle reflects the character of the man—it is clean, bright and wholesome. He handles men with a kind, firm hand. The physician to the Detroit River Tunnel told me that Mr. Kinnear said: "Doctor, look after those boys as if they were your brothers. Do not be afraid to ask for anything you want." The men appreciate Mr. Kinnear. A short time ago they gave a complimentary dinner at the Hotel Cadillac, and presented him with a portfolio containing their photographs, "To the chief, from the men on the job."

Mr. Kinnear's daring achievement, the construction of the Detroit River Tunnel, will stand as one of the most striking pieces of engineering of the present day. It is one of the longest submarine tunnels in the world, a double one, comprised of two separate tubes, the one having the track for east

bound trains and the other for west bound. The total length of the tunnel is about 8,000 feet and, of this, 2,600 feet is under the river. It is this portion under the river which is most interesting, owing to the fact that an entirely new mode of construction was adopted. Roughly, this was the new method on which men staked their reputations and risked millions of dollars. It might succeed, said the experts who looked over the plans; it might not. But Kinnear doesn't deal in might's and mightn't's—it should succeed, said he—and succeed it did.

To make the crossing beneath the river, immense steel tubes were constructed at St. Clair, Michigan.

These tubes were 260 feet in length and were composed of steel plate three-eighths of an inch in thickness. On the outside of the tubes at every distance of eleven and a half feet, there were transverse diaphragms, which strengthened the tubes and formed pockets which later were to be filled with cement. The sections were then boarded up on all sides with heavy planking and the tubes closed in at the ends, so they would float.

The ten double sections necessary to make the crossing were then launched,



THE MAN WITH THAT NOSE COMMANDS AT ALL TIMES

one at a time, and towed down the river to Detroit.

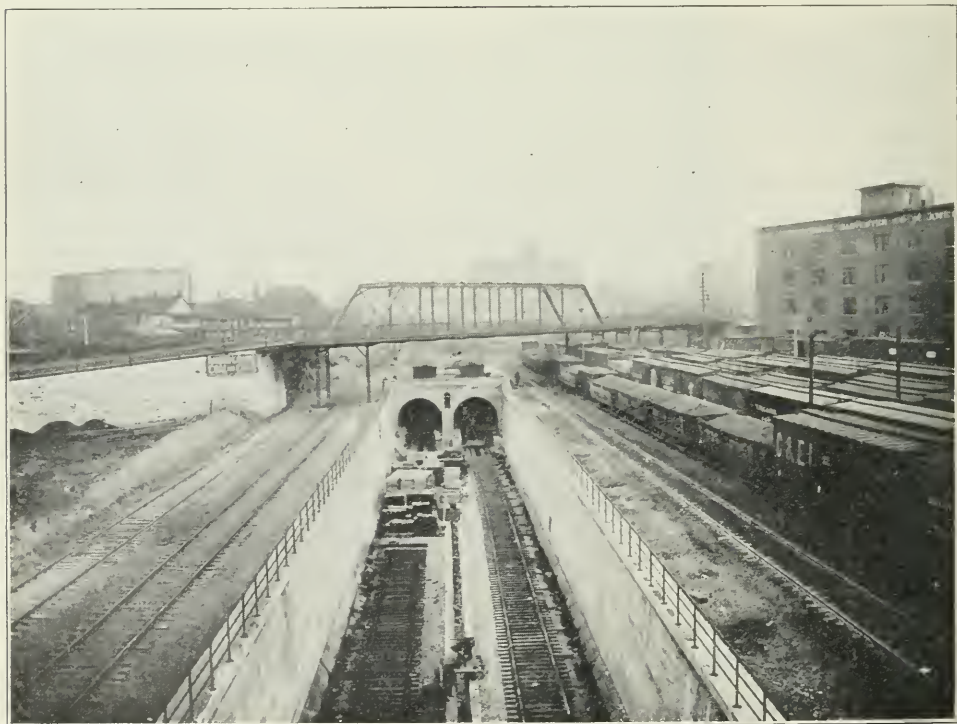
The bottom of the river had been prepared by dredging to the depth of thirty feet, and the building of concrete piers, upon which the tubes were to rest. The section was then floated over the spot where it was to be submerged, securely anchored and the water was admitted through the valves at both ends of the double tubes simultaneously. They were thus gradually filled and sunk to the strong foundation prepared. The next section was then

moored and sunk, and the alignment having been made perfect, divers bolted the flange of the one tube to the corresponding flange of the tube next in line. Concrete was then poured around the tubes, all the pockets formed by the diaphragms being filled separately, and all the space between the tubes and between the tubes and the planking.

When the tubes were pumped clear of water, they were lined with reinforced cement of a thickness of twenty inches, so that the steel tubes were really only the forms around which a tunnel was constructed more durable than if driven through solid rock.

What the daily difficulties, obstacles, unforeseen troubles and delays mean in work of this kind, no one knows but

the man on the job—and he must know every detail of the whole thing as another man knows the palm of his hand, or the size of his bank balance. Problems arise to be solved on the instant, problems on whose correct solution may hinge thousands of dollars or a hundred lives; delays must be checked; obstacles circumvented; a thousand and one things done that need unerring judgment, unswerving coolness, and strength of both body and mind. Kinnear was the man who solved and circumvented and decided, and to Kinnear is due the achievement of those three-eighth-inch plates of steel and twenty inches of cement under the placid waters of the Detroit River. The man on the job—that's Kinnear!



TO KINNEAR IS DUE THOSE THREE-EIGHTH INCH PLATES OF STEEL AND TWENTY INCHES OF CEMENT UNDER THE DETROIT RIVER

AN UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

BY W. LACEY AMY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. A. MACLELLAN

This is the third of a series of five stories dealing with the business adventures of a feminine commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house and in direct competition with her husband, the salesman for a rival firm.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE knocking of the bell boy at her door and his "seven-thirty" were the first things Mary D. heard one Monday morning at her Toronto stopping place, the Palmer House.

She wasn't a bit anxious to obey the summons, and lay there yawning and figuring out how much more bed she could allow herself and still catch the nine o'clock train. She was unusually tired and sleepy as she had been up until after one repacking her sample case and trunk. That day she intended to make direct for Stratford and had rearranged her hand case in deference to the fancies of a good customer there. Much of the usual contents of her case she knew would be of no interest to him, and their place could be more profitably filled with a greater variety of semi-precious stone pieces from her trunk. It was a long job and a nervous one, as she fancied from a short talk she had with Marly during the preceding week that he had plans for the coming week that included Stratford, and as that city was the largest in the week's route, it was natural to suppose that he would make directly there.

Main & Co. had improved their designs of late, until it was no easy task to outrival Marly with his new lines. The war of wits was keener, and her former carelessness and confidence in her ability to outsell him through her sharpness and her better designs was not so great a sustaining force. Marly, too, seemed to be infected with a greater belief in his own powers, through the undoubtedly improved samples he was able to show. He had filled the Frame order taken with her

samples, and two weeks afterwards had a completely new line of samples that had impelled her to wire to her firm to send the newest things they had designed.

Since the Frame incident they had met several times, and both had scored victories. But there was a difference in their relative positions. Marly's victories and increased confidence seemed to be plucked from her make-up in some way, for as Marly grew more independent and confident, she became correspondingly uncomfortable, and instead of trusting to luck and her own wits to keep her ahead, she found herself watching him with a strain that further wore upon her. She felt sure Marly saw this, and her inability to throw the feeling off was making her fight harder every day.

She began to realize that while a woman may shine in business for a brief space, she has not the nerve to endure the suspense and strain of continued business worries, as has a man. To him it comes naturally: in woman the instinct does not exist, and natural cleverness, however superior, does not take the place of instinct. The necessary watching of the one precludes the rest that commercial life demands.

However, she had to get up, and with a big display of energy to throw off her sleepiness, she busied herself with her dressing. A knock came to the door.

"Messenger for you," said the voice of the bell boy, and Mary D. looked out and saw a telegraph messenger.

Seizing the message, she tore it open and read:

"Call at Best & Co., Seaforth, first. Have rush order to give.—Myers."



MARLY LEANED FORWARD TO FOLLOW HER FINGER

The spelling of "Myers" caught her eye, and she smiled at the mistake of the telegraph office, as Miers hated above all things the misspelling of his name.

The message meant little to her as she could go to Seaforth as conveniently as to Stratford. But then she thought of Marly getting in ahead of her, and of the repacked sample case for the Stratford firm. She determined she would ignore Miers' message and say she couldn't change her plans at that late hour. And, anyway, she could see Best & Co. within a couple of days.

She just wouldn't repack her sample case, and at any rate she hadn't time before the train.

At 8.50 she bought her ticket for Stratford, and chose a double seat, so that she could make herself comfortable for a long sleep. The entrance of Marly did not surprise her, nor did his cool selection of the seat facing her. Marly never fought shy of her. He seemed to forget his forfeiture of the

position of husband, and to have adopted her only as a very congenial friend. His embarrassment at acting as a friend with his wife seemed to have passed away entirely. This was probably a direct result of his increased belief in himself and diminished fear of her. He never called her other than "Mary D." or occasionally simply Mary. Not an evidence of their relationship was given, and she believed that of late it was much more in her mind than in his.

"Where now?" he asked, after the first greeting.

"Stratford," she answered. She saw a slight change in his expression, but was too dreamily careless to attach any significance to it at the moment.

Suddenly the spelling of Miers' name came to her, for no evident reason. She looked at Marly more attentively and recognized something more than ordinary in Marly's look.

A suspicion flashed upon her, and she asked as a lead, "You're Stratford, too,

I suppose? I think I heard you place it in your plans last week. Well, Marly, there's not much for you in Stratford. I'm laying myself out for to-day, and you know Stratford is my town."

"As I have told you before, Mary D.," he answered, smiling, "you can't be so sure of any of the towns as you were. Main & Co. is about IT now, and I guess the oddity of skirts selling jewelry is wearing off a little."

"Oh, Flank & Miers have still many trumps up their sleeve." She leaned back carelessly and put her hand up to the window as if to brush off the steam. Then her finger took a definite movement.

Marly almost unconsciously leaned forward a little where he could follow her finger. In the steam on the glass he read, "Main & Co. 1900 jewellers in 1906".

Without appearing to notice it he settled back in his corner, and raising his hand to his window moved it along the pane. Mary D. let her shoulders slip along the cushion as if carelessly, but conspicuously enough to show Marly that she was looking. On the glass appeared the words, "Flank & Myers, the exhausted manipulators".

"Marly," suddenly said Mary D., "when you send me a message again be more certain of your spelling. Miers is M-i-e-r-s".

And Marly, after a moment, only laughed and said he was sorry she hadn't even a chance to get a rush order from Best & Co.

But a tension continued in the air and each knew that the other was looking for an opportunity to score, as they had never done before. The day in Stratford brought good business to both. Mary D. approached her customers with her old-time confidence and made out long order sheets before they realized how extensively they were buying. On the other hand, Marly worked vigorously and doggedly, his old-time zeal combined with his new determination.

The next morning both were leaving for Listowel. The train left Stratford at 6.30, and calls had to be left at the



THE FIRST THING HE HEARD IN THE MORNING WAS
THE SOUND OF WHEELS

office. The system of calls at the hotel consisted of a board with a series of hours printed on it, and below each was a small hook. At the side on a large nail hung a brass plate for each room number. To get a call at any hour, the guest simply hung the plate with the

number of his room on the hook of the time at which he desired to be roused. The clerk attended to the rest.

Marly retired early after a day that had somehow been a greater strain than usual. Simmons, of Healy & Co., had been in town also and was going on to Listowel, and the opposition was keen. He left a call for 5.45, intending to have breakfast at Listowel. As he was returning from the bathroom with a pitcher of hot water for his shaving, he saw Mary D. come upstairs, and the look on her face as he suddenly came upon her made him wonder what she was up to now. Something was in the air; it was easy to see from her start and from the quickness of her pace down the hall ahead of him. He thought of everything which could give her a chance. He knew she had it in for him for his attempt to turn her off from Stratford to Seaforth. Even after he got in bed he lay awake with a feeling of uneasiness at the look on Mary D.'s face.

The first thing he heard in the morning was the sound of wheels. Jumping from his bed he saw the hotel bus starting off with three figures wrapped up from the early morning fall air. Was not one of the occupants of the bus Mary D.? In the dim light of the street he fancied he saw her glance up at his window. He turned to his watch—6.20!

Hastily ringing for the bell boy, he hustled into his clothes. The boy knocked and sleepily stood listening as Marly started to lecture him, while buttoning his suspenders. Why had he not been called? What kind of a hotel did they run anyway? The boy left to find out from the clerk what was the matter. In a minute he came back with the information that the call for 16 was up for 7 a.m.

And Marly knew why Mary D. looked guilty the night before when he met her on the stairs. While he was thinking the whistle of the train was heard, and he sat down on the bed to decide what to do next.

An idea came to him that would give Mary D. only a very short start on him in Listowel. Continuing his dressing, he was soon prepared for the street, and

stepping out into the dawning day, he walked briskly towards the residential section. A ring at the doorbell of a large brick house showing all the evidences of wealth and refinement, brought a maid to the door, and in answer to his inquiry for Mr. Watson on urgent business, his card soon brought down a middle-aged man in a dressing gown. Marly found a sympathetic but amused listener, and one who was willing to join in any plan with boyish abandon.

In a half hour a big silver finished automobile was puffing at the door of the hotel, while Marly ran down the steps and jumped into the front seat beside the same middle-aged man who had told Marly to count on him for a day's fun. A few minutes later they were speeding swiftly over good country roads at a rate several miles ahead of what the Provincial legislators had set down as dignified and safe. Something over an hour later they stopped at the Arlington Hotel in Listowel, and Marly bounded up the stairs. On a blackboard at the office desk, there appeared: "Train from east five hours late," and he learned that a freight run-off at Arbright, a small station eight miles east, had held up traffic for at least five hours. An auxiliary had come out from Stratford, but a dozen cars had piled up and torn up a hundred yards of track.

Marly sat down suddenly under the relief of the strain, while Mr. Watson looked more amused when he saw how seriously Marly had been taking the incident. "Well, you're safe now," Mr. Watson said. "I'll be in town the rest of the day, I guess, and will see you later."

Marly just nodded, for he could take in nothing but that he had beaten Mary D. out at her own game. But with the knowledge that he was ahead, he missed the excitement of the personal encounter, which was far more interesting, after all. He was sure of a good share of business, and felt satisfaction at that, but it was now so easy that there seemed no triumph in it.

A few minutes later he picked up his sample case and visited one of the merchants. The order that greeted

him was surprisingly large. But he wasn't comfortable. He went back to the hotel, enquired for any later information about the train, and then went around to another store. Again he was gratified by the size of the order. There were still two jewellers, and both of these had always been inclined to favor Flank & Miers.

For a few minutes he walked up and down, aimlessly. Then suddenly a "chug-chug" up the street and the sight of his friend's car made him start. Waving his hand, he ran out to the auto, jumped in and leaning excitedly towards his friend, he asked: "How quickly can you make Arbright?"

"Let's see, that must be about eight miles away. Oh, I could get you out there in about twenty minutes if you're in a hurry. But what in thunder do you want there? There's no jeweller there."

"Never mind, Watson," said Marly, and his eyes flashed, making him much more interesting to his friend. "Slope your other business and run me out there in a hurry. There's a reason."

"One would think you were a patent breakfast food man," laughed Mr. Watson, but he put on the high power and for fifteen minutes they scorched. Then ahead of them they saw a jumble of freight cars, and two or three engines and a crowd of men came into view as they drew nearer. At one side sitting on a pile of telegraph poles, her head on her hands, and her eyes unseeingly fixed on the panting engines, sat a figure in checked skirt and velvet waist. The curly, short brown hair was more ruffled than usual, and an air of abandon pervaded the whole figure.

"There!" said Marly, shortly, pointing at Mary D.

His friend turned the wheel and the



SITTING ON A PILE OF TELEGRAPH POLES, WITH HER HEAD IN HER HANDS

car was close beside the pile of poles before the seated figure heard it in the noise of shunting engines and shouting men.

Marly stepped out and raised his hat, while a look almost of terror and then of something akin to joy, suffused his wife's face.

"Won't you come with us, Mary?" he said.

"It would be a pleasure, Marly," she answered, looking more closely at him to see how much he knew. "The excitement of a wreck wears off when you have to sit and watch it for four long hours, with no prospects of a bite to eat for a couple more. It was kind of you to do it, Marly, after——"

But he cut her short. "You see, I knew Simmons was on board, and I had seen my men in Listowel, and there was still a long wait for the train, and I knew you would like to see Heath and Yates before Simmons, and Watson here was awfully kind, and—well, it's nicer riding in an automobile than a train any day. Don't you think so?"

And Mary's smile said she did.

THE COUNTRY PRESS OF WESTERN CANADA

BY FLORA BALDWIN

“**T**IS pleasant sure to see one's name in print,” Byron said, and from what we know of human nature in general, the poet was not indulging in any poetic license. It is something of the same feeling that makes people want to see a printed account of happenings of which they know every detail, or in which they took part. The man who is present at a St. Andrew's dinner buys an extra paper to read about the whole performance, though he knows every detail as only a spectator can. The woman who has been at a tea and has learned precisely what style of clothes every other woman wore, turns first thing to the social column, and takes more interest in that particular item than in the dozen other accounts whose statements would be all fresh news to her.

Why?

Not even the editor pretends to know.

And in this “whimsy” of human nature is the stronghold of the editor who would make his paper a success, whether said paper issue two editions a day or one a week—allege samee. But it is especially true in the case of the weekly papers, issued in small towns and drawing largely on the surrounding country for subscribers. The local news of the week isn't news at all to most of the subscribers when it appears in print; and if the incident is unknown the place and the performers are familiar—but those seem to be only added attractions. The editor cannot go far wrong if he devotes big space to all the local news he can hunt up, even if outside stuff has to be cut down. This state of mind is common to man-

kind, and Western Canadian readers are very human.

The first newspaper published in British North America was the Halifax Gazette, whose initial number appeared on March 23rd, 1752. It was not until 1840 that a daily Canadian paper was printed, the first being the Montreal Advocate. Nowadays every little town has one paper and perhaps two, while bigger towns and cities have daily editions. In the West particularly is noticed the prevalence of the newspaper. The home product is abundant and there are importations from the east and south and from across the sea.

There are at present some three hundred and twenty-seven weeklies published in Western Canada, Manitoba standing first among the four Provinces in this respect, though British Columbia heads the list for dailies, with nearly a third of the total thirty. The monthlies equal the dailies in number. That is a fairly good supply for our million and a quarter of people.

A sentence or two can profitably be devoted to the nomenclature of some of these papers. Some of them are “bromidy” enough—there is always a Free Press, a Gazette, an Observer, or a Chronicle in any Anglo-Saxon community, and Suns and Moons and Stars are common constellations in the newspaper sky. But the originality and appropriateness of some of the Western Canadian papers must be acknowledged. Crag and Canyon, Rocky Mountain Echo, Chinook, mean something and only an ignoramus could mislocate them. What about the suitability and picturesqueness of the Saturday Sunset, Raymond Rustler and the Wheat Belt Review? The

very names are features in the success of the paper—and very attractive features, too. The Silent Echo is the striking but rather pitiful title of the paper published by the deaf mutes in Winnipeg, and Progress is the ambitious cognomen of the organ of the Industrial School for Indian Boys and Girls at Regina. "What's in a name?" A great deal when it is a paper's name. Just a short time ago, when Grand Trunk Pacific officials were prowling around away up the Skeena River in British Columbia—get out your maps; you'll need to know just where that river is some day—they found a newspaper in the lusty infant stage. It had been christened and could crow. The circulation of the Canyon Herald is about four hundred—a dozen paid-up subs among them, and the rest are used for advertising the rich valley of that district. The editor is a Jones and an optimist.

Some of these papers date back a great deal farther than the unthinking would imagine, whose minds are filled with the newness of Western Canada. Of course some of the Pacific Coast papers—now dailies—began as far back as half a century ago, the Colonist, for instance, being first issued in 1858, and the Columbian in 1860. But this was a corner of fairly settled country before anybody thought of settlements on the prairie. Just fifty years ago the first paper appeared in Winnipeg—in fact, before it was Winnipeg. Three adventurous spirits from Ontario undertook to publish the Nor' Wester in Fort Garry in 1859. The printing plant came by way of St. Paul and from that place was brought by ox teams in Red River carts. The first issue appeared between Christmas and New Year, 1859. It was a four page weekly, full of news, for Fort Garry, though small, was the chief post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The pioneer country printing press is that of the Saskatchewan Herald, which has been printed by the Lauries in Battleford ever since 1878. The story of the transportation of that press from Winnipeg to Battleford is an epitome of the vicissitudes of pioneer travelling and carrying in Western Canada. The back files of the Herald

shed some interesting light on the early history of that part of the country. In an issue of twenty-five years ago, we get this glimpse of the beginning of the Rebellion of 1885: "Louis Riel is visiting all the settlements at Prince Albert and the South Branch, but so far has given no public utterances of his intentions. Rumor, however, has his work cut and dried for him, and telegrams from Prince Albert to the East give as one ground for the agitation that the Government refuses to recognize the claims of the early settlers to the lands taken up by them long ago, and that in surveying the country all their rights have been ignored. So far from this being the case, the Government has put a blot on the general system of survey by laying out their claims in narrow frontage as the settlers desired."

The Progress of Qu'Appelle has been getting out a weekly edition ever since 1885; the Minnedosa Tribune began two years before that; the Gladstone Age was also born in 1883, and the Neepawa Register in 1884. The Weyburn Herald boasts of being the oldest paper on the Soo Line, and it was established eight years ago. At the other extreme are a bunch of promising yearlings, just starting to write Vol. 2 at the upper left hand corner of page one. A few of these picked out at random from a long list are the Millet Packet, Granium Press, Biggar World, Bowden News and the Stavely Standard. Then there are the Acme News, Kelliher Economist, Kinistino Representative. None of these are yet six months old, and there isn't going to be much infant mortality among them. The Peace River Pilot has the honor of being the newspaper baby born farthest north, over sixty miles from Edmonton.

Some of the notices and advertisements that appear breathe an atmosphere of Western cosmopolitanism and enterprise. "Notice—My store will close on Wednesday at two o'clock and will remain closed until six o'clock on Friday evening, on account of our New Year."

So the Jew in this new land clings to the customs of his forefathers!

This notice speaks for itself and for the push of Western editors:

"For the next week or two, or until after the Fair, owing to harvesting operations claiming a large share of the attention of some of the staff, the Signal will consist of only four pages. Publication of the regular six pages will then be resumed."

There is nothing bigger or more important than the harvest in this country.

"Rand Avay—Von red and vite calf mit his behind legs vas plack. He vas a she calf. Anypoty vot pring dot calf home pays me fife dollar.—Hans Spreckelburger."

Don't ask me to vouch for the authenticity of that one, but I clipped it from a Saskatchewan paper, and it leads up nicely to a paragraph on the papers printed in foreign tongues in Canada West. There are a great many of them:

Icelandic—Logberg, Heimskringla. Freyja (a woman's paper advocating suffrage).

German—Courier, Alberta Herold, Germania, Nordwestern, St. Peter's Pote (published at German Monastery in Saskatchewan), Deutsche Rundschau.

Swedish—Canada and Canada Posten.

Ruthenian—Canadian Farmer.

Hungarian—Canadian Hungarian.

Polish—Echo Kanadyjskie, Gazeta Polska.

French—Le Manitoba, Le Courrier de l'Ouest.

A unique publication is a paper of sixteen pages (book size). It is published in shorthand by Father Le June

for the use of the Chinook Indians along the Fraser and Thompson Rivers of British Columbia. Over five hundred Indians now use this system both for reading and writing, and the good father has found it much simpler to teach than English orthography. This curious little paper is called the Wawa, a Chinook word meaning "talk".

The Motto, that adornment of orthodox journalism, is not entirely missing from the Western weekly. The Grand View Exponent stands for political independence; so does the Alberta Star. The Progress says above the editorials in every issue: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it," which is good enough for others beside editors. "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," is the uncompromising attitude of the Stonewall Gazette on matters of public interest. The unwritten motto of every one of them is "Boost the community, and don't waste time abusing the rival sheet." Nowhere in the world is there less of petty rivalry and spite among competitive papers. Every established paper in the neighborhood gives a paragraph of welcome to the newest venture and wishes it all good luck. And if fire or other malign agencies make it impossible for a paper to be printed on its own presses, the editor has but to choose from the kindly offers promptly made, which plant he will borrow till his own is running again. The newspaper men feel that there is room for everybody in this big country except for "small" people.



EVONOTA

BY FRANK HOUGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. POTTS

EVONOTA sat in the blazing sunlight, her brown hands locked about her knees, her chin resting upon them, and stared before her with sombre, brooding eyes. Kariok had asked her for the third time that very morning to be his woman, and she had again refused. She told herself that she hated Kariok, and in consequence, his persistence angered her. Her meditations were interrupted by the sudden angry barking of the dogs. Looking up, she perceived the approach of a stranger; in the crook of his right arm he carried a rifle. He walked with the laboured dragging steps of one woefully tired. He was a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed man, with a great breadth of shoulder.

Evonota sprang hastily to her feet, and picking up a long-lashed whip, drove the dogs away.

The man walked up to within a few paces, grounded the butt of his rifle, grinned and said "Good-day" in a harsh voice.

The girl's father, an Esquimaux of middle age, stepped from the group with extended hand, and, to the surprise of the stranger, said in broken English:

"Good-tay, much like 'em, Kabluna, white man."

The Englishman grasping his hand, shook it cordially. He then gave him a little tobacco, telling him that he spoke English well.

"Yes," replied the man, proudly, a grin upon his broad, good-humored face, "I spik him Engleesh goot, my girl, Evonota, spik him Engleesh all same white man. Evonota, me," he placed a broad forefinger upon his chest, "live Churchill, the Bay, six years. Big place Churchill, four houses," he held up the fingers of one

hand, "heap big place; you come Churchill?"

The stranger was fain to admit that he had never even seen the place.

After a little more conversation, the Esquimaux said he would call his daughter, and turning, he shouted:

"Evonota!"

Kariok, who stood with the others, caught her by the wrist, and laughingly dragged her forward.

The stranger was at once struck by her appearance. She was tall for an Esquimaux woman, with a fine figure. He noticed, too, the hand hanging limp from the wrist grasped by the young man was small, and the arm, bare to the elbow, beautifully rounded. His glance strayed to her face—it was handsome in an unusual degree; while her eyes were a warm splendour of rich, deep color, beneath finely pencilled brows. Her teeth, which she very generously displayed between her full lips, were even and of a dazzling whiteness. She looked a shy, wild creature, though too brave to run away.

"Your father says you speak English well?" he remarked, with a smile.

"Yes, I speak English very well, I do."

He then told her that he was hungry and asked if she would get him something to eat. She promptly brought him into one of the lodges and began preparing a meal. While she was so employed, he rolled a cigarette and held it up, asking her if she smoked.

"Yes." She nodded, with a questioning glance at the slim white object between his fingers. He lighted and handed it to her. Flashing a comprehensive look, she placed it between her lips and smoked with evident enjoyment.

He ate but sparingly of the food,

though he had much difficulty in restraining himself after his long fast.

She enquired of him his name.

He told her his name was Edward Kennedy. She repeated the name after him, saying that it was a "heap big name."

Next she asked him where his friends were and where he came from. He told her that he was a sailor and came from the Big-water. Finally he asked if he might stay with her people for a time until a ship came to take him away, to which she replied that he might stay as long as he wished.

When Evonota, or Evon, as he quickly got into the way of calling her, told the others that the white man wanted to live with them, they said that it was good.

A few days after his arrival he told Evonota of a boat he had left on the ice floe. He told her that it belonged to him, that if her people treated him well he would give it to them when he left. He also told her of some other things in the boat, which he said they might have now, except a little flag which he would keep.

At the prospective gift of all these riches there was much rejoicing, Evon telling him with great seriousness that they all loved him because he had made them rich.

During that summer Kennedy was guilty of a mistake that nearly cost him his life.

The mistake was his affair with the handsome Esquimaux girl, Evon.

To the man, a product of our civilization, it doubtless was a pleasure, with no after sting to hurt, to wander over the country with Evon; — in short to spend countless hours, precious as her own life's blood to the girl; hours that to him were a pleasant killing of time, that might otherwise have been too long.

One day in the boat, which the Esquimaux had brought from the floe, Kennedy showed her how to step the mast and signal for a passing vessel, should one appear, by hoisting the little flag he would not part with. He always kept the flag in a locker in the boat.

"Then you will go away?" she said.

He nodded. "Yes, I will go then, Evon."

She did not reply, but sat in silence looking out across the lonely sea.

A few days later Kennedy sat by the lodge smoking and dreaming in the pleasant sunshine. A little way behind it Evon worked on a caribou skin that she was cleaning, and while she worked she hummed an air.

The sudden cessation of her humming and the sound of a man's voice raised in anger attracted his attention. Turning, he saw the man, Kariok, speaking to Evon. He was evidently angry, he spoke loudly, quickly and gesticulated. Evon had risen to her feet and in silence stood before him.

Suddenly the man raised his hand as though to strike her. Kennedy, in the act of springing to his feet, saw Kariok's hand shoot out, the girl seemed to stagger, stepped back, stumbled and fell. The English sailor thought a blow had fallen, he leaped forward, roaring an oath, and raced toward the Esquimaux in a gale of fury. He saw the girl leap quickly to her feet, but never checked his pace. Kariok, though a shorter man, was more than Kennedy's size in breadth and weight. As a matter of fact, he had not struck the girl at all, but only pushed her. Even had he struck her, what of it? Esquimaux beat their women and their dogs. He was very soon to learn how such conduct is viewed by an Englishman. Of course, to Kennedy, hampered by civilized ideas, it was a hideous brutality. Kariok faced the racing white man only to receive a fist like a sledge hammer full in the face and to go down before it with a temper sadly ruffled and a broken nose.

"Edward!" screamed the girl. He paid not the smallest heed to her, but still snarling oaths, his blue eyes blazing, he faced the rising man, who with swift agility was on his feet and, drawing a long knife from his belt, rushed the furious sailor, again to measure his length to a second smashing blow. This time he lay still for a few moments, realizing that so long as he was down, for some inexplicable reason, he was safe from that human whirlwind.



EVONOTA SPRANG HASTILY TO HER FEET, AND, PICKING UP A LONG-LASHED WHIP, DROVE THE DOGS AWAY

"Tell the dog to lay down his knife, or I shall kill him."

She never doubted for one instant what he said, and told Kariok, who laid the knife on the ground and rose slowly to his feet. For a moment he faced the white man in silence, murder in his eyes, then walked to his lodge.

Kennedy caught the girl by the wrist.

"Did the brute hurt you, Evon?"

"Hurt me, no." She shrugged her shoulders. "But why did you hit him?"

"Why? He struck you."

"No, Edward, no; he pushed me, that is all. He did not hurt me; I fell."

Again she shrugged her shoulders. It was plainly evident that she thought but little of it.

"But, gracious heavens, wasn't that enough? If he dares so much as to lay

a hand on you again I'll kill him, so help me God!"

"Edward, Kariok will kill you for that. Oh, yes."

"Kariok kill me?" he laughed.

"Oh, yes." She spoke calmly, quietly, with no trace of excitement in her voice. "He will take the rifle, he will watch the trail you walk, he will shoot you dead all same caribou. Then me," she pressed her hand to her breast with a gesture full of pathos.

"Don't fear for me, my dear," he said.

Nearly three weeks passed and Kariok made no sign, while Evon watched with the persistent patience of a woman. At length one day Kariok, as he smoked by the door of his lodge, saw the tall white man pass along the trail towards the Big-water with a fishing rod upon his shoulder. Evonota, he knew, was by the lake,

looking for duck's nests. At the sight of the white man and the knowledge of Evonota's absence, his heart was glad. He told himself that the time had come at length for his revenge.

Then he rose slowly to his feet, an evil smile upon his face, and entered the lodge where Evonota's mother sat mending a moccasin, and spoke to her.

"Oh, mother," he said, "four caribou crossed the little trail leading to the Big-water and are even now feeding towards the sun, while the west wind blows strongly enough to beat down the flies. Give me your man's good rifle and I will shoot but once and half the meat is yours."

But she was an artful old woman and looked tobacco dearly, so she said:

"You have tobacco, my son; give me enough to fill my pipe twice so that my heart may sing."

So Kariok, who longed for his revenge, handed her the tobacco and, taking the rifle, passed out of the lodge and followed the trail toward the Big-water.

Across the first little rise, the trail ran round the toe of a hill. A little to the west of it at that place there were some large boulders. Among them Kariok chose a spot where he would be screened from sight. Seating himself and leaning the rifle against a rock in front of him, he thought of his revenge and was happy. About an hour after he had left the lodge Evon returned to it. She noticed at once that the camp was very quiet. Thinking, as she ever did, of the safety of her lover, she called him by name; there was no reply. She stepped quickly to the lodge of Kariok and, by listening, satisfied herself that he was not there. She then entered her own where her mother sat smoking her second pipeful of tobacco. She looked at once for her father's rifle, but it was not to be seen.

Then into her brown eyes there crept a curious gleam. She spoke very quietly to her mother, asking her where the white man had gone.

"He has gone fishing, my child, in the Big-water."

Her voice grew quieter still, ominously quiet as she replied:

"Kariok took the good rifle of my

father to kill the deer, which, on this day of wind, feed up it, towards the sun. Is it not so, my mother?"

"It is even as you say, my daughter."

Evon next went to Kennedy's blankets, and from among them she took the little revolver, hid it in her sleeve and passed out once more into the sunlight.

For a girl Evon was fleet of foot. She bent her head a little and raced up the trail towards the Big-water.

She never paused till within a little distance of the toe of the hill when the boulders were in sight.

Then she walked very, very quietly as though stalking a deer, while hidden in her sleeve she carried the revolver.

When nearly opposite the ambush of Kariok, she left the trail and walked on more silently still, straight towards it.

Meanwhile Kariok was very comfortable with a full stomach and his soul at rest. Sitting as he did, out of the wind, the Arctic sun warmed him, so that his thoughts, like his strong, healthy, young body, were very comfortable. He sat with closed eyes, a smile upon his heavy lips, a smile that showed his strong white teeth. Kariok was no fool. Kariok also possessed an imagination. An imagination in a native Esquimau is not an entirely enviable possession. There were times, however, when it entertained him, and just then it did. He was looking, though his eyes were closed, at a picture. It was a picture of a deserted, treeless waste with low undulating, rocky hills. A slight, barely perceptible trail wound among them. In the foreground of the picture there lay a dead sailor man, his sightless blue eyes staring unblinkingly into the blazing sunlight. High on his white forehead there was a little reddish purple mark where a bullet had pierced his skull. Blood flowed slowly from the wound, staining the small stones upon which his head rested. Kariok looked upon the dead man. His smile widened and his soul sang a little song of triumph. His vengeance, which he had nursed so tenderly, was satisfied. He rubbed his nose, with a gentle touch, thoughtfully.

Of a sudden his pleasant day-dreams came to an end. He was startled by a



"KARIOK WILL KILL YOU FOR THAT," SAID EVON

voice. He opened his narrow evil eyes and looked. Evonota stood before him.

"O Kariok," she said. "While resting in the long grass by the lake, I slept and sleeping dreamed that while my mother mended moccasins, you came to her for the rifle of my father to kill caribou, which fed up wind towards the sun. That while you hunted your feet became sore, so that you said: 'The Great Spirit does not wish me to kill his deer; it is better that I should rest.' So you rested, and in my dream I saw just where you rested, so that I could come to you. Now, while you rested evil thoughts came into your heart and darkened it."

Kariok was watching her very closely now; he was interested. While she

talked in a gentle voice, she stood before him, about ten feet away; her arms were folded across her breast, so that the left one in its loose sleeve covered a portion of her right hand and what she held in it.

"Then, in my dreams," she continued, "I saw a man walking along the trail towards you. He walked slowly, his eyes upon the ground, so that he did not see you. In his left hand he carried fish which he had taken in the Big-water for his friends.

"I looked again upon you, deep into your heart, which had grown blacker than a dark night in the iglu, when the lamp does not burn. I saw that the man who walked the trail was a white man, tall and straight as the young spruce which grow along the shore of

the distant Ark-i-lin-ik. I saw, too, that his eyes were blue as the home of the Great Spirit."

She paused a moment to look at him more keenly. His eyes wavered a little before her honest, steady glance, but he only said:

"Tell me the rest, Evonota, for it is like a dream that came to me."

She continued in the same quiet voice, which now, curiously, had acquired a thrilling note in its soft tones, so that the man moved a little uneasily in his seat.

"When the white man was very near, I saw you take the good rifle of my father and rest it on a rock before you so that it was very steady, and so resting it, as a child might shoot, you shot the white man who, with generosity in his heart, was carrying fish to his friends.

"When I saw that wicked sight, I awakened and came here very swiftly to ask you to return to your lodge and think no more evil."

Kariok looked at her and his eyes had a cruel glitter in their depth. He knew now that in some way she had discovered his intentions. So he answered her boldly:

"Evonota, the strong white man struck me a great blow in the face, spoiling my nose. Because of that blow he must join his white friends in the home of the Great Silence. Everything now is said."

He settled himself more comfortably as though the conversation were at an end.

"Oh, no, Kariok, it is too early yet for him to join his friends in the last long sleep. Were you to kill him, I, Evonota, would be your enemy. It is not wise to make an enemy of a woman. But I must tell you what I did after my dream. You know the little gun of the white man, how strong it is? You know that a bullet from it will pierce the thick skull of a musk-ox?"

Kariok nodded, watching her. She advanced a pace or two, so that by leaning forward she could have touched him with her hand. She continued speaking, and that queer vibrant thrill in her voice became of a sudden more apparent to him, puzzling his slow

mind. Being very ignorant, he did not realize that it was the great spirit of love rising in the woman's soul to protect the man she loved.

"When I knew what you would do, I went into the lodge and from among his blankets I took the little gun and——"

Kariok found himself looking straight into the muzzle of the white man's revolver, distant about six inches.

"Move, Kariok, and you die."

The words were spoken very quietly, very quickly, but there was a menace, like a sharp note of music, in their tones.

Kariok blinked his eyes and looked along the barrel of the little gun and further on he saw the wicked looking hammer cocked, he saw her finger on the trigger. The muzzle never wavered.

"That is well."

She stepped back a pace as she spoke but ever covered him.

"Now, rise up, O Kariok, but move as though to touch that rifle and you shall surely die." Slowly, and with some slight difficulty, for he was stiff, he stood up.

"Now, go away; I will bring my father's rifle."

He hesitated, his face contorted with rage.

"Go, go quickly. Do not anger me or you shall die."

He felt that she would keep her word. He would have to wait another opportunity.

He looked at her in silence for a moment, then turning, walked slowly away.

She watched him until he was lost to view, then picking up the rifle, followed the trail on toward the Big-water and her lover.

She was with him all that day, and in the evening they returned together, carrying the fish.

The weeks of that summer went by pleasantly for Kennedy, and as for Evonota, every minute was precious. Yet Paradise is an evanescent sort of dream at best, and the awakening was bound to come.

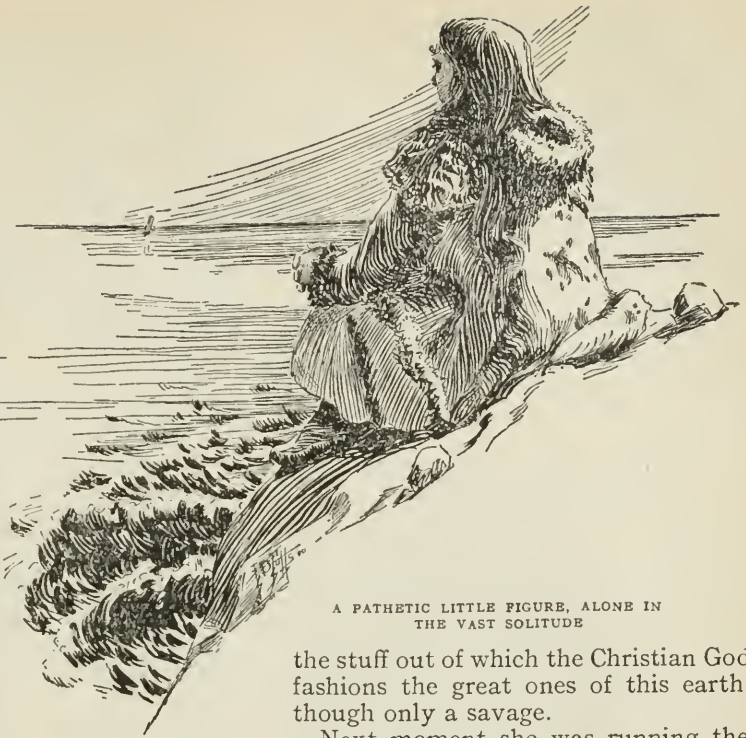
One sunny morning Evonota went fishing alone. She had anchored a short distance off shore and settled to

work when suddenly her keen eyes caught something that brought her to her feet with a little cry.

She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out across the water which danced in countless ripples to a pleasant breeze. For there, plainly before her, on the near sea, heeling over to the wind, sailed a trim schooner under a cloud of snowy canvas, a white wake dancing astern. To the girl, sitting in her little boat, she looked like some strange beautiful white bird upon that lonely northern sea.

On the course that she was steering she would pass within a quarter of a mile. Evonota sat down again, and with her chin in her hands watched the flying boat. And while she watched, deep down in her heart there waged a fierce fight. Should she signal it, stop it, to lose the one man in all the world to her? It would be so easy to let it sail on and pass like a dream away. He would never know. He would learn to love her as she loved him, in time. The gay, white, flying boat looked a little dim to her just then, for she was looking at it through a mist of tears. She knew that he would go away if she stopped the schooner,—that never, never, never, through the long years would she see his face or hear his voice again. So she sat and fought out her bitter fight, in the little rocking boat, while nearer, ever nearer, sailed the dancing schooner.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and quickly stepped the mast. She had fought her fight and won. She was of



A PATHETIC LITTLE FIGURE, ALONE IN THE VAST SOLITUDE

the stuff out of which the Christian God fashions the great ones of this earth, though only a savage.

Next moment she was running the gay little English flag up and down the mast as her lover had instructed her. And standing there in the little boat signalling, she wept bitterly for she knew that she was sending him away. She rubbed the tears from her eyes and looked again. She could see some men on the deck crowding to the side to see the little boat with the dipping flag.

The schooner ran into the wind, she could plainly hear the thrashing of her canvas. A boat was lowered and, pulled by four pairs of sturdy arms, came swiftly towards her. She sat down and watched it in a sombre, brooding silence; perhaps just then, in a weak moment, she was repenting of her haste. It is possible that she may not have realized the splendor of her act, being only a savage. She was weeping no longer, for with a strong effort of will, savoring of the heroic, she had choked back the bitter sobs.

In a few minutes the boat was alongside and the man in the stern eyeing her curiously, though not unkindly, asked her what she wanted. She told him of the sailor. There was something in her voice that he could not quite make out.

She asked him to wait—that she would bring him back immediately. She pushed her boat to the shore, and as its keel grated on the pebbles, she leaped to the beach and ran.

Kennedy was smoking when Evon appeared.

She stood before him panting. For several moments she was unintelligible. Then she blurted it all out.

"Edward. A ship! A ship! Come."

She leaned over him, she clutched his hand, she tugged him to his feet, crying all the while like one distraught, "A ship! A ship!"

He faced her, trembling in his strength.

She all excitement, panted:

"Come, Edward. Come,—a ship! a ship!"

As in a flash in his mind's eye, he saw the living world in comparison with all this savage emptiness. And like one, who, standing on the awful brink, sees all his ill-adventured life, so he beheld, for the first time, all the sordid hopelessness surrounding him, the blue impotency above the wide insentient materialism, the chains that hitherto had bound him now fallen away. His seeing eyes swept the illimitable field, then lowered to those before him with all the love, devotion, heroism burning in their depths. The thought came to him, in all that living outside world would this be his? For one instant a human life, a human soul, swung in the balance. And as Evonota fought out her bitter fight in the little boat, so he stood before her looking down into her eyes, deep wells of constancy and love, and hesitated, but only for an instant. Self, that little wise, ungenerous self, that too often wins now tipped the balance. At length he spoke to her:

"Are you then so eager to be rid of me, Evon?" In a measure he could turn a little of that ungenerous weight upon the woman. It steadied her as nothing else could have done.

She looked at him, and the agony in her gentle eyes wrung his heart.

"Oh, Edward," she murmured, in a tense whisper. She clasped her little brown hands. Then it was his turn to plead hurry.

"Evonota, darling, come," he cried.

She was all eager animation in a moment, one thought alone dominated her mind to the exclusion of all else, she must save her lover.

There was nothing to delay them, all the others were absent. She started and he, following, found it no easy matter to keep up.

Just before they came to the beach a little ridge hid them from the sea. She stopped and turned to him. She put her hands in his and looking up to him, she spoke:

"Edward, you go far, far away, you leave Evonota here. Say good-bye to me, my heart. Kiss me, my Edward, once more upon the lips."

He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Slowly, very slowly, she drew away from him—a deep sob tore her throat.

He left her and walked to the top of the ridge, then turned. She stood where he had left her.

She opened her arms, her head thrown back.

"Oh, Edward," she sobbed.

He bounded down the slope again and crushed her in his arms, kissing her soft cheeks all wet with tears, kissing her lips, her hair. Suddenly, as though by an after thought, he took the belt from her waist and with nervous fingers shortened it to hold the holster with the much-prized revolver in it. He buckled it about her waist. He took a handsome gold watch from an inner pocket and forced it into her hands. He told her that his rifle was hers, that he had left it in the lodge. And so he made her rich beyond the conception of her tribe. For the last time he took her in his arms again and kissed her.

In a little time he stood upon the schooner's deck, while from a high point running into the sea Evonota watched the ever-lessening sails.

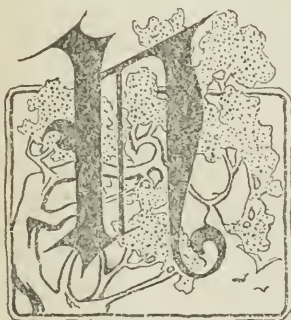
She sat there, a pathetic little figure alone in that vast solitude, her hands clasped about her knees, her heavy black hair tossed. She remained there until the white sails were but a speck on the distant sea line and faded out of sight.

Slowly she rose to her feet and walked back along the trail, alone, to the lodges of her people.



José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsman, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays. José goes to the Governor's house, under his protection, and his music arouses the envy of the Governor's eldest son, who determines to steal the Harp while José sleeps and play it before the King. In the meantime, enemies of the Governor have ridden posthaste to the King with news of the Governor's treason in permitting José to stand on the sacred stone. The King instantly summons the Governor and José to appear before him and immediately they depart for the royal castle, and are ushered into his presence.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED



NOW the King was in ill-humor: first, because the only man he had ever been able to trust fully was accused of being unfaithful to him; he was

in ill-humor, too, because the restless night had left him peevish and cross, and his breakfast had not been to his taste, for being a king he dearly loved good eating and good drinking; and, thirdly, he was in ill-humor because he and his queen though sitting side by side would not even speak to each other. He had been irritable, and though he was a

king he was still a man, and while the true victims of his anger were approaching he had vented some of his ill-humor on those immediately about him. It was a gloomy court into which the prisoners of state—for such they now were—were ushered. King, Queen, counsellors, guards, all wore brows black as night.

"Bring forward the accusers!" shouted the King.

With triumphant step two of the most powerful citizens of the King's domain stepped before their monarch. Each hated the Governor and had long waited for an opportunity to do him an injury with the hope that his high office would fall to them, and now the opportunity had come. He was soon to be humbled in the dust. Nay more! that head, which as he passed them by, was held erect with such haughty scorn, would soon be lopped from his shoulders.

The Governor saw the look of hate and triumph in their eyes, but no shadow of fear was on his face,

The King, too, saw it, and likewise the Governor's bold, straightforward glance, which won his admiration. He had trusted this man beyond all men, he could still trust him. This rumor, these accusations, could not be true, and so with an angry voice he exclaimed: "Traducers of this righteous man, now that he is before you, repeat the story you dinned into my ears last night."

But they had no fear.

"O, Most Mighty King!" they began in chorus—

"One at a time! You, Sirrah, poured forth the tale last night; your comrade in falsehood can relate it now, and if your story varies from his by so much as a word, off goes your head."

"There is little to tell, O Most Mighty Monarch! Last night at sunset I entered the great square and saw this wretched lad standing on the great stone of our people; around him crowded the men, the women, the children of our city; the houses were empty, the shops were left unattended, the stalls stood without watchers. All worshipped him with their faces in the dust as though he were already King. Suddenly into the square galloped this man, whose duty—"

"Never mind his duty!" interrupted the King. "I know his duty!"

"Suddenly into the square galloped this man, who instead of striking down the sacrilegious intruder, cast his sword at his feet, uncovered his head, and fell in the dust as though he were in the presence of the King."

"Why didst not thou and thy fellows fall upon him and rend him?"

"O Most Mighty Monarch! So strange was the music and the sight that for a moment we were as if under a spell, but when the music ceased and our senses returned to us, we were fain to reverence thy laws. Many tried to strike down this devil's child—for such we deem him—but this man called for his guard and with spear and battle-axe protected him from our rage and led him straight to his own palace. Naught could we do but hasten to thee

with our tale, lest rebellion should arise and find thee unprepared, and our reward is these chains that clank at our wrists; but," he continued humbly, "that matters not so long as thou art warned and the danger to thy crown and life is averted."

The King looked sharply at the hypocrite, but there was as much humility in his mien as in his words, and he was deceived.

"Humph!" he said, "Thou seemest to speak truth, and yet I have known thee to be false. We shall see." Then turning to his Governor he added: "Is this tale true or false?"

"True, O King!"

"What! You saw this wretch standing on the stone where never yet stood foot save that of king or prince and did not strike him down?"

"True! O Mightiest Monarch!"

"And you protected him from the crowd with your imperial guard?"

"True! Though he needed not my protection; he has powers beyond our ken. Our small guard would have made but feeble resistance to the mob, but he was greater than even the crowd or our soldiers."

The King's eyes opened wide as he looked from his Governor to the swarthy, ragged, urchin that stood before him clutching his precious harp. At first he was inclined to believe the Governor mad or joking; but he was in no laughing humor.

"Where spent he the night?" he asked sharply.

"In my palace, in the Prince's room, O Noble King!"

"In the Prince's room!" shouted the King. "Treason! Treason! To the block with him! To the block with him! Wouldst have placed him on our throne next! You did well, knaves, to bring me tidings of this rebel's doings. To the block with him!"

As he spoke his faithful attendants, obeying his nod, seized the Governor on either hand; but he showed no signs of wavering.

"Before thou doest thy will on me, O King, behold this! If I am guilty others have sinned with me. Thou seest this wallet with the name graven on its clasp,—my accuser's name!

This too was found at the feet of the lad. A week ago he could not pay his rightful taxes to his Monarch, and now he can cast ten times the amount at the feet of him whom I, forsooth, am accused of trying to place on thy throne. And this jewelled dagger long the wonder of our citizens. Well, thou knowest, O Monarch, that it was the property of this my other accuser. If I am guilty they too are equally guilty. These were found among the treasures showered upon the musician by the enraptured citizens.

"Off with their heads!" shouted the monarch in black wrath. "Off with their heads! Traitors all! and you knave," he said, turning angrily upon Lara, "What art thou doing here? Why art not at thy gate? Did I not bid thee hold that post under penalty of death, and that penalty thou shalt receive."

"'Tis well! O Most Mighty King," said Lara bowing; but I have sworn with your permission, to serve only this lad and his instrument."

"Thou hast, villain! Traitor! Treason! To the block with him!"

During this questioning and this exhibition of anger on the part of the monarch, José stood shaking with fright. He had been eager to meet the King, but a million times he had wished himself back in the mud hut on the hillside. Fedora might threaten to take off his head, but here was a man who not only threatened, but could command that such a noble man as the Governor, such a sturdy soldier as Lara, should be taken to the block, and who, moreover, had his attendants at hand to see that his commands were carried out. He felt his own turn must come very soon, and he had not long to wait.

The King turned on him with angry look and fiercely asked: "Thy name, knave?"

"José!"

"José what?"

"Only José."

"What did'st do?"

"Watched sheep!"

"T'were well with thee hadst thou stayed with thy sheep. Thou must die! But who sent thee hither?"

"He who gave me this harp."

As he spoke, José drew the black covering from his precious instrument, just as the sun broke through the clouds that were hanging over the fortress. As the monarch's eye fell upon it he shouted in rage, "Seize him! Smash his harp into a thousand pieces."

Several guards with raised axes leaped forward to do his bidding, while Lara laughed grimly as he thought of the surprise that was in store for them; but before they could strike either José or his harp he had touched the strings with loving fingers and they leaped to life, to song. At the first note the raised axes fell to the ground, the anger died from the King's brow and the smile came back to the Queen's face. On and on José played a song of forgiveness.

He forgot about the danger threatening himself; he only knew that his friends, the Governor and Lara, were ordered to their deaths. He willed that the King should forgive them, should pardon them; and the harp rang forth his will. The spell seized all; they forgot themselves, their surroundings, everything; and when at last his hands fell to his sides the King rose from the royal chair.

"All are pardoned," he cried. "The new thing has been found: the King's Wish has been granted him. Ye did well to do obeisance to this more-than-earthly musician."

"Down knaves!" he added, to the two citizens that had been in such haste to destroy the Governor. "Down! and crave your lives of the chief of your city."

His words were unnecessary. They had already thrown themselves at the Governor's feet.

"But," meditated the King, "how will I escape the gibe of not maintaining my kingdom's laws? I can pardon my Governor and Lara, and these knaves; they were condemned by my own words, but this lad—is it not written that he who stands on the sacred stone which fell from heaven as the footstool for our first great king, is it not written that he who stands on the sacred stone, be he not king or prince, must pay the penalty with his life."

All this while the Queen had been gazing with affectionate eyes on the strange lad, and her woman's wit came to the rescue. She turned to her husband and whispered to him a few swift words.

"'Tis well! 'Tis well! Thou hast saved us," said the King. "The beggar dies, and the new thing shall stay in our kingdom."

His words fell on the ears of the Governor and Lara and José, causing them to have strangely mixed feelings. He threatened death, but his tones said that he meant life.

CHAPTER X.

ALL was bustle and confusion in the hill fortress for the next two hours. The King had decided that this matter must be ended by sundown, and that the just and fitting place to conclude it was in the Royal Square in the city where the offense had occurred. That it was to be no trifling matter was evident to all by the extent of the preparations for the journey. The Royal Guard was ordered out to a man, and as they sat on their beautiful white Arabs in the vast courtyard on either side of the splendidly caparisoned steed that awaited the King, José began to realize that the tales that had come to him over the far mountains of his sovereign's might and magnificence were no idle stories told by a winter's fire, but that the reality far surpassed even his wildest dreams. Behind this fine company of horsemen assembled a mighty army of foot soldiers. The whole square appeared packed from fortress wall to outer gate with warriors gleaming in rich armour, straight as forest pines, strong as oaks.

José was not the only one who wondered at the extensive preparations. The soldiers themselves could not understand why they had been called out in such force, and why only a few of their comrades were left upon the watch towers.

The Governor of the city was equally amazed. Could the King still have doubts of his loyalty; and was he going forth ready to slay all who showed the slightest sign of disloyalty! But no,

that was impossible, for behold he was coming forth accompanied by his Queen, and she never went with him to scenes of battle or blood. His amazement increased when he saw the keeper of the Crowns following in his rear; and it grew still greater when behind this officer came the two keepers of the royal wardrobe. Was he dreaming? What could it all mean? The excitement of the day had left him tired and exhausted,—could it be that he slept? But the King's voice roused him.

"Sir, this is the first time thou hast ever appeared before me without thy sword since I gave it thee. It shall be restored to thee, and never let me see thee before me unless it be girded upon thy thigh."

With these words he beckoned to a mounted officer—the one who had borne the warning message to the Governor—and bade him speed to the Governor's palace and bring to the Royal Square in the city the sword without which the Governor was but as any ordinary citizen. Scarcely was the message given when like a bolt from a cross-bow the messenger sped through the hastily-opened gates, and down the narrow path between the towering hills. After him slowly followed the cavalry, the crown and wardrobe bearers, the King and Queen and their guards, and the host of foot soldiers.

Usually the King was the centre of attraction when he went forth in state, but on this occasion José who sat in front of Lara drew the attention of all. The Governor had been pardoned, his false accusers had been forgiven, the life of this lad alone was in danger. The law demanded his death, and yet the state executioner was not with them. He had been left behind to mope over the victims who had escaped (for when he had heard of the Governor's act he had, though he thought well of the Governor, exulted in the thought that at length he would be able to try his skill on a worthy head) and to sharpen his axes.

They could only wonder and wonder; but the merry face of their monarch and the smiling eyes of their usually sad queen told them that nothing of a very serious nature could be about to

occur, unless some disturbance should arise among the populace.

Soon they were out of the hills, and the vast city lay in the valley bright and beautiful in the afternoon sun. The sentries on the gates had seen them afar off, and soon everyone was aware that the King, with not only his guard, but his foot soldiers as well, was drawing nigh. Fear seized the citizens. They knew that the King had heard of their treasonable acts of worship to the sacrilegious musician; and they deemed that he was coming to make an example of them.

All were equally guilty, all feared for their necks. Punish every sinner he could not, for that would leave him with but few subjects in his most important city. So the rich and powerful thought he would slay them to show his strength and to confiscate their estates; and the poor and worthless thought they would be taken as they could be most easily spared; as a result all were thoroughly alarmed and miserable as the king's army like a devouring dragon wound down the long road.

When the gate guardians saw the long line approach, the heavy gates were swung shut and the ponderous drawbridge reared itself creaking and groaning high above the cavernous moat. The law of the city demanded that when an armed body approached, be it friend or foe, the city should be placed on the defensive until the trumpet challenged the gate; and so, though all knew full well that it was the King who drew nigh, the usual preparations were made even to the drawing up of the bowmen with arrows on their bow strings at every loop hole.

Soon a trumpeter galloped at full speed from the approaching force, nor did he rein his steed till he reached the broad moat. Then he sent forth a long, commanding blast. The King spoke through him, and as his notes echoed along the wall and far through the distant hills, the bowmen thrust their arrows into their quivers, the axemen lowered their shining weapons, the keeper of the bridge pressed the levers and the great draw-bridge swung out and down; and by the time the first of the cavalcade had reached the

trumpeter the huge wings of the gate swung open and the broad way into the populous city stretched before the King.

It looked not as it usually did when His Majesty visited his capital. The city guard lined either side of the road, but otherwise it was empty. On former visits it had been no easy task to keep the vast throng from crowding in upon the royal party. Now, however, terror and uncertainty possessed all. Many had concealed themselves in their houses; shop-keepers and the keepers of stalls, went about their business as though they were in no way partners to the general sacrilege; and even the toilers on the walls—rude fellows from the low country by the sea and from the hills—looked not up from their work. All had sinned in not striking down the offender, and each one felt that he might be made to suffer for the sin. So the King reached the great Royal Square and the sacred stone, where stood its guards with quaking hearts.

Behind the great stone the King drew up his trusted troops in battle array and then sent his trumpeter to summon all the citizens to his presence. Old and young must come; woe to him who should stay away! Through the streets and lanes galloped the trumpeter ringing the King's command to all, and soon the square began to fill with rich and poor, old and young, men and women. If the silence had been ominous before, it was a hundred fold more so now. The square was packed with a sea of faces gazing in terror at the King, in wonder and hate at José who had drawn down on them the wrath of their monarch,—and not a little intensity was added to their hate as they thought of the valuables which they had cast at his feet the day before.

When the King felt that all were assembled his trumpeter pealed forth a note demanding silence, and the whispering and the very breathing seemed to cease. Then the monarch rose on the sacred stone and his kingly voice sounded like a trumpet through the broad square, while all stood with uncovered and bowed heads.

"My people!" he said, "a sin has

been committed against our laws, a sin that cannot be forgiven; and in that sin you are all more or less guilty." (At this a groan rose from a thousand throats). "But I have pardoned the Governor, the guards and you."

"Long live our King!" burst in upon his speech, and it was not until the trumpet again demanded silence that he could make himself heard.

"But our laws must be kept. It reads, death to anyone not a prince or king who stands upon the sacred stone. Yesterday a stranger, not a prince or king, stood where I now stand. What shall be done with him, O my people?"

"Let him die! Let him die! Let his blood be shed!" rose from the vast concourse.

"So be it!" and as José heard the fatal words his heart died within him; but Lara whispered to him, "Fear nothing, a smile plays about the King's mouth, and when he slays his brow is ever like a thunder cloud ready to burst."

"But," continued the King, "we must first hear him. Let him stand where he stood yesterday, and repeat his offense, and then I will hand him over to you who sinned with him."

The King then stepped from the stone, and commanded José to take his place. Slowly, with trembling limbs he ascended and faced the vast concourse. Hatred scowled from every face about him and angry murmurs, growls, and hisses arose on all sides like the sound of the sea on a rocky beach at the first approach of storm. He heeded this for but a moment. Quickly he drew the covering from his instrument, and mid that sea of angry sound, which even the King begun to dread, for he had signalled to his captains to be ready to press back the mob, José began to gently stroke the chords. He had been given over to this crowd, he would soften their hearts, so he willed, and as he willed he played. Gently the music swelled out till all were awed into silence, gently he played till pitying tears for his youth came to every eye; then he swayed and rocked as his young fingers clanged out the full song of pardon. He made them feel that they had been forgiven and now

that he was in their power they must save him. Nor did he cease till he knew that there was no man or woman present but would gladly die for him; and then with a closing ringing chord that seemed to say, pardon him, O King! he stopped playing; but before the strings had ceased quivering from his touch the whole populace fell prostrate on their knees, crying, "Pardon him, O King!"

Their voices swelled forth in a mighty chorus, but the King sternly replied: "It is impossible. A law is a law, and unless he be crowned a prince he must die."

With the same enthusiasm as at first the crowd replied "Crown him, O King! We cannot but obey one sent from heaven."

"Consider well, O people, what ye do! If I crown him then will he have power of life and death over you. But as you say he may indeed be heaven-sent. I stand before you sonless, without kith or kin. My crown when I die must go to strangers: and doubtless heaven has sent this lad, with power such as no king ever wielded, to aid me in ruling a turbulent people, and perchance to take the sceptre from my hand when I can no longer hold it. Consider well what ye do, O people! Shall the beggar die, and shall a prince stand in his place?"

"Crown him, O King," rose the vast cry. "Crown him, crown him! We accept him as our prince, our ruler!"

From the troop of astonished horsemen the King beckoned his crown-bearers and the keepers of the wardrobe, and bade them get ready for the coronation.

First they produced a pair of golden shoes, and slipped them on José's naked feet; then a white robe richly embroidered, symbolical of purity and strength of purpose was cast about his shoulders and fastened at his waist with a silken girdle.

All this made him look very fine indeed, but made him likewise very hot and uncomfortable, but princes have to endure things that are not suffered by ordinary mortals.

Robed in the coronation robe, and with the coronation shoes on his feet

he looked every inch a prince; and the people forgot that underneath that gorgeous garb was a ragged urchin like unto the boys who begged or piped through their streets from morn till night. The ceremony was not over, however. The King then bade him kneel and took with his own hand a plain circle of gold and resting it on José's black, curly locks, cried in a loud voice so that all present might hear him, "Rise, O Prince! Learn well to obey thine own laws and this people shall obey thee."

The King, as was the custom, paused, and looking over the vast crowd awaited their reply. Suddenly every right hand was raised, and the cry, "We will! We will! We swear it!" rang forth.

On the instant the trumpeter sent forth a mighty peal, and lo! José was next to the King in authority; and José then realized the truth of the mountain musician's words, "You are master of the grandest instrument in the world."

So long had the march to the city, the assembling of the citizens, and the



"BUT YESTERDAY WORTH ONLY TWO SHEEP," HE SAID TO HIMSELF,
"AND TO-DAY HONORED BY A WHOLE PEOPLE"

coronation taken that already the day was far spent, and the sun was casting its level rays across the earth; but before they could leave this sacred spot another ceremony had to be performed.

The Governor, by casting his sword at José's feet on the previous day had forfeited his right to rule the city, and so the King commanded the messenger he had so hurriedly dispatched from

his castle to give Prince José the sword and bade the Governor kneel at his feet. As the Governor obeyed, José blushed for very shame. He knew not how to act, and yet he must act as a prince. Words would not come. As he saw the Governor at his feet, he remembered his nobility, his truth, his kindness, his wisdom; and with a clear voice he cried! "Take it, and rule as thou hast ever ruled!"

"Nobly said," broke in the King. "He is indeed a Prince."

The sun was now slowly sinking beneath the horizon, but before it disappeared from view José seized his instrument, tore from it the silken covering and played a song of triumph and thanksgiving. The people listened in rapt amazement; the King even uncovering his head in the presence of a power mightier than his own. At length, however, the sun sank beneath the distant hills and the music softly died away. As before the people cried out, "Play on!" and even the King uttered the cry; but José smiled and covering the sacred harp stepped from the stone feeling himself a prince and conqueror indeed.

Now the royal forces made ready to return to the King's mountain stronghold, but José was not to return as he had come. As Prince he was entitled to a seat in the royal car with the Queen, and there he took his place, much to the regret of Lara.

The crowd would fain have followed the magic harper and their King through the city; but before he gave the command to advance the trumpeter sent out a blast commanding all to disperse to their occupations; and soon the broad square was as silent and empty as when they had entered it.

As the citizens talked over the strange occurrences of the day they showed great difference of opinion as to the musician. One had noticed, as the white robe fell about the lad's shoulders, white wings; while another as he raised his little brown foot for the golden shoe was equally sure that he had seen a cloven hoof. But be he devil or angel he was their prince by their own repeated wish and they must obey him.

That night as Jos lay awake in a gorgeous room in the high castle strange were the thoughts that flashed through his mind. But yesterday worth two sheep, he said to himself, and to-day honored by a whole people, living as the King lives; servants, soldiers, statesmen, to do his behests. It could not be; it was all a dream! But then he remembered the splendid meal he had had, the luxurious bath; the servants who anointed his body and the rich robes that were given him; and he knew it was all true. But these things he must not love; he must be faithful to the giver of them; and with this thought he slept, nor did he wake until morning burst upon the world.

CHAPTER XI.

Now José was a prince, and the realization of this fact seemed to work a change in his nature. He must no longer be the idle dreaming lad who had played and slept and eaten and bathed his hot tired feet in the living waters of his mountain streams. A prince he was and a king he might be; and to be worthy of such a high position, such responsibility, he must become like a king in character. But how could he do this?

At first he thought of his harp. It would grant his every wish, but when he tried to wish he knew not what to wish; for what a king knew, what a king did, what a king desired, he understood but vaguely. And now it dawned upon him that while his harp could grant him much there were many things he must get by his own exertions. What was beyond his human faculties his harp could grant him, but not what he could do for himself. A prince in deed as well as in name he would become, and so like a wise lad he determined to watch the king and queen, and to make an effort to grow like them.

But how could he leave his harp when engaged in his tasks. This difficulty was soon removed. In his room a case of triple steel, decorated with gold and silver ornaments, was constructed for him, and Lara, who was now his faithful body servant, watched over it in his absence. Not that the harp needed such protection, for no

hand save José's dare rest upon it; but so much of the human clung to José that he could not fully realize this, and even when it was so protected and guarded he would frequently rush to his chamber to see if all were well with his treasure.

In the meantime, his education went on. He realized that a prince must be clean in body; that it would not do to go from morning till night, and indeed often for days at a time without a bath, and so he submitted himself to his attendants who bathed and anointed him and clothed him in robes heavy with ornaments, rich and beautiful, and at first very uncomfortable.

What a change this new life worked in José. How beautiful he seemed in his new apparel! The King and Queen gazed upon him in wonder. Unused to luxury, having lived in the open air, he had about him something of the freshness and wild beauty of a mountain flower. As they saw him wearing his honors so well, they felt that no mistake had been made, that he was not only a god-sent musician but a heaven-sent prince as well. But it was not sufficient that José should move like a prince and look like a prince; he must be a prince indeed; and this was not easy. He knew much about Nature; the songs of birds, the flowers, the rocks, the changing hues of the sky were familiar to him; but there his knowledge ended. This wisdom would avail him but little when the time came for him to take his place in the councils of the nation, and so it was necessary that the greater world of learning should be opened to him. Tutors, the most learned in the land, came at the King's bidding to prepare him for his life's work. At first he hated the dull monotony of the parchments he had to learn to read; but when he realized how much such knowledge meant to him he went to work with a will, and as new truths came to him, as new light shone upon the world of nature and of man, he knew not which he delighted in most—the wonder-working harp that had been given him with which he could do such marvels, or the wonder-working learning that opened to him

such vast worlds, ever opening, ever broadening.

As he grew in years, he grew in wisdom and a desire for knowledge, and for this the Queen loved him more and more. The King would have had it otherwise. He cared but little about the dry and musty parchments that José delighted to pore over. He would have had him spend more of his time in what he deemed kingly pastimes—tilting and riding, hunting and archery. He would have had him learn to delight in the clash of sword against sword, and to smile when the blood flowed from the gaping wound. But José's nature shrank from such things and the King had to be satisfied.

He had his wish. The new thing had come to him and stayed with him, ever new. No matter what mood he was in, no matter what care weighed upon him he could find comfort, solace, forgetfulness in the strange music that, had ennobled his life, soothed his weary body and brain, softened his heart, and gave him a wisdom beyond his fellow monarchs.

Through the years José played and played, and his fame was spread abroad to all nations. Pilgrims came from afar to wonder or worship; for many deemed him heaven-sent, and while the sun was in the heavens he never refused to bless mankind with his gift. As the years went by he learned to realize his power. He understood what the old harper meant when he said it was the Harp of the Sun. What the Sun was to Nature, its music was to man. As the flowers burst into bloom, the trees into leaf, the fields into green beauty beneath the beneficent rays of the lord of day, so it could bring peace, beauty and happiness to all lives that came under its sway.

But it could do other work than this. Once a great chief came to do homage to his King, while in his black heart he meant to plot his ruin. So well did he dissemble that all were deceived save José, and when he was urged to play in his presence, at first he refused; and the entreaties of the Queen or the frowns of the King could not make him change his resolution; but an ironical

word from the traitor made him smite his instrument with angry fingers, and play as he had never played before. A fierce, passionate, angry cry throbbed from his instrument, and before he had finished, the traitor was on his knees confessing his guilt and the guilt of his associates in a base plot to murder his monarch and usurp the throne. But for José his confession would have cost the conspirators their lives. The King was only a king, but José craved as a boon that the chief's life and the life of his companions in crime should be spared. The King granted the boon, and the crest-fallen chief went to his own distant district to spread still more the marvels of the musician prince, and to watch the King's interest and to labor for his King as he had never done before.

With each triumph of his will and harp, José's soul grew stronger and his heart happier, and with strength and joy he had but one desire to make all men like himself; but this seemed impossible. While he was still young and untempted by the world a power had been given him on which he could lean when the heart burned with ambition and the eye coveted what it saw. He was not forced like the King and his Queen to depend on himself for strength. As he grew to manhood, he pitied them more and more in their struggle after the peace of soul that was his continually. He pitied his Queen most of all. Her hair was turning white with years, her cheek had lost its youthful freshness, and she went about as one burdened with a load of sorrow.

Such was indeed the case. José, when by his art he had charmed her spirit from darkness to sunshine, had often asked her to tell him why his instrument could not banish her grief permanently; and why it was that often her sighs were heaviest when he had played his best and strongest. But she would never answer him by words; and would only bend over him and kiss him on the brow as

though trying to fill a void in her heart.

Once, however, when the King had been on a long journey to a far sovereign, and she had been left much in José's company, she realized that he was no longer a mere child, but a man capable of sharing her secret thoughts, and so when he for the thousandth time asked her to tell why, when the whole earth seemed so happy, when she had so much to make her glad—a noble husband, a loyal people, riches without comparison, she was often in tears—she turned to him and bidding him lay his harp aside, told him why no day passed without her grief finding expression in tears, and why it was that she would not leave this mountain palace, but stayed there even during the gloomy winter months, when the sunny valley homes called to her to come and enjoy them. She had had a sweet child, a little girl, who, had all been well, would have been about José's age. She had made an idol of her little one; she had never been out of her thoughts, and as she said it, she gave a deep sigh that made José wish he had power to bring back the dead. But the mother, going on with her story, said that one hot summer's day Isabel, tired with play, fell asleep on the sward in front of the castle while the streaming sun beat down upon her. When she was discovered, all their efforts could not rouse her; and when the leech was called, he pronounced that though she was not dead, she was beyond his skill.

"In the bitterness of my grief," said the Queen, "I commanded him to save her life or to the block he would go. Save her life he did; but for what a fate! For days, for weeks he toiled over her, but she only lay as one in a trance; at last her eyes opened, and I looked upon her with love and spoke to her, but no recognizing look met mine. Instead, a wild stare, a stare as of madness! She was mad, and the leech declared that though her life was saved, her reason he could not save. That was beyond his skill."

To be continued

PLAYING TAG WITH THE BOUNDARY

BY CLYDE ALISON MANN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

MOST of us think of international boundary lines as heavy red streaks on a map, between a pink country and a yellow one. The boundary between Alaska and Canada, for instance, is only a sketchy stripe off in the northwest. Most of us have a vague idea that somebody has to go out there and set up some stakes or monuments or something, but whether that can be done best in an automobile or on foot, or whether it requires an airship most of us don't care a hang.

We can thank our stars that we aren't on the Alaska boundary location job. It needs airships and parachutes and the governments don't supply them. Consequently the task involves negotiating about the sheerest, rockiest, primeval string of mountains on the pink and yellow, blue and green maps of this continent. But, of course, somebody has actually to run a line, has to get into old clothes, and hobnailed boots and break through the wilderness with transit and level to make a boundary that corresponds with treaty specifications. The specifications agreed upon by the boundary commission which "sat" in London about six years ago, changed the Canada-Alaska limits, and since the matter was settled, parties of engineers, one for the Dominion and one for Uncle Sam, have been setting British Columbia's fences over a jog into Alaska's back yard. It is a strenuous job with few things to enliven it but occasional bears, frequent exploits in climbing and some most amazing scenes enacted some six thousand feet below the camp on the summit.

The goings-on in Bear River valley

under the observation of the "boundary party" have been altogether miraculous. The boundary line, you should understand, runs up the steep slope of the Alaska Mountain at the head of Portland Canal, a natural waterway, the midchannel of which is the boundary for over a hundred miles. North of the Portland Canal is the Bear River and its valley between precipitous mountains.

Some men found gold in the mountains thereabouts, and since then the results have been about as surprising as those related in "The Arabian Nights Tales," when Aladdin rubbed a greasy, brass lamp or when another chap sat on a magic carpet and was whisked at will to far places in Arabia. Like magic, the Alaskan foreshore swarmed with men, a town sprang up overnight, and a railway is scattering the amazed grizzly bears to the fastest fastnesses they can find, with growls of terror.

Naturally, the survey party takes a professional interest in one feature of the case which relates to that international line from Portland channel to the first high mountain peak and thence from peak to peak to old Mount St. Elias, a long way further north and west. The line makes Canada the owner of a prize beyond Aladdin's genie to conceive, a new district as full of great ore ledges as a plum pudding is full of raisins. Alaska's fences are just outside, barely missing the treasure by a narrow margin.

Only a few months ago there were but two log cabins, a board shack and transiently a tent or two nearly hidden in the timber in Bear River valley. Then the surveyors saw the magic town

begin to appear. As streets were opened and lots cleared they saw a swarm of men set to building a railroad up the valley and a trestle across the tide flats to the deep water. That railroad, by the way, may become the terminal on the Pacific Coast of the Canadian Northern Railway System. They saw frequent steamships appear and discharge cargoes of lumber, mining machinery, boxes, barrels and horses, and they saw also long strings of loaded pack horses set out on a road up the valley, cross a long new bridge over Bear River and disappear in the timber. Near there and beyond frequent muffled blasts on the mountain rock told of the determined delving of men for new-found treasures. Glacier Creek Canon is daily cannonaded and American Creek and Bitter Creek are under fire. The railroad is being built to haul the ores to the tidewater.

The camp's beginnings date from a chapter of disappointment. Back in 1898, a pert little steamship from Seattle came smudging up the canal between the snow smothered mountains, men dressed for prospecting at her rail intently gazing at the peaks rising abruptly 6,000 and 7,000 feet above them on either side. The steamer was the "Discovery," which went down off the coast of Alaska a few years ago with scores of passengers. Slowly she crept toward the rocky headland of the mountain range which now is called "the Alaska side," tied up to trees and dumped ashore an aggregation of men and equipment, which still is known as the "Bunco Party," for which reason the headland still is and probably ever will be "Bunco Point."

That was on the ninth of May twelve years ago, and the Argonauts, whom an old trapper, William Bridges, had piloted to that district were the first to enter those silent solitudes on the hunt for gold. Bridges had visited Seattle with convincing tales of placer diggings in the Nass River, just east of the Bear and of the Portland Canal. It is sure that he agreed to show the diggings to members of the party he recruited for twenty-five dollars for each claim staked, and it is almost as certain that he also agreed that in case of his failure

to make good he was to be the willing and conspicuous figure in a lynching bee.

Anyway Bridges began to worry from the moment his party went ashore. They found ten feet of snow, which made their twenty-six head of horses useless for toting the provisions and camp equipment. The "Discovery" expeditiously unloaded, got under way and left them with a shrill blast from her whistle that dismally reverberated again and again up the valley. From that moment it was "up to Bridges" to find the Nass and the gold as fast as possible. He was reminded frequently while the snow prevented travel that there "was plenty of rope in the party." Whatever his inspiration for the placer gold theory (which since has been discredited time and again), Bridges hoped he was right, for he knew he was watched day and night, and that Argonauts were inclined to impulsiveness after wallowing for a month in such depths of snow.

Finally a start was made and Bridges led the long procession past Glacier Creek, where now are mines with known ore running into millions of dollars, past Bitter Creek, where are other mines and located ledges, and up American Creek past sheer mountain rock that now is known to be, in one case, solid gold-copper ore, and in another ore of such values and quantities that it has been sold for development at \$250,000. But this wealth the "Bunco Party" missed.

Travel became harder, Bridges' case more critical. "Dust or dip," was the slogan—meaning gold dust for the party or a dip from a tree for Bridges. Some of the men were old prospectors, but many were tenderfeet and unsympathetic. One of the pioneers of the California, the Kootenay and the Cariboo placer booms, "Old Snow," showed Bridges sympathy, and together they devised a ruse by which a little later Snow and Bridges disappeared in the dark of a subarctic night. Then the party split up, and in a short time most of the members left the district. "Old Man" Rainey and "Pap" Stewart were the two who, liking the looks of the region, stayed



A SMART SUBURBAN VILLA IN THE MOST FASHIONABLE PART OF TOWN



THE MOUNTAIN BOY MINE HANGS BETWEEN SEA AND SKY ON THE SHOULDER OF A HILL

and kept staying, and are now among the ones who have made fortunes.

When the "Bunco Party," led by the troubled Mr. Bridges, set out from "Bunco Point," it was held officially that the Alaska boundary line ran from mid-channel in the Canal north to the fifty-fourth parallel, thence in a northwesterly way to the first high mountain peak, and from peak to peak of those northerly ribs of the Rockies. But Bridges and his satellites supposed they were in Alaskan territory, for most of them were Americans—Rainey was from Michigan and "Pap" Stewart was a strapping stalwart from Missouri. In fact, in 1902, Rainey staked a homestead claim, where the town of Stewart is now growing, under the land laws of the United States. Many mining claims, including some of the "big strikes," were first staked under United States laws and later restaked in the Dominion. The discoverers gained by the change of boundary, because the size of the Dominion claim is much more liberal. And the Dominion has gained the ore treasures and the whole Bear River valley, Stewart townsite and all.

Moreover, the Province of British Columbia netted over \$430,000 for its quarter of the lots of the original townsites, which was platted by "Jack" and "Bob" Stewart (to use their familiar names in the camp) and associates.

Beyond "Bunco Point," on tide flats over which floats the Stars and Stripes of the American boundary survey party, is the cluster of fifty-odd cabins, tents and stores, which is probably the only United States town entirely on stilts, Portland City. For all of them stand some twelve feet high on platforms atop of piles, and high tides reach the platform joists. When the Fourth of July dance was given in the new store building, Captain Morse and his party carried hip boots for the return trip, but a phenomenal summer tide drove them to boats. Such a town has plenty of excitement in it for parents.

"Johnny has fallen in," is the cry that has called more than one anxious pater. They keep a boat hook, a rope and a life preserver as household necessities in Portland City. One lad

held the record of having been rescued five times between April and July.

From this town of Portland City up the ridge of the mountain is a cleared strip which marks the beginning of the permanent Canada-Alaska boundary line, the sixty-foot strip that is "No Man's Land". For many years to come the surveyors will be at work locating the rest of it, climbing, blazing, crossing glaciers, scaling such peaks as can be scaled, building monuments, getting altitudes and mapping a region which now is unmapped and generally unknown. Following those summits they are sure of an occasional shot at mountain goat and of many surprises by bears, of clothing soaked by almost continuous rain and drenching underbrush, of hardship and hazard—and regular, inadequate pay.

The hunt for placer gold, begun by the Bunco Party, was kept up until 1902. In February of that year, "Pap" Stewart and Rainey, plus "Pap's" son Mart and Billy Noble—Noble had brought them in a fishing boat from the Nass River—struggled through six feet of snow up to Bitter Creek, where they panned the icy water for six days and were rewarded by the magnificent sum of ten cents in gold. On the way they spent a night surrounded by timber wolves whom they kept at bay by means of a roaring fire, each moment uncertain when the fire might fail longer for their protection, for their only weapon was a shotgun with four rusty cartridges.

When their search for river gold was halted by the Bitter Creek fiasco, these four men set to following up some clues secured by a negro, Cook, of the Bunco expedition, with the result that in June, 1902, Noble had located claims at Maple Bay, from which he shipped 15,000 tons of ore that assayed over \$15.00 per ton, claims which have been bought for a huge sum by D. D. Mann, who is building the railroad up Bear River valley. "Pap" Stewart and his son also located a group of claims he called the "American Girl Group," up American Creek, which he has sold to Mr. Mann for \$250,000. Rainey located ore ledges on Bitter Creek, which with loyalty equal to "Pap's",

he named the "Roosevelt Mine". Consequently the Stewarts are gone from the Portland Canal to the gilt-edged luxuries of Seattle; Noble is in Vancouver in like case, and Rainey has gone back to the quest for placer gold in Bitter Creek, hoping for the final triumph of finding what he came for and doggedly stayed to find.

The development of the Portland Canal properties is a chapter in itself, a chapter of adventure and devotion—and crises. The adventure is treated lightly by Dickie, president of the company, the devotion has won the hearts of strong men, and the financial crises, now happily past, have whitened President Dickie's hair. Journeys from Stewart to Victoria in spite of wind and wave on various crucial occasions when money was needed, were all that saved the day. Money had to be had, no one but Dickie could get it—and he got it. But the sacrifices made remain as the scars of the battle—record of treasury stock pledged for a loan for \$8,000, which a few weeks later was worth \$160,000 at the market. The claims were staked by two men who went there "grub staked" by a syndicate of miners in the Tye copper mine. Except Mr. Dickie, the members of the syndicate could



A DRILL AT WORK AMONG THE ALASKAN SNOWS

not help much toward development expenses, but they threw themselves into the fight, took stock



BETWEEN THESE TWO TREES LIES ONE OF THE RICHEST OUTCROPS IN THE WORLD

at times even for wages and won.

That is where the story of Charlie Palmer begins. He was a young Englishman, graduate of Oxford, polished of manner, soft of hand. He wasn't a miner, but powder and grub were needed up at the Portland Canal camp to enable the other men to open up those ore veins. Palmer was a Hercules and "game" as a badger. He volunteered to pack the powder and grub up the 2,000 feet of steep mountain trail, and take stock for pay. Month after month he made two and three trips daily with 120 pounds on his back.

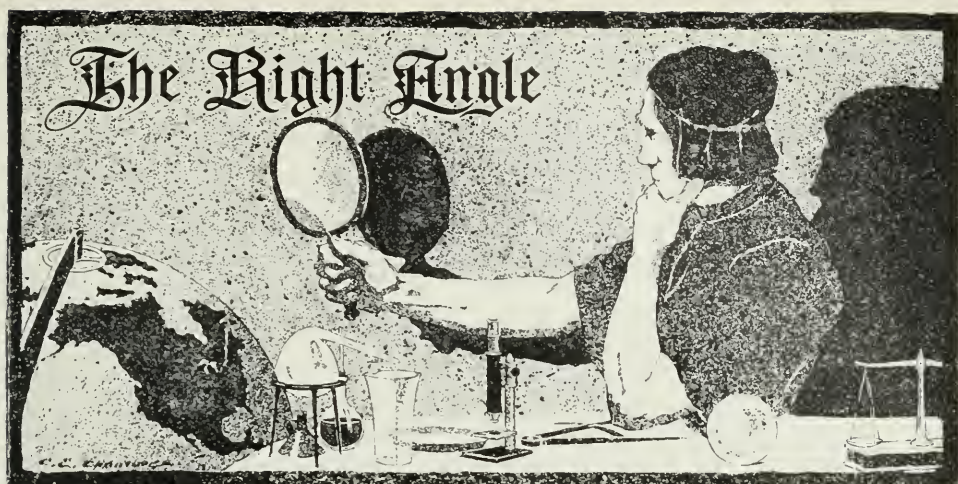
With help like that and with President Dickie making frequent journeys by row boat, fishing boat, tramp freighter or steamer, past the ugly winds of the Nass River to Port Simpson, thence as best he could, on any Alaska boat that put in an appearance, to Vancouver and Victoria; with miners working like sixty day and night, and all of them putting up at

times with short rations because boat arrivals were few—the "prospect" became a mine. Now tram and concentrator are building, and in a few months railroad cars will be at the ore chute. Developing was as hard as prospecting, for a district of smelting ores needs big capital; it is no poor man's game like panning a river's sands.

Alaska is getting cheerfully accustomed to signs and wonders. Such small things as overnight towns, fortunes made before breakfast, railroads playing peek-a-boo among glaciers, residence being switched from the United States to Canada and back again between drinks, and fishing Susie out of the Canal after she has fallen off the back doorstep into the sea twice in a morning, are inconsiderable trifles—the ordinary news of the day. Like Inspector-General Muller, it is with something more than a grain of truth that the average Alaskan can say, "Und I berform miracles, und py Cott dey come off, too!"



"PAP STEWART" HAS RETURNED TO THE GILTEST-EDGED LUXURIES THAT SEATTLE CAN OFFER, BUT HIS CABIN STILL IS ONE OF THE LANDMARKS IN THE TOWN THAT BEARS HIS NAME



OUR NEW SERIAL



EDWARD B. WATERWORTH
Author of "Pere Loup-Garou"

DID you ever hear the legend of the loup-garou told on a windy autumn night by a vivid-faced Frenchwoman, whose Breton ancestors believed it as much as they believed in the saints, and who passed down to their descendants a lively sense of the unseen?

No? Be thankful, if you like to sleep well. But if you like a thrill and shiver on occasion, our new serial "Pere Loup-Garou," which begins in December CANADA MONTHLY, will fill your prescription.

What is it all about? That's just what no one knows, and therein lies its power. The Loup-Garou, the man-wolf that returns to earth in the garb of a priest lame in the left leg, and with wolfish feet and claws, is of course a thing no sensible person believes in, these days of science and policemen. Yet—sometimes in our everyday, three-meals world there arise problems to which there isn't any everyday answer, and with one of these mysteries "Pere Loup-Garou," by Edward B. Waterworth, deals.

You've read how that last night when beloved O. Henry lay dying in hospital, he said to the nurse at the last, "Turn up the lights; I don't want to go home in the dark." In that aching little phrase lay the child's cry that is hidden deep in every man's heart—the dread of the dark, of the unseen, the unknown. Deeper far than the fear that is felt in full sun is the terror that walks by night, the intangible presence of evil that grips you by the throat with lean claws—even in the homely seclusion of the cellar-stairs—and sends you flying up three steps at a time to the gaslit kitchen and the purring pussy curled under the stove.

As long as a thing is recognizable, it is not so bad. Fear of death in visible forms, fear of failure, of ridicule, of the anger of someone beloved, are all bearable, all conquerable by a greater or less effort of will. But terror of the unseen cannot be dispelled by any reasoning of the mind; it simply is; and your defiant hair prickles just the same. Fortunately for the most of us, it fades after those cellar-stair days of youth, and we grown-up Marthas cumbered with so many practical cares cease to feel that

A stone's throw out on either hand,
From that well-ordered road we tread,
And all the world is wild and strange.

Still, the most practical and sensible of us have had experiences that we couldn't explain, and such is the

mystery that prowls in the shadowy pine-woods fringing the North Shore of Lake Superior. At first the rumors were laughed at, and the city editors wired their country correspondent, asking him to name the asylum he preferred, and how soon could he get ready. But when a hard-headed millionaire gives up his beautiful summer cottage, and tells the newspaper men of his home city that if they want to investigate they can use his house, but that he won't go back there—well, then the story begins. You'll like the group of newspaper men who are sent to cover the story; Nora, the woman journalist, is the gamest thing ever, and the love story which centres about her touches the deeper mystery of the tale like a homely lighted window on a lonely road.

The author, Mr. Waterworth, is one of the younger American writers whose work has been singled out by lovers of good fiction as bearing the stamp of the good workman. His stories of the underworld which have created so much comment recently have made a lasting impression. His journalistic experience has provided him with a rich fund of material upon which he has drawn to good purpose. During the graft exposures in St. Louis, engineered by Folk, his duties as police reporter took him into the very thick of the struggle between the forces of the law and the crooked politicians who were using the municipal offices for their own ends. It is due to this fact that his sketches of everyday life in big cities are so absolutely true to type and vivid in detail.

"Pere Loup-Garou" is one of the best things he has ever done. The characters are drawn with a masterly hand, and the tale moves from incident to thrilling incident until the dramatic and unexpected end. Don't miss it. It is the most brilliant and compelling thing you have read in years.

THE MEN WHO COULDN'T BE FOOLED

DURING the summer of 1910, two parties of American agricultural experts, magazine and newspaper men toured Western Canada under the auspices of CANADA MONTHLY, to "spy

out the land" for themselves and get copy for their several papers. They came warily, prepared to size up Canada to the last grass-blade; they went away with heads of wheat in their buttonholes and made-in-Canada grins under their mustaches.

One, the Peace River party, comprised seven well-known Americans, Emerson Hough, author and magazine writer, Robert Dunn, of *Everybody's Magazine*, Dr. B. K. Miller, the naturalist, of Wisconsin, Prof. Coates P. Bull, head of the Agricultural Experiment Station at the University of Minnesota, Prof. James H. Pettit, of the Department of Agronomy of the University of Illinois, and several well-known Canadians, including Arthur MacFarlane, whose work appears in *The Century*, *Collier's*, *Everybody's*, and other American magazines.

At Edmonton, early in August, the party was turned over by CANADA MONTHLY to J. K. Cornwall, who knows the Peace River and Slave Lake country as another man knows his own door-yard. By team and boat and steamer they went, following part of the time the old Mackenzie Trail through the fat meadows, visiting the Government Experiment Farm at Fort Vermilion, and sampling bread grown from seed on the edge of the Arctic Circle. The coming of these men to the Peace River country is an event of real historic significance. It is the first time a party of this sort has penetrated into Canada's great hinterland. The settlers knew they had a rich country, but they did not know how it compared with Ontario, Illinois, Dakota. The trader and hunter knew they had a rich country, and came back from their trips with vague, inexact tales which reached only a small audience, and did not receive much attention there.

It remained for these men, trained to exact observation, primed with exact knowledge of Ontario and Illinois and Dakota and everywhere else that seed is cast on good ground, keen to see, expert to judge after seeing, to appraise the North at its true worth, to bring news of its richness to "Outside".

It will not be long until "Outside"



THE AGRICULTURAL EDITORS EN ROUTE

Back row, reading from left to right: Prof. E. B. Morden, Manitoba Agricultural College; A. W. Fulton, Editor of New England Homestead and American Agriculturist; J. L. Doupe, Assistant Land Commissioner Canadian Pacific Railway. Front row: J. B. Montgomery, Editor Farm Magazine and Rural Weekly; Herbert Vanderhoof, Editor Canada Monthly; E. E. Critchfield, Agricultural Advertising; Clarence D. Strow, Managing Editor Farm Life and National Fruit Grower and Gardener; F. G. Moorhead, Iowa Homestead, Wisconsin Farmer and Farmer and Stockman; Parke West, Farm Editor Chicago Record Herald.

knows the Peace River as we know the Saskatchewan; not long until there is no more "Outside" to the Peace, because it has become "Outside" itself. And it is these seven Americans who have started the turning of the tide.

The second party represented a dozen of the best-known agricultural papers in the States, and came up to the harvest fields of Western Canada just about the season when certain industrious gentlemen on the other side of the line were working their fountain pens overtime on the touching fairy tale, which has since generally become known as the "15,000 Returning Yankees Myth". One of the most effective refutations that this story could have had is the testimony of these agricultural editors, who saw Western Canadian conditions for themselves, and couldn't be fooled.

These men, representing the foremost farm papers, having expert knowledge of farming, and keeping in daily touch with crop conditions all over North America, were just the sort of men to estimate the Canadian situation

with an appraising eye. They were men who knew. Figures may be juggled, hearsay garbled in repeating, estimates padded, but the stack and the grain-bag are actual physical facts, which no amount of doctoring can change. They simply are there—or they aren't.

The agricultural editors did not content themselves with observing crop conditions from a car-window; they went into the fields, and poked inquisitive noses into the farmers' barns, and prowled among the elevators along the sidings. They examined the ripe grain; they ate dinner with the thrashing crews; they compared notes with farmers who had come from Iowa and Minnesota and the Dakotas; they talked of sub-soils and drainage and nitrogen with their meals and in their sleep. And with one voice and varying emphatic adjectives, they pronounced the pathetic picture of the deluded and discouraged American returning to the shelter of the Stars and Stripes after a hopeless struggle with the barren soil, killing drought, and general great-lone-landness of Canada, as "bunk"

of the most flagrant and foolish kind.

Not only did they pronounce it "bunk" in conversation, but when they returned to their editorial chairs, they said it in print in no uncertain terms. Recently F. G. Moorhead, of the *Iowa Homestead*, *Wisconsin Farmer* and *Farmer and Stockman*, sent us an editorial written by him for an Iowa paper, which is typical of the work these men are doing for the Dominion:

The statement that 15,000 American colonists have returned from Canada during the past year is absolutely unfounded and incorrect. The actual facts are that less than 500 settlers have returned. These figures are vouched for by the authorities at Washington, Winnipeg and Ottawa. The story that colonists are coming back by the thousands was undoubtedly inspired by railroads which do not enter the Canadian Provinces and which are trying to divert immigration to their respective territories in the States.

A recent visit of a *Telegraph* representative through the Western Provinces of Canada discloses that crop conditions are good. Wheat will run from 20 to 35 bushels to the acre, while bumper crops of oats reaching as high as 85 to 90 bushels to the acre, are reported from many sections. Iowa has probably sent more settlers to Western Canada than any other State. Personal investigation has disclosed that the great bulk of these settlers are prosperous and contented. They do not evince any desire to return home, although conceding that Iowa is the best State in the Union.

No better answer than this could be made to the gentlemen who devised the "15,000 Returning Yankees Myth". This is the opinion of a man who knows, and it is refreshing to hear the truth so plainly told.

To acquaint such men as these with the truth about Canada does the country more good than can now be estimated. It is not simply that the actual facts seen by these writers will be translated into their special articles and receive wide publicity in the States this season. The men have gained a knowledge of the Dominion that will become a permanent part of their brain furniture, and for years to come they will spread that knowledge and help to quash some of the erroneous popular notions under which Canada has labored so long.

THE LUCKIER MAN

HE CAME to borrow five dollars.

A man of sixty he was, rather heavy and slow-moving, with a gentle, half-apologetic smile under his ragged grey mustache, and a quiet voice. His English was clear and perfect, his manner the manner of a gentleman. But there was an uncared-for look about him, the look of a man who needed a daughter to tie the bow of his stiff black string tie, and pull it into place with little motherly jerks—the look, too, of a man who remembered how it felt to have that bow tied while he looked down into her intent and puckered little face, and, after it was all straight, pulled her ear.

It came out slowly, with ashamed hesitancy. He had no money—not so much as a pocket-piece—no place to sleep, and he knew no one in the paven inland city whence he had drifted from the leisurely Nova Scotia beaches. He had tried to pawn his cheap nickel watch for enough to buy him a bed, and failed. He had tried to find work, and failed at that, for he was too old to compete with the keen-faced and nervous young men who read the advertisements and knew how to say it quick when they applied for the jobs. He—well, what does a man think about when he walks the weary streets at six o'clock without the open sesame of a coin in his frayed pocket? The intent hawk-like faces hurry by him, too busy to know enough of their neighbor to love or hate him, certainly too busy to notice one old man out of luck; the lights flash and change in the signs; puffs of orris and violet float out as silken women cross the pavement from the taxi at the curb to the opened doors of the café; there is a burst of gay music and a waft of luxurious dinners and a glimpse of white tables dashed with notes of color—a golden and scarlet salad, a nest of green lettuce, a quivering deep ruby of burgundy—and the doors are shut, while the man goes on, miserably wondering—wondering.

And he came to borrow five dollars, because the name on the magazine was Canada.

It was not to be a gift, at all. He



THE COOL SHADOWY CELLS OF THE SILENT MONKS

When our engraver sent back the cuts illustrating Mrs. Georgina Newhall's article on "The Brotherhood of Silence," the inclosed bill was an interesting commentary on "Our Lady of the Snows." It read, "Half-tones of tropical views, \$18.60." Now these photographs were nearly all taken on this side of the line, and quite apart from their sombre beauty and mediaeval feeling, it seems rather a good advertisement for Canadian climate and scenery when Quebec pictures draw a "tropical" adjective from an unimaginative business house.

had plans. There was a certain railroad office where a fellow-townsmen of his had once worked. The boss of that office was from Nova Scotia, and if he could once see him, he was sure of a place. But, somehow, he had been out every time he had called. To-morrow, to-morrow——

On my desk lay the usual litter of letters, papers, advertising matter and what-not, the stuff that, not requiring instant attention, had been laid aside. As the old man talked with dignity of his poor vague plans, a Canadian Government Annuities booklet suddenly caught my eye. "Comfort and Happiness in Old Age" ran the line of bold black type across its face, and I slid a letter over it to hide the irony of the words.

I had seen it plenty of times before. I knew of the Government's plan of annuities to be paid after a man or woman is too old to work longer—but somehow the pathos of old age had never come over me so directly. With the cheerful philosophy of youth, I had taken it for granted that everything would come out right somehow, because to be sure it always had. Now

it was flung in my face, and with it was flung the answer.

But for him the answer had come too late, and he sat opposite me, fingering the ravelling cheap ribbon of his watch-fob, and still looking at me with that unconscious pathos. Perhaps he didn't need that answer, after all. Here was I, just come from dinner, with a roll of bills in my waistcoat, well-dressed, comfortably housed from the chill autumn dusk, presumably fortunate, presumably happy, presumably to be envied by all waifs and strays. Presently he would go out into the street again, with only five dollars between him and the end of the dock. And yet, if he only knew it, perhaps he was the luckier man, with that unlined, unanxious face, that simple faith in the job he was going to get, and that five-dollar bill in his pocket.

It was DuBois who said: "Herein lies the tragedy of the age: Not that men are poor; all men know something of poverty. Not that men are wicked; who is good? Not that men are ignorant; what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of each other!"

If he only knew it, perhaps he was the luckier man.



THE FAIRY TALE

IF EVER a woman by right of beauty and grace and faultless flowing line of body should be a princess in a fairytale, that woman is Alla Nazimova, who only a few years ago was just a slim little Russian actress playing in an obscure Yiddish Theatre on New York's East Side. Beautiful she is, a figure and face that is the joy and despair of artists, a grace that should move in a poet's dream.

Yet her new play, "The Fairytale," translated by Nina Lewton from the German of Arthur Schnitzler, has only one thing in common with fairytales—the fact that it never comes true. It is the old sad problem of a man's requiring a woman to be what he himself is not, despising her for what he rather admires in himself—the pitiful fairytale of a woman who has made a misstep, finding her love too late, and realizing that she has thrown away her life with her own hands.

As Fanny Theren, the successful young Viennese actress, Alla Nazimova sits alone in the midst of her mother's fluttering "at home," a slender little figure in a dull-violet gown, all white face and dead-black hair and great black eyes, against a background of high windows, dull-violet too with the light of the fading day. Everybody else is moving about, chattering, drinking tea, discussing this and that very cleverly, yet the eyes of the audience are only for Fanny, silent, apart,

thinking, a wild swan in a hencoop, a thing of thistledown, fire and dreams.

An hour before she has faced the fact that she loves Theodore Denner, and that he loves her. He knows that she has had a lover, a Dr. Witte, who is now soon to be married, and comes no more to her "at home's": what he does not know is that there was still another before him. An hour before she has said passionately, "I'm not the sort of girl a man marries," and she sits there in the gay group, thinking, thinking, and the audience watch, leaning forward.

Presently there is a break in the general hum; Theodore Denner is on his feet, suddenly breaking into vivid speech, defending the "fallen woman," declaring the "fallen woman idea" to be a fairytale, saying that because a girl has made a misstep she is not to be condemned. And Fanny turns on him piteous, eager eyes. Does he believe what he is saying? Is there perhaps a chance that he will forgive? She says no word, but the very air of the theatre grows tense, and people's hands shut into fists on their laps.

Then the scene changes to Theodore Denner's study. Dr. Witte, who knows nothing of Denner's passion for Fanny, very complacently discusses his approaching marriage, and incidentally plumes himself on his virtue—he has never ruined an innocent girl. This stings Denner to fresh torment; if this is true, what of Fanny? In a high-



Sketched from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALLA NAZIMOVA

Madame Nazimova is so well satisfied with the reception of her new play, "*The Fairy-tale*" that she has decided not to play any other parts this season

keyed scene, he puts the question to her, when she has come to him because she cannot longer stay away.

Then follows her pitiful little story. The first came when she was only

seventeen—"it was in the summer; I hardly know how it happened," she says. The second, "I thought he was saving me from the first." Now she loves Denner, and she trails her

splendid length in the dust before him, abasing herself as only a woman in love can. "Are you listening?" she pleads, in a high thin cry. "Are you listening?" "Yes," he says, grimly from the shadow. "I'm reasoning. . . . I'm reasoning."

The result of his reason is stated baldly to her. "You've made two 'mistakes,' as you call them," he says acidly. "I don't think I care to be another 'mistake' in your life."

Then Fanny makes her success; all Vienna raves over her. A contract is offered her by a St. Petersburg manager, a contract that will make her career assured. Again there is the light, gay, flirting, frivolous crowd at the Theren home, among them Theodore Denner, ground between his mill-stones. Then comes the manager. Will she sign? She hesitates, begs Denner's advice, pleads with her eyes that he ask her to stay in Vienna. He reads it formally, and formally advises her to accept such an excellent opportunity. She signs; and then, snatching it back, begs that she may keep it until morning. The manager consents; the guests go in to supper; and she is left alone with Theodore Denner to make her last unavailing attempt to win him back.

"The past is wiped out—is forgotten," she says. "I will be—what will I not be for you? I have wiped out your past; can you not forget mine?" But there's the trouble; he cannot forget. At last she straightens up, holding her head like a queen. "Then go," she says. "I am tired of going on my knees to a man who is not one whit better than I. This is the end of the dream. Go."

And Denner goes. For a moment he hesitates in the hall, but from the supper room comes a voice, "Fanny, aren't you coming?" He ducks out of the door in guilty haste, and the play ends, leaving Fanny staring into the dusty future with wide, haunted gaze.

Morbid? Yes. Unprofitable? Yes. The trouble with all these Ibsenitish plays is that their days are all grey, their people all unpleasant, and their conclusions all disheartening. Tomorrow the play will be forgotten, but

Alla Nazimova, sitting in the obscure corner of the gay room, a brooding little figure in dull-violet, with eyes like black fires, thinking, thinking, is a picture not easily forgotten. Poor, disinherited little princess, whirled in the eddy of circumstance, with the mud of the street on her hair, instead of a crown.

THE LAUGH AND THE LADY

LAURETTE TAYLOR breaks all to flinders the old rhyme about the little girl who had a little curl right down in the middle of her forehead. And when she was good, she was very, very good. But when she was bad, she was horrid. For Laurette Taylor is cunningest and most fetching when she is bad—wicked—naughty—an impish little elf concocting mischief under the rose.

In "The Girl in Waiting," she tumbles on the darkened stage in the middle of a pouring rain storm at two G. M. (G. M. standing for awful late or awful early, as the case may be), and perches on the top step of a strange porch, a castaway, shapeless bundle of clothes in which nobody is much interested. And then she laughs—a wicked, throaty, elfish little laugh, the chuckling glee of a mischievous gnome, the bubbling, infectious, gurgling mirth of Puck, when squatted on his heels, he rejoices, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" There is malice in Laurette Taylor's laugh, the malice of an irresponsible imp who loves to set people at cross-purposes, and tweak the gods by the nose just to see if she can get away with it. And it is quaint to hear the answering laughter she evokes from her audience—the chuckling ripple that responds is as different from the ordinary ha-ha at a comedy-farce as Puck's cachinnation is from Nick Bottom's. When the lights come up, one looks at her askance, expecting to see small goats' feet in her French slippers, or waving antennæ delicately afloat above her eye-brows—some outward and visible sign at least of that impish sound.

"The Girl in Waiting" is a comedy-farce of the kind that are plenty as red leaves in autumn, nowadays—a slight skein of absurd nonsense, a string of



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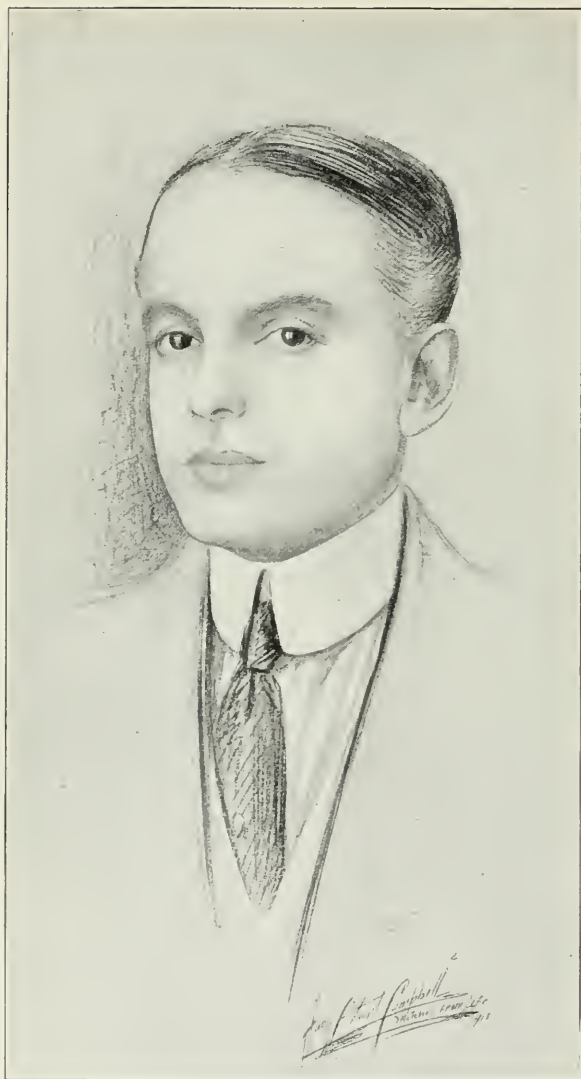
RICHARD CARLE

Actor, playwright, stage manager, song-writer and owner of the funniest pair of legs in the profession

caricatures and cross-purposes with no real humanity in it except that wicked little laugh. But that one thing is enough to set the audience laughing, too—and laughing in good earnest, if one may be permitted the paradox. Such music as hers it must have been that lured the Irish shepherd lads to follow the Good Folk, and drew the

children of Hamelin Town after the Pied Piper.

She is at her best in the light and mischievous scenes; the few moments when she is serious are as disappointing as if a butterfly suddenly decided to have a mission and tried to preach from the top of a daffodil.



Sketched from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

JOHN HYAMS

With Leila MacIntyre (Mrs. Hyam) in W. D. Nesbit's new play,
"The Girl of my Dreams"

JUMPING JUPITER

THE funniest pair of legs on the stage to-day belong to Richard Carle. There's a lot of them, to begin with—that is, a lot up and down, though not very much sideways,—and in "Jumping Jupiter," his new piece of nonsense, Carle uses them to the very best advantage, adorning them with white spats so that there is never

any difficulty in discerning their exact location. A twinkling and expressive pair of legs they are, liable to lead their innocent-eyed owner very far astray, and harmonizing with the serious, almost sad Carlian face about as well as a goat with a prayer-meeting.

They say that Carle is always cheerful in private life, never annoyed, never worried, never upset about anything. Possibly that is why he, being outside the picture, can give such a lovely representation of a harassed and anxious man when he is on the boards. The inimitable Carle face contorted with embarrassment before the massive and highly indignant Major's lady, the equally inimitable Carle legs ditto, the frantic efforts of their owner to seem at ease, culminating in a miserable attempt to whistle with light-hearted gaiety before the lady's piercing and unamused eye, are enough to upset the gravity of a wooden Indian. For ten minutes, without saying a word, he keeps his audience in a roar with his pantomime.

Otherwise, "Jumping Jupiter" is the usual thing—legs and lingerie, jokes old and new, songs of more or less merit, the best of which is "Geography," and Edna Wallace Hopper trying to do the high kick in a hobble skirt.

TALKING ABOUT GIRL SHOWS

John E. Young, who is in "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," has been looking up the "girl titles" of dramas and musical comedies. During an idle five minutes while waiting for a cue the other night he jotted down some of these titles which came to his mind. There isn't a failure among them. Some of the shows were good, and

some bad—
but they all
succeeded.
Here is his
list:

"The Girl With the
Green Eyes."
"The Girl of My
Dreams."
"The Girl in the
Taxi."
"The Girl Ques-
tion."
"The Time, the
Place and the
Girl."
"The Other Girl."
"The Girl at the
Helm."
"The Girl in the
Train."
"The Girl Behind
the Counter."
"The Girl in Wait-
ing."
"My Cinderella
Girl."
"The Rollicking
Girl."
"The Earl and the
Girl."
"The Girl From Up
Yonder."
"The Girl Out
There."
"The Girl From
Kay's."
"The Girl From
Maxim's."
"The Girl From
Rector's."
"The Girl Raffles."
"The Girl and the
Drummer."
"The Girl in the
Kimono."
"Girlies."

Why doesn't
somebody
write a "boy"
play? Or is
trouser-ed hu-
manity going
to let Mother
Eve score un-
challenged?

SPARKS FROM THE WIRE

BOB: "To-morrow, sweetheart, we
shall be married; to-morrow will
be the happiest day of our lives."

Widow: "Ah! I've had five happiest
days in my life!"

Molly: "My people have a family
tree."

Steve: "That's nothing; my dad
has a packing-plant."

Professor: "Define a river? Why,



Sketched from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LAURETTE TAYLOR

The clever little leading lady of "*The Girl in Waiting*"

when a river is broke, it can draw on
either bank; when it's hungry, it can
eat from its own mouth; and when it is
tired, it can sleep in its own bed."

Major: "He's single and well-off;
why don't you marry him?"

Widow: "That's just the trouble;
he's single and knows he's well off."

Professor: "Connie dangerous?
Why, man, she's a very banana-peel on
the threshold of discretion."



HELPFUL HINTS

MOCK turtle soup is improved in flavor by straining it through a new tortoise-shell comb.

Worn phonograph disks make excellent pie pans. Use the grand opera disks, of course, for French pastry.

An old automobile tire, gilded, makes a unique picture frame. If you do not own an auto you can buy a second-hand tire for \$40 or \$50.

The gum on the back of a postage stamp is rich in albumen. It is all right for vegetarians who are not opposed to the licker habit.

UNFORTUNATE

"THE worst feature of the campaigns," said the eminent politician, "is the atrocious cartoons they make of me."

"And the worst feature of the cartoons," said a sympathetic listener, "is that they resemble you so much."

WHAT THEY ALL SAY

IN one day she was told that she had

- (1) Beautiful hair.
- (2) Lovely skin.
- (3) A perfect figure.
- (4) Shapely hands.
- (5) Very small feet.

However it is explained by the fact that she visited

- (1) The hairdresser.
- (2) The beauty doctor.
- (3) The modiste.
- (4) The manicurist.
- (5) The shoe store.

POOR ANIMAL

"LITTLE boy," asks the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answers the bright lad.

"Well, do you know what poor animal it is that has had to suffer in order that your mamma might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?"

"Yes, sir. My papa."

EXPERT COACHING

"ISN'T it wonderful?" we ask, watching the football game. "The way Hafbak tucks the ball under his arm and runs with it is simply amazing. Who coached him?"

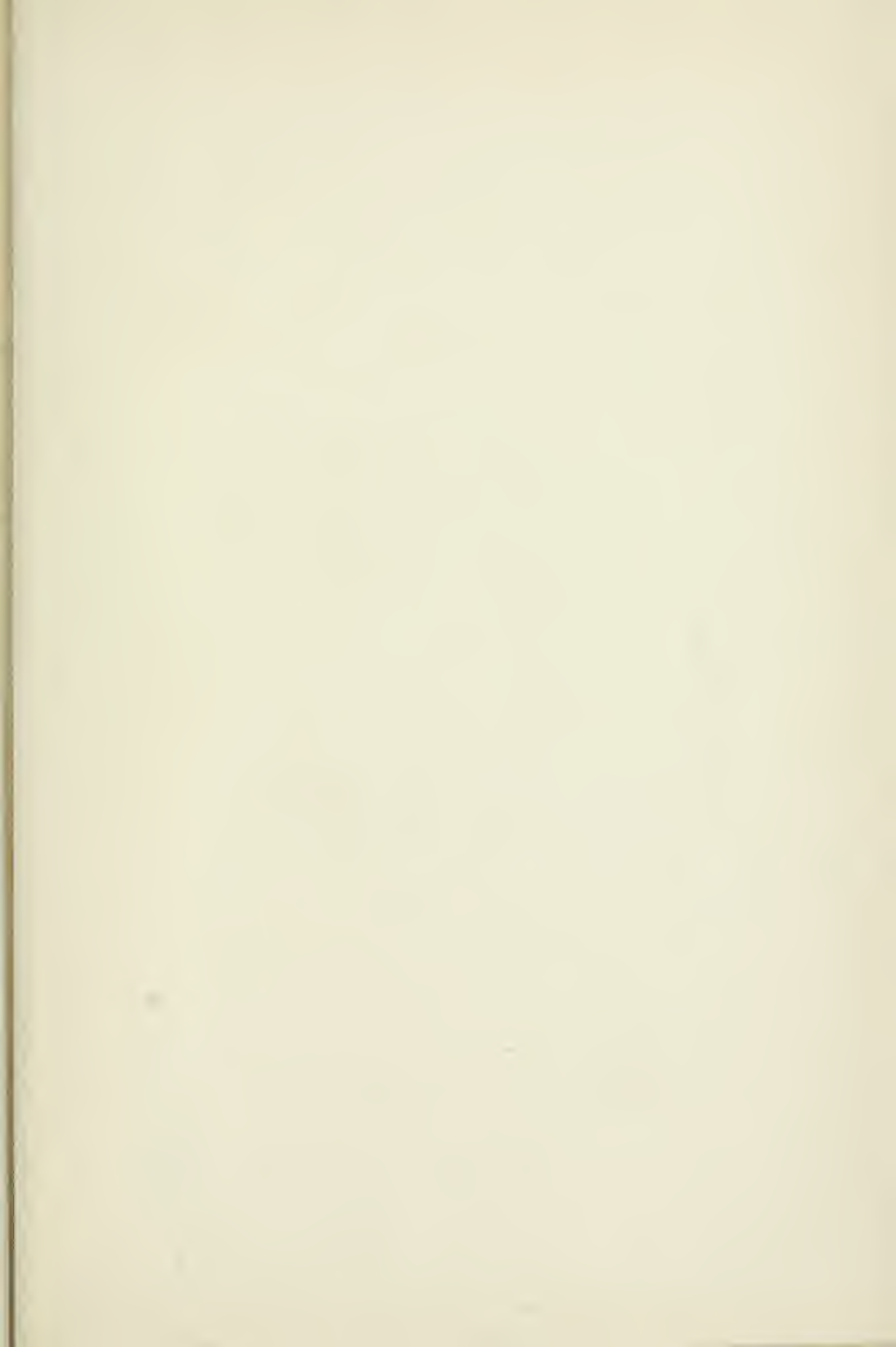
"I understand," explains our friend, "that he trained all summer with a colored gentleman, getting the knack of lifting a watermelon and escaping from the patch before the bulldog could catch him."

MORNING MUSING

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

SCRAPE! Scrape! Scrape!
 Each morning I have to shave,
 And then with a tonic to coax the hair
 The top of my head I lave.
 And this is the song I spin
 While giving the blade a shove:
 "Why can't I be bald upon my chin,
 And have whiskers that grow above?"





GIG

REF
CIR

SR

REF
CIR ✓



